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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1883.

VOLUME I.—SECOND SERIES.

SAN FRANCISCO:

SAMUEL CARSON, PUBLISHER,

No. 120 SUTTER STREET.

BACON & COMPANY,
PRINTERS.

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VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES).—JANUARY, 1883.—NO. 1.

OVERLAND REMINISCENCES.

THE revival of the OVERLAND MONTHLY is a fitting occasion to refer to its earlier history. It is now more than fourteen years since the first number of this magazine was published—the initial number having been printed in July, 1868.

Some months previous to that date, A. Roman, then a leading bookseller of San Francisco, conceived the idea of bringing out a monthly which should be, in some worthy sense, an exponent of the literature of the Pacific coast. He revolved the project until he declared that it was "in his bones." He talked the matter over with such friends as would be most likely to take some interest in his proposed enterprise, sometimes having his enthusiasm chilled by words of discouragement, and sometimes having it revived by words of cheer.

There was naturally a wide difference of opinion as to the prospects of a literary venture of that kind. It was affirmed that the field was not large enough on this side of the country, and that, such as it was, it was already occupied by eastern monthlies; that a reading constituency could not be found here sufficiently numerous to support a monthly of high rank; and finally, that writers could not be obtained at home who would furnish the requisite articles for the magazine.

On the other hand, it was urged that the truth of these propositions could not be demonstrated without an experiment. There was no other way of finding out how large a reading constituency could be obtained, what solid sympathy and encouragement the enterprise would receive, and especially how large a number of contributors might be found who would give interest and character to the magazine. There had been a time when the proportion of educated men to the population in California was greater than in any other State. This condition had not greatly changed. Scholarship and culture were concealed in mining camps, in logging camps, and on remote ranches. The professions only represented a fraction of the whole number. There were bright and ready writers in the army and navy represented on this coast; and there were not a few women who in nooks and corners of the great State had the intellectual freshness and inspiration of a new and better environment. Here was the dormant capital; could it be made available for the new monthly?

As it was a part of the plan of Mr.

Roman to tender the editorship of the magazine to Bret Harte, he was early sounded by the prospective publisher as to his views. Harte liked the plan, but had no great faith in its success. His doubts were such as had already been outlined. His own experience in the publishing business was still fresh in his recollection. At a later day a contributor to the OVERLAND described it in this way: "It is a curious fact that when Harte had brought forth his first book, with the modest title of 'Outcroppings,' it was pelted from one end of the State to the other. It did not contain a poem of his own. But it did contain samples of the best poetry other than his own, which had been produced in California. His critics, catching the suggestion of the title, flung at him porphyry, granite, and barren quartz, but never a rock containing a grain of gold. He might have put a torpedo into a couple of stanzas, and extinguished them all. But he saw the humorous side of the assault, and enjoyed it with a keener zest than any of his assailants."

When it was evident that the publisher would go on with the enterprise, Harte agreed to become the editor, but not until he had sounded a number of his friends, and obtained a conditional promise to become contributors. The condition was that, in case there was a lack of other contributors, these friends would fill the gaps for six months. Some of their names are recalled; viz., W. C. Bartlett, Noah Brooks, Samuel Williams, George B. Merrill, Benj. P. Avery, and W. V. Wells. Three of this number have since deceased. It is probable that some others made like pledges, but their names do not occur to us now.

There were many conferences about the typographical appearance of the monthly, even to the shade of its cover, and especially as to the vignette. Harte had early selected the name, OVERLAND MONTHLY. But the bear on the railway track gave him much trouble. A number of figures were cut and stereotyped, before a genuine Californian bear could be made to assume the right position and the right expression on the track. Harte was as fastidious about this choice as he was about a sentence of his most telling prose or a line of his poetry. At last, the right bear was found, and was figured upon the OVERLAND cover for many a year.

Arrangements having been completed in June, it was settled that the OVERLAND should appear early in July, and should, at least, be carried through the six months of that year, the numbers forming a single volume—the first, and perhaps the last. Harte entered upon his editorial work, not at all sanguine of success. He could not quite forget the rocks thrown at his "Outcroppings." But he was fortified with pledges of help. He held the position of private secretary to R. B. Swain, then superintendent of the mint in San Francisco. The duties were not onerous, and the compensation was liberal. Mr. Swain had himself said that he had installed Harte in that position "in order that he might have better opportunities for literary work." About the first thing which the new editor did after settling the mechanical details of the OVERLAND, was to call upon all those who had made specific pledges to come forward immediately and show their hands in the first number. That was a "stunner" for some of them, who pleaded for delay. But the editor was inexorable, and brought his victims into line at once.

It may be of some interest, after a lapse of fourteen years and six months, to note here the contents of this initial number. Some of the contributors who expected to be last found themselves near the front, where, in their view, they would be exposed to the full fire of criticism. The subjects and arrangement were as follows:

A Breeze from the Woods.....*W. C. Bartlett.*
Longing.....*Ina D. Coolbrith.*
By Rail through France.....*Mark Twain.*
High Noon of Empire.....*W. V. Wells.*
Art Beginnings on the Pacific.....*B. P. Avery.*
Portland-on-Wallamet.....*Judge M. P. Deady.*
In the Sierras.....*Charles Warren Stoddard.*
The Diamond Maker of Sacramento.....*Noah Brooks.*
Family Resemblances and Differences...*John F. Swift.*
San Francisco from the Sea.....*Bret Harte.*
Favoring Female Conventualism.....*T. H. Rearden.*
Hawaiian Civilization.....*George B. Merrill.*
Dos Reales.....*G. T. Shipley, M. D.*
Eight Days at Thebes.....*Samuel Williams.*
A Leaf from a Chinese Novel.....*F. T. Doyen.*

Then came the "Etc.," with the touch and flavor of Harte. He gives some reason for the name which he has chosen for the magazine:

"I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to the map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes? Do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East together. . . . . Shall not the route be represented as well as the *termini*? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise? and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of eastern refinement? and shall we not by the same channel throw into eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?

"The bear who adorns the cover may be an 'ill-favored' beast, whom 'women cannot abide'; but he is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. He is crossing the track of the Pacific Railroad, and has paused a moment to look at the coming engine of civilization and progress—which moves like a good many other engines of civilization and progress, with a prodigious shrieking and puffing—and apparently recognizes his rival and his doom. . . . . As a cub, he is playful and boisterous; and I have often thought was not a bad symbol of our San Francisco climate. Look at him well, for he is passing away. Fifty years, and he will be as extinct as the dodo or dinornis." In that way the bear was dedicated and consecrated to OVERLAND literature.

It is noteworthy that the first two books reviewed were written by Californians; viz., "Going to Jericho," by John F. Swift; and "The Natural Wealth of California," by Titus F. Cronise.

When the first number of the OVERLAND was laid upon the counters of the bookstores, the contributors were admonished to "walk softly and to hold their breath." Where were the rocks which had been pitched at "Outcroppings." Not a single missile was thrown. The magazine passed the ordeal of the critics, and was received with generous commendation. Harte himself breathed a little freer. The literary craft had not stuck on the ways. It had been successfully launched, and floated handsomely. But how long could it be kept afloat? The publisher was sanguine of success. Curiosity would stimulate purchasers of the first number.

Harte had contributed two poems to this number—both good, though not his best. They can be found now in the latest edition of his works. The poems had a local flavor, and besides other qualities were specially adapted to the initial number. Some of the stanzas in "San Francisco from the Sea" contain an indictment, and others a prophecy. They are clean cut in expression, and are here and there thrust strongly against the horizon; these especially:

"Upon thy heights so lately won
Still slant the banners of the sun.

"Thou seest the white seas strike their tents,
O Warder of two Continents.

. . . . . .

"Drop down, O fleecy Fog, and hide
Her skeptic sneer, and all her pride!

"Wrap her, O Fog, in gown and hood
Of her Franciscan brotherhood.

"Hide me her faults, her sin and blame;
With thy gray mantle cloak her shame!

"So shall she, cowled, sit and pray
Till morning bears her sins away.

"Then rise, O fleecy Fog, and raise
The glory of her coming days;

"Be as the cloud that flecks the seas
Above her smoking argosies."

Mr. Harte contributed at least one poem for each of the first six numbers of the OVERLAND, although only four of them are indexed, two or more appearing in "Etc."; viz., "Returned," and "The Arsenical Spring of San Joaquin." That was about the average of his poetical contributions for many months thereafter. Ina D. Coolbrith contributed a poem to each number of the first volume, and Charles Warren Stoddard contributed the same number. These, with one exception, were all the poems which appeared in that volume. Harte's critical taste was sure to arrest a weak or doubtful poem. These accumulated in his "Baalam box," or were returned "with thanks." He was alike critical and severe in his judgment of his own poetry. He would frequently hold a poem of his own back for weeks, with doubts about its actual merits. "The Heathen Chinee" seasoned many a day in his drawer before it appeared in type. If his poems were lodged and waited long in the court of his own conscience, it was not surprising that the same judgment sifted the poems of contributors, or that the average quality of such as appeared in the OVERLAND was frequently higher than poems appearing contemporaneously in eastern magazines.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared in the second number, and occupied the last place in the list of prose contributions. The printing had been delayed by a question which had been raised about the expediency of including the article in that number. Some ludicrous accounts have been given from time to time of the conferences held touching that contribution. Some of them have the color of truth in them, and the rest were pure fiction. The first number having been well received, and in a quarter, too, where the least favor was expected, the publisher was naturally anxious to retain his hold of the public, and to advance to a still stronger position. He had most at stake. His money was in the venture, and the reputation of his house was in a sense pledged for the character of the magazine. He was without experience in that department of literature, and the writers whom he had enlisted to give friendly aid to his enterprise had no experience as magazine contributors. The publisher himself said "that the article would either make or break his magazine"—he did not know which. It should have gone in at once on the judgment of the author and editor. But when a question is raised where everything was clear before, the doubt is sure to follow.

The "three persons" to whom the article was submitted were all warm friends of the author. They saw at once that, in miners' parlance, he had struck a new vein, and that it was very rich. But they did not see at once what estimate a Californian public would put upon this uncovered treasure. They were fully justified in the doubt by the assaults which had a little while before been made upon the author's venture in "Outcroppings," and by an extreme forwardness on the part of many good people to raise a warning cry against "ungodly literature." Antagonisms which would be quite harmless at a later day might be nearly or quite fatal just then. How would a new community treat the new evangel of literature? Would they caress him, or would they stone him? The prophet is not always honored in his own country and among his kindred. Was it a wonder that these friends, while they did not doubt the transcendent genius which had inspired the article, and that some day it would be recognized, had a conservative doubt about the manner in which it would be received in a community where as yet there was no certain standard of literary judgment? Up to that date the magazine was not known abroad, and no reference could be made to any judgment which might be formed of the article at a distance. They were anxious that this literary infant should not be killed until it had reached some maturity, and was able to double up its fists and strike back with good, sturdy blows. These "friends," a unit as to the merits of the article, referred the matter to the publisher and editor, where it properly belonged.

The article was published, and it neither

made nor broke the magazine. But it did greatly augment the reputation of the author; and the "Luck of Roaring Camp," with other articles in the same vein, gave it a reputation abroad as well as at home. Soon after the "Heathen Chinee" appeared, a single news firm in New York was taking twelve hundred copies of each number of the OVERLAND.

Mr. Harte has himself given a humorous account of the incidents attending the publication and reception of the "Luck of Roaring Camp," in the initial volume of his works recently published—an account which certainly justified the doubts of his three friends about any certain standard of literary judgment here at that time:

"But the troubles of the 'Luck,' were far from ended. It had secured an entrance into the world, but, like its own hero, it was born with an evil reputation, and to a community which had yet to learn to love it. The secular press, with one or two exceptions, received it coolly, and referred to its 'singularity'; the religious press frantically excommunicated it, and anathematized it as the offspring of evil; the high promise of the OVERLAND MONTHLY was said to have been ruined by its birth; Christians were cautioned against pollution by its contact; practical business men were gravely urged to condemn and frown upon this picture of Californian society that was not conducive to eastern immigration; its hapless author was held up to obloquy, as a man who had abused a sacred trust. If its life and reputation had depended on its reception in California, this edition and explanation would alike have been needless."

Yet it is only just to affirm that the author's genius was first recognized in California, and long before this article had appeared; and that even here there was another judgment, more critical and sharply discriminating, which heartily appreciated the "Luck." That judgment went before any eastern expression—the latter only coming as so much confirming testimony.

Mr. Harte made regular monthly contributions to the OVERLAND during nearly the entire period of his editorial supervision. The first volume of his recently published works, entitled "Poetical Works, including the Drama of the Two Men at Sandy Bar," is made up from the articles which appeared in the OVERLAND. The "Sandy Bar" story appears, however, as a dramatized version. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is the title to the second volume of the revised edition, and a large part of this is also occupied with stories which were contributed to the OVERLAND, including "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; "Miggles"; "Tennessee's Partner"; "The Idyl of Red Gulch"; and "Brown of Calaveras." A considerable number of stories, also published during that time in the OVERLAND, including "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst," make up the third volume, entitled "Tales of the Argonauts." Mr. Harte's editorial supervision of the OVERLAND MONTHLY continued for two and a half years, and they were by far the most fruitful years of his life. His best literary work had been done in connection with the OVERLAND; and that is today the broadest and most solid foundation of his reputation. He has written much since and well, but not better than he wrote in those early days when the freshness of this local inspiration was upon him.

The early success of the OVERLAND soon made it evident that there was no lack of available writers in California. Harte had himself touched the key-note of a fresh, free, and unconventional style. It was essentially his own, and he would have no imitators. But every one should follow in his own order, with an intense naturalism which he might draw from the soil, the atmosphere, or from any other source, so that it had a local flavor which would be recognized as Californian. And so it came that the best literary life and spirit of the Pacific coast was represented in the OVERLAND. The new commonwealth of letters in this "far-off country" had a definiteness never known before. Men and women wrote out of the fullness and freshness of an abounding life. The drawers of the magazine were always full of good articles, and many really good ones could not

appear for lack of room. This affluence, in a land held abroad to be well nigh sterile in the matter of literary production, was one of the surprising facts brought out prominently by the OVERLAND.

Not only did Harte's contributions form nearly the entire staple of three large volumes afterwards published, but the contributions of other writers finally took shape in published volumes. Ina D. Coolbrith's poems were the basis of a book entitled "A Perfect Day." W. C. Bartlett, preserving the title of his first article to the OVERLAND, gave it to the volume, "A Breeze from the Woods," comprising his later contributions to the magazine. Benjamin P. Avery's contributions on "Summering in the Sierra" were the foundation of his book (published after his death), "Sierra Pictures." Clarence King, at that time connected with the Geological Survey, contributed articles on mountaineering, which afterwards took form in a volume, "Mountaineering in the Sierra." Charles Warren Stoddard's contributions of poetry were the staple of a volume afterward published with the title of "Poems." Some of the articles also in his "South Sea Idyls" were original contributions to the same magazine. Josephine Clifford's "Overland Tales" first appeared in the same monthly. John C. Cremony contributed articles on the Apaches, which were the foundation of his volume, "Life among the Apaches." Captain Scammon, of the revenue cutter service, began the series of articles in the OVERLAND which were finally expanded into the quarto volume, "Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast." The titles to articles contributed by Joaquin Miller were given to two volumes; viz., "Shadows of Shasta," and "The Ship in the Desert."

President Gilman was not only a contributor to the columns of the magazine, but he took a deep interest in its prosperity, planning and working for it with a generous enthusiasm. Professors Sill, John and Joseph LeConte, Kellogg, Rising, Moses Hilgard, and other members of the faculty had been such steadfast friends that it may be said that the influence of the University was always strongly exerted for the OVERLAND.

Mr. Harte's editorial work ceased with the close of the fifth volume. He had received a tempting offer from an eastern publishing house, and he went, burning the bridge, as he said, behind him. The magazine had before that time passed into the hands of John H. Carmany & Company, who continued to publish it up to the date of its discontinuance. On the departure of its first editor, W. C. Bartlett consented to devote such time as he could give to the editorial supervision of the OVERLAND, until a permanent editor could be found. Seven numbers were brought out under his care. Soon afterward, Benjamin P. Avery became the editor, and continued in that relation until he received the appointment of Minister to China. From that date the OVERLAND suffered for lack of a competent editor. In its best days it had never been a source of profit to its publishers. It needed a solid endowment of capital. When its publication was suspended, there was a universal expression of regret among all those who had the interests of good literature at heart on this side of the country. It had accomplished a good work for the Pacific coast. It had been the exponent of what was best in the life and letters of the community. In its best days it was the one consummate flower of our home literature, and its fruitage was ever as good as its promise.

In the fulfillment of a long-expressed wish, the OVERLAND MONTHLY is revived. It has picked up the thread which had been dropped, and hopes to weave it into some cloth of gold, which,

> "When woven so, nor moth nor mold
> Nor time can make its colors fade."

HALF A DOZEN WORDS FROM BALTIMORE TO BERKELEY.

I.

I AM asked to send a few words of greeting to old friends in California. It is easy and pleasant to do so; for whenever I recall the names and faces of those who are endeavoring, in sunshine and in storm, to uphold on the western shore of the continent the highest ideal of education, my enthusiasm for Berkeley and its friends comes back, and I seem to be once more marching in that column with men and women enlisted in behalf of all that is true, good, and noble.

It seems too bad that a plant of such promise as the University of California, growing where all that is best is highly appreciated, should be buffeted by winds or parched by heat. People at the East are surprised and delighted when they hear of what good has been projected and of what gifts have been bestowed on the great high school of the State; they are pained and disappointed when they hear of any discord or want of co-operation among those who should be defenders of the faith. The best friends of California believe that the ultimate standing of the State as a home to live in will not depend upon the products of the soil or mines, nor on the inland and foreign trade, but on the character of the men and women born or bred beyond the Sierras. If their intelligence is trained to respect experience; if their enterprise is governed by knowledge; if their exuberance is wisely tempered; and if to all this, religious virtue is added—the golden State will see its golden age of letters, science, and art.

A few examples of what is in progress elsewhere may be encouraging to those who are longing for that day.

II.

The gift of Johns Hopkins to Baltimore is yielding rich returns. The seventh report of the university which commemorates his name shows that there are now enrolled on its register nearly two hundred pupils, of whom one hundred and ten have already taken an academic degree, and are now pursuing graduate courses of advanced study. They are to be, ere many years, college professors in all parts of the country. Already more than eighty former students have been called to good positions as teachers, from old Harvard to new Berkeley. Four scientific journals are regularly published, and many occasional papers are printed under the auspices of the university. A list of writings by members of the corps, during the last seven years, occupies sixteen closely printed pages; not a few of the titles referring to noteworthy researches which have here been prosecuted in Baltimore.

The Johns Hopkins Hospital approaches its completion, and will soon be the center of a school of medicine. The Peabody fund perpetuates a library, a conservatory of music, a gallery of plastic art, and an annual course of lectures. A circulating library has just received an endowment of a million and a quarter dollars. With these great foundations Baltimore will soon be an example to other more wealthy cities, possibly to the wealth and generosity of rich and generous San Francisco.

III.

I have just returned from Cleveland, Ohio. The people of that city are fairly aroused to the value of the highest education, and are soon to have, in fact as well as in name, a university. It is interesting to notice how many streams are flowing toward one reservoir:—

Western Reserve College has been moved from Hudson (twenty miles and more distant) into Cleveland, with its faculty and funds.

A wealthy citizen (Mr. Stone) has given $500,000 to encourage this removal—a part of the gift being two handsome edifices, but more than half being an invested fund. He terms his foundation Adelbert College.

A deceased citizen (Mr. Case) left a million and a quarter of dollars to found a school of applied science, already opened in temporary quarters.

For these two foundations, the citizens, by a subscription, bought forty acres of choice land at the end of Euclid Avenue for a university site. Opposite this purchase is the Wade Park, an extensive pleasure-ground given to the city by a gentleman whose name it bears.

A medical school is already begun.

A school of theology, it is probable, or at least possible, will be brought to Cleveland from Meadville.

Can any one doubt that, with this beginning, other great gifts will come for an observatory, a laboratory, a college for women, a library, or a school of art? Or that Cleveland is to be the seat of a university of which Adelbert College and Case College shall be two constituent members?

IV.

On my homeward way I visited Ithaca. The growth of Cornell University is simply wonderful. Its suburban site, always beautiful as to prospect, was long rough in its aspect; now it is graded, paved, and planted; so that it is one of the most attractive college greens in the world. A group of convenient structures commemorate the bounty of Cornell, McGraw, Sibley, Sage, and White. The library has 50,000 volumes, and will soon be the heir to a fund of nearly a million dollars. The invested funds of the university will soon surpass those of the Johns Hopkins University, if they do not already. There is a large band of young men, a small company of young women, engaged here in studies—often technical, oftener liberal. Berkeley has much to learn at Ithaca: the art of drawing to its support men who are rich in ideas, like President White, or rich in good deeds, like Henry W. Sage. To make an American university, the wisdom of the Old World must be united to the wealth of the New.

V.

The Cleveland people listened to an example drawn from foreign experience: may I repeat the illustration in California, and speak of the University of Göttingen?

What gives to that high school its power?

Is it age?

No: it is younger than Yale, and Harvard, and William and Mary. It is an infant in years when compared with Bologna and Prague. The date of its foundation is 1737.

Has it the attractions of a fine city—a court and its attractions?

No: it was a dull little place, said Haller, when he went to it; even now it has but twenty thousand people. It could not be compared with Munich, Berlin, or Vienna. Heine, in his "Pictures of Travel," begins with a fearful picture of the place. "It pleases most," he says, "when looked at backwards."

Has it a choice natural situation?

No: it is on a broad plain, remote from the sea, without near high hills; it does not compare in position with Heidelberg or Geneva, with New Haven or West Point.

Had it splendid architecture?

In early times there were only the plainest buildings. The houses of Heeren and Heyne were united under one roof for the requisite class-rooms. An American, studying in Göttingen, in 1825, has recorded the fact that he could discover nothing to remind him of a university except the students. Even now there are only the simple academic requisites.

Had it large landed estates, or other hereditary endowments?

No: it depended on the appropriations of the State and the fees of the students.

Was it supported by the Presbyterians, or the Episcopalians, or the Methodists, or the Baptists? and did it care to choose its professors from the dominant denomination?

No: its religious teachings were on the broad basis of evangelical theology.

Did its crew ever beat the students of Bonn in a boat-race, or challenge the University of Rostock to a match game of ball?

Not that I ever heard of.

Did it have a campus for athletic sports?

No; but there were attractive excursions around the village, and a fine promenade upon the old municipal walls, where professors and students took their daily constitutionals.

What, then, gave to Göttingen its power?

I answer, Two things: wise methods, great men.

Munchhausen, the elector's minister, was the organizer of the work; and his plans to place the infant institution upon a foundation superior to any in Germany are at this day models to us all. His wise methods secured great teachers; great teachers drew able scholars; those able scholars carried to distant lands the lessons they had learned. Think what Americans were drawn there: Everett, Bancroft, Motley, Gould, Child, Lane, Goodwin, Gildersleeve, Remsen, and many more. Think what a library has there been formed—five hundred thousand volumes, and five thousand manuscripts. Think what illustrious teachers have there taught: Haller and Blumenbach, princes of anatomy; Michaelis and Ewald, chiefs of biblical and oriental learning; Heyne, Ottfried Müller, and Carl F. Hermann in classical lore; the Grimms in Teutonic philology; Benfey in Sanskrit; Heeren in history; Gauss and Weber in mathematics and physics; Wöhler (whose death is just announced) in chemistry.

Think how these men have affected our own country by their writings. The religious mind, next to the study of the gospels, turns to the history of the Jewish church. Whose history is read most? Stanley's. Where did his knowledge come from? Ewald of Göttingen.

Who surpasses Motley in graphic delineations of the past? He began his studies at Göttingen, where he was the intimate companion of Prince Bismarck.

Who has been the most patient and systematic and thorough student of the history of the United States? Bancroft. Who was his teacher? Heeren of Göttingen.

Whence came the theory of waves, which lies at the basis of all modern physical investigation? From Weber of Göttingen, when he was still a student, just twenty-one years old.

It is thus that a university is developed:
First, there must be wise plans;
Second, sufficient funds;
Third, powerful teachers.
Then will come—
Fourth, many students;
Fifth, great collections;
Sixth, world-wide influence and renown.

D. C. Gilman.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.

Behind the swiftly moving ship, strange light
  Floats on the waves and dances in the spray;
  Brighter than moon and whiter than the day,
Its myriad points leap dazzling to the sight,
And make the whole sea fair in darkest night.
  No science yet has fathomed, or can say,
  Where lies the shining secret of its ray,
Or at what hour the water will be bright.
Such moments and such mystic lights there are
  In human lives. The days' deep currents flow
  Miraculously calm, and all things glow
With radiance borrowed from no sun or star.
'Twixt golden past and present lies no bar;
  The future, golden, draweth near too slow.

H. H.

MUTUAL RELATIONS OF INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CULTURE.

I HAVE already several times publicly expressed my views on the subject of the principles of education, especially the higher education of the college and the university.[1] My readers are, therefore, already aware of my earnest advocacy of a sound and broad general culture as the only foundation of worthy activity in any intellectual field, and, therefore, as the necessary basis of all special cultures. To summarize my views in a single example, taken from my own department: If I desired to make a pupil of mine an accomplished practical geologist, I would first of all make him a thoroughly *cultured man;* i. e., I would give such general culture as would be suitable as a basis for activity in any intellectual pursuit. He must choose for himself which. If science be his choice, I would next make him a *general scientist;* i. e., I would push his knowledge of fundamental scientific principles beyond the point necessary for general culture. If, now, interest or taste should decide him in favor of geology, I would next strive to make him an accomplished *geologist;* i. e., I would concentrate his strengthened and disciplined powers upon this department. And, finally, I would complete the work by practice in the museum, the laboratory, and the field. In a word, the *general* culture must precede the *special*, and form its basis; but the special culture must *follow* the general, and form its *completion*—a completion absolutely necessary, and becoming daily more and more necessary, for success in the higher intellectual pursuits of modern life.

This law of general culture as the basis of all worthy activity, which I have so often insisted on in the field of intellectual education, I wish now to extend so as to embrace our whole complex nature, and thus, if possible, to give a conception of an ideal culture, or rather of a perfect humanity to be realized by culture.

Running through all the divisions and subdivisions of our complex nature—physical, intellectual, and moral—and through all the functions, faculties, and powers of each of these, and binding all together into organic unity, I find a law of mutual dependence and *mutual help*, but strictly limited and conditioned by a contrary law of mutual *antagonism.* The law of mutual help is the normal, the fundamental, the universal law. The contrary law of mutual antagonism comes into play only as limiting the other—only through the limitation of our vitality, and as the result of *excess* in some one direction. The sum of our vitality is limited. If, therefore, we consume all in bodily exertion, nothing will be left over for intellectual and moral activity. If, on the contrary, our whole vitality is consumed in mental effort, the body and moral nature must proportionally suffer. The same holds good among the faculties of each of these primary divisions. Excess in the exercise of one faculty is obviously at the expense of energy in other faculties. But *within the limits of excess, the law of mutual help alone reigns*, and the greater the sum of our vital energy, the farther is the limit within which this law operates. The true ground of the plea for general culture is found in the first law; while that of the plea for special culture in the fierce struggle of modern life, which too often necessitates excessive activity in limited directions, is found in the second law.

Now many, in these times, seem to think that the second law—the law of mutual antagonism—is the more universal, fundamental, and normal; and hence the cry for special culture, even at the expense of the general. They see plainly the mutual antagonism, but do not acknowledge the mutual help. They think, for example, that the cultivation of scientific thought and the

[1] "Principles of a Liberal Education" (Southern Presbyterian Review, 1859); "The School, the College, and the University" (Princeton Review, March, 1880).

practice of scientific methods necessarily dwarfs the imagination; while, contrarily, the cultivation of the imagination by the study and enjoyment of art, literature, and poetry unfits the student for the earnest and successful pursuit of science. And therefore they say we must, even in early life, choose between the two lines of education, for we cannot unite them. But in reality nothing can be farther from truth than such a view Within due limits these two departments. are in the highest degree mutually helpful The study of science only chastens the imagination, without lessening its power; while the study of art and the cultivation of the imagination quickens the perceptions of law, without lessening the power of observation.

I have greatly surprised some persons by asserting, as the result of my own experience, that the cultivation and enjoyment of art—even of that most limited and emotional of all arts, music—is helpful to the man of science, especially in his highest efforts; viz., in the generalization of facts and the *perception of law.* It must be so; for all art is founded on the perception of *harmonic relations*, and all science on the *perception of law.* But these are the same; for what is natural law but harmonic relation? Only the harmonic relations of art are perceived intuitively (i. e., by processes which elude analysis), and affect mainly the feelings; while the harmonic relations of science are attained by more formal methods, and affect mainly the reason. But even in science great truths are, in the first instance, perceived by faculties closely akin to those which perceive the beauties of art; i. e., by intuition, by *scientific imagination*, by genius. It is only the subsequent verification which is relegated to an entirely different faculty. The great truths are taken rough from the quarry of nature by intuition, but they are afterward shaped and fitted, each to its place in the temple of science, by more formal methods. These two—science and art—may seem, and indeed are in their lower parts, widely separated; but traced upwards, they converge more and more, until they finally meet in one.

There are two classes of cultured men of all kinds—a lower and a higher. The former, in different departments, are wide apart; the latter, closely akin. To illustrate: There are two classes of poets. To the one class belong poets *by defect.* In these, sentiment and feeling become morbid, and fancy extravagant, for want of thought and judgment to chasten and control. They are like cripples who have become strong in the arms because they want the use of the legs. They are the so-called poets by temperament. To the other class belong poets *by excess.* These are simply men of large intellectual mold and abounding spiritual vitality. They might have been great in any department, but circumstances determined their chief activity in this one. There are also two classes of scientists. The one are scientists because unfit for any thing else. Their capacity is limited to the collection of materials of science. They are hewers of wood and drawers of water—fetchers of brick and mortar. The other class are the true builders; they might have been poets if circumstances had not made them scientists. In a word, as already said, there are two classes of cultured men of all kinds. Some men are cultured beyond sympathy with childhood and youth; and above sympathy with the uncultured classes of men. Their culture may have raised their standpoint, but dwarfed rather than increased their stature. They are pigmies raised on a platform above the heads of the masses; and since men are ever prouder of *position* than of intellectual stature, they are the vainest of men. But men of true culture are simply men of larger intellectual *growth*, of greater intellectual stature. They are men who, standing with their feet on the same level of earth with others, in their higher parts rise, by the heads and shoulders, above their fellows. Such are the men who have known the mutual helpfulness of all departments and faculties.

Now, the same law of mutual help which I have thus shown to exist among the powers and faculties of the intellect, and which, therefore, must also exist among the different

departments of a perfect scheme of a purely intellectual education, obtains also equally between the three great departments of our human nature, the bodily, the intellectual, and the moral, and especially is it conspicuous between the intellectual and the moral nature. I wish to show this first between body and mind, and then between intellect and moral nature.

All admit the helpfulness of bodily health and bodily vigor in a course of severe intellectual discipline; all admit that the amount of intellectual work is strictly conditioned by the bodily health, strength, and endurance; but very few perceive the converse truth: viz., that the cultivation of the intellect increases not only the beauty of form, the elasticity of step, and the grace of movement, but also the physical strength, activity, and endurance. We find proof of this in the undoubted fact that, *under similar habits and training*, the civilized is always superior to the savage man in strength and endurance. Similarly, in civilized communities, under similar training, the educated is always superior to the uneducated man; i. e., he will do more work and endure more hardship as soldier, or as manual laborer even of the lowest kind, whether it be as spadesman and miner in digging earth, or as axman in clearing timber.

The same principle is recognized even in lower animals. We hear much talk about the efficacy of blood in horses. It is said an ounce of blood is worth a pound of flesh. But what is this so-called blood, which is deemed so important? It is not that thick, red fluid with which we are so familiar. It is rather that subtle, colorless, invisible, ethereal fluid (nerve fluid), whose heart is the brain, and whose vessels are the nerve cords. It is brain-power, it is nerve-power—power of will over muscle—muscular energy. Now culture (training, selection, and inheritance) in animals, but much more in man, increases brain-power, and therefore nerve-power, and therefore also power of will over muscle, and the energy of muscular contraction. This is blood worth inheriting.

It is interesting to observe the steady improvement in this respect in the history of the animal kingdom, as the result of natural training and natural selection. In tracing the history of the evolution of structure from the time of the first introduction of mammals in the early Tertiary until now, we find, first, a gradual and steady increase in the size and complexity of structure of the brain, and therefore undoubtedly in brain-power; and secondly, *pari passu* with this, a steady improvement in the skeletal structure necessary for speed and activity. There can be no doubt that muscular energy increased in the same ratio. The huge animals of early times, with their clumsy limbs and small brains, were undoubtedly slow-footed and sluggish-moving. The whole effort of nature has been, by compactness and cleanness of limbs, by increased size and complexity of brain, and by hardness and energy of muscular fiber, to give speed and activity in place of size and weight. The same change has taken place and is now taking place in man, whether as the result of natural evolution or of voluntary culture.

Now precisely similar is the mutual relation of our intellectual and moral natures. All admit that the intellect is a necessary guide to moral conduct. All admit that, especially in the complexly organized modern society, a high degree of intellectual culture and much knowledge and intelligence is often necessary for the right conduct of life. I would even go much farther. I believe that the improvement of the pure intellect has a *direct* cultivating effect on the moral nature. I am one of those who believe that the intense love of truth, and the earnest search after truth for its own sake—even scientific truth, or truth in the realm of nature—tends to produce earnestness and truthfulness of character; and similarly, that the perception of beauty and the sincere admiration of beauty in art and literature tends to produce the love and admiration of that higher beauty of which these are but the earthly type; viz., spiritual beauty, beauty of character, beauty of holiness; and that thus finally it tends to the realization of spiritual beauty in the character and life.

Few will doubt, then, the helpful effect of intellectual culture on the moral nature, and thus on the right conduct of life. But how few, how very few, seem to recognize the truth of the converse proposition; viz., the helpful effect of moral culture on the intellectual perception of truth! And yet this is even more profoundly true than the other. Yes, in all the most difficult and important practical questions of life the clear perception of truth is almost wholly conditioned on the purity of the moral sentiments.

This truth is so fundamentally important that I must stop to explain and illustrate it. Pure intellect, I think we will all admit, is wholly characterless, colorless. It is strong or weak, clear or opaque, but not good or bad; character is determined by the moral nature alone. In all questions, therefore, in which the intellect alone is involved—as, for example, in mathematics or the exact sciences—men differ in degree only, not in kind: one man may see more clearly and more of truth than another; but whatever is seen at all is seen alike by all. But as soon as we touch questions in which the feelings, the sentiments, the prejudices, the personal interests—in a word, in which the moral nature is involved; as, for examples, political questions, social questions, moral and religious questions—then men not only see *more* or *less* truth, but they also see the same truth *differently;* they see the same thing differently colored and differently shaped, because the things are seen through and colored and refracted by the medium of the moral nature. In questions of mathematics and the exact sciences we look with naked eyes through a clear, colorless medium; but as soon as it is a question of politics, sociology, ethics, or religion, every man immediately puts on a private pair of moral spectacles, and these are colored of various hues, and of various degrees of intensity, and affected with various degrees and kinds of refraction; and therefore the same things are seen of different colors, shapes, and sizes. Is it not evident, now, that the amount one sees, and the correctness of the notions he forms concerning the things he sees, depend, not so much on the keenness of his intellectual eye-sight, as upon the clearness of his moral spectacles? Is it not evident that the most important thing to do, if we would see correctly, is not to strengthen the intellectual eye, but to purge the moral medium—not to cultivate the intellect, but to purify the heart? In a word, the moral nature alone gives a true perspective, and therefore the true relative value of things. A dollar may be held so near the eye, or stand so near the affections, as to shut out of view the rest of the world.

Or to put it another way, taking our illustration this time from the field of activity instead of the field of thought: The intellect, as already said, is without character. It is a simple agent, instrument, machine; delicate, subtle, powerful but irresponsible, and therefore working indifferently on any plane, high or low. The moral nature alone determines the plane of activity, whether high or low, whether noble or ignoble, the intellect only determining the efficiency of activity on the plane chosen.

Such, then, undoubtedly, is the mutually helpful relation between the physical, intellectual, and moral natures of man, as also between all the special functions, faculties, and powers of each of these. But no organized unit can exist without, not only mutual helpfulness, but also *acknowledged order of supremacy.* Not only must there be co-ordination, but also regular subordination. An organism is not a republic, but a kingdom with graduated powers, each under each. Among the great departments of our nature, what, then, is the order of supremacy? for this order must determine our ideal of humanity to be reached by culture.

I think a little reflection will suffice to show that culture is naught else than *conscious evolution*, carried out by *voluntary* rational methods. The laws of evolution (which are the laws of God) work ever upward to higher and higher forms. Thus *material* evolution has risen, in the geologic history of the earth, from the inorganic to the organic, from the organic to the animate, and from the animate to the rational

and moral. But the material evolution thus completed in man is immediately taken up by man and carried forward on a higher plane, as *social* evolution. Now at a certain point in this upward movement on the higher rational plane, man turns about to consider the law and the process which has carried him upward thus far, and deliberately applies them to carry on more surely and rapidly the upward progress. This is *voluntary conscious progress* in society, and *culture* in the individual. So long as the improvement is unconscious and involuntary, we call it evolution: when it becomes conscious and voluntary, we call it progress, education, culture. The law of evolution and the law of culture are therefore one, and we may illustrate the latter by the former.

Now in all evolution, whether of the cosmos, or of the earth, or of the organic kingdom, or of the individual, or of society, I find a law of successive culmination of higher and higher dominant forces, forms, functions, or principles, each as it rises subordinating all previous and lower ones to itself. My meaning will be more clearly brought out by examples from different kinds of evolution.

a. There was a time in the history of the cosmos when only *physical* forces operated, chemical forces being held in abeyance by intensity of heat, producing dissociation of the elements. This is the case in the sun still. In the course of untold ages, by gradual cooling, chemical force came into play subordinating physical forces to itself, although resting upon and conditioned by the latter. Ages upon ages again passed, and when favorable conditions had come, and time was ripe, there came into existence—how, we know not—vital force, a far higher form of force, conditioned by the previous lower forces, but subordinating them to its own higher purposes. Ages upon ages again passed, and when the time was fully ripe, and the course of material evolution completely finished, there was introduced on the theater of terrestrial activity—how, we know not—the highest of all forms of force; viz., rational and moral force, subordinating all, yet conditioned by all. Thus the cosmos became not only higher and higher, but also more and more complex in the play of interacting forces.

b. A precisely similar advance, and following a similar law, may be traced in the succession of *organic forms*. In the geological history of the earth at first only invertebrates existed; mollusks and crustaceans were rulers of the seas. Next fishes were introduced; then reptiles, birds, mammals, and finally man successively appear, and subordinate previous forms to higher and higher uses; and thus the organic kingdom, taken as a whole, becomes not only higher and higher, but also more and more complex.

c. With the introduction of man the process of evolution does not stop; it is only transferred from a lower to a higher plane—from the animal to the social—and here, therefore, we still find the same law. Primal civilizations, Greek, Roman, and modern civilizations, are successively higher and higher social forms, embodying higher and higher social forces. They arise, culminate, and decline; but as each decays, its characteristic dominant forces and principles are not lost, but incorporated into the next higher form, and subordinated to the next higher dominant forces; and thus the social organism becomes not only higher and higher, but also more and more complexly organized. Thus the characteristic principles and forces of all former civilizations are incorporated into our modern civilization, and subordinated to the higher social forces characteristic of modern times; and we, the children of modern civilization, become "the heirs of all the ages."

d. But the same truth meets us on every side and at every turn; for truth is one, and law is one. We have traced it in the evolution of cosmic forces, in the evolution of organic forms, and in the evolution of society; but we may trace it also in the evolution of the individual animal body. As we pass up the animal scale, whether in the geologic series (i. e., from the earliest to the latest introduced animals), or in the taxonomic series (i. e., from the lowest to the

highest forms now existing), or in the embryonic series (i. e., from the egg to the mature condition of one of the highest animals), we find successively higher systems, or organs, dominating the animal body. First, the highest system dominates, viz., the *nervous system;* then, in the nervous system the highest organ dominates, viz., the *brain;* then, as we go still higher, the highest ganglion of the brain dominates, viz., the *cerebrum;* and lastly, in the cerebrum, the highest part, viz., the exterior gray matter, dominates more and more, as shown by the increasing complexity of the convolutions. The whole process may be called cephalization, or head development. It is a development head-ward, brain-ward, cerebrum-ward, and the dominance of ever higher and higher forms of force.

e. Now, what is true of the external material world—the macrocosm—is true also of the inner world—the microcosm; what is true of the body (for the body belongs to the macrocosm), is true also of the spirit. All evolution is cephalization. The evolution of the organic kingdom is a cephalization finding its head in man; the evolution of society is a cephalization finding its head and king in the ideal man—the divine man; the evolution of the human body is a cephalization finding its head in the brain. So, also, the evolution of the human spirit is and must be a cephalization, and must find its goal and completion in the dominance of the highest part—must find its head and king in *conscience.* All the threads of my argument converge here. I must enforce and illustrate this point fully.

We have already seen that culture is only voluntary evolution. Evolution is universal, but material evolution is blind and unconscious. Man alone perceives the law, and voluntarily carries forward and accelerates the process by rational methods. This is culture. Normal evolution (and therefore culture) of the mind follows a law precisely similar to that already traced in the lower departments of nature. First in childhood culminate the *perceptive faculties* and the *memory.* As these decline, they become subordinated to the higher imaginative and æsthetic faculties, which culminate in youth and dominate this period in life. Then as these decline, they are subordinated to the still higher faculties of *productive thought,* characteristic of mature manhood. These, also, as they decline, must become subordinated to the still higher *moral and religious sentiments,* which culminate only in old age, but if duly cultivated never decline until ready to commence evolution on a still higher plane.[1] The first group of faculties gathers and stores the materials of knowledge; the second group vitalizes the materials thus gathered, and makes them suitable for the purposes of the third, which uses them in the construction of the temple of science; while the fourth and highest group dedicates the whole to noble purposes, and thus gives all their true significance. Thus the whole man becomes not only higher and higher, but also more and more complexly organized in his spiritual nature.

But observe: if there be a law of successive *culmination,* there is also a law—and if not wisely used, a fearful law—of successive *decline;* and thereby a necessity is laid upon us of continued evolution by culture to the end. We dare not stop; evolution does not, will not, stand still. If it goes not forward, it inevitably goes backward, and may do so at any stage of its advance. Childhood—beautiful, joyous childhood—how beautiful, and yet how fleeting! Its characteristic faculties cannot remain in full vigor; they must decline. If evolution does not continue—if the higher faculties characteristic of youth do not arise and subordinate these to higher purposes, the whole nature deteriorates from that time; the glory of life passes away with childhood. Youth—glorious youth—it, too, must quickly pass. If evolution or culture (voluntary or involuntary) does not continue, if the still higher faculty of productive thought does not arise, grow strong, and subordinate all lower faculties to

[1] I say *never* decline. I mean, of course, so far as concerns a law of pure spiritual growth. It declines, if at all, only through breaking down of the instrument (brain tissue) through which it operates.

itself, the whole nature deteriorates from that moment, either becoming materialized, vulgarized, brutalized, as we so often see in young men, or else fading away and perishing of inanition, as we so often find in young women. Thus the young buds of a noble humanity either grow into unsightly forms, or else shrivel and die, as under the touch of untimely frost. Finally, manhood—strong manhood, with its pride of intellect and plenitude of will—it, alas, must also decline: the law is inexorable. If the moral nature has not all along been gathering force, and if it do not now rise above all other parts of our complex nature, subordinating all to itself and its higher purposes, then, indeed, must commence the final and saddest deterioration of all; then, indeed, must old age become the pitiable and humiliating spectacle which we so often find it. But if the law of evolution completes itself, if the moral nature rises and continues to rise to the last, until it dominates every faculty of mind and body, then is old age the most beautiful part of human life; then is it a thing not to be pitied, but to be loved and venerated. Then is the course of human life like the course of the sun—if not the brightest, at least the most glorious in its setting.

Thus, then, of all the departments of our complex nature, the moral alone increases and brightens to the last. It is the link which connects our present life with the life beyond the veil, and its undiminished brightness to the end a sure pledge of its continuance hereafter. As the glories of the departing sun are a pledge and a surety that he will come again—"trick his beams with new spangled ore and flame in the forehead of the morning sky"—even so the moral splendors of a good life closing are a pledge and a surety that that life will flame again in the morning sky of an eternal day.

This, then, is the *law* of evolution of our spiritual nature, and this the glorious *result.* But the evolution of man differs from all other evolutions in this: it is not wholly under the dominion of natural forces, but also and pre-eminently under the dominion of rational forces. All nature evolves unconsciously under the play of material forces, which are but different forms of the omnipresent divine energy; and according to material laws—which are the laws of God—man alone, if he would reach this true goal, must be a co-worker with nature. He must understand the law and its goal, and deliberately use the means of reaching it. In a word, his true ideal will not and cannot be realized except by voluntary effort, according to true law. Every culture which does not follow this true law is false in method. Every culture which has not this ideal in view fails—miserably fails—of its true end. A true culture must strive to subordinate the lower to the higher, and all to the highest—the body to the mind, the lower faculties of the intellect to the higher, and all to the moral and religious sentiments. Here, also, as in all evolution, the lower underlies and conditions the higher; but the higher must stand above and subordinate the lower.

Thus the process of a true culture and its result may be fitly likened to the building and completion of a splendid temple, with its massive foundation, its stately walls, and its glorious roof and spires. Let us, then, lay well the foundation, deep in the earth of our bodies, in the solid rock of physical culture, in physical health, strength, and activity. Thousands stop the work here; but let us not imitate their folly. Let us next build up the stately walls in intellectual culture, in a mind strong, active, and versatile. Alas, how many stop the work just here, imagining that it is now finished! How many a beautiful edifice is disfigured by a mean and paltry roof! Let us avoid this mistake also. Let us add thereto the crowning glory of all—the sky-lighted dome and the heaven-pointing spires; and then dedicate all only to noblest purpose, as a holy temple to the living God.

Joseph LeConte.

ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

"Mein Lied ertönt der unbekannten Menge;
Ihr Beifall selbst macht meinem Herzen bang."

HAS a Californian, as such, any literary right to discuss *belles-lettres* in print? And if yea, is a Californian magazine discreet in publishing such discussion? It has been a question with me, now that I have sifted my facts and collated reviews extending over a period of fifty years, whether there has not been too much written by those better advised touching the Poet Laureate to warrant any addition to the mass from this corner of the world. Common honesty demands, at all events, that one should disavow any pretense of originality, and say only that which may be flanked by citation and supported by decisions; and it is therefore with hesitancy that I approach the work, and with a doubt as to its adding to the vigor or impressiveness of our magazine. One feels much as some literary Gascon in the days of the Pleiad might have felt in fumbling over questions of French language or rhythm secluded from Parisian sympathy by his provincial exile.

But a poet's reputation is, after all, a sort of meteorological fact, which, as it were, requires reported observations from a large expanse of surface; and in many stations these become the duty of unpretentious subalterns; and the world of literature is no longer Paris or London, but the "Great Globe itself."

Tennyson enjoys at least a titular popularity in America. If that needed confirmation, the unremitting piracy of his works would furnish it. In one or more forms, they may be found in all polite households; charming ladies the world over will, if urged, gratify you by singing his lyrics; clever, penniless young bachelors everywhere will, when jilted, mouth stanzas of Locksley Hall; and chaps with ill-balanced hearts, who have become unhappily spooney about their friends' wives, will half imagine themselves Lancelots or Tristrams; while village Guineveres are as plentiful as village Cromwells, and not always as guiltless in their particular *pose*. Has not the poor, pale corpse of the Lily Maid been bandied about among us of the Pacific coast as recklessly as if it were a mummy in a museum, or a "stiff" on an express train? Who shall say that we do not know our poet intimately? and what is there that a prosy essayist out here can tell us in that behalf?

And yet, one feels that there is a certain sediment of *méfiance* pervading the half-cultured strata of the American reading public, which hinders the Englishman's verse from thorough assimilation with the popular American nature. It is almost as if a taste for Tennyson were an exotic, requiring greenhouse fastidiousness to protect it from rude republican northers.

This literary symptom (not, however, exactly confined to Tennyson) has been growing apparent in the last twenty years. Former generations not only courted British culture, but found it a necessity. To-day there is arising an actual aversion to British ideas—at least, in what may be called the superficial literary populace.

The fact is, Great Britain is becoming foreign to us. Like the Irish, our literary state is conspiring for Home Rule, and clamors for a parliament of its own. We dislike to be thought to speak the English rather than the American language. Even in our pronunciation and modulation, there is a sibboleth apparent; and we gird at the Britisher who has not our speech, however provincial it be, just as country louts are amused at a stranger's costume or special habits of body. Usages once common to both lands are fast wearing out with us; and a time would seem to be coming when English and American, once identical, will be to each other as Japanese unto Chinese.

An evidence of the divergence between the two countries is furnished by the fading

popularity (regard being had to the increase of population and relative greater percentage of general readers) of English authors once as eagerly conned in America as in the land of their domicile. This partly arises from the confused ideas of superficially educated Americans as to British customs, usages, and local terms—a defect which renders the reading of British writers a matter of painful thought, more or less clogged with ignorance and uncertainty as to the allusions. I do not think Scott as popular in America as formerly; Burns is actually archaic; and Hogg requires more than a glossary even to smartish people who are ordinarily swift to catch the slang current in bar-rooms and mining camps, as crystallized in local or humorous journalism.

All this is a weakness to be deplored. If our literature had become so broad and deep by reason of its Longfellows, its Hawthornes, its Irvings, its Howellses, and its Holmeses, there might be ground for national pride in our literary progress; but the generation that knows not Joseph also forgets Joseph's brethren and sympathizers on this side the ocean; and is apt to be satisfied with thought, poetry, or humor scenting of no higher taste than might be bred in the cabin of the Arkansas Traveler. The literature chosen to supplant English models must be better, not worse, than what has been cast upon us by British descent.

Then, too, it happens that, while we are moving farther from British influence, we are drawing closer to lands which foster the alienation. Our young folks are running the risk of knowing more about Zola than about Thackeray; and our æsthetic ladies are more interested in Mademoiselle de Maupin than in the Vicar of Wakefield's Olivia. And yet they might draw a personal benefit from the good taste and elegance of Goldy, which their quavering knowledge of a foreign tongue must ever be a barrier to their finding or appreciating in Gautier.

If, therefore, I sermonize a while about an author whom all ought to appreciate, gentle or simple, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, it is but to repeat an Old-World echo of instruction which distance and a murky literary atmosphere have almost weakened to unintelligibility. I would like to discuss Tennyson in the light in which cultivated people in his own country regard him and his works, as shown by commentators in magazines or published volumes.

The life of Alfred Tennyson has not been one of startling events. There are no prominent facts in his career hurtled about as literary gossip which would render his biography a dramatic poem. Save for the fact that he is a poet and poet laureate, his existence has been passed in the elegant obscurity affected by cultured Englishmen who keep out of politics.

His poetry, in one sense, is not egoistic; and he has shrunk from breaking up the privacy of his life to build the materials into the structure of his poetic reputation.

But for all that, everything that we need to know or perhaps ought to wish to know of Tennyson is in his writings, if we will but "read between the lines." For that matter, I would challenge any man with the slightest claim to frankness to write anything at all without confessing some portion of his nature. I remember how a gentleman of old California days came to his death by shipwreck. His general reputation had been of decidedly misanthropic acerbity. None gave him credit for especial warmth of feeling. Yet with death not a quarter of an hour away, he attempted an autographic will, of half a dozen lines, which, by its kindness of tone towards children, strangers to his blood, and towards collaterals, by the preciseness of his chirography and punctuation, by the aptness of terms, and the fact that one of them was Scotch, gave indirectly the materials for a biography of a frosty but kindly nature, bred in the Land o' Cakes, in a lawyer's office, thence transferred to journalist duties on a distant shore, of as heroic a soul as one would expect to dwell in the breast of even the *vieux militaire* who sank with him. In like manner, one might compose a charming history of Tennyson by stringing together verses from his

poems; and one might also branch out and show not only what has been, but what might have been—a feature wanting in most biographies. One might mistake a detail here and there, it is true; but the general truth would be told.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born August 5th, 1809, at Somersby, a village in Mid-Lincolnshire. Even Americans have heard of the Lincolnshire Fens; and every poem of Tennyson's youth tells of some feature of the scenery of the land, the verdure and foliage of meadow, marsh, and wood, the brook that flows by Somersby, the mill upon it,

> "The sandy tracts,
> And the hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

For here the German ocean has full sweep, and seems to enjoy its revels. It is in Lincolnshire that the poet has laid the scene of his latest drama, "The Promise of May."

Tennyson's father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector of the parish of Somersby. The poet's mother was the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche.

Tennyson comes of gentle stock. Indeed, some of the collateral branches must have been quite tenacious and precise in the matter of their claims in that regard. There are, I believe, extinct baronies lying around, here and there, in the family history. Those Englishmen are proud of nothing so much as springing from an old county family; and I have no doubt but that Tennyson has a proper weakness that way, befitting a man who need not be his own grandfather, and who is grandfather to others. Of course, he has his quiet thrusts at pride of birth; but behind them remains, evidently, the feeling which, while covered by indifference to the pomps of heraldry, borders on satisfaction that he, also, might, had he willed it so,

> "Somewhere beneath his own low range of roofs
> Have also set his many-shielded tree." [1]

The entire Tennysonian household were poets—"a nest of nightingales," as one of their friends calls them.[2] There was Charles, who afterward took the surname of Turner, Frederick, Septimus, Edward, Horatio, and Arthur; and there were two sisters who likewise made girlish attempts at verse.

One can readily picture the youth of the poet spent in an English rectory, swarming with sisterly and cousinly maidens; such, doubtless, as Trollope and the artists who have illustrated Trollope have depicted for us. No ordinary nature could pass through that sort of training without a certain wincing softness that would give tone to his whole after-existence. It may, therefore, be noted that all of Tennyson's heroines, of whatever race, time, or clime, are, morally, just such people as one would likely meet in an English country house on long, summer days, book in hand, or in a parish church at Christmas-tide, helping the curate with the evergreens, or flirting in demure style with the lads home from college or London.

Tennyson's father was a man of accomplishments—more, perhaps, than of scholarship or of theological propensities. He was an athlete, a musician, a linguist.[3] It would seem that the poet learned Italian to some extent—possibly induced by his father. In those days, there was a breeze of revival of interest in Italian letters, owing to the fact that England had become a refuge for a number of lettered revolutionists, such as Foscolo, Panizzi, and Rossetti; and Tennyson's short-lived friend Hallam was gliding into the Tuscan groove of culture, with no mean promise of future effectiveness and honor in that direction.[4]

Tennyson's status in life pointed vaguely to the Anglican church as his possible vocation; but it was fortunate that he escaped being a parson. I fancy that his brother Charles would have lived a more rounded and complete life had he never taken orders. Besides, one never sees Reverend before an author's name without expecting

[1] Aylmer's Field.

[2] S. C. Hall's Book of Gems.

[3] Howitt, 1847.

[4] Hallam's Remains.

something goody-goody and narrow. Alfred might have been driven into the inns of court; but one shudders at the thought that the brow now decked with laurel should have run the risk of perspiring in a horse-hair wig, although poets and true ones *have* sat on the bench and been its ornaments. *Testibus*, Sir William Jones, Talfourd, and for that matter, many a Scotch laird. And is there not Browning, who by rights ought to have been a Q. C., chopping up, say, the law of remainders in a court of equity, instead of knitting his brows and frowning in a lord-chancellor way on high Parnassus?

The only other employment in which Tennyson, according to our present lights, would not have cut a moderate figure would have been the army. What a jovial mess member he would have been! How he would have shirked drill and pipe-clay! What rollicking camp songs he would have composed and sung! What a popular colonel he would have grown to be! And how religiously and simultaneously he would have hated and abused the French, and have seen that the mess port was of the right body and flavor! He would have been just in time to go out to the Crimea, and to take part with his Six Hundred there, instead of singing their exploits in slippered feet at home, where his big bass voice, fit to call a squadron to advance, was utterly thrown away on boots and the butler. (There was, by the way, another Englishman who would have graced any branch of the service, but whose life was wasted on art—poor George Cruikshank.)

Here let me note that when certain Crimean heroes came home, and were called to receive their academic brevets from Oxford, 1855, in the shape of doctorates in jurisprudence, Tennyson was joined with them in the honors for his poetic gallantry.

No, I don't think that Major-General Sir Alfred Tennyson, K. C. B., etc., etc., would sound badly. But if it were the present fact, what a loss to us on this side of the Atlantic, who have, lo, these many years, enjoyed and stolen his work so remorselessly!

Tennyson's physical, mental, and moral nature and needs are those of a man enjoying active, every-day life, with a right to take long furloughs from it, and retreat into his library as occasion demands; apt to linger in cozy discussion "across the walnuts and the wine," when the ladies had cleared out; to sit on a stile and remark a colt's points; to take a languid interest in turnips and crop rotation; and to have interchange of proper courtesies with suspected poachers on the subject of wood-craft, or with the pretty farmers' daughters touching their swains. In America, there is somehow a lack among literary men of that sort of catholicity of intercourse; and my idea of the blessed Longfellow has always been of one who had the New England college tutor thoroughly injected into his marrow at an early age, and who would have been fearful of saying or doing anything hostile to varnished boots or academic discipline.

The two brothers, Charles and Alfred, were early sent to the Louth grammar school. It was here that, in March, 1827, they jointly published a small volume of verse, entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." It was stated in the preface that the pieces contained in the volume had been written by them between their fifteenth and eighteenth years.

This little collection has become a great bibliomaniac rarity. The late Rev. Dr. Chapin of New York was said to possess the only copy ever brought to America.[2]

Criticism of verse attempts by young school-boys would of course be idle; but the fact of the publication may simply be noted, as showing at how early an age and with what apparent success the poet had put in practice his studies of the laws of English rhythm.

In 1829 the two poetic lads went to reside at Cambridge, whither young Hallam had preceded them some months, with whom Alfred contracted the warmest of friendships, strengthened, as it was to be,

[1] Poems by Two Brothers. Printed by J. & J. Jackson, Market Place, Louth, Lincolnshire.

[2] Bayard Taylor's Essay on Tennyson.

by an engagement between one of the poet's sisters and Hallam.

Within half a year from his entry at Trinity College, Alfred was declared the successful competitor for the Chancellor's Gold Medal for English verse—the subject imposed being Timbuctoo.[1]

The name recalls the famous witty and successful attempt of Sydney Smith to find a rhyme for it, and invokes something of the grotesque in our feelings; but if we consider what gorgeous speculations were then rife as to the resources and condition of Central Africa, and the fabulous tales in vogue about its cities and their treasures, it would seem natural enough that a question of such great geographical interest should have been suggested as the subject for verse.

A couple of years before, an adventurous British officer had lost his life in attempting to gain personal knowledge of Timbuctoo.[2]

Prize poems have, I think, been rather unjustly abused. But if they have no other *raison d'être*, one might now be found in the fact that Tennyson had buckled down to the task of competing for a prize, and had succeeded so well that the effort became the hinge of his poetic reputation. And it would appear, too, that there was a brilliant set of students at Cambridge in those days, when Tennyson bore the banner of success, and young Hallam and Thackeray were among the defeated candidates. In looking over the names of eminent Englishmen who at that time resided at Cambridge, as undergraduates or otherwise, one cannot help thinking that there was there transpiring what we Westerners would call an intellectual boom.

It is not necessary here to discuss the merits of Timbuctoo; but it is not out of place to call the attention of San Franciscans to the way in which the young Cantab, who had never felt the shudder of an earthquake, hits off the salient suggestions elicited by the experience:

"As when in some great city when the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces thronged
Do utter forth a subterranean sound."

There are but three lines; but the phenomenon is fully described.

The "Athenæum" declared that the poem "indicated first-rate poetical genius, and would have done credit to any man that ever wrote."[3]

In 1830 Tennyson published a volume,[4] entitled "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." Of this volume there appeared in the "Westminster" for January, 1831, a review written, it is said, by John Stuart Mill, wherein, after defining the duty, influence, and power of a true poet, the following prophetic passage occurs:

"If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson is correct, he, too, is a poet; and many years hence may he read his juvenile description of that character, with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work."[5]

Leigh Hunt also, in the "Tatler,"[6] gave a favorable review of the volume in conjunction with one published simultaneously by Charles Tennyson; and Arthur Hallam wrote a notice of his friend's venture, which appeared in "The Englishman's Magazine."

Kit North, in his breezy way, clinched the strain of eulogy in "Blackwood's" (May, 1832),[7] mixing kind encouragement with a certain amount of critical banter. In acknowledgment of this latter notice, Tennyson wrote the lines "Musty, Fusty Christopher," which appeared in a second volume published in the winter of 1832–33, by the poet-publisher, Moxon.

This second volume was discussed by Coleridge in "Table-Talk";[8] and the veteran brings the singular charge against the young poet of a mismanagement of his meters, recommending him to stick to two or three common ones. Now Coleridge knew all about rhythm, and meant to be a fair critic; but in the light of Tennyson's rhythmical history, we cannot fail to suspect the justice of all poetical criticism.

[1] Printed at Cambridge, 1829. See also, Cambridge Prize Poems.

[2] Major Laing.

[3] Written either by John Sterling or Frederick Maurice.

[4] London, Effingham Wilson.

[5] Westminster, January, 1831.

[6] Tatler, numbers from February 24th, 1831, to March 3rd, 1831.

[7] Blackwood, Vol. XXXI.

[8] Table-Talk, Vol. II.

As adverse utterances, that of the "Quarterly" (July, 1833),[1] is the most noticeable. It found all the weak chords in Mr. Tennyson's lyre; and spoke distrustfully and scornfully of many others, since acknowledged to be strong. The "Quarterly" in after years manfully retracted its hasty opinion.

But out of the collections thus far published by the young man, enough pieces stood their ground to entitle the author to take decided rank as a poet.

The year 1833[2] was the year of young Hallam's death—that Hallam who had been more than a brother to a poet who knew the worth of sympathetic fraternity; and to Hallam's memory, seventeen years later, Tennyson unveiled the most graceful literary monument that could be raised to the memory of a friendship cut short by death.

The time had now come when the poet could not be allowed to rest confidingly upon ancient models or to find a large enough world in the limits of a college quadrangle. He had become a man; and whatever life men of his day led, would be, if not his own, at least a strong agency in marking out his pathway for him. The most "offish" of us are affected to some extent by those about us; and we cannot wholly avoid the vices of our day and generation, even if we would.

If any one would like to frame an idea of *quasi* fine literary society in England between 1830 and 1840, he has only to study the ways and doings of coteries such as Lady Blessington's, and simultaneously to read Disraeli's novels. From our standpoint, it was a very good sort of life to keep out of; and Tennyson, in spite of some quavering motions, must have remained on the utter rim. It was a time when men had pallid brows and long hair and brocade dressing-gowns, and were suspected of corsets, and had a glory of soft white hands, innocent of blisters and gauded with rings—a reign of Pelhams and Count d'Orsays in drawing-rooms —a time of Annuals and Books of Gems and Keepsakes and Friendship's Offerings—all illustrated with plates and engraved titles, and to which contributed languorous gentlemen, whose fathers had sparred with Jackson and fought with bargemen, and whose sons, in their subsequent day, took to club-swinging and foot-racing; dainty volumes patronized by impossible copper-plate beauties, who wrote watery verse and flirted with the Melbournes and the Endymions of the hour.

I have said that Tennyson somehow escaped all that—the glamour whereof led captive the soul of the future tory leader, and made him, as a reward for his appreciative worship, like Joseph in Egypt, a ruler among strangers to his blood. But Tennyson did contribute to the annuals; and one of the most exquisite bits of his verse, afterwards embodied in Maud, first saw light in one of those fashionable collections.[3]

But Tennyson must have studied in one direction—that of nature—with no careless attention. No poet can effectively pursue his calling if deprived of the essentials of out-door life and pure air. He needs the odors and harmonies of the country to guide him in tuning his harp. He cannot shut himself up in a city without more or less vulgarizing his muse, and rendering his imagery paltry. He cannot bar out the world of sensuous force by closing his library door, without growing fastidious and finical. What would Scott have been but for his stumbling strolls through the heaths, with Maida at his heels? What sort of verse would Byron have written, had he not found the sea a place to revel in? I think the real obstacle which shunted Lamb off the poetic highway was his intense cockneyism. He had it in him to be a poet, and would have been one, had he been compelled to rest his eyes upon beds of wild flowers instead of shop windows and book-stalls.

Tennyson all his life has continued the habit so gained of illustrating his verse with suggestions from nature, which he had commenced in his Lincolnshire boyhood. He is so fond of the trick, and is so full of surprises of that kind, that his critics have taken to

[1] Vol. XLIX.; see Vol. LXX.

[2] Died September 15, 1833, at Vienna.

[3] The Tribute, edited by Lord Northampton, 1837.

carping at the accuracy of his facts. Bayard Taylor speaks of some of his similes as inapt, and instances where he compares the rippling, broken gurgles of a girl's laughter to a woodpecker's tapping. I fancy it is a question, not of the tapper, but of the sounding-board. Some kinds of woods when struck give an almost liquid response. Another critic objects to the poet's making a dog leap from the water to the land, and shake his ears as he recovers his balance. This critic says a dog does not leap but climbs ashore, and waggles his entire body before attending to his dripping ears. Now, it is true that if the dog were in the act of swimming, he would not leap; but if it were a shallow brook, he would make a quick jump from the one element to the other; and if he had pendant ears they would likely be wet when his back would be dry. I would hardly be willing to admit that Tennyson was an inaccurate or near-sighted observer in matters of natural phenomena; and he is certainly possessed of an immense fund of forest-and-field wisdom.

Tennyson did not issue any new volumes after Hallam's death, until 1842, although, as before mentioned, verses by him appeared in the modish annuals.[1]

Those who have read the lately published volume of letters to and by Miss Mitford will remember the energetic scorn which she evinces for those who write but do not read. Tennyson had no such conceit of self-evolution. He has written sparingly and read diligently.

The seven years of comparative silence were undoubtedly with him a period of study. His mental structure was being "fed with lime," drawn from the nourishment furnished by masters in poetry; and he had completely acquired his virile strength by cautious exercise of his powers, when, in 1842, he published a new edition of his poems in two volumes (republished the same year by Ticknor, Boston), from which it may be shown that by that time he had adopted the essential features of his mature style, whereon the success of his literary career has been based.

The epic idyl is there represented by the "Morte d'Arthur"; "Dora" stands as a model of his other idyllic efforts; "Locksley Hall," "Ulysses," "The Day-Dream," "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere," "Break, Break, Break," and "Come not when I am dead," are all typical in their several manners of Tennyson.

Tennyson was recognized thenceforth as a poet. It must not, however, be lost sight of that, literary-wise, his lines had fallen in pleasant places. His antecedents were all of cultured dignity. He had been the honored nursling of a venerable academy of learning. His friends were brilliant in their ways of thought, and stood manfully by him. The reviews had been kind to him in the main, and the portals of the temple of fame, if not staring open, were at least ajar for his coming.

In 1845, Wordsworth, too great-minded to be afraid of his newly created peer, pronounced Tennyson to be "decidedly the first of our living poets."[2]

Had Tennyson followed in the wake of Keats, with whom at an early period he was frequently compared, he would only have intensified his model until his exaggerations became defects. Keats might have been, as it were, a good companion, but not a master. The secret to rival Keats in his special class of merits would best be solved by poring over the writers of the days of Queen Bess. These, the Laureate seems in his youth to have studied and understood. Here I would note the precocity of the poet. With most of us, the thoughts of great authors need to be subjected to successive winnowings through our minds at intervals of years. We do not obtain all that is precious at one reading or at one period in our lives. But Tennyson would seem to have extracted every beauty of style at one sifting, and to have deftly worked every grain of knowledge so acquired into his own mass.

[1] The verses in Maud.

> O, that 'twere possible,
> After long grief and pain.

[2] Letter to Professor Reed.

Gladstone regards Tennyson's Homeric and Dantesque studies as at one time scanty; but Gladstone has been cultivating the Homeric field for more than fifty years, with a fine-toothed rake; and any ordinary knowledge on the subject would to him probably appear defective. I am afraid, too, that, however strong may be the premier's friendship for the Laureate, the former does not quite follow the latter throughout his entire poetic labyrinth. There is, however, one piece of evidence in favor of Gladstone's slur upon Tennyson's Homeric shortcomings; when the poet makes Ulysses address his old companions with a request to sail with him again out into the west, had he had Homer in his mind, he would have been aware that all those brave souls—Greenwich pensioners, as it were—had gone to Hades; and that it would be necessary to ship a fresh crew of merely ordinary seamen. Probably he preferred to err with Dante, who knew not the Odyssey, relying for the success of his paraphrase of the Italian upon its being marvelously true to Homeric spirit, if faulty in incident.

Mr. Stedman, in his elaborate chapters upon Tennyson, seeks to draw a general parallel between the Victorian age, of which Tennyson stands forth as the poet, and the Ptolemaic or Alexandrian period of Greek literature. It does seem to me strange that, in this age of critical literary research and revamping of old material, more has not been done to bring into direct popularity the authors of that cultivated era. Fox, I think, is said to have preferred the "Argonautica" of Apollonius to Homer himself. Macaulay admired the poem; and it would be no ungraceful task for some ambitious young scholar of to-day to attempt a metrical translation of the work.

Tennyson, in dawdling about old country houses and their libraries, seems to have fallen upon many an old volume of the classics not usual in university examinations. Mr. Stedman thinks that, because there was a new edition of Bion and Moschus in print during Tennyson's Cambridge years, his attention must have been thereby attracted to those authors. It may be so; but one would prefer to believe that he rummaged the authors out of some old collection in cracked covers, worm-eaten and moldy, led thereto by some apt quotation which lingered in his mind as a sample of what a search would bring forth; and that, having hunted down his author, he devoured him, more with literary hunger than academic or scholarly ambition. There are in Tennyson refined echoes of Quintus Calaber, Tryphiodorus, and other dust-covered old worthies, editions of whose works were published in days when men had more time, and did more than merely pretend to read.

There is one elegance which Tennyson seems to have caught early from Virgil. Sainte-Beuve joins with Fox in admiring Virgil for his power to infuse his own originality into his most exact imitations of his Greek predecessors. From Virgil, Tennyson's trick of paraphrase comes, employed almost always by him in a most felicitous way.

He has an art, too, of adopting the epithets already applied to objects by older writers—the giving to things, as it were, their christened names. And it has a very happy effect upon the mind of the reader. For, if he be familiar with the godfather, a double set of imagery is thrown upon his mental retina—or rather, like a dissolving view, the old idea recalled momentarily by the epithet fades softly into the glory of the new thought brought in by the later poet.

It would be curious to gather together a vocabulary of all the classical phrases for which Tennyson has furnished pat English equivalents.

Paraphrasing, or transferring to English, passages from Latin, Greek, and Italian poets seems to have been a recreation for which Tennyson has a particular affection. It is not, however, original with him. From Chaucer down, it has been common with English poets—learned by them from Italian writers, perhaps, and originated with the Latins. The famous lines of Catullus, in his epithalamium upon Manlius and Julia —"*Ut flos in septis*"—probably taken originally from Sappho, have been appropriated

or imitated by Tasso, Ariosto, Jacques Gohorry, Spenser, and Jonson, to say nothing of out-and-out translations by others. Byron has the same taste.

Tennyson has used more than once a passage from Homer—

> "Where falls not hail or rain or any snow
> Nor ever wind blows loudly"—[1]

which he found that Lucretius had used before him; and which Dante has also worn as a gem—"a jewel five words long."[2]

Americans of casual Latinity cannot quite appreciate how vividly the verse of Virgil lingers in the minds of English lads, be they ever so indolent at study.

With the English gentleman, Virgil is a sacred book—verbally inspired. There is nothing in America similar to the reverence hitherto paid it by the Briton of culture, unless, perhaps, the devotion of the old-fashioned, square-shouldered American, in the good days gone by, to the English Bible. (I fancy that it is to the familiarity thereby obtained with the genuine English tongue that we are indebted for any purity of speech left. As for Webster's spelling-book, we may thank it for the metallic phonograph sounds which bewray us all over the world. Why could it not have been fated that some Scotchman or Irishman should have struck the tuning-fork of our American orthoepy?)

I doubt if Virgil would not be the first thought, on the subject of poetry, of every Englishman who went to school fifty years ago. He was almost confessedly Tennyson's, as shown by his summarized judgment of the poet in his Mantuan ode, published the other day. Virgil is the patron saint of our five hundred years of Renaissance, and Tennyson closes the dynasty of its high priests.

From Virgil to Theocritus, so far as idyllic poetry is concerned, is but a step. Virgil's shield is the same as that of Theocritus, only with the difference of a Latin field instead of a Greek one; and what Tennyson failed to find in Virgil, he sought in the "Sicilian Shepherd."

But it would be useless to set forth all the paths of labor which the poet has traveled in his reading to glean material wherewith to enrich his muse. Even in his most fervid and off-hand efforts, he has apparently first racked his memory for a model or a suggestion. The "Charge of the Light Brigade"[3] recalls, by a line or two (suppressed, I believe), the ancient Greek revolutionary song of Harmodios and Aristogeiton, showing how Tennyson had cast about him for a precedent in the record. Tennyson's sources of literary culture may principally be found in Greek, Latin, Italian, and English literature. He hardly seems to be attracted to French; and if he does use that tongue, it is probably the form known as Duke-of-Wellington French—a speech which came to be popular after Waterloo.

The Laureate, whatever liberality there may be in his character, is an Englishman. He does not belong to that class of elastic cosmopolites, who, in whatever land they may be, give the impression that they were born elsewhere. He believes thoroughly in British insulation; and in company the other day with a numerous assembly of the nobility and gentry, signed the Channel protest, wishing it to be of record that he for one believed in maintaining those bulwarks of British glory—the Channel fleet and seasickness.

> "God bless the narrow seas!
> I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."

Tennyson does not show any faith in the modern hexameter; and he has a sneer for the German article—probably as found in Voss. He may not be partial to German literature: save in "Maud" (and possibly not there), he indicates no reading in that direction. When he was young, German scholarship in England was meager. It was only when Carlyle, by force and arms, compelled attention to it, that a knowledge in that direction became common. De Quincey, for

[1] Morte d'Arthur; see also Lucretius.

[2] "Perche non pioggia, non grando, non neve
Non rugiada, non brina piu su cade—"

Purg. XXI.

[3] London Examiner, December 9th, 1854. Maud, and Other Poems, 1855.

philosophical uses, studied the tongue; Coleridge and Shelley took hold of it for poetry's sake; Walter Scott translated Goetz von Berlichingen. But in the early part of the century, besides his unsavory Monk, a knowledge of German was the only recommendation to literary notice that Matthew Lewis could assert. Nowadays, almost any clever English girl (leaving out her brother, Macaulay's school-boy) is supposed to be able to read Schiller.

It would not be wise to contradict an opinion on the subject of verse melody originating with the poet. His ear has been too long in the training of harmonious sounds to be distrusted; but though there is a deal of sibilation in Voss's hexameters, it gives, after all, a seething, swishing spatter to the verse that sounds of the Baltic waves, and remotely of Homer and the Ægæan.

One test of excellence, if it be a test, has been tried again and again upon Tennyson. It is the transferring of his poems by scholars into Latin verse. At this recreation, some of the noted Latinists in England have tried their hands. I noticed, some months since, a translation into Greek of the pretty song in "The Cup."[1] Such *jeux d' esprit* show how affectionately he is regarded by the scholarly portion of the rising generation in England. Tennyson is the only English author besides Shakspere and Milton who has been found worthy of a concordance. Samuel Rogers, with all his wealth to gild his claims as poet, could never have invaded the hearts of artists of brush and pencil as Tennyson has done, nor could he have ever furnished such inspiration for their work.

Tennyson's attitude towards his critics and the public has ever been one of patient humility. It is rare that he shows any restive anger. One or two poems have an indignant sound; and on one occasion—namely, towards Bulwer—he did exhibit temper, which, notwithstanding the provocation, he has since no doubt regretted.

I am nowise sure, however, that Bulwer's "Miss Alfred"[2] was not a beneficial sneer, after all. There *was* a general tone and perfume of *boudoir* elegance pervading his then published poems, which, agreeable under certain conditions, might have become too much of a good thing. And, too, some of his early poems—for example, "O Darling Room"—are quite too awfully nice to escape brutal critics. The fact is, that a minstrel's listeners must be mailed knights as well as gentle ladies; and he must sing accordingly, if he would not be relegated to the companionship of the idolized pianist and limp curate—objects of mysterious interest to the feminine heart, but unloved by coarser males.

In response to Bulwer's rasping mention of him, Tennyson gave one deep-chested howl of ire,[3] and then trimmed his style to avoid a similar reproach in the future.

He has, in fact, used criticism very much as painters use a mirror, to verify or discover errors in drawing or color.

In the earlier volumes, Tennyson appended exegetical notes, here and there, to bring the reader into better intelligence with the verse. There was too much of it in some instances, and he ultimately veered to the other extreme, and dropped notes of any kind. We all have laughed heartily at Thackeray's burlesque upon Timbuctoo, which was printed in "The Snob" of university days; and one of the most amusing features of the squib is the wealth of exegesis appended. To avoid the error there satirized, Tennyson stripped his poems of all prose explanation. I do not know that such a course is always commendable. For my own part, I find it very comfortable to be bolstered up by marginal commentary. There is more wit, philosophy, and information in Byron's autograph elucidation of his own works than in many authors' texts.

And in this connection, would it not be a good idea if some clever American editor, who would not mind being a thief, should publish an edition of Tennyson with a

[1] The Theatre, June, 1881.
"Moon on the field and foam."

[2] The New Timon, Punch, February 7th, 1846 (Vol. X.). See Dedication of Harold.

[3] Punch, February 28th, 1846 (Vol. X.).

running commentary made up with excerpts, more or less apposite or true, from the criticisms which have appeared of our poet, from "Musty, Fusty Christopher" down to the latest date, together with all the parallel passages marked by admirers or foes? It would do Tennyson no harm, and might stir up a closer spirit of examination, and consequent better appreciation of his merit and power. Something in the nature of an annotated edition was at one time contemplated in England.

The author of "A New Study of Tennyson," in Cornhill,[1] wonders why the poet does not give Miss Mitford credit for "Dora," so far as plot is considered. In the 1842 edition there is a note to that effect, also crediting Miss Ferrier (Walter Scott's pet young authoress)[2] with the idea of "Lady Clare"; but the rigid suppression of notes carried that one with the rest.

Tennyson has, throughout his career of literary labor, not merely inverted his stilus to rub out a word here and there; but whenever he fancied that a verse or a whole poem were overripe or rotten, he has not hesitated to tear out page after page, and fling whole editions into the fire. But the permanency of print is to him a curse. His older versions have acquired a charm for ghoulish bibliomaniacs; and notwithstanding his suppressive policy, he is impotent in his endeavors, and must sit and suffer pangs while surreptitious and piratic editions of his early poems are being passed about under his very nose.

The "Lover's Tale" (what motive could have induced him to withdraw it from publication?), written when the poet was nineteen, is a specimen of his fastidious anxiety; some freebooting publisher of late years issued it illicitly, and the Laureate "had him up" for the offense, but was finally obliged to yield to his fate, and issue it himself. The London "Times" intimated that theft of that sort would become popular, if publication of a sought-for poem were thereby enforced.

What an unpretentious, winning poem is "The Princess"! Who is there among articulately speaking men that has not been charmed by it? (By articulately speaking men, I mean, of course, English-speaking men.) It is so simple, so easy to understand (one wise critic, however, claims Tennyson's intelligibility to be a defect);[3] and yet it has political, moral, and social philosophy enough in it to furnish up a university or social congress. It appeared in 1847,[4] and showed that Wordsworth had not mistaken the merit of his successor to the laurel crown.

Several models may have been used to furnish the form of "In Memoriam." The one nearest in mechanical construction is the latter part of Petrarch's "Rime" (After Laura's Death). Adonais had been adopted by Shelley as his model for the poem on the death of Keats; and Tennyson had the Greek lament in his mind, as also Milton's Lycidas. Ben Jonson and Lord Herbert of Cherbury perhaps furnished the particular versification used.

But if we compare Tennyson's work with the Italian or English poems suggested, we find it infinitely superior both in matter and manner. There is always a hint of mawkishness, when a lover whines bemoaningly over a mistress, whether alive or dead; but a boy's friendship for his fellow is pure and reverential; and in the grandeur of the thoughts strung together, the man of the nineteenth century has by far the advantage in breadth and dignity over him of the fourteenth.

Lycidas, after all, has something of the air of a college exercise gotten up "to improve the occasion" of young King's death; and Shelley was thinking entirely too much of his Greek model to be completely natural in his verse or grief.

"In Memoriam" is neither more nor less than a careful treasure-house, wherein are stored the best and most affectionate of a man's thoughts for delivery on the joyous

[1] Cornhill, 1880.
[2] Marriage and Inheritance.
[3] British Quarterly Review, 1880.
[4] Moxon, 1847.

day when a far-traveled friend returns to his home.

In 1850,[1] Wordsworth died, and Tennyson was appointed to the laureateship[2] by Lord John Russell; Palmerston, as great an admirer of Virgil as Mæcenas himself, being of the cabinet.

The "Ode on the Death of Wellington"[3] was the first really important official duty undertaken by Tennyson—if a Laureate can be said to have duties. No appointed task is easy for a poet; and a poem for an occasion is likely to be weak and worthless. Duty gets but mediocre service out of its slaves. Yet if ever there was a man who could come to the task of poetic eulogy of the dead soldier, it was Tennyson. Wellington was nothing if not English—a character in which he claimed the poet's fullest reverence; who could sympathize fully with the Waterloo victor's intense Anglicanism, distrust of Napoleonic ideas, and faith in England's pluck and glory. All of the Laureate's metrical skill was accordingly invoked; and he even went back to the court of the Romano-Byzantine emperors for a poetic title grand enough and glorious enough to inscribe upon the sarcophagus of the Great Duke.

What a puzzle was "Maud"[4] to the critics for some time after its publication! How its rambling incoherency was discussed! The Laureate was actually compelled to insert, at places in the subsequent edition, additional verses to serve as bridges over the difficulties. And yet how simple it seems to-day! We have most of us grown up to it.

The poem is really an English version of the "Sorrows of Werther"—the facts being changed to correspond to English taste and prejudices. Indeed, some of the most exquisite passages might be versifications of the German prose, though it may be that Tennyson did not obtain his matter from that source. There is the same brooding introspection; the same impossible ambition to be something, one knows not what; the same sense of apprehension as to the passion of love. The English solution —"a hope for the world in the coming wars" —is better than the German crisis of snuffing out the candle of life altogether. There is the same disgust for the arrogance of wealth. In passing, I wonder how many of us thought of the "oiled and curled Assyrian bull" when the Stalwart leader modified the epithet, the other day, to suit the Stalwart intellect, and nicknamed his faithful Achates, "a prize ox, waiting for his blue ribbon."

I always regarded Thackeray's criticism of Tennyson's "Welcome to Alexandra" as one of the happiest expressions of literary judgment of record. Indeed, one always feels safe and satisfied when Thackeray ascends the bench. None but the novelist could have likened the Laureate to "a giant showing a beacon torch on a 'windy headland.' [Tennyson, I believe, then lived on the Isle of Wight.] His flaming torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which nobody can wield but himself. He waves it; and four times in the midnight he shouts mightily, 'Alexandra!' and the pontic pine is whirled into the ocean, and Enceladus goes home."[5] Think of the tall poet as Enceladus waving a flaming pine! Thackeray once said that Tennyson was the wisest man he knew.

The two men were at college together; but it is hardly likely that they were in the same set. The fact is, that Thackeray in those days must have been too wild for the rectory boy poet. We all enjoy the recital of the tricks and manners of the Steynes, the Cinqbars, the Ringwoods, and the Deuceaces; but, my dear young lady readers, it could hardly be that one should describe them so well without having frequented their society more than was good for a young gentleman

[1] April 23rd.

[2] Gazetted, November 21st, 1850, Poet Laureate in ordinary to Her Majesty. The same Annual Register which furnishes the record of the appointment also contains the record of the death of Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, the only son left of the historian. In the Poetry Department appear Wordsworth's "Prelude" and extracts from "In Memoriam."

[3] Death September 14th, 1852.

[4] 1855.

[5] On Alexandrines, Cornhill, April, 1863.

with his fortune still to make. It is all right now; but what trouble the perverseness of attaining that sort of knowledge must have given, at the time, to those in family or collegiate authority!

I somehow fancy that we of this generation, who learned our letters before '50 (*Eheu fugaces!*), and were rather tender calves when the rebellion broke out, who had to read the "Idyls of the King" by piecemeal, have been cheated out of the fullest appreciation of the work which would attend a perusal of the entire series as one logical unity. After "Morte d'Arthur," every one believed that Tennyson could write an English epic, if an English epic was to be written at all; and for all practical purposes the "Idyls" constitute an epic; and if the author did not give them the name, it was probably out of respect for some arbitrary tradition, such as that which requires an epic to be limited in narrative, so far as the poet is concerned, to one year—in other words, to be the record of a single campaign.

It had been understood for years, before the Arthurian legends, constituting four of the "Idyls,"[1] were published, that the Laureate was at work upon a long poem; indeed, two of the "Idyls" had been privately printed, but were being held in suspense, and subject to emendation. For some time before the actual publication there was a buzz of literary expectancy, which pervaded the United States as well as England; and the eagerness to read the poems invaded classes ordinarily cold to the charms of verse. I can remember my own enthusiasm, in a western town, when the librarian handed me the only copy which had come, and which he had saved for me, and I shut myself up to enjoy the marvelous production before the bloom had vanished from the verse or the odor from the printer's ink.

Tennyson, as befitted an Englishman, took an English demi-god for his hero—that is, a hero conventionally agreed upon by myth dealers as English; for it is by no means certain that Arthur was not Breton rather than Briton in birth and domicile. People who look into such matters closely seem to fancy that *Flos regum Arthurus* is a graft, imported from some Aryan nursery. The material forming the basis of the story was the Morte d'Arthur, of Malory, helped out by other chroniclers—English, French, Welsh, and Irish—in prose and verse; for the story has oozed into the text of nearly all legends of the Romantic literature of Europe. The subject was said to be a favorite one with the late Prince Consort, whose taste shows itself in a quiet way in so many directions in English art and culture.

Among the sources other than Malory to which Tennyson betook himself for his frame-work of facts was the "The Mabinogion," or Boys' Own Book of Tales, as an English publisher might call it.

There was, half a century ago, down in the "black country" of Wales, a certain man of great financial genius, who "wrought till he crept from a gutted mine, master of half a servile shire," and of every other good thing which wealth can buy; and among these good things, of a noble and brilliant wife, one Lady Charlotte Lindsay. (All women named Lindsey or Lindsay are wonderfully clever; witness, Auld Robin Gray, etc.) This elegant dame took it into her head to publish an edition *de luxe* of the Mabinogion,[2] and to have it printed in Wales. Of course, it was the bibliographical wonder of the day. Scholars prized it, learned bishops spoke enthusiastically (and truthfully also) of its merits; while Tennyson, who seems to like the Welsh, appropriated or conveyed from it into his collection of idyls the story of "Geraint ap Erbin," a tale that, whether in the original legend or in the poet's verse, more than rivals the Griseldis of Boccaccio for interest and simplicity of moral.

Tennyson is said to consider the idyl of "Guinevere" the culmination of the epic. I never felt very deeply the force of that idyl. It has somehow seemed to me that the real

[1] Moxon, 1859.

[2] The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, and other ancient Welsh Manuscripts, with an English Translation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. London: Longman & Co., and W. Rees, Llandovery. 1840–48.

painful crisis is when little Dagonet—the poor faithful clown, the affectionate human dog—looks up to his royal master and says, sobbing,

"I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

As to the Guinevere idyl, there would naturally be some sense of cheerfulness about the parties, like two divorced people taking lunch together after the judge has decreed separation *a vinculo.* Arthur's spirits are stirred by the battle in which he is about to engage—a dubious one, it is true; but Arthur is a Celt, and the outlook has its charms. On the other hand, Guinevere has been confessing the wrongs done by her; and next to wronging a friend or lover, what a woman most enjoys is telling him of it. In such a crisis, there is falsehood either to her lord or her lover, and falsehood is never lofty or touching. It is moral, however; but morality is neither epic nor tragic. If prim Madam Morality escapes being laughable, she is lucky.

The business of appropriating other men's labors as the foundation for one's own has been a matter of controversy in the forum of literary morality ever since the Æneid. Is it a merit or a vice to take up and improve another's thought? A certain class of critics would like to make it a crime; but, on the other hand, success seems to crown every author, whether epic poet or dramatist, who accomplishes such a robbery boldly and artistically. There is, probably, no great literary monument (not even excepting Homer's epics), that is not a plagiaristic conversion for which not one but several generations and ages might be actionable together.

An instance of this successive appropriation is the story of "Federigo and the Falcon," claimed to be original with Boccaccio.[1] As a fact, it is an Arabic legend told of Hatem Tai, a sheik and poet of a period prior to Mohammed, whose metrical attacks upon avarice are still on the lips of his countrymen; the legend varying, however, in that it represents the sacrifice to hospitality as being a favorite horse which the Byzantine emperor, to make trial of Hatem's renowned generosity, had sent messengers to request as a gift, and which, on their arrival, and before Hatem had learned the object of their coming, he had (being straitened in his larder, and horseflesh being regarded as dainty food) killed and cooked for their entertainment. It was natural that the gallantry of western Europe should have substituted a lady-love for the emperor, and that the gentle sport of falconry should have suggested a pet hawk for the Arab's steed.

In style, Tennyson seems to harmonize, to a remarkable degree, with the languid tenderness of the Italian prosaist. Had Boccaccio been kept in Purgatory five hundred years for his sins of sense, and then as penance let loose in England to write what pleased him, he certainly would have chosen the Laureate's style.

Into what bright and glittering pieces Tennyson has recoined the old Italian bullion! And with what manly decency does he stand out in his vigorous, mental health as compared with La Fontaine's licentious indolence, and in working the same lode.

As a moralist, and in comparison with the French masters in that regard, Tennyson has much of the delicate faculty of observation of the suppressed emotions and passions of men and women, which vivifies the prose of La Bruyère.

In his subjects and his treatment of them, Tennyson is the very high priest of "Divinest Melancholy"; and in that particular, whatever be the cause, whether it lies in the imperfect digestion of his generation or in its overwrought nervous powers, he is emphatically the poet of his age, of its thought, and emotions. He has only to touch the chords, and humanity mysteriously grieves like a tender-hearted setter under the magic of a nocturne on the piano.

Politically, Tennyson would appear to be

[1] Landino, in his commentary upon Dante (Canto VIII., Inferno), declares that Boccaccio actually heard the story from Coppo, who knew the hero.

an aristocratic liberal; that is, a man who assumes to be above the people rather than of them; who would not the less scorn to add a feather to their weights in running the race of life; but who, at the same time, has an amiable contempt for the servility, treachery, and dishonesty which are more than likely to be qualities inherent in poverty, whether handicapped or not by ignorance or servile origin. And in any event, *ex officio* every poet should be something of a tory.

For the same reason, a poet should, for his profession's sake, belong to the more archaic church. The ceilings of the would-be philosophical temple of Protestantism have too white-washed and forbidding a look to invite the muses to kneel therein. But we have no right to expect that a man born in an English rectory should escape the prejudices which are the *lares* haunting its hearthstones. To me, Queen Mary, whether regarded as a poem or a drama, is a very uncomfortable production. There is an *aura* of chilliness running through the entire subject. There is but one cheery moment or word to rest upon; and that is where "Robin came and kissed me milking the cow."

Wives who suffer as did Mary are by no means uncommon; and in a social point of view, to say the least of it, it was rather ungallant of the Laureate, in his eagerness to strike a blow for his island's church, to hit out at a poor, visionary old maid making a loveless and fruitless marriage. Whenever rubicund and wheezy Anglican ecclesiasticism feels, as punishment for its good living, an extra twinge of rheumatic gout in its joints, it has frightful visions of the Armada and the Spanish Inquisition; and groans about thumb-screws and racks.

"The Cup," as a drama, has, I believe, had more stage success than either Harold or Mary, and has bits here and there in the poet's happiest manner. The incident is taken from Plutarch's "Amatoria" (repeated in Polyænus). I remember seeing it made into a story with a French *mise en scène*, published in "Friendship's Offering" for 1839, an annual to preceding years of which Tennyson had contributed. The subject appears also to have been selected by Jean de Hays, a French dramatist, at the close of the sixteenth century, for his "Cammate."

As each of Tennyson's plays has been produced on the stage, there has been a buzzing sub-murmur of critics that there was only a *succès d'estime*, if not an absolute failure. Had there been an out-and-out failure, it would only have been what might have been expected. The poet is not versed in stage business, as is Boucicault, and such knowledge is absolutely essential to the composition, nowadays, of a successful drama. Had the rectory lad improved his time properly from, say, 1830 to 1840, in lounging in the green-rooms and posing in the side-scenes, jostling scene shifters and shawling *soubrettes*, and taking thespian parties to supper orgies, instead of sitting priggishly in his darling room and posing as Miss Alfred, his training would now stand him in good service.

But a day may come when the public familiar with the text of his plays will enjoy them on representation. Be it remembered that "The Cid" had detractors whose opinions were weighty; and that Molière's wittiest lines took time to impress.

The telegraph tells us that Tennyson's prose drama, "The Promise of May," is a failure; and also that the Most Noble the Marquess of Queensberry arose and protested against the travesty in the play of the modern dogmas concerning free thought, and left the house. One is carried back to the days of Louis Quatorze, and to the noble cavaliers who then crowded the stage. What the deuce has a noble marquess to do with free thought, anyway? A coronet is about as handy a thing to have on in a revolution in politics or religion as a stove-pipe hat in an Irish shindy. How much more appreciative a critic would Her Grace Kitty of the ducal Queensberrys have been —Prior's Kitty—Gay's Kitty—who stood stoutly up for "The Beggar's Opera," and nursed the sick poet in his disgrace when

royalty itself turned censor—Walpole's Kitty —could she have sat in a box and patted her pretty hands!

Tennyson's fame has brought him one frightful infliction, in the persistent intrusion upon his time and acquaintance of lion-hunting tourists; and it is even murmured that there is a class of traveling Americans especially guilty in that way.

Hawthorne set Americans an example in that regard which should have been accepted. Now, if there was an American who would have represented our nation gracefully in the poet's eyes, it would have been Hawthorne; if any American could have been sure of a welcome, it was Hawthorne; and yet he contented himself with a good look at the Englishman in a public assembly. There might be a remedy for the evil, pacifying all parties. The poet might select a tall young man from the rising generation—some Maudle or Postlethwaite—who would not cloy with being stared at (and there are young bards to whom notoriety is *so* sweet!) to play the part of the veteran's double, and be shown as the actual incumbent of the laureateship. Of course, the shadow would have to prune his diction so as not to ruin Tennyson's reputation; but such discipline might be a great benefit in years to come.

Tennyson has, as a fact, founded no school. His grammatical tricks, his fashions of prosody, his shades of mannerism, have all been imitated, for all had the seed; but the revolution in science, over the infancy of which Tennyson has been a watchful sentinel, and the broadening of the field of culture, the new aims which are to be sought, and the new foes which are to be vanquished, render it necessary that "the foremost files of time," in which Tennyson has so long served as a grenadier, be filled up with young recuits armed with new weapons; and that the veterans who survive be left to do simple garrison duty over the spoils already captured.

Tennyson has lived a brilliant and complete literary life. We hope he may be spared to us as long as was Fontenelle to the Frenchmen; that he will see an international copyright in smooth working order; that he will make a fortune out of his books, every stanza bringing him a one-carat diamond; and that he will be peremptorily summoned to the House of Lords before "that venerable bulwark" is smashed to flinders by the artillery of "Free Thought." What a pang strikes the hearts of us—

"With tonsured heads in middle age forlorn"—

when a master of our day passes away! How many are there of us who have read a fresh novel with any intensity since Thackeray fell asleep? People of the glaring, impertinent generation coming in and treading on our kibes may have their new fiction, new poems, and new philosophy; but we will none of them.

The generation which commenced "when classic Canning died" is closing; the men who amused and instructed it are, with some few exceptions, gone. Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Longfellow, Dr. Newman, Carlyle, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, are dead. If a few like Manning, Gladstone, and Tennyson still remain with us, "yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

There is no easy transition or succession from one generation to another. There is always a moral chasm intervening. The coming race may admire Tennyson; but he will not be their representative poet. His prides, his sympathies, his affections, his politics, his beliefs, will be archaisms to their taste. There are poets, possessors of some power and authority in our reading world, who may reign after him; but it will be as a new dynasty, and not by regular succession.

It will be a bad index of the morality of the next age if the band of "fleshly" bards who have already glided into popularity maintain their ground permanently. They are as foreign to the Laureate in temperament and morals as were the authors of the days of Charles II. to Milton. The clef to which the Laureate has at all times set his notes has been one of honest morality or honest remorse. He has sung either the

miseries that attend as sequences to impossible or disappointed love in self-reverencing natures, or the happiness which honestly comes from gratification; but he has not dallied over description of the actual phenomenon of passion. Love is present in all his verses; but it is hidden under the soil, like the dead man's head in the Pot of Basil. It is the force behind the emotion—not the ultimate object to be reached. But with the school I speak of, the delirium is the normal state of the pulse; and poetry is held to be merely one long gloating chant of tyrannic and gnashing sensuality, that suggests the turgid visions of an insane retreat, and the propriety of prompt exhibition of a strong dose of bromide to the fevered or epileptic versifier.

What Tennyson thinks of that sort of poetico-sexual Katzenjammer may be gathered from the fact that he makes Lucretius speed his departure out of life when he discovers, or fancies that he discovers, what a degraded phenomenon it is, under given conditions.

I have suggested that Tennyson closes a poetic generation. He has been in sympathy with every great poet, from Dante downward. He is, as it were, the end of the Renaissance. After all, there is only a difference of degree, of intensity of knowledge, between, say, Petrarch, Erasmus, Bentley, Dr. Johnson, Porson, and Dr. Arnold. All belong to the same order of thought, used the same materials—that is to say, they rescued the fragments of Greek civilization and letters, and worked them into western culture. Those materials, so far as the workmen are concerned, are exhausted. There is little or nothing of them that is not being manipulated at third or fourth hands. There must be details told off to go out into the forests, like Homer's Achaians, for new timber. The precious metals of the Greek revival of letters have been all melted down and thoroughly mixed. The old plate of Asiatic thought must now go into the pot.

Tennyson felt the need of being in full sympathy with the scholarship of his day, and attained it. But the new poet, the possible worthy successor of Tennyson, must not rest with Virgil and Theocritus, Dante and Shakspere, as his masters and guides.

He must go back to the cradle of the world, peradventure, to find there, not models, but mysterious metaphysical forces, wherewith to vivify his verse. This new poet, whoever he be, this Iopas to come after the Phemius of Her Majesty Victoria's court, must, in any event, as part of his poetic task, learn to clothe the present aridity of science in graceful garb. He must be a Lucretius to the Memmii of the next race.

How he will work, what elements he will employ, what emotions invoke, we of this age cannot declare, any more than Coleridge could have foretold the success and glory of Tennyson.

NOTE.—Now that Mr. Fletcher and his collaborateurs have published a new edition of Poole's Index to Periodical Literature, there is no longer any necessity of referring the reader to magazine articles. Some of them have a merit apart from the subject. Notably, the article by "D. R.," a Lincolnshire Rector (Macmillan's, 1874), said to be the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, a connection of both the Tennyson and Franklin families, and a poet himself. It may be proper to call the reader's attention to the letters by the first Lady Franklin, who died in 1825, to Miss Mitford, both before her marriage to the great sailor and afterwards, as evidence of the cultured character of those Lincolnshire villages.

The only books that it is necessary here to refer readers to (more for the sake of acknowledging my obligation to them than anything else) are "Alfred Tennyson, his Life and Works," by Walter E. Wace, Edinburgh, 1881; and "Tennysoniana," by R. H. Shepherd, 2nd edition, 1879. To those who wish to gain some idea of the bibliography of our poet, both or either of the volumes will render a satisfactory service.

T. H. Rearden.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, in a lecture delivered in San Francisco twenty-two years ago, took for his subject the differences between the constitution of the United States as it was intended by its framers, and the same constitution as it had come, in the course of seventy years, to be administered. He adverted first to the provisions in relation to the election of president, and pointed out the changes that had taken place in the practical operation of those provisions as compared with the theory of the delegates to the convention who drew and adopted them. Their idea, in providing for presidential electors, had been to select wise and prudent men, who, after consultation, should choose some eminent citizen most worthy to fill the exalted office of chief magistrate; but in practice, presidential electors had become mere passive instruments for recording the popular vote. The president had come to be elected as directly by the people as if his name were printed on every ballot thrown by the winning party on election day. Instead of what had been fondly supposed to present the most perfect scheme devised by the wit of man for insuring the best choice of a chief magistrate for a free people, the whole business of president-making had fallen into the hands of scheming politicians and the vile machinery of party conventions.

He next turned his attention to the changes in the functions of the senate, as contemplated by the framers of the constitution, and its functions in practical operation. It had been intended that the senate should advise and counsel with the president in all important executive concerns; and for this reason, for the first few years, it sat with closed doors like a council of state, and the president frequently appeared in person and consulted with it in reference to governmental affairs: and on the other hand the secretaries of departments attended in person to give verbal explanations about matters on which the senate required information. That body, during those early days, afforded no field for the public display of forensic ability, no vantage-ground for ambition; and so marked was this seclusion from the public eye that aspiring men preferred the house of representatives, where they found an opportunity of putting themselves prominently before the people. But all this had completely changed. The house of representatives had become so numerous and its business had come to be managed in so formal a manner that such a thing as real debate was rarely ever witnessed in its hall; while on the other hand the senate had lost its original advisory functions and become the debating branch of the national congress, the chosen arena for ambitious aspiration.

And so the lecturer went on, pointing out numerous changes that had taken place. He spoke of the wide divergence from the principles and purposes of the founders of the government in relation to appointments to office, and gave it as his deliberate conviction that the indiscriminate removal of all subordinate incumbents on every change of administration, for the mere purpose of rewarding political adherents for partisan services, was in the last degree subversive of political morality; and he pronounced the practice of making such indiscriminate removals, that had grown up, one of the most lamentable perversions of the constitution as it was intended and adopted, fraught with infinite mischief, reaching much farther than appeared upon the surface: and said that the statesman who should devise an efficient remedy for the evil would confer an inestimable benefit on his country. He also spoke of the unconstitutional exercise of power by President Jefferson in the purchase of Louisiana, the pernicious example thus set for the acquisition of territory in modes

not warranted by law, the results of the extension of our limits under such circumstances, and the difficulties, then threatening disruption of the union, which followed. But he dwelt especially upon the fact that, owing to various causes, not least among which was the gradual degradation of statesmanship into the trade of the politician, and the frightful increase of the influence of demagogues, the constitution was no longer regarded with the same reverence as in the earlier days of the republic; and that its beneficent theory and true nature had become forgotten or intentionally ignored by large masses of the people, whose unconsidered whims or unrestrained passions, fomented by unscrupulous leaders for entirely selfish purposes, it thwarted or curbed. His reflections upon these subjects, he said, could not but fill the mind with melancholy forebodings; yet there was hope, he thought, that truth would gradually but successfully struggle, until it freed itself from the mists that obscured it, and that the constitution itself, blazing with meridian splendor, would assert itself, and, by its own light, establish itself as the great luminary by which the nation's path was to be guided.

If Mr. Benjamin had written his lecture in these days, and taken for his subject the difference between the new constitution of California as it was intended by its framers and the same constitution as it is now, in the course of less than four years from its adoption, expounded and administered, he would have found contradictions between precept and practice new in the history of constitutional law, and departures from the theories and plain intention of the constitution-makers that are almost startling. It may be doubted whether he would have regarded the delegates to our constitional convention as endowed with the same wisdom and patriotism as the sages and statesmen of 1787, or whether he would have looked up to the instrument which they produced with the same respect and reverence which he manifested for the august document under whose benign influence the United States had grown into a great and happy nation. Nor is it at all certain that he would have viewed many of the departures in practice from the theories and purposes of our constitution-makers with the same melancholy reflections and forebodings with which he witnessed every assault upon the constitution of the United States. But in whatever light he might have viewed the framers of our new constitution, or the instrument which their labors brought forth, or any departures in practice from its theories, it is very certain that, in his study of its practical working and administration, he would have found that hardly a single intention of the framers—that is to say, any of their new or peculiar theories—has been or can be successfully carried out. He would have found that many of its provisions, plain enough so far as the language and intention of the framers are concerned, have come to be administered, and in some cases, unfortunately, have been obliged to be administered, in contradiction to such intention; and that other equally plain provisions, intended by its framers as monuments of their wisdom and statesmanship, have not yet come to be, and never can be, administered at all. He would have found, on account of these differences between the intention of the instrument and the mode in which it is, and in some cases has had to be, administered, that anything like the respect and reverence with which the organic law of a great State ought to be regarded by its people is, in reference to this document, almost if not entirely wanting. He would have found it a thing talked about indeed as the constitution, and in force as such; but in every quarter recognized, even among those who claim merits for it, as full of crudities and mistakes. He would have found—what we are loth to say, though the fact is becoming more and more apparent—that the State constitution under which we are living is not so much a written instrument, plainly framed by a constitutional convention, but a series of constructions by our supreme court, supplemented by a few extra touches from the federal tribunals.

The new constitution of California was

framed and adopted under peculiar circumstances. There were various causes of complaint among the people, some founded in reason, others based upon entirely mistaken notions, which caused great discontent. The times were out of joint. An aggressive new party had arisen, goaded on partly by its own miseries and partly by skillful fanning of its passions, which proclaimed war upon accumulated wealth and capital; while another party, less aggressive but more wide-spread, suffering under mortgages and monopolistic discriminations and exactions, was groping around blindly for relief. The former of these parties was infuriated to witness Dives luxuriating in his purple and fine linen on Nob Hill, at the same time that Lazarus had to scratch his back and have his sores licked in a hovel; while the latter groaned, first in spirit and afterwards in public resolutions, that on the one hand monopolists and middlemen were eating the greater part of the profits of their labors, and on the other hand money-lending mortgagees held them tight in their clutches for what was left; and that, notwithstanding this accumulation of grievances, the monopolists and money-lenders escaped taxation, while they themselves were obliged to bear all the burdens of carrying on the government. The former, suffering under many of the ills of poverty, in some instances failing to procure work at what was looked upon as living wages, and regarding the cheap labor with which capital built its railroads, ran its factories, and turned out its cheap food and clothing, as a chief enemy, raised the anti-Chinese cry: while the latter, meeting in their lodges, country school-houses and after church gatherings, and warming over the tyranny of the railroad and the injustices of corporations, raised the cry of anti-monopoly. Both parties found many minor grievences to complain of. The former, for instance, complained that land was held in too large quantities, and should be compulsorily distributed with more equality among the people: while the latter, besides the wrongs of corporations, maintained that the taxation of mortgaged land for its full value and exemption of the mortgages imposed upon it was a burning outrage and shame. The former of these parties, it is almost unnecessary to say, was what was known as the Workingman's or Sand-Lot party; the latter was the so-called Granger organization.

When the constitutional convention met in 1879, it was soon found that the workingmen and the grangers together had a majority of the delegates; and they were not slow in understanding their strength and combining to take advantage of it. Each had its own peculiar object to accomplish, and each substantially consented, in consideration of aid from the other for its own projects, to assist the other in securing those in which it was specially interested. Each thought, or professed to think, that it and it alone had discovered and understood the cause of the public evils, and that the salvation of the country depended upon the accomplishment of the objects which it put forth as the fundamental planks of its platform; and under the circumstances each was willing to sacrifice almost every other interest for the purpose of securing its own purposes. Thus the Workingmen voted for the propositions of the Grangers, because they could thereby secure enough Granger votes to save the country according to the Sand-Lot evangel; and the Grangers voted for the propositions of the Workingmen, so as to secure enough Sand-Lot votes to bring in the golden age when there should be no more railroad tyranny, and city mortgagees, instead of country mortgagors, should pay the taxes. The result was a constitution which, in the plain intention of its framers at least, accomplished all these objects, and which, if it were carried out as it was designed and intended by its framers, would soon make the State of California a spectacle to nations.

One of the most obvious purposes of the new constitution, as it was thus intended, was to "cinch" capital of all kinds. This was to be done in various ways; principally by changes in the revenue laws, and by placing such restrictions upon corporations

as would make the accumulation of corporate wealth more difficult and precarious.

It is not proposed to attempt to interpret the words and phrases used for the purpose of accomplishing these objects, but merely to state the general purposes contemplated and intended by the constitution-makers. They were so manifest at the time that wealth took the alarm; a general feeling of insecurity and uncertainty ensued, improvements and investments stopped; and it seemed for a while that everything was falling into a state of dry-rot. For some time after the adoption of the new constitution, capital, recognizing the spirit that had managed to bring it about, spread its pinions and stood on the tiptoe of readiness to wing its flight from our shores. And it was only by degrees, when it began to be found that the instrument could not be enforced as it was intended; when it began to be seen that the legislative and judicial departments of the government were disposed and determined to construe the new instrument to mean very much the same thing as the old constitution not only meant but expressed; that anything like confidence was restored, and capital, folding its outspread pinions, resolved to remain and wait for better times.

There are some, of course, who deny that the constitution-makers intended anything like an attack upon capital, and who claim that the special taxation of all sorts of stocks, credits, dues, and other mere representatives of other property that is separately taxed, or that is not in the State, was not contemplated. But if this were so it would be difficult to tell why any change should have been thought necessary in the old constitutional provisions relating to revenue, or why it should have cost a long, doubtful, and desperate struggle, first in the legislature and then in the courts, to exempt deposits in savings banks from taxation, when it was plain that those deposits were being taxed in the form of cash and mortgages. It has since then been decided that the new constitution does not impose double taxation in any case, and it is obviously right that such ought to be the construction of the organic law; but at the same time it seems clear that in this respect there is a very wide difference between the constitution as it was intended by its framers, and the constitution as it is practically administered.

Another purpose of the constitution-makers, which grew out of the same leveling spirit, was to compel the wealthy holders of large tracts of uncultivated land to divide up and sell out. This was to be accomplished in part by providing that uncultivated land should be taxed at the same value as cultivated land of the same quality and similarly situated. Those who are at all familiar with the history of the country are aware that large tracts of land were, and are still, held under grants from the former government of Mexico, the title and ownership of which were guaranteed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. As a general rule these lands, when they are fit for cultivation, are being gradually used for that purpose; and yearly greater and greater areas are being put under the plow. In some cases there are lands of the same character that are as yet used only for grazing purposes; and the owners, looking forward to increase in prices, resolutely refuse to sell: but it must be plain to every considerate person that cultivated lands yield greater returns than waste lands; and that no land is going to remain long uncultivated when it is much more profitable to raise crops on it. The only reason that land remains uncultivated for any length of time is, either that it is not specially fit for cultivation, or that, on account of the remoteness or uncertainty of a market for its produce, or the dearth of laborers, profitable working of it cannot be relied on. It is yet to be learned that there are any ranch-owners in the State who refuse to rent their waste lands to responsible tenants for the purposes of cultivation, or that there has ever been any disposition to thwart the production of breadstuffs, if such production can be shown to be profitable. At the same time, the land that is cultivated and yields a revenue is certainly more valuable than the same quality of land as well situated which does not yet, for any of the reasons above indicated, yield any

revenue. There are thousands of acres of hill and mountain land in California that are of as good quality for grapes and as well situated for all purposes as the vineyards of Sonoma and Napa; yet until they come into demand and it will become profitable to plant them, as some day it doubtless will, they are not and cannot be as valuable as the lands that are planted. There is no good reason why, until that day shall come, they should not be left to lie waste, or to be used, if they happen to have grass on them, for pasturing cattle. Nor is there any good reason why they should be taxed at the same rate as the vineyards per acre. They are not as valuable as the vineyard lands; and it is an absurdity for a constitution to attempt to declare them as valuable. In the same manner there are thousands of acres of desert land in the San Joaquin plains of the same quality and situated similarly to those wonderfully rich fields that are astonishing the world with their golden harvests. Every year more and more of them are being brought under cultivation, and as the country fills up they will all be occupied and yield forth their as yet ungathered wealth; but, until then, the waste that no one is yet ready to use is not as valuable as the same kind of land in another direction that pays its owner his regular rents.

In this case the constitution-makers attempted, for the purpose of reaching an ulterior purpose, to put an incorrect definition upon the word "value," just as in the former case they attempted, for the same general purpose, to put an incorrect definition upon the word "property." But in neither case is their intention effective, nor can it be carried into execution. The old constitution provided, in as clear and perfect language as could be employed, that all property in the State should be taxed in proportion to its value, and that taxation should be equal and uniform; and it is upon that principle, and not upon the new principles intended by the new constitution-makers, that the revenue laws are administered.

Again: it is somewhat difficult to perceive what good has been, or could be, accomplished by the so-called mortgage tax imposed by the new constitution. The intention, as has been stated, was to relieve the debtor class and make the money-lenders pay the tax. For this purpose the land mortgaged, instead of being taxed for its full value, is taxed only for such value less the amount of the mortgage, though the mortgage tax still constitutes a lien upon the land. It is very clear that under these circumstances, when the money-lender loans his money on mortgage, he contemplates the fact that he has to pay the mortgage tax, and fixes the rate of interest at such a percentage as will include the mortgage tax over and above what he is willing to take for his money. Thus the mortgagor in effect pays the entire tax upon his land just as he did before: the only difference is that he pays the mortgage tax to the money-lender instead of to the tax collector. It is even worse than this; for the mortgagor, because the money-lender, fixes his additional rate large enough to cover possibilities, and thus in practice gets more out of the borrower to cover mortgage tax than the mortgage tax usually amounts to. And it may be further said that the general tax itself is slightly larger than it was under the old system, because the assessment of mortgages involves additional expense; and this additional expense also falls in part upon the mortgagor. While money is plenty and interest low, as since the adoption of the new constitution, owing to the stoppage of enterprise and improvement, they have been, the mistake made in adopting the new system is not perceived; but when money will become scarce and interest go up, it will be found that the old system was much better than the new one; and that the mortgagor would have been better off to pay the full tax upon his land to the tax collector, than to pay an increased rate of interest to the mortgagee. It is ridiculous to suppose for an instant that the money-lender is going to part with his money without his *quid pro quo*. It was ridiculous for the constitution-makers to suppose that they could by

any such provisions accomplish their intentions.

It is a little singular, and to the ordinary mind unaccountable, that the constitution-makers, while dealing with this subject of money and finances, did not include in their document a usury law; or, in other words, provide that interest on money should not exceed a certain rate. It would have been a fitting climax to what they did in other respects. There are, perhaps, as many advocates of usury laws in California to-day as of mortgage-tax laws; and yet it must be apparent to everybody who seeks for the reason of the present low rate of interest while there is no usury law to compel it, that the price of money is a matter with which the law has no more warrant to interfere than with the price of wheat or wool.

It is not the purpose of this article to make a list of all the differences between the new constitution as it was intended by its framers, and the same constitution as it is expounded and administered. But there are, in addition to those above pointed out, two other important respects in which the constitution-makers failed entirely in what they sought, and doubtless hoped they had accomplished. One of them consists in what may be called the anti-Chinese provisions. The convention met at a time when the anti-Chinese feeling was at its height, and the cry of "The Chinese must go" was a party shibboleth. There was hardly any kind of a provision aimed at the Chinese, provided it was violent enough, which would not have found advocates. It was not enough to stop immigration; but those who were already in the country, admitted under treaty stipulations, and entitled to all the rights of other foreigners, were to be hunted out of the country. As the constitution-makers stated in their "Address to the People of California," the Chinese in our midst were a nuisance, and the nuisance ought to be abated. They were not to be employed on public works; no corporation was under any circumstances to employ them; and incorporated cities and towns were to remove them without their limits. Taking all the provisions on the subject of the Chinese together, it is plain that the intention was, by every possible means that could be employed, to deprive them of every right guaranteed them by treaty, and to drive them out. Not only so, but in the address to the people of California above referred to, it was expressly and boldly stated that the anti-Chinese provisions were rendered necessary for the reason that the federal government had refused to grant relief from the overshadowing evil —a declaration, when we come to think of it, not only threatening and aggressive, but treasonable. We use the word "treasonable" not because treason was really intended; but because it is in any case treasonable for a State by its constitution or laws to resist the constitution and treaties of the United States in matters over which they have exclusive jurisdiction. The address substantially admitted that relief could only properly be sought from the federal government, or if it did not admit it, such as we all know was the fact; yet it declared that because relief was refused, the State, by inserting stringent enough provisions into its constitution, was determined to take the matter into its own hands. And what now has been the outcome of it all? Why, simply to make the new constitution, so far as these provisions are concerned, a laughing stock. Not one of them is now enforced, and not one of them ever can be enforced. Every time one of them comes before a court, the new constitution, to use a rowdy expression which is appropriate enough under the circumstances, gets "a black eye." It follows, therefore, that in this respect, also, the practical working of the new constitution is in no respect what its framers intended it should be.

But the preëminent distinction of a constitutional provision being itself expressly declared unconstitutional, was reserved for the section under which it was intended to make the railroad disgorge some of its spoils in the way of taxes. With this object in view, it was provided that while private

persons and ordinary corporations might deduct the amount of the mortgages given by them from the assessment of their mortgaged property, this privilege should not be allowed to railroad corporations. Thus a very marked distinction was made, and very much, as would appear, to the disadvantage of the railroad. But instead of proving an injury, the provision has turned out to be the contrary. Within a very few months it has been pronounced by the U. S. Circuit Court to be in contravention of the fourteenth amendment of the constitution of the United States; and though it may be admitted that it seems a new and strange doctrine that a State cannot make such distinctions as it sees proper in reference to its own revenues and its own citizens, yet when the fourteenth amendment is critically examined, it will be found to be radical, positive, and far-reaching in its terms. But under almost any circumstances, as the controversy stands, whether the railroad escapes taxation or not, the provision referred to presents another instance in which the practice under the new constitution is at variance with the intention of the framers of the instrument.

There are many other respects in which the theory of the new constitution is not carried into effect; and it is exceedingly doubtful if it ever can be. Take the provisions, for instance, in reference to the government of cities and towns. It may be, perhaps, that a system of general laws for their government satisfactory to their citizens can be devised; but, if so, it is likely to be by making almost as many different classes as there are cities and towns. It must be evident, however, that such a classification would not be what the constitution intended. So, too, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the provisions in reference to street improvements can ever be successfully carried out. All persons familiar with the subject must admit that under the old statutes, particularly those relating to the City and County of San Francisco, many wrongs and frauds were committed; and that it was no uncommon thing for a citizen, under the form of law, to be "improved out of his property." Some relief was unquestionably demanded. But it is very poor satisfaction to grant that relief in the shape of virtually putting an entire stop to all street improvements, until a still newer constitution or constitutional provision on the subject can be adopted.

Still another provision of the new constitution which has substantially failed in its purpose is that by means of which it was intended to compel the courts to render decisions, no matter what the character of cases or the rush of other business before them, within ninety days after submission. It is true that the courts have endeavored to comply with the provision and even with its spirit; and that they have in their endeavors to do so performed very great labor. But in practice the ninety-day rule does not stand much in their way, because if the calendar is overcrowded or the court does not so desire a case need not be submitted; and if it is submitted, it is a very easy thing to open the submission. No attorney ever wants his case decided if the court has not had time and opportunity to consider it fully.

There are a few points in respect to which the operation of the new constitution has been beneficial. One of these has been to bring franchises on the assessment rolls. But it must be plain to every one that, inasmuch as a franchise is property, it was properly taxable under the old constitution as well as under the new one. Another and perhaps the greatest benefit secured by the new constitution, is the inhibition of special legislation. But even the provisions on this subject cannot be regarded by any means as pure and unmixed benefits. The difficulty with them is that they go entirely too far. Almost as much is lost by preventing the legislature, in this too sweeping and indiscriminate manner, from passing beneficial laws in certain cases, as is gained in other cases by preventing it from passing injurious laws. While it cannot be denied that great wrongs were committed under the old system by special legislation, yet at the same time it is clear that such legislation was the

fault, not of the old constitution, but of the legislatures which the people of the State saw fit to send to Sacramento.

Taken altogether, it appears there is hardly a particular of any importance in which the new constitution differs from the old one, in which the intention of the framers in making such difference is, or can be, carried out in practice. In several of the points in which these differences occur, and in which we know as a matter of history that the new constitution-makers intended radical changes, judicial construction has decided the new provisions to mean substantially the same as the old ones. In several other respects, the new provisions cannot be carried into effect because they are in opposition to the constitution of the United States. And in still other respects there are provisions that cannot be carried out at all, for the reason that they are impracticable. Under the circumstances the new constitution is not a document for which anybody can have any great amount of respect. Nor is it deserving of any great amount of respect. It was framed and adopted at a time when the people were too angry and too desperate to make a constitution. To recur to a former figure, the new constitution entered the arena too much like a "hoodlum." For being too aggressive, it got an eye blacked on one side and an eye gouged on the other. It threw stones at the Chinaman, when it had no business to meddle with him, and got a set-back for acting the rowdy. It took a foul hold of the railroad, when it ought to have dealt a full, fair, and telling blow above the belt; and as a consequence it got ruled out of the ring. It bullied over its predecessor, who was a very modest and respectable gentleman of the old school; and now, on account of its arrogance and deserved blows and bruises, there is none so low to do it reverence. We are sorry to say it, but the truth must be told: it is in too many respects a bad character!

Theodore H. Hittell.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

Lend me thy fillet, Love!
I would no longer see:
Cover mine eyelids close awhile,
And make me blind like thee.

Then might I pass her sunny face,
And know not it was fair;
Then might I hear her voice, nor guess
Her starry eyes were there.

Ah! banished so from stars and sun—
Why need it be my fate?
If only she might dream me good
And wise, and be my mate!

Lend her thy fillet, Love!
Let her no longer see:
If there is hope for me at all,
She must be blind like thee.

E. R. Sill.

PALOS AND COLUMBUS.

THE end of a long, lovely summer day; the western sun, low in the horizon, is streaming in through the windows of the railway carriage. The Spanish gentleman on the eastern side is looking watchfully across the marshes and the river; and at last, as some mound of sand is passed by the train, and opens a full view to the other side of the wide estuary, he raises his hand and says, "Palo!"

We were all silent for a moment. I think he knew something of my feeling. And I— I found I cared for Palos more than I had supposed possible. I had crossed Spain with the intention of seeing the place. I had overcome some local and accidental difficulties in the way, but I had not at any moment pictured to myself the gulf between 1492 and 1882; nor even asked myself to try to imagine Columbus and Martin Pinzon at work on the equipment of the ships. Of a sudden, all the features of the contrast presented themselves. Enough, perhaps, that, as we dashed on in the comfort of a railway train, we were looking across the desolate marshes to the forsaken village, where hardly a few white houses could be made out, and told ourselves that from the enterprise and courage of that place the discovery of America became possible. The sea-port of Palos in the time of Columbus was a place so important that the crew and vessels for the first expedition were all gathered there in face of the difficulties which the superstition of the time and the terrors of the voyage presented.

I do not suppose it to have been a sea-port of the first class, but it was a considerable and active town. It was on the eastern side of the estuary of the Tinto River, a considerable stream, known to navigators as far back as the first history of navigation. It takes its name Tinto from the color which it brings from the copper and iron mines above, which are the very mines which gave to Spain its interest for Phenician navigators. In nearly four centuries since Columbus's time the current of the river has been depositing silt in what was then the port of Palos, and this port is now entirely filled up. With the destruction of the harbor, the town has gone to ruin. The few white specks which my Spanish friend pointed out to me in the light of the evening sun, marked the place of the few houses in which a hundred or two poor people are living, where were once the dock-yards and warehouses of the active town. The rival town Huelva, which was even in Columbus's time a place of considerable importance, takes all the commerce of the estuary. I think not even a fishing-boat sails from Palos itself; its name will not be found on some of the best recent maps of Spain, and is in very few geographical indexes.

Huelva is a port where large steamers can lie at the pier, and is now a place of active and apparently successful trade. An English company, which is developing the mines, has built a good system of railroads, which unite Huelva with its mining establishments and with Seville, from which beautiful city I had crossed in a four hours' ride. The distance by rail is sixty-six miles, the railway not being very direct. I will say, in passing, that the excursion from Seville is an agreeable one for travelers in the south of Spain. There is a new hotel at Huelva, where we were comfortably accommodated. I was interested to see that all the furniture, which was new, was American manufacture, coming very likely from Worcester County, Massachusetts. Thus far, at least, have we been able to pay our debt to Columbus and to Palos.

I was wakened the next morning to hear the singing of birds in a lofty orange-tree in the front of my window, that we might embark at once on our visit to the convent of Rabida, and if possible to the ruins of

Palos. A fine half-decked boat, such as one might have hired in Marblehead for a like purpose, with a skipper who looked precisely like his Marblehead congener, but with the lateen-sail which is so curiously characteristic of southern Europe, was ready for our little voyage. We passed heavy steamers, which suggested little enough of Columbus; but there were fine-looking fishing-boats, which suggested the plucky little Niña of his voyage; and their seamen are probably dressed to-day much as the men who landed with him at San Salvador.

A run of an hour brought us to the fine headland on which the convent of Rabida, or of Sta. Maria de Rabida, stands; scarcely changed, if changed at all, from the aspect it bore on the day when Columbus "asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child." Lord Houghton, following Freiligrath, has sung to us how the

> "Palm-tree dreameth of the pine,
> The pine-tree of the palm";

and in his delicate imaginings the dream is of two continents—ocean-parted—each of which longs for the other. Strange enough, as one pushes along the steep ascent from the landing at Rabida up the high bluff on which the convent stands, the palm-tree and the pine grow together, as in token of the dream of the great discoverer who was to unite the continents.

In this convent Columbus made his home while the expedition was fitted out, Palos hard by and quite accessible. Hither the Pinzons and the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, were summoned by the good prince Marchena, Columbus's steady friend, for the great consultations from which the discovery grew.

The convent is a large, rambling building, of Moorish lines and aspect, built around several *patios*, or gardens. Hardly any windows open through the outer walls; but the life of the building engages itself in and around the *patios* within. Here cloisters, made by columns with arches, surround the pretty inclosures; and here one dines, writes, takes his siesta, or does nothing.

Columbus's room, as a fine chamber up-stairs is called, has a large table in the middle, on which is Columbus's inkstand. All around the room there now hang pictures: some of him, one of Isabella, one of the good old prior, and some by modern painters of different scenes in the great first voyage, and of his experiences after his return.

The chapel of the convent is down-stairs. It is neat and pretty, and worship could be renewed there at any time. The Duke of Montpensier, who married a sister of Isabella II., the late Queen of Spain, arranged to have it all put in proper order. The nation maintains the place, and a charming family of Spaniards—grandfather, grandmother, son, daughter, and three nice boys, Christopher, Immanuel, and Joseph—keep the place in order.

The Spanish historians now think that Columbus came to Rabida with the very purpose of interesting Marchena, the good prior. Marchena was interested, and recommended him first to the Bishop of Palavera. But, alas! he thought Columbus was a madman. King and queen alike were occupied in fighting the Moors. The council of wise men at Salamanca, to whom Columbus's plans were referred, decided unfavorably. Columbus did receive some favorable messages from France. Wholly discouraged in Spain, six years after his first visit here, he came again—from Cordoba this time—where were the relations of his wife and of his son Diego. He came to say that, as Spain had given him up, he should give Spain up, and see if the King of France would not fit out the expedition.

The good Friar Marchena was dismayed at this. He could not bear to have the glory lost to Spain. He sent for Garcia Fernandez, a doctor in Palos, who had been interested when Columbus was here before. He sent for Pinzon, a rich merchant of Palos. They all talked it over again, and the friar wrote to the queen this time, not to any bishop. The queen sent back word that Columbus was to come himself to explain the plan; and the sadness of the convent was changed to joy.

Columbus's mule was saddled at once. He started that night for Santa Fe, and had an audience from Isabella. She heard and believed. She promised her support. And Columbus wrote this letter to the brother here at the convent:

"Our Lord God has heard the prayers of his servants. The wise and virtuous Isabel, touched by the grace of heaven, has kindly listened to this poor man's words. All has turned out well. I have read to them our plan; it has been accepted, and I have been called to the court to state the proper means for carrying out the designs of Providence. My courage swims in a sea of consolation, and my spirit rises in praise to God. Come as soon as you can; the queen looks for you, and I much more than she. I commend myself to the prayers of my dear sons and to you.

"The grace of God be with you, and may our Lady of Rabida bless you."

After a visit full of interest to Rabida, we returned to our boat, and I directed my seamen to take me to some landing, whence I could go into the very street of Palos—or what was left of it. To my surprise, I was told that this was impossible. No such landing remains—even for a fishing-boat of five tons. If the señor wished, it would be necessary for the bôat to come to anchor, and the señor must be carried on the back of the skipper for three-quarters of a mile or more—on the flat under water, which has formed where proud ships once rode. The señor declined this proposal, and bade the boatmen take him to the bar of Saltes, the little island in front of Palos and Huelva, where Columbus's vessels lay, and from which he sailed at eight o'clock on the morning of Friday, August 3rd, 1492.

The run from Rabida, tacking back and forth with a brisk breeze, was perhaps an hour or a little more. The island, which was the last of Europe for the great navigator, can be scarcely changed.

The island is a narrow bar, high enough to break the force of the south and southwest winds as they sweep in from the Atlantic, and thus makes the admirable harbor of Huelva.

We discharged the grateful duty of collecting some memorials of a place so interesting; and then, by a rapid run before the wind, returned to the pier at Huelva, which is some six miles up the river.

Edward Everett Hale.

COREAN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

MEDICINE seems to be the only branch of science in which the modern Coreans have made progress. Their system is borrowed from China, and for centuries their medical literature and many of their choicest drugs have been imported from the Middle Kingdom.

Almost the only surgery known is *chim*, acupuncture, or the introduction of needles of silver, steel, or gold, an inch or more into the tissues of the body, to restore the equilibrium of health. This art, which is not yet altogether abandoned in Europe, but which has been left behind in the progress of science, is largely resorted to with great success; and several treatises on the science and practice, which have been composed by native physicians, are still in use. Ipen-chak, an ancient worthy, is the father of Corean medicine. For the instruction of medical students, models of the human body made of iron wire are set up, and the parts safely vulnerable to the needle are shown, and illustrations of the operation given. The comparative excellence of this method of healing is proved by its general use, both in Japan and China. The French missionaries in Corea bear witness to many instances of prompt relief in serious cases of treatment.

Small-pox is common, and vaccination, introduced from China, is now in vogue;

the point of application being not on the arm or leg, but, as among the Chinese, on the nose.

The best physicians are of course in the capital and at the court; but in many notable instances rural physicians, by long observation and practice, excel in the use of original remedies and in treatment of local diseases. The immense majority, however, are said to be mere charlatans without study or conscience, who employ each a special drug, and often only one, frequently prescribing for persons whom they have not seen, and for diseases they have not examined.

Any one acquainted with the Chinese practice and materia medica knows what fantastic methods and ridiculous substances are made use of, and what mysterious compounds are concocted to awe the ignorant. All kinds of vermin, and many parts of animal bodies, as well as strange products of the mineral and vegetable kingdom, are laid under tribute.

Among remedies in use are *sa-chiup*, or serpent wine. To make this, they catch a snake that has swallowed a toad, drown and leave him to macerate in the wine when at the point of fermentation. Numerous other accepted recipes require reptiles and such nauseating trash. For varioloid, the remedy is *chujei-mi*, or the blood from a pig's tail, applied when very cold. Other remedies, hardly proper to mention, are in common use and medical faith. Hot-air baths or ovens are often efficaciously used.

A disease that rages in Corea is gravel, or calculus—evidently arising from the use of the drinking water. The native physicians employ in such cases a potion which is said to dissolve the stone without a surgical operation. The formula of the remedy is secretly guarded. Monsieur Ferreol, a French missionary, after long and terrible sufferings, was thus relieved in a few hours by a native physician.

The general rule is to give all doses in potion. Often twenty or thirty species of plants are boiled together, and the medicinal powder dissolved in the decoction. To the resultant compound, a name more or less cabalistic is given, and the patient then drinks it off with more or less faith.

The shortest road, however, to the sick Corean's heart is by means of well-cooked food, and a toothsome diet which the doctor may order will work wonders. In this prescription the natives have great faith.

The common cure-all is ginseng root, which is used in powder, potion, pill, or mixed with other medicines. What quinine is to America, ginseng is to the Turanian world. It is regarded as "the first tonic of the universe." And the best specimens will in times of scarcity command the almost fabulous price of ten thousand dollars a pound. It is hard to understand the reason for the great reputation of this root, since western physicians attach slight value to it. It is probable that superstition has much to do with the matter, since the Asiatic sees in its shape a close resemblance to the human body, and it is believed to be specially created to relieve the ills of man. Science, however, ascribes its slight influence upon the constitution of Europeans to the wide difference in food, habits, and temperament.

Even more efficacious than ginseng is hartshorn—by which we mean, not ammonia water, but the literal thing. The virtue of buck-horn is supposed to vary according to the region whence procured, or the part of the animal whence taken. The best is exported from the north-eastern provinces of China. Medical hair-splitters even set a varying value upon the horn, according as it comes from various districts in the same province. According to their theory, the deer ought to be killed at once when shot, and before the carcass stiffens. Otherwise the virtue will exhale. The animal must then be suspended head downwards, so that all the virtue may pass by gravity into the horns, which, when taken out, are dried carefully over a slow fire. To make a dose, a few horn scrapings are mixed with the juice of certain plants, and administered. The French missionaries testify to the excellent results of the internal application of hartshorn. The Corean Christians once said

to a missionary, "When one has drunk of it, the steepest mountains seem to be a plain, and one can make the tour of the kingdom without fatigue."

When people ask for teachers and more knowledge, and are willing to seek both even from those whom they once despised, it is evidence, not so much of ignorance, as of knowledge, and an appetite for more. Gutzlaff was struck with the eagerness of a Corean man of science who talked of medicine, and gladly received seeds and drugs. One of the things most diligently attended to by the physicians of Cho-sen, in the embassy to Japan in 1875, was the study of Japanese systems of surgery and medicine. Shortly after their return home the government requested that a Japanese physician might come to Seoul and live, his support being guaranteed. When the country is opened, western doctors will doubtless find that the native practitioners excel in the treatment of local diseases; while surgery and scientific diagnosis are still to be taught. As a proof that Corean medical science is respected in China, we may mention that the most celebrated Corean medical book, "*Tiung-oi-po-kan*," has been republished in Peking—an honor rarely granted to a foreign author until within the last half-century.

Some other common diseases are typhoid and intermittent fevers, epilepsy, cholera, and *hok*, or goiter. In the first case, every effort is made to induce perspiration; failing in which, death is inevitable in three or four days. Sudden and fatal fits of indigestion are also as common in Corea as in Japan. Perhaps the greatest cause of bodily disorders is the bad water of the country, which the people, in utter carelessness of life, seem never to filter or keep properly cleansed. In the provinces of Kiung-sang, scrofula and nervous disorders are sadly frequent, by reason of the bad water. For the latter, the virtues of strychnine or St. Ignatius bean are well known. One of the crowd of diseases thus produced, and called by the natives *sutho*, is characterized by swelling of the legs and knee joints. In many cases, premature old age is induced. The teeth fall out, the knees are enfeebled, and other symptoms of senility are apparent.

Their treatment of contagious diseases savors of fear born of ignorance. The patient suffering from infectious disease is laid out in a *piong-mak*, or straw hut, in the fields. The rich and those with friends are given food and water till they recover, if indeed they do. The poor and friendless are left in these living graves to starve and die. When an entire village is infected, the roads leading to it are shut up with briers, and a branch of briers is hung up over each house to denote contagion within. We wonder whether this is the origin of the thorns stuck up at New-Year's in Japan to ward off disease? Only the rich can afford regular physicians. The poor depend upon nostrums, charms, and conjurors. The great and effectual door of approach, and the harvest of usefulness here opened to the Christian missionary physician, is too manifest to be more than pointed out.

William Elliot Griffis.

ON FOOT IN TLASCALA.

I SHALL not attempt to tell you how we reached there—of our three days' tramp through the land of the Toltecs, accompanied by *mozo* and donkey. It matters not that we were vagabonds, prowling among the ruins of a lost civilization, peering into old tombs, crawling on hands and knees under pyramids, and eating our lunches from the shrines of forgotten gods. Not even the exhilaration which overtook us as we stood upon the plains of Otumba, where Cortez fought his great battle with the Tlascalans, shall find expression here; nor shall you know how we drifted all night on the

Mexic lake, watching for pirates who did not come—and all because our boatmen were drunk on *pulque*. These are immaterial to our present purpose. As it was, we were three in number, the night was at hand, and we found ourselves tired and hungry, on the outskirts of a native village. The trio just mentioned did not include our donkey, San Ramon, nor the stalwart Indian boy, Jesus; two by no means unimportant factors in the "make up" of our expedition; so that, strictly speaking—perhaps literally you will say, malicious reader—we were five.

Brookdale was an Englishman, tender and true. He measured two *varas* six by the Mexican standard; and his curling beard fell over his wide breast in a shower of gold—a source of constant wonder to the beardless natives among whom we wandered. Crowned with a wide *sombrero*, and armed like a bandit, he walked the earth like a king of men, and we called him chief.

Phillips, our poet, was cast in a different mold. He hailed from Baltimore, and had seen the world. Light and wiry in person, full of song and anecdote, he moved along from day to day, apostrophizing sun, moon, and star, investing rocks and trees with romantic interest, and telling us wild ghost stories at night as we sat about the camp-fire. Jesus loved Phillips, as well he might, and kept at his heels all day. We noticed, also, that the Indian maidens whom we met had sweeter smiles for him than for the others, and both the chief and I grew jealous.

The third member of this trio, it is perhaps unnecessary to state, was the writer; and as he is a diffident youth, reared and nurtured among the grizzlies of the Far West, he shall be spared the embarrassment of further comment.

"What did you say is the name of this town?" asked Phillips of the *mozo*, who, in addition to performing the duties of general serving-man and donkey-driver, acted also in the capacity of guide and local encyclopedia.

"Chalchiquihuiscle," the man replied, a slight expression of surprise coming into his face, induced, no doubt, by recalling the fact that he had answered the same question some twenty times before during the afternoon.

"A fine name that," put in the chief; "but it strikes me a more pertinent question would be, How far is it to the best hotel and a good supper? It is getting so dark that I have stabbed myself on a cactus spur."

At this juncture we entered a deep cut in the road, such as usually introduce the traveler to Mexican towns. The banks on either hand were overgrown with *maguey* and cactus plants, and the dust under foot was ankle deep. Once in these depressions, the wayfarer cannot see out. He is flanked to the right and to the left, and largely at the mercy of such free spirits as choose to harass him from the vantage-ground above. They have become, as a consequence, the theater of many dark and bloody deeds. We could see, as we advanced, that little crosses rose here and there among the bushes, each one telling a tale of strife and death; for it is the custom of these people to thus mark the spot where a human being dies. As the center of town was neared these bush-grown banks gave place to blank *adobe* walls, windowless, cheerless, and forbidding. It was now very dark, there being no moon. The dogs were beginning to sniff us from afar, and came yelping to greet us in untold numbers, their yellow eyes alone being visible. Keeping to the center of the road, we plodded onward in the wake of Jesus and the donkey, when suddenly a small voice arose from the darkness before us: "*Oygan Vds. Señores! No quieren luz?*" This, being liberally interpreted, might be rendered, "Hello, gents! Don't you want a light?"

The speaker proved to be an Indian boy of about thirteen years. He was accompanied by a companion of his own age, and the two, warned by the dogs of our approach, had come out to meet us, proposing, for the small consideration of a *medio* apiece, to pilot us into town with a couple of torches. A bargain was struck at once, and the enter-

prising youths proceeded to light their lamps, which consisted of nothing more than sections of old rope dipped in tar. A fine, wild light they made, however, angry and smoky, but so eminently in keeping with their surroundings that we would not have exchanged them for Edison's best. Stepping to the front, the little chaps waved their brands aloft, and the march was resumed. By the weird light which now fell about us, we could see that our newly found pilots were completely naked. They skipped nimbly forward, their little black bodies glistening in the torch-light, and looking for all the world like imps. I do not think that any of us were superstitious; but there was something in the situation which suggested a nearness to Plutonian regions not altogether re-assuring to men who had not made their peace with their Maker.

"I really believe I smell brimstone," remarked the poet; and for once the chief and I did not question, or attribute the saying to the fervor of his imagination.

A quarter of a mile farther on brought us to the heart of the town; and the arrival of strangers having now been noised abroad, we were soon surrounded by a curious crowd of villagers. Jesus had been instructed to pilot us to the principal *meson*, or stopping place, and by the time our caravan drew up in front of its blank walls we apparently had two-thirds of the population of Chalchiquihuiscle in our train. It was a respectful crowd, however, and offered no violence; so we took no offense at their curiosity, being disposed, on the contrary, to enjoy the stir our advent had created. The *meson* consisted of a corral for animals, surrounded by a high mud wall, along one side of which ran three or four empty rooms for the accommodation of travelers. Furniture there was none—nothing but the blank walls, the bare dirt floor, and the fleas. The people, or as many of them as could, followed us into this retreat, and watched us deposit our traps about the empty rooms. In the mean time, we kept a close watch on the traps.

Supper there was none. The *mesonero* shrugged his mighty shoulders at the suggestion. He was a portly chap — barefooted, red-blanketed, straw-hatted. Would he kindly suggest some means of replenishing the inner man? The question caused him to reflect. Seeing this, the chief put a half-dollar into his hand to help along the mental process. Almost immediately it occurred to the *mesonero* that the Señorita Josefita had a few chickens and eggs. Perhaps she would cook us something. Going out, he returned in a few minutes accompanied by a dusky damsel. Her teeth were white and even, her eyes lustrous, and her hair fell down her back in two long braids. Her dress consisted of the two garments worn by the women of her class; i. e., a skirt and chemise, both of which were scrupulously clean. To these charms were added a graceful figure and a low musical voice.

"A perfect Hebe!" muttered Phillips, as she stood smiling before us; then addressing the woman in her own language, of which he was master, he put in such a plea for supper, accompanied as it was with gentle compliments to his well-pleased listener, as Chalchiquihuiscle had seldom heard before. Suffice it to say, that in the course of an hour a hearty supper was steaming on the *petate* spread on the floor of the *meson* —eggs, chicken, *frijoles*, *chile*, *tortillas*, *tunas*, and a pile of bananas. There were no knives and forks, but that mattered little. The people stood around and watched us eat, and we all enjoyed it. Two dogs quarreled at the last over a bone which the poet tossed them, and, in their anger, waltzed over the table, upsetting the coffee; but barring this accident all went merrily, and towards nine o'clock the reception was declared to be at an end, the doors were closed, and we went to sleep on the floor.

Instead of pursuing our journey on the following morning, as had been the original intention, it was decided to remain a few days in Chalchiquihuiscle to see the town and make the acquaintance of the people. Our departure was hastened, however, by an unforeseen occurrence. Towards noon the poet, Brookdale, and I were loitering

through the *plaza*, where the Indians from the surrounding country display their various wares and fruits for sale, when a sudden commotion seemed to seize the people, extending as far as we could see down through the main streets of the village. Men, women, and children were on their knees, their heads uncovered, all making the sign of the cross and bowing themselves over to the pavement. Before we could make up our minds as to whether an earthquake had struck the town or the judgment-day had come, an angry voice behind us exclaimed:

"Down on your knees there! Don't you see God coming?"

We looked hastily in every direction, but could not see Him. We did, however, see a small boy dressed in red and white, coming down the middle of the street ringing a bell. Immediately behind him came a lumbering old coach drawn by two mules, the driver of which carried a red umbrella. The significance of the situation at once became apparent. It was the host, or holy sacrament, being borne to some dying person by the village priest. We had witnessed similar scenes before, and knew that we must either kneel or run. A small tempest was already brewing about our heads, and a dozen angry voices were calling upon us to get down. For half a moment we wavered, and then the music of a sudden stone, as it buzzed past our ears, brought indecision to a close. Turning hastily into a side street, we fled like three birds to the mountain. A shower of rocks and vegetables followed. One struck me on the shoulder, and another grazed my ear. Brookdale was slightly wounded in the hand, the poet alone escaping uninjured. Several of the Indians followed us into the side street, and the startling cry of "*Que mueran los hereticos!*" was rapidly being taken up by the boys and men whom we encountered in our mad retreat. It is difficult to say what the outcome of the adventure might have been had not relief appeared in an unexpected shape. The door of a *patio* opened suddenly to the left, and a voice said:

"Come in here, quick."

Instinctively and without hesitation we sprung in, and the massive door swung to and was bolted behind us. What was our surprise on now finding ourselves within the walls of a high inclosure, and standing in the presence of Josefita, our peerless commiserat of the night before.

"You have been very imprudent, gentlemen," she said, with a reproachful look in her beautiful eyes; "those men would kill you."

We had already reached similar conclusions respecting our graceless conduct; for, in truth, the offense given to these people was foolish and unnecessary. Now, however, the deed was done, and we had but to consider the best way out of the dilemma. Our generous hostess assured us that we were safe in her house, and that if we remained there quietly for a few hours the excitement in the street would die down, and we might resume our wanderings unmolested. As there was apparently nothing better to do, this advice was adopted, and we remained until late in the afternoon beneath her sheltering roof. I need not tell you that we were grateful to our dusky benefactress. The poet named her Pocahontas at once, and proceeded to tell her so many sweet things, that I am still in doubt as to the exact state of his heart. Perhaps, in view of subsequent adventures, he would have returned, *á la* Rolfe, to woo and win her, but for the fact that one of Baltimore's fair daughters had a previous claim on his affections. At any rate, the chief and I grew jealous, as has been previously intimated. This opportunity for vengeance was not, therefore, to be lost; so we promptly taught the charming Josefita to call him Smith.

An hour or so after our course of action had been determined upon, a small boy, furnished by Josefita, was dispatched to the *meson* to advise Jesus of our whereabouts, and request his presence. That individual put in an appearance somewhat later. He had heard of our trouble, but reported that all was now quiet in the street. We instructed him to pack the donkey at once,

settle with the *mesonero*, and proceed to a spot a few miles distant, on the road leading towards the mountains, at which point it was proposed to join him after sunset. This plan was executed without accident. Bidding a sorrowful farewell to our gentle hostess, who refused all compensation for services, loading us down, on the contrary, with fruit and steaming *enchiladas*, we sallied out in the early twilight, and, avoiding the center of the town, were soon far out on the mountain road, and reunited with Jesus and the donkey. That night we slept in a corn stack, and the next day found us far up the shaggy sides of Orizaba, camped among the pines.

Of the few days that followed, but little need now be said. We had been told that these lofty regions were the home of certain wild animals, such as peccaries, tigers, and deer, and the desire to bag a few specimens of each had induced our chief to lay out an extended and aggressive campaign. He alone, poor fellow, was disappointed at the outcome, for neither the poet nor I cared much for blood. The deer were few and shy, the peccaries had apparently emigrated to climes unknown, and not a tiger showed his nose or snarled his anger at our intrusion upon his domains. The views, however, from mountain, spur, and crag, were beautiful beyond description; the air was sweet and bracing; and the free, wild life, with care and all the world beneath our feet, made simple existence a source of exhilaration.

The fates had apparently decreed, however, that this our pilgrimage must have its dark as well as sunny sides. Phillips and I were lying in camp one afternoon, lazily day-dreaming, when Jesus suddenly rushed up, breathless and excited, and informed us that Brookdale had fallen to the bottom of a *barranca*, about a mile distant, and was badly hurt. Quickly securing the little kit of medicines forming a part of our outfit, we hastened to the assistance of our unfortunate companion, Jesus leading the way at deer-leaps, which taxed the speed of the poet and myself to the utmost. We found him lying among the rocks and bushes, at the base of the bank over which he had fallen. He heard us coming, and raised a cheery cry, but we knew, on reaching him, that the gritty fellow was trying to hide his sufferings; for he was bruised and bleeding, and one leg lay doubled under him, broken. Phillips, in addition to his other accomplishments, had some knowledge of surgery, which now stood us in good need. It would have done you good to see him bending over our stricken comrade, his voice a little low and husky, his touch as gentle as a woman's, and his heart in his eyes.

"Phil, old boy," finally blurted out the chief, "stop looking that way. I'm worth a dozen dead men yet." And he stretched out one of his brawny arms, as if to show its strength. In truth, however, he was very weak, and the necessity for promptly removing him to some place where he could have care and comfort became each moment more apparent. As it was, we dressed and splinted the broken limb as best we could, and bound up the numerous cuts and bruises which had been sustained in the terrible fall; then, sending Jesus back to camp for blankets and brandy, a hasty consultation was had as to what should be done. Chalchiquihuiscle was twelve miles away. This was the nearest inhabited point, and the road was rough, and the afternoon half gone. Could we get him down there? Would it be safe to go there if we could? Should we wait until morning, and send for help? Jesus came up and was taken into the consultation. He favored moving at once on Chalchiquihuiscle. The three of us could carry him down. He was good for half the load himself; and the brave fellow struck his brown breast in pardonable pride.

"The boys down there may want to toss some more stones at us," suggested the chief, with a faint smile.

"You do not know them," Jesus answered, with an approach to dignity that surprised us; "my people are not in the habit of stoning wounded men."

This course was, therefore, determined upon. It did not seem practicable to utilize the donkey, so he was left, tethered in the woods, and our camping effects concealed, until such time as Jesus could return for them.

Forming a rude litter of poles and blankets, upon which our wounded comrade was made as comfortable as possible, we started with him on a long and laborious tramp down the mountain. Jesus led off with the foot of the litter, and Phillips and I brought up the rear, our burden being adjusted in such a manner as to rest upon the shoulders. That no light task now lay before us, soon became painfully evident. The chief was heavy and the road was rough; added to which was the necessity for advancing with the greatest caution to prevent jolting or stumbling. Phillips and I were unused to such violent exertion, and stood up under it with difficulty. What the poor chief suffered no one will ever know, for he did not cry nor complain once during those dreary hours while we were shaking his broken bones together. Jesus alone seemed equal to the occasion, and marched steadily forward without sign of fatigue. Looking back upon the adventure from this safe distance, and recalling our forlorn and distressed condition after the first two leagues were traversed, I am at a loss to account for the pluck and vitality which enabled us to persevere. As Jesus frequently suggested, however, by way of encouragement, there was no *remedio;* so we kept steadily at it, resting every few hundred yards to recover sufficient strength and breath for a new move onward.

While yet a full league distant from our point of destination, the night closed down, and darkness was added to the list of our troubles. Phillips and I were now completely exhausted. Weak and trembling in every limb, all our bones and muscles bruised and aching, we could no longer bear the litter with safety to our comrade, and a dead halt was reached in the middle of the road. To send Jesus forward for assistance seemed the only course left, and this task the faithful fellow undertook with alacrity. Springing forward at a brisk trot, his form disappeared in the darkness, and we were left like three forlorn old hulks, far up the beach, awaiting the return of the tide.

For two long hours we waited, and then a sound of voices reached us from down the road, followed a moment later by the welcome hail of our attendant. The voice of the blessed Master, after whom this poor Indian boy was named, could not have sounded sweeter to the ears of Peter sinking in the wave than did this call to our anxious ears; for the chief was now in a high fever, and his condition alarmed us. I doubt, furthermore, if the good Samaritan was a handsomer chap than the four brown fellows who now stepped out of the gloom to our assistance. How gently they raised our comrade from the ground, and how lightly they walked away with him! In our crippled and benumbed condition, the poet and I could hardly keep pace with them, and we wondered why they did not stumble or slip in the darkness. Half an hour brought us down to the level of the plain upon which the village stood, and we had already entered the deep cut, previously described in this narrative, when a new and novel incident occurred to crown the adventures of the day.

Suddenly, in the road before us, a dozen lights flashed out, and the voice of a man chanting something in a strange monotone reached our ears. The four carriers stopped and laid their burden on the ground, all removing their hats, and stepping respectfully to one side. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by a motley crowd of men, women, and children, most of whom bore lighted candles, and all carrying their hats in their hands. At their head was a little dark man whom we at once recognized as the village priest. Forming a circle about the litter in the road, a strange scene ensued. Its full significance was lost, perhaps, upon the three barbarians present; but we saw that it was kindly meant, and were deeply touched. For five minutes or so the good

padre stood there in the weird light, saying prayers, sprinkling water, and making the sign of the cross over our wounded companion. At the close he bent gently over, placed his hand on Brookdale's head, called him *hijo*, and gave him his blessing.

"Father," exclaimed Phillips, pushing his way impulsively through the crowd, "give me your blessing also."

I knew what the poet was thinking about. This was the man upon whose religion we had cast a slight but a few days before, and the poet's heart was touched with penitence. At a sign from the priest, the carriers again lifted the litter from the ground, and our march to the village was resumed, the good *padre* and his flock now forming a part of the train. Among the women in the crowd, our faithful friend Josefita had been the first to greet us, and she at once insisted upon our going directly to her house, where all the comforts of Chalchiquihuiscle should be at our disposal. This kind offer was gladly accepted, and we soon had poor Brookdale stretched out on a comfortable bed beneath her roof.

Of the days that followed, the nights of pain and the long convalescence, no matter now. It is not necessary to remind you of the gentle Josefita's sleepless solicitude, watching night and day over poor Brookdale's delirious cot; nor need I tell you how the good *padre* dropped in each day to chat and smoke with us as the chief grew better. Time fortunately hung lightly upon our hands, and the few weeks spent among these kindly people were not all pain and shadow. They taught us a new lesson from the great book of human nature—a lesson of charity and love.

It so happened that a grand religious festival was held in the village a few days after our return, at which congregated all the faithful from town and surrounding country. At night a procession was formed in the streets, and the people followed with lighted candles behind an image of Our Blessed Lady of Dolores, borne aloft upon the shoulders of four stalwart Indians. The poet and I stood by, with heads uncovered now, to see them pass.

"Let's join them," suggested that impetuous youth, stooping to grasp the candle which a naked urchin offered him. And so we fell into line, and followed along all that evening with these barefooted worshipers, each carrying his lighted taper, and chiming in as best he could with the weird music of the chant. Nor was this all: for when the little *padre* saw us in the crowd and came up to shake hands, we asked him if we might not carry one end of the litter upon which the Blessed Virgin sat; and that honor was conferred upon us.

D. S. Richardson.

THE CLOSE OF AN ERA.

Spirit of song, whose shining wings have borne
Our hearts of old to many a clear blue height,
Comes there the day that leaves our world forlorn
Of thy low singing in the haunted night?
For while from out the western radiance low
Like stars the great dead shining upward go,
Behold, thy wings are poised to join their flight.
Yet follow not within the golden door
Those starry souls; but when the time is full,
Let thy fair-shining garments, white as wool,
Glimmer once more across our earth's green floor.

Well was it for thee where the moonlight filled
The Syrian nights, and all the air was stilled
With large and simple faith, until men felt
Somewhat most stern and mighty brooding o'er them,
And grimly, as Jehovah's warriors, bore them.
Well was it for thee where the glad gods dwelt
In happy Hellas, clasped by silver nights,
When on the clear blue of Olympian heights
Apollo's lyre, and by the reedy stream
Pan's shrill, sweet pipe made life a sunny dream.
Well was it for thee in the English wood,
When red, new leaves were bursting out of bud,
And hearts were fresh as young leaves on the elm.
And well, through all the centuries since, thy realm
Has loyally been kept for thee; and thou,
Departing oft, hast still returned: but now
New powers devour thy kingdom day by day.
How shouldst thou come amidst such waste to stay?

For even now, across that western glow,
A keen light whitens coldly in the east,
And, glittering on the slopes of morning, lo,
One comes in silver arms; and aye increased
The sharp light shines, and men, beholding, turn
From thee and kneel before this wonder new,
Upon whose crest the conquered stars do burn.
No white wings gleam, like thine, against the blue,
Yet swift his foot and strong; and in his hand—
Ah, bright and terrible!—he bears the brand
Of truth, and in its gleam the lightning plays.
Exultant, young, full-armed from spur to helm,
Spirit of song, he comes to claim thy realm!
And coldly o'er thy lingering radiance low
The keener splendors that attend him flow.
What place is left for thee in all earth's ways?

Yet that strong warrior that recks not of thee
Shall one day turn his eyes and see thy face
Shine like a star from some far deep of space;
And all his spirit unto thee shall yearn,
Until he call thee back, and win thy grace.
And on thy brow his captive stars shall burn;
And in wide realms, new-conquered unto thee
By that great sword, thine olden smile shall shine;
Unto deep chords of many an unknown sea
Thy voice shall join its world-old notes divine.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

THALOE.

CHAPTER XVII.

GABIUS looked up in amazement, and for the moment hesitated to move. It was never to be tolerated that any Roman soldier should venture even to criticise the orders of his superiors, so strict and unquestioned was the discipline of the camp. But here was a command so manifestly beyond the apparent scope of proper generalship that the subordinate stood as though paralyzed. Could it be that Cleon, with his naturally quick perception, had hit upon some grand combination, which, with the hazard of being at first mistaken for error, would finally develop unlooked-for results, and impart an unexpectedly brilliant conclusion to the short campaign? Or, on the contrary, had some mischievous demon, striving to undo him, stricken him down with sudden fatuity?

"Do you not hear me?" cried Cleon, marking the hesitation of the other, and feeling his anger rising. "Depart."

"Yet will not the slaves escape, those cohorts being withdrawn?" persisted Gabius. "And is it well—"

"They will not escape!" exclaimed Cleon, in what he meant to be a thunder-tone of loud rebuke, but which, deadened by his inner consciousness of deliberate betrayal of his trust, failed in its proper intention, and sank almost into the measure of ordinary speech. "They will not know that we are moving away from their rear, so silently will it be done. And when we are gathered together at their front, we will hurl ourselves in mass upon them, and finish this work before the Tribune Balbus can arrive. Is it not fit that we, who have borne the heat of last night's battle, should reap the whole glory? Shall these late-coming forces at this last moment wrest our well-earned honors from us? Therefore, now go, and do as you are bidden."

No longer daring to expostulate, but displaying incredulity and suspicion in his face, Gabius departed upon his errand, leaving Cleon standing motionless in anxious waiting. Troubled, too, in thought, whichever way he looked. How else could it be? He had issued an order such as no loyal man should give; and doing so, he felt that he had outwardly demeaned himself, coupling it, as he had never hitherto condescended, with explanatory and extenuating reasoning to his inferior. And he could not fail to see that even Gabius had not believed in his lame excuses. What, then, would be the action of the Tribune Balbus, who least of all men could be deceived, and who most of all, having the right to speak out his whole mind, would surely do so with most bitter and energetic comment? To Cleon himself nothing but ruin could come from it; and for what? Some of the besieged would escape; of that there could be no doubt. He had spoken falsely when he had asserted that the cohorts could be removed from their position without detection. But what if, as was most likely, Thaloe, among others, did not escape? Would it compensate for his own ruin that a few unknown slaves should have saved their worthless lives, and she be lost? Well; the deed was done: he could only remain and await the result.

He stood still and listened. From below came the sound of tramping footsteps working their way up the winding path, now at last so close at hand that he could even hear the sharp crash of the breaking vines as the ranks spread out on either side and tore their passage through the bordering vineyards. Louder, too, came the voices of the legionaries, ringing out cheerily as they felt that their march was drawing to an end. Now and again, far above all other sounds, was heard a trumpet-like voice—the voice of the Tribune Balbus, pealing his orders

in gruff tones through the serried lines, sterner than ever, with anticipation of the approaching vengeful carnage.

From another direction soon came the half-hushed tramp of other troops—the cohorts creeping from the farther side of the crater basin, to take their position in a more compact mass at the front. A moment more, and they began to gather in; the men elate with kindling ardor for the strife, but their officers wearing puzzled looks, in their well-justified doubt about the wisdom of a maneuver into the real purpose of which it was no part of their duty to inquire. In an instant all these had bestowed themselves in battle array, in readiness for the onset, looking eagerly towards their leader in hushed expectation of the order to advance. There were already more than enough assembled to begin the work, yet for the moment Cleon hesitated. Was his object gained, or was it doomed to failure?

Then from the furthermost point came a sudden cry that the insurgents were escaping, and still Cleon delayed—doubtingly delayed—until the clouding looks turned upon him gave assurance that no further dallying with the crisis could be tolerated; and so at last he yielded to the fate forced upon him, and pealed forth his order for the onset.

At once there arose a fierce, impulsive shout, growing momentarily wilder and shriller; and the nearest of the legionaries leaping across the now unprotected borders of the crater slope, plunged rapidly down in hot pursuit of the flying enemy. A moment more, and loud cries of rage, pain, and exultation filled the air, as laggard or feeble groups were overtaken, and either fell fighting desperately for their forfeited lives, or were stricken down without resistance. Then, as though inspired by the turmoil, fresh soldiers leaped into the arena with yet louder acclaim, until in an instant nearly all were engaged in the mingled and confused work of destruction and butchery. Soon the savage uproar grew more distant, as the foremost of the legionaries, crossing to the other side of the basin, pursued the scattered fugitives down the farther slope of the mountain.

And then, behind where Cleon remained, straining his gaze over the troubled scene, suddenly broke forth loud, deep tones of anger; and the Tribune Balbus, riding at the head of his cohorts and reining his horse up the last acclivity of the mountain, appeared upon the summit.

"What saturnalia is this?" he cried, his eyes blazing with the intensity of his newly kindled wrath. "What contempt of orders or what treachery? Who is there to answer for it?"

There was only one person to answer for it; and Cleon sprung forward to accuse, and if necessary, convict himself with the open confession of his fault. Better now than at any other time, he thought, and let the floodgates of his superior's passion be opened at once, and the torrent of wrath be outpoured and expended without delay, rather than remain sealed to take new shape and consistency, and so lead to worse results. But before he could speak, one near at hand leaned forward and whispered into the ear of Balbus a word, and from that an animated conference between the two ensued.

"Say you so?" cried Balbus at length, breaking off the muttered conversation. "This, then, must be sternly looked into, and not lightly passed over. Let me first give note to these other matters which need present attention, and then, by the immortal gods—"

He did not finish the exclamation; but grasping with nervous energy the hilt of his sword, he swept his gaze slowly around, with an expression of keen intensity which seemed to search into the mind of every person in the little group about him, and yet at the same time to pass beyond them, and piercing through the darkness to gather every feature of the distant scene of rout and slaughter. Not even upon Cleon, who stood directly in his front, waiting to be questioned, did he bestow more than a passing look, treating him like the others, as one of too little consequence to be then inquired

of or noticed; though, in that instantaneous glance, Cleon could read expressions that boded no good: deep-seated wrath at the orders disobeyed, bitter disappointment at the frustration of plans that were to have led to a signal triumph, and behind all a certain irrepressible joy that the fates had at last given into remorseless hands an enemy so detested.

Then, without further delay, striking the flanks of his horse, the Tribune galloped off around the edge of the crater basin to the farther side, whence in an instant his harsh voice could be heard ringing through the night air, as, in his efforts to repair the recent error, he cried out to cut down and spare not.

Cleon, moving slowly away, repaired to his tent, there to await the issue of the affair. He could now remain in quiet, having no longer any duties to perform, since Balbus had superseded him in the command. This, of course, had long been foreseen and arranged; and yet, had all things been already properly carried out, and had Balbus been his friend, the duties of the service might still have been practically divided between them, the new commander asking counsel of the old. But even this courtesy could not now be shown, and Cleon was left a supernumerary in the camp which a moment before he had governed; feeling himself of less authority, indeed, than even the lowest of his centurions.

Gradually the night wore on, as there he sat by the door of his tent and anxiously awaited a summons. The hours passed one by one, but no message came. This in itself was a cheerless sign, for it gave suspicion that the Tribune was nursing his wrath into a settled and available form, adapting it with steady and deliberate reflection to purposes of more complete punishment and revenge. And little by little Cleon could see that the rumor of his impending disgrace and ruin had opened itself about the camp. The captains and centurions, whom he had so lately commanded, now hurried by with averted gaze; and even the common legionaries glanced at him askance, with the conscious aspect of men who knew something to which as yet it was not safe to give expression.

As time passed on, these glances in some became mingled with anger; for had he not robbed the soldiers of their rightful spoil? For though so many of the insurgents had been overtaken and slain, there were hundreds who had escaped, and in the imagination of the pursuers, those were ever the ones who had borne upon their persons the most coveted booty. Wrathful words began to be uttered regarding the loss of those illusive spoils; and even such of the soldiers as had had the fortune to reap a goodly portion were angry because it had not proved larger. As in the case of one who, coming back from the pursuit with well-hacked sword and dented shield, paused near the the tent of Cleon, and exhibited to a little knot of comrades a golden collar torn from the neck of a butchered slave. But when the others envied his good fortune, the soldier himself mourned, shaking his head and saying:

"There was a slave in front of me who had his legs heavy with golden anklets; and where now are they, or who else has gained them?"

Hearing this, and imagining that the disappointed legionaries cast looks of anger and reproach towards his tent, Cleon moved away with half-consciousness of guilt, and withdrew himself still farther into the darker shadow of its doorway. Then the soldiers passed on, with new growls of disappointment, and Cleon remained, awaiting that summons which did not come, and revolving over and over the same sequences of disturbing thought, in vain attempts to get comfort from them.

He found, as he did so, his reflections becoming more and more alloyed with bitterness; for now, in addition to other considerations, cruel doubts began to arise as to whether, after all and apart from this present trouble, his whole life had not been a mistake: not merely now, but far back to the time when all had been brightness about his path, and applause and

glory had accompanied him, and no clouds had threatened to obscure his fair horizon. Not a mistake in the way that he had once imagined it, when at that chance gathering at the bath so few days before, he had given impulsive vent to his one transitory rebellion of spirit against duty, disposing himself for the moment to weigh his years of hardship and service against his glory, and to find his career a failure, inasmuch as it lacked those other glittering attractions which could so much more easily be gathered in the paths of gayety and pleasure. But he began to wonder whether it might not prove the most commendable course of life to treat not only pleasure but honor with contempt, and to couple himself with some earnest duty, without consideration of any resulting glory or reward. For what, if he regarded recompense at all, had been the result of his earnest efforts to shape out a glorious career for himself? Lo! cruel fate had interfered, and in an hour had destroyed all that he had so far, with such unremitting diligence of purpose, accomplished for himself.

Even had it been otherwise, and were the star of his destiny still to shine resplendently over him, pointing its rays to yet newer glories, what would it profit him? Honor, after all, was like the grosser pleasures of the senses—a mere earthly phantom and deception. Where peace of soul was needed, did honor give the faintest promise of it? He had often noted how men of state and condition, lying down to die, had not bewailed or repented of their lives of ease and luxury: so far, well. But when the great self-denying statesmen and generals of the empire had taken their turn at mingling with the dust, had their gathered fame and honors proved any comfort to them?

Then, as Cleon's thoughts carried him still farther along that one line of argument, even to a momentary forgetfulness of his present sad condition, new fields of reasoning spread themselves out alluringly before him. Since men were thus left to grope in blindness, living and dying in hopeless uncertainty, though the gods of Olympus might so easily have pointed out the true end of existence, and have let it be known whether the pleasures of ease or the rewards of exertion should most earnestly be striven for, of what real consequence to men could these gods be? Not merely did they neglectfully leave everything in mist and darkness, not manifesting whether they would most readily approve of this or that course of life, but they seemed not to regard with interest any course at all.

Could it be true, indeed, as so many believed, that there was only one God, and he the God of the Christians? Of a surety, there seemed to be a mysterious power somewhere which needed to be better comprehended. For nothing could be more certain than that, though the believers in the gods of Rome died calmly and with resignation, it was with the calmness and resignation of ignorance and despair; while in Thaloe he saw a young girl who, joyful in the hope of something better to come—But why ponder upon this, either? Whence was any light to come—at least, to himself, the hardened, so long unreasoning soldier?

Soon the first faint gleam of pale gray light about the east showed that, though the darkness had not yet begun to pass away, the morning hours were at hand; and then a single figure, approaching with hasty steps, flung himself into the tent. It was not the figure of the expected messenger from the Tribune Balbus, but that of the page, Camillus.

"You have come?" said Cleon, with some bitterness. "I thought that you, too, had abandoned me."

"I do not well know how I ought to act," responded the page; "I cannot but feel that for the sake of Alypia I should be very angry. And yet, I have so loved you that I cannot resist coming hither to warn and if possible save you. You must fly, Cleon, and at once."

"From what? And whither should I fly?" asked Cleon, moodily.

"From disgrace — destruction — death!" exclaimed the other, hurriedly; "your enemies have been thronging to the Tribune

Balbus, and have told him that you purposely allowed these insurgents to escape."

"They told him only the truth, Camillus. To you, at least, who know so much already, I can own it. Could I stand by and see Thaloe perish, and not raise a hand to save her?"

"It may be—it may be so. I stop not now to ask you whether you did it with intent or not. But this I know, Cleon, that the Tribune has sent to Nero by a swift messenger the story of your fault, and asks that he may have authority here to deal with you for it."

"And then?" demanded Cleon, partially arousing from the stupor of his thoughts, but hardly as yet realizing the imminence of the situation.

"Do you not see?" responded the other, with all the desperation of frenzy. "He will here disgrace you—will even claim the right to put you to death, as one who has disobeyed orders upon the field of battle; and none can save you!"

"Nay, this shall never be!" cried Cleon, now fully awakened to the danger, and starting to his feet with sudden resolution. "Disgrace—even death—I can be prepared for, but not to meet it ignobly at the traitorous pleasure of a jealous enemy! I will leave this place at once! I will go myself to Nero, and there confess all my fault and seek his pardon."

"You will surely not do that?" exclaimed the page, with yet greater alarm. "What hope can you have from one who never spares even his own kin when he is angry?"

"What else is there that I can do, Camillus? Would you have me leave the camp and skulk off into the mountains, like these slaves who have just fled—to be there tracked with all the ingenuity that malice and hatred can invent, and surely, at the end, be captured? That fate, at least, shall not be mine. Nero himself shall judge my fault, and in my own presence decree my sentence. It may be that he will pardon. Perchance I may find him at his table, his heart mellowed with wine or with some stale jest, so that he will be disposed towards mercy. He is not wont to look too remorselessly upon deeds committed for a maiden's love."

"Not upon his own deeds thus committed, Cleon; but when another has done the same, who so unpitying as he?"

"It may be as you say. Even with him there may be no hope. But if the Cæsar himself decrees the utmost penalty, it will be death with dignity. To fall upon my own sword in the palace court, or to die with open veins in my bath, with my friends about me: that surely would be better than sudden, ignominious execution here. Therefore, I will now go to Nero, appearing before him as befits a suppliant, and one conscious of his fault."

With that, Cleon took off from his helmet the few insignia which marked his rank, unbuckled and laid aside his sword, and in a moment stood in no way differing in appearance from one of the common legionaries, except in the richer material of his tunic.

"Now let us go," he said; "I will leave my horse behind me, and will procure another in the city below; for were I recognized, I might even now be stopped. This time I must stealthily depart from my own camp; to-morrow—why, to-morrow I shall either be able to return a pardoned man, or else be dead, indeed. And little now does it seem to matter which it may be."

"Let us only think of the former," exclaimed Camillus, in a sudden ecstasy of hope. "All may yet be well. Nero may forgive; and Alypia, should she know of this, may forget. And so—"

"Poor boy!" interrupted Cleon, in compassionate tone, arresting himself, for the few steps already taken had brought them to the outer border of the camp, where, at a little distance, a solitary sentinel stood at his post, keeping up, in the relaxed and needless discipline of a finished campaign, the mere form of watchfulness. "Have you yet learned so little of the world as not to know that all must now be over between Alypia and myself? Do you not perceive that even were I pardoned for this fault of mine, none the less will the memory of it always hang about my name, so that in the

future I shall be hindered from any further trust or increase of authority? And is Alypia made of such a mold that she can attach her fortunes to those of a ruined, baffled man? With her, ambition must go before love, else the latter will lose its zest and die. I blame her not. A month ago, and I myself could not have truly loved, I thought, except where fame and promotion pointed out the way. Therefore, I say, I blame her not. She will turn from me now, whatever the issue of my journey. Let her but think of me as one to whom she will wish well, and it is all I can ask. And now, farewell. Be not disconsolate. A few short hours, and everything may yet turn out for good."

"I hope, and yet I fear—"

"Why look you so strangly, Camillus? What further have you upon your mind?"

"I do not know whether— Nay, I will tell it all, Cleon. Two weeks ago, before I had left Rome, I passed your house upon the Aventine Hill, and, as I gazed up, the bust of your ancestor fell, seemingly of its own accord, from over the doorway. What should this portend, if not the ruin of your family?"

"A simple matter, after all," responded Cleon, though with some difficulty gathering a smile upon his face; for in a Roman's eyes the omen was a fearful one, and for the moment it smote him with dismay. "A simple matter. The stone supporting the bust was old and worn; therefore, it fell. A week ago, the circumstance might easily have troubled me; but now—how it is, I cannot tell, Camillus, but it seems to me that this day there have been mists passing away from before my mind, so that I see some things more clearly than before, and can afford to disregard other matters that once would have surely tormented me. So, though for the instant I felt startled at what you have mentioned, I can yet laugh at it, as one of those idle fancies which henceforth may have no hold upon me forever. And yet, perhaps even now too easily I fortify myself. I may yet return to all our olden superstitions. I cannot tell how it will be. I feel myself groping in the twilight, and any step may bring me either into bright sunlight or carry me back to darkness. Well, once again, farewell. Whatever happens, do you, Camillus, think of me as one who loved you always as himself."

With that he threw his arms about the page and pressed him to his heart; and then, gliding past the inattentive sentinel, began the descent of the mountain.

Leonard Kip.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CALIFORNIA'S POET.

He could not be among those mighty men,
The Argonauts—their poem was the State;
Their hands were wed to pick and pan, and fate
Gave not to them to wield the slender pen.
Nor yet can we that followed after, when
The way was easy through the Golden Gate,
The glories of the western land relate;
They lie around us, but our thoughts again
Turn backward to the home of younger days,
We cannot love the old and new the same.
But from her children one shall rise ere long
To give her mystic legends fitting lays,
To make her birds and flowers known to fame,
And match her mountains with his lofty song.

Charles S. Greene.

ANNETTA.

I.

THE wind had been carousing all night, and was yet as fresh in the morning as morning itself. Not a winter wind, blind and sodden with rain, but a summer wind, full of hilarious fancies.

As early as dawn the dust of a long drought could be seen swirling in broken, distorted wreaths, or seething in thick, reddish-gray clouds, or whirling aloft in irregular columns, only to be sifted downward as if from the very zenith.

The grim hopelessness of an unlighted, unwarmed ocean had passed into the fog pouring with noiseless swiftness over the Twin Peaks. Ridge after ridge possessed, Pioche's Quarry, standing out a red ragged scar against the farther hill-slopes, was stealthily fallen upon and turned into a looming mystery. The valley, so called as an approach to a specific designation, with its poor, unpainted houses, its fiercely harried, unpainted windmills, its dreary roads ending abruptly, as if tired of leading no whither, became yet more chill and cheerless. For in the valley, as in a caldron, those dim, voluminous vapors, worried by opposing gusts, seemed to boil with soundless fury, tossing wild, steamy tatters skyward.

At six o'clock, the only life stirring with any vigor ran bleating on four cloven hoofs, being bearded and horned for predatory raids. True, that with the first blink of reluctant day, human figures began to detach themselves from low doorways, and to move about with what distinctness the dusty and foggy atmosphere allowed: but life in these forms could not be said to express itself vigorously.

Soon horses in dangling harness were led forth from a long blackened stable. Carts tilted on end, their shafts stretched stiffly heavenward in dumb, inanimate appeal, and heavier dump-wagons, their tongues forlornly aground, added an occasional creak and clank to the rattle of harness and stamping of sober hoofs.

At half-past six precisely, a gaunt yet feminine shape appeared in a darkened doorway fronting the stable, with the mechanical suddenness of a figure moved by clock-work. Uttering a single word, she flashed back out of sight. Brief as the briefest military order, and quite as unintelligible, the effect of this word was instantaneous. A human thread was spun hurriedly from the tangle of men and horses and carts, stretching past the barn, and seeming to break off when the last man disappeared through the same doorway whence all had been summoned.

The tramp of rough boots, the scraping of benches, merged immediately in a clatter and clash of table utensils. This and the guttural hurry of many voices announced the eager discussion of a work-a-day breakfast at Tom Bartmore's.

The "boss"—to use the colloquialism under which Tom Bartmore was freely and familiarly spoken of—breakfasted later, at irregular hours.

The square white house on the corner, quite a block distant from stables and "camp," was his house. The garden, sheltered by a tall board fence and taller eucalyptus trees on the north and west, was Annetta's garden.

"For without my working and planning," she was wont to ask, her air at once saucy and conclusive, "who would ever have thought of it?"

True, Tom Bartmore now and again asserted himself in a horticultural suggestion, having all the force of a command; true, old Refugio fairly bristled with notions of his own which Annetta oftener humored than combated; yet nobody openly disputed Annetta's supreme ownership.

There, then, in the long garden, quite as early as dawn, something other than tossing petisporum or nodding Jacqueminot roses was stirring feebly. A banging shutter, a creaking windmill, had invaded old Refugio's slumbers with presage of disaster. Would his young locusts withstand those fierce flaws?

A very little later than dawn, the front door of the silent house opened. A girl stepped forth as lightly and as gayly as a bird. She stood a moment, her clear eyes flashing here and there across the flower beds, then uttering a sharp exclamation, ran forward.

"O, Refugio!"

Her ancient henchman looked, and came hobbling.

"That horrid frame!" scolded the girl. "It has blown down, dragging my darling fuchsia with it. Alone, the bush would have grown stout enough to weather any storm. Why have you trained it to lean?"

Was there an earnestness, almost passionate, in the query?

Refugio thought of nothing but the accompanying gesture. Annetta had flung aside the espalier.

"No, no!" croaked the willful septuagenarian.

Annette rose to her feet, possessed by strange, confused longings. She saw and did not see the warped back bowed before her. She saw and did not see the corrugated neck, brown as an *adobe*, showing between two parted locks of long scant hair. She saw and did not see the dark, knotted fingers digging eagerly into the scarce darker earth. Old Refugio was having his way, setting up the stupid green ladder again; and, having his way, he was as happy as a child.

"Bonita, bonita!" he grunted.

"Will it live?" asked Annetta, absently.

Refugio lifted his wrinkled, sapless face toward hers. A meaning sparkle lighted his purblind eyes. More eagerly still he grunted:

"*Bonita, Señorita.*"

Annetta understood now. Smiling faintly upon this humble and senile adoration, she moved slowly away.

From the garden gate where she presently took her dreamy stand she could gaze across a wide sweep of country. Pioche's Quarry asserted its bold, jagged side through the parting fog; but mists still boiled in the valley. The dust still rose, blurring now a hill, now a hollow, now blearing the very sky; and through this dust, the carts began to pass. At the first familiar creak, Annetta's dream dissolved. Her languid posture was quickened into pleased expectancy. Slanting her broad hat toward the wind, and keeping a hand upon its brim, she had a smile and nod for every poor fellow looking her way.

The line of carts, often broken, seemed interminable; but Annetta's interest in it ended suddenly enough. A figure, uncouth as the rest to a casual eye, appeared standing up boldly to guide a span of large black horses.

Annetta beckoned impulsively.

One team coming to an unexpected standstill, the way was effectually blocked for a long succession of carts yet invisible. Patient equine noses were thrust inquiringly over tailboards just ahead. Impatient voices objurgated the unknown cause of the delay.

The man whom Annetta had beckoned had leaped from his wagon and was standing, hat doffed, at the gate.

"I want your help to-day, Dan," said Annetta.

Nothing was answered in words. Dan resumed his wagon and his reins; but only to drive hurriedly aside.

The rude procession now moving on, Annetta might have continued to nod and smile in gracious morning salutation; but between the grinding wheels, from under the very hoofs of the stolid horses, somebody was puffed, as it were, to the bars of the high gate. A small man, fearfully and wonderfully made, yet instinct with the liveliest gallantry. He greeted Annetta cheerily:

"To me a good morning," he said; "but alas!"—with an exaggerated sigh—"to my poor little one bad, bad, bad."

Annetta looked rather than spoke a sympathy so beaming that the twisted little creature volubly continued:

"And the *moulin-à-vent*—to my 'ouse, all night it run, run like a race-'orse. Why did I not to fasten it? Look at dese so unhappy legs"—indicating some members terminating in splay-feet. "Could I climb wiz zem? Alas! I 'ave not ozare. Behold, zis morning ze *moulin-à-vent* is broken. You will speak to Monsieur, your husband?"

Annetta laughed, "My brother, sir!" with genuine amusement.

"Aha?" cried the tiny Frenchman, "an angel honly could pardon a meestake so unpardonable!" Having fairly kissed out these words at the tips of his long yellow fingers, he offered them to Annetta, as upon an improvised salver.

"You will intercede for me wiz Monsieur, your brozare?"

She promised cordially to do so the instant he awoke.

In a very little while after this supplication was ended, and the withered supplicant had writhed himself away, a figure altogether different from his and from old Refugio's stood awaiting Annetta's orders.

A figure that would have been kingly in fine attire, but now, poorly clad, reared itself aloft, calmly unconscious of strength or beauty.

"We must begin with that central plat, Dan," Annetta declared, "and never rest until it is finished."

Dan at once devoted himself to this appointed task. Annetta, too, worked on, chatting cheerily.

"Let me have my way, Dan," she cried presently, in her gay voice, "and you'd be astonished at the wholesale changes I'd bring about."

The girl's energy of utterance brought her naturally to her feet. She forgot the pinks she was tying into decorous clumps of bloom. Using not her fingers—for these were incased in garden-gloves the worse for contact with the moist soil—but the back of her hand she pushed her broad hat off her flushed and happy face: "I'd just blow up those black, hideous barns with gunpowder. Nothing less than a grand explosion could express my relief at getting rid of them. New buildings should appear magically in their stead. The men's quarters should be as fresh as well-seasoned lumber and paint could make them. Iron cots should take the place of those miserable wooden bunks. That dreadful pond should be drained, and the hollow filled in. Then, Dan, the cruel fever would disappear forever."

Dan rose up slowly from the border he was weeding, not so much to straighten his back as to relieve his surcharged breast by a long, quivering sigh.

"But thim as the faver's took, Miss Bairtmore," he said, "cud niver be brought here agin."

"Ah, Dan, if it might be!" murmured the girl, her gray eyes quick with compassion. "Forgive me. I did not mean to touch upon—upon anything to remind you—of—"

She hesitated to be the first to speak the name so lately expunged from the lists of the living.

Her sympathy fell upon that parching heart as dew falls on flowers whence the thirsty sun has drunk the sap. But how could Dan answer her soft "Forgive me"?

Meeting her lifted gaze, his lip trembled, as if feeling after a language fitly to embody his thoughts. His blue, dark eyes filled slowly.

"The world wud be a place for the howly angels to live in, Miss, if you cud have your say."

"*What* sort of angels, Dan?" laughed Annetta, eager to help the talk into a livelier channel. And she shook her gloved finger with an engaging air of reproach.

"Arrah, miss, whin will I ever be afther gittin' the right twisht to me tongue?" queried Dan, in deep perplexity.

"Soon, very soon!" retorted Annetta. "I promise you that. So try again. Now!"

He tried again, gaining her enthusiastic approval.

"I shall be proud of my pupil some day," said she.

"Indade, an' I hope so"—dubiously.

"But you must be more certain of yourself"—showing a little impatience. "Think of the long way you've come by sea and land to reach this fair country you'd set your heart on. Were there no dangers? They could not stop you. How bravely you pushed forward! Push on bravely now, Dan, in this new journey toward an honorable place among men. There's nothing can stop you, if only you have a glowing wish and an indomitable will to rise."

Dan weeded steadily for a while after Annetta's buoyant tones were still.

"I was determined to come here mesel', miss," he began, at last, "and determined to bring Johnny. We'd heard mighty parables of Californy. I cudn't tell yez the half o' the high hopes we had together. An' where are they all to-day?—wid Johnny in the ground. Why, miss, I sometimes thinks as the stir and the demur"— putting a coarse hand against his breast — "inside us is all wrong — all wrong. Betther to shtay where yez are put, be it in high place or low."

"Don't talk so, Dan! You shall not."

She did not hide from him the pain his words gave her.

"Don't disappoint me. I can't bear disappointment. I should stagnate—I should die"— looking the very picture of healthful loveliness, despite that transient trouble in her wide gray eyes—"without things to help me; without interests outside myself: not mild, general interests, but those both keen and absorbing."

Whether or no Dan recognized the truth that the girl's thoughts had traveled away from him, he presumed not to answer. So Annetta stood whirling her broad hat in one hand, her uplifted brow grown dreamy. When she came to herself and her surroundings, she said in a matter-of-fact voice, "I haven't had a bite of breakfast yet."

"If you're goin' in, Miss," exclaimed Dan, "shall I be afther hoein' the cinter when I've weeded this bordher?"

"No!" with a little shriek, "I haven't forgotten how you once hoed up all my poor, pretty forget-me-nots. I'll be back by the time you have finished here."

Casting her more serious fancies behind her, Annetta walked briskly toward the house, entering by a rear door.

A stout-armed, broad-shouldered girl of twenty or so was getting breakfast in a kitchen full of odors promising generous morning fare.

"What, Maggy!" cried the young mistress. "You're surely not putting in the biscuit already? I don't expect to see any signs of Tom this hour."

"Howsomever," returned the other, with a good-natured quickness, "you'll be afther seein' himsel' if you'll shtep intil the office. For the matther o' that, he's been askin' for yez."

"Tom asking for me?" repeated Annetta, her countenance not altogether guiltless of anxiety.

That room in the Bartmore house which was called the "office" had been recently added to the main building; an ugly excresence Annetta had in vain protested against. It could be entered directly from the yard. To enter it from within one must needs cross Bartmore's sleeping-chamber.

Maggy's information had prepared Annetta for an empty bed, and use had accustomed her to the disorder always consequent upon her brother's toilet-making. Without pausing now to answer the silent appeal of a general disarray, she stepped airily into the adjoining apartment. What if she could not understand just why Tom should be up so early, nor why he had been asking for her? No purely speculative anxiety ever sat heavily on Annetta. There are always pleasant ways of accounting for the unexpected.

The girl had thought to find her brother alone and absorbed in his morning paper. He was not alone.

The morning paper lay in a compact, undisturbed roll upon his desk.

A person whose bearing was extremely dispirited occupied the merest edge of a chair near the outer door of the office.

Bartmore, apparently answering some remonstrance or appeal, was delivering himself of his ideas in loud, overbearing tones.

"Well, see here, Patsey, if you can keep from making a beast of yourself you may pick up your living about the 'camp' for the next day or two. You know what that means. I don't grudge a bone to a hungry dog. If a 'boy' should knock off, and you're fit to step into his shoes, why, d——n it, I'll give you one more chance."

At the word "beast," the dispirited figure had put forth his hand, palm outward, in a deprecatory gesture. A hard palm, grimed and calloused, one would think, to the very bone. At Bartmore's admission in regard to prospective work, heavily conditioned as it was, the shock-head lifted itself eagerly, showing a pair of bleared and humid eyes.

"May the saints reward your ginerosity, Misther Bairtmore," was huskily uttered as soon as the other had ceased speaking. "Faith, I've see where dhrink'll fetch me, an' I've done with it, Misther Bairtmore. Curse whusky, sir, but it's—"

He got no farther.

"Come, come, man!" interjected Bartmore, his fine nostrils dilating with moral indignation, "that will do. Don't you see the lady, sir?"

The first acknowledgment, this, Bartmore had chosen to yield of his sister's presence.

Plunged afresh into the deeps of humility, Patsey was elaborating a rambling apology, addressed by turns to the arm of Bartmore's chair and to the floor beneath Annetta's feet, when he was again interrupted.

A knock came at the outer door.

"See who's there," commanded Bartmore, impersonally.

Patsey sprung with clumsy eagerness to do this bidding.

A man was there, whose business Bartmore seemed to know better than he knew the man himself.

"Ay, ay, Cap.," he exclaimed, before the other could do more than touch his hat. "I'll try to have that ground broken for you this afternoon." Then laughingly—for so Bartmore chose sometimes to speak his full mind—"you see, I've too many big contracts on my hands to make sure of remembering odd jobs. However—here, Patsey."

This direct summons found Patsey lapsed into a dumb restlessness of brow and eyes, which, taken in connection with a protruding jaw, fringed from ear to ear, was fairly simian in its suggestions.

"Yis, Misther Bairtmore"—springing forward as eagerly as before.

"Run to the barn and tell Jerry to keep back three picks and two shovels at noon. They'll be needed to dig a foundation for Mr. —"

"Clay," said the stranger.

"To be sure—for Mr. Clay; do you hear?"

"Yis, Misther Bairtmore."

And Patsey instantly shambled off on his errand. The stranger merely lingered to touch his hat to Annetta, and nodding carelessly to Bartmore, went his way.

A sudden draught of air, bursting through the house, flared the open fire, billowed the curtains, and banged to the office doors. Brother and sister were now shut in together. How sad that ever between those nearest each other in all the world a *tête-à-tête* should be the last thing desired!

Sensitive to delicate shades of expression, both facial and vocal, where her brother was concerned, Annetta had already had her misgivings. Seeing into what lines Bartmore's countenance hastily fell, she was not re-assured.

"There *is* something wrong," she thought, quite as if she had been all along gayly combating any such idea. "What can it be?"

Struggling heroically against a conviction that Tom was not only angry, but angry with her, Annetta grasped at every subject likely to be wrath-averting, and hurriedly presented each.

"I told Maggie that you wouldn't be up for an hour yet"—an artificial cheeriness in voice and manner. "But breakfast is nearly ready, and we have opened that new case of tea, and Maggie has steeped some for you."

Bartmore paid not the slightest heed.

"Where have you been?" he asked dryly.

"I? Why, at the front gate"—her heart

fluttering in her breast. "Old Monsieur Caron (your new tenant, you know) was talking to me. He says that Madame—his 'poor little one' he calls her"—with a laugh not purely spontaneous—"is very ill again. And he says his windmill is broken, and he begs you will have it mended."

Neither did Bartmore give the slightest heed to these hasty sentences. Annetta had laid one round arm along his shoulders, and was nervously picking at his thick, short curls. He rose as if utterly oblivious of any embrace. He squared himself on his strong legs, either hand in either pocket, and studied her with glances momentarily harder. The muscles, twitching at the corners of his mouth, gradually dragged his lips upward, causing the tips of a thick, reddish-brown mustache to bristle.

"You've been out at the front gate, eh?"

These words were uttered less as a query than as a conclusion. Then turning his back upon her as upon a temptation to a quick outburst of temper yet unripe, Bartmore paced down the room.

Annetta gave herself heavily, for so buoyant a creature, to the chair her brother had just vacated.

Bartmore could not restrain his tongue to the end of his appointed track. He twisted about suddenly, and facing his sister as he strode, "More than that," said he, "it seems to be a custom of yours to plant yourself at the gate between six and seven of mornings."

"For heaven's sake, Tom!" cried Annetta, somewhat relieved by so trivial seeming an accusation, "even were what you say true, need you stare at me, and sneer in this cruel fashion?"

After the manner of splenetic folk, Bartmore first carped at Annetta's phraseology.

"O, yes!" he ejaculated, "sneer and stare, stare and sneer. Then why the devil"—bringing out the objectionable word with a criticism-defying force—"don't you confess that you are gone—dead gone on one of my—my hired men. I tell you it's no secret."

Annetta's heart began to flutter again, and more violently. What was coming next? Not poor old Dan Meagher's name, she hoped and prayed.

"O Tom, Tom!"—she cried within herself, the question she dared not put aloud. "Can I never, never interest myself in anybody but you instantly see something wrong in it?"

Did Dan silently adore her? Even the faintest suspicion of such a state of affairs brought exhilaration to a life that at best was very lonely. She always thought of him as "poor old Dan." Yet a mere boy, barely twenty-two, Dan was unique in her eyes. So strong, so simple, so patient. She had been drawn toward him when Johnny died. She had written the sorrowful news home for him to old Ireland. Better than any one else she realized his terrible loneliness. To divert his mind, to waken wholesome ambition in him, she had begun to teach him of long evenings when Tom was away.

But Bartmore had almost immediately continued: "Confess that you plant yourself at the front gate every morning—and at noon and at night, for aught I know—just to advertise your damned predilection. Dan Meagher, indeed!"

And Dan Meagher in the garden that very instant by Annetta's open invitation!

"O Tom!"

She gasped this mechanically. Her mind was shaping actions, not words.

"I've heard what makes me want to cut his dirty heart out."

"You must tell me what you have heard, Tom." Then with uplifted finger, "Wasn't that the door-bell?"

Bartmore vouchsafing no answer, Annetta was willing apparently to consider herself mistaken. She whirled half about on the office-chair, her right hand toward the desk whereon were scattered business blanks, with "Thomas Bartmore, Street Contractor," printed across the top. Of these blanks several had been irregularly scribbled over, the terms and figures used hinting at the making up of a bid for street-work.

"After all the favor I have shown the

scoundrel"—so Bartmore—"paying him his day's wages again and again for twaddling his time away in your garden!"

Annetta was toying with a lead-pencil.

"I'll tell you this—" Bartmore began.

He was staring at Annetta as if barely conscious of her identity.

"That bell did ring, Tom!" she interrupted emphatically.

She was twisting a corner torn from one of the scattered blanks in her trembling fingers.

"I must call Maggy—no; she is probably dishing up breakfast."

She herself ran, dreading to hear Tom following. The front-door key moved obstinately in the lock. The door stuck. It seemed an age before she could pull it open, yet thrusting forth her head, there was Dan still weeding the border.

His back was towards her. She dared not go to him. She dared not utter his name, though never so softly. She called, "Refugio!" No quicker of ear than of eye, the old *Mexicano* neither heard nor answered. But Dan glanced sharply around. Annetta threw the twisted bit of paper at him, and then, pale as a ghost, pointed to it lying in the walk.

Getting back to the office, she found her brother just where she had left him, staring still, but ready to say, with flaring nostrils:

"I intend to search this matter down to bed-rock."

"You must, indeed!" assented Annetta. She was listening intently for some sound from without.

"There's been a darn sight of pretty free talk in 'camp'? Let me find that Dan's concerned in it, and I'll—"

"You'll give him the punishment he will richly deserve," said Annetta, her utterance slow and thick.

Suddenly the color rushed into her cheeks. Her spirit sprung up like a flame. She had heard the side gate slam.

"Am I not to know what has been said, Tom?"

This query brought Bartmore back to that first mooted in his mind, his sister's accountability.

"You must have given the 'boys' some reason to gossip?"—searching her through with a pained glance.

"How dare they gossip about me?"

"Ask yourself," sneered Bartmore. "But"—a disagreeable recollection stinging him—"you were at Flynn's last night?"

"I spent last evening at Flynn's, nursing little Joe."

"That you went is quite enough for me. And you asked Dan to walk with you?"

A less guarded listener might have been betrayed into an inconsiderate assent.

Annetta answered with an explicit air:

"You know how lonely the road is. I asked Dan to walk behind me."

"And that low-lived dog took advantage of the lonely road to—kiss you, eh?"

Annetta was instantly on her feet, raging with a silent indignation that became her mightily. Bartmore could not but be pleased. He began to laugh, at first delicately, then with deepening and broadening good humor. What more complete denial could he desire than the quick scorn of those red lips?

Annetta deigned none. She turned her back upon him, and stamped out of the room.

Standing in the middle of the floor, his head held high to show the curve of a fine white throat, his whole nature pouring itself forth in rich, hearty chuckles, Tom Bartmore was an undeniably handsome fellow. Nor was he less engaging when he followed his sister with an unconcealed intention of making up with her.

He found her gazing out of a window having no prospect worth gazing at, her attitude eloquent of a desire fierily to redress all wrong. Kissing her cheek, he dragged her gayly to the breakfast table.

One ignorant of Bartmore's peculiarities might now have fancied the obnoxious topic of the morning tacitly dropped, or even forgotten. Annetta knew better. The meal ended and her brother gone, she approached Maggy cautiously, then confidentially.

"No, Miss Bairtmore!" exclaimed Maggy, forbearing the "Miss Annetta" of less serious occasions. "I'll be to gi' ivery wan fair play an' shpake the trewt. I niver hear mortal man nor spicter breathin' a bad wurrud anent yez."

And the evening and the morning were the first day of Annetta Bartmore's latest trouble.

Shortly before six o'clock the whiz of light, reckless wheels around the corner of the house told her that Tom was near at hand. With him rising early to breakfast, and returning home promptly to dinner, a new order of things seemed begun. Whether for greater freedom or added restraint, whether for joy or sorrow, who could tell?

Seated at the piano, Annetta was filling the parlor with the crispest, gayest notes, when all of a sudden there was Maggy's face hot from the kitchen. The girl had run in hurriedly to whisper:

"The boss!"

An accompanying laugh, good-humored yet deprecatory, Annetta understood too well. So Tom had come home out of sorts.

She found him already seated at table. He ate his dinner silently, with the air of a man hard pressed for time. His third cup of tea emptied, he rose. Annetta's troubled glance was with him, silently questioning his intentions.

"Annetta," he said curtly, when he had taken his hat, "light up the office and sit there."

He had never before given her just such an order. Obeying, she wondered what he had on his mind. Was there going to be any trouble? Nothing serious, surely; for Tom's first outburst of rage was all she really dreaded. And his first outburst of rage over this affair was safely past.

Swinging softly in her brother's chair, the bright dress she wore glowing under the concentrated rays of the shaded drop-light, Annetta grew pensive rather than fearful. She scouted the merest mental suggestion that Dan had said anything presumptuous. But alas! this broil would be quite effectual in one way. Her enjoyable efforts on Dan's behalf were surely ended. That she had made such would inevitably come out, and Tom would peremptorily forbid their continuance.

Thinking thus, the circumstances of her life were unhappily present to Annetta, as to the caged bird, between two liquid bursts of song, the bars that imprison. Her reverie was broken off by a knocking at the outer door.

No instinct warned her whom to expect when she called, "Come in!"

The cheeks above Dan's full black beard were as pale as her own had been that morning while fearing her brother would find Dan in the garden. He stood dejectedly before her, saying in a muffled voice:

"The boss has sent me, for you know what."

Annetta did not know. She could not ask. She looked at Dan with a visible shrinking away from him. She motioned him to a seat. She found herself forced to believe that he had been using her name lightly.

"Dan, Dan!" she hazarded presently, driven to speech by the torture of this thought, and a terror of Tom's wrath. "How could you?"

Dan's chin dropped slowly to his breast.

"It's not safe for the likes o' yez, miss," said he, "to shpake to the likes o' me."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

UNATTAINED.

In winter time one steadfast hope I had:
When rains should cease to fall,
And earth resummoned all
Her blossom-guests, I should again be glad.

And then, my heart unlifted still, I said,
"Too pallid and too chill
These skies; wait yet until
The summer's serene blue smiles overhead."

Its red the rose surrenders to the leaves;
The orchard branches yield
Their fruit, and far a-field
The reapers sing amid their gathered sheaves.

The circle of the year is all complete:
And in her wintry hour,
In fruitage or in flower,
I know the world is very fair and sweet.

Yet, O, not here the peace I long for dwells:
But past the restful night
Of death, within the light
Of God, amid unfading asphodels.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.[1]

I.

A few American authors have sprung to immediate popularity. With each of these is linked some association of aptness or striking originality, some instance of felicitous characterization, by which he holds attention and forces our special approval. The leap of none among these few has been more sudden and expansive than that of Francis Bret Harte. But as I now set him in this class, and now would pass judgment on the man and his works, the query at once arises, Is the author, as now estimated, as now presented to us, the actual Harte who broke upon us so suddenly but little more than fourteen years ago?

The shallow intellect of popular sentiment judges blindly of that which pleases it; the voice of popular sentiment is lifted to indiscriminate praise or blame of everything by which it is moved. Day by day the judgments grow more blind, the utterances are more colored with eulogy or condemnation. The threads that first snared attention are made the warp through which the sympathetic, the wise, the thoughtless, the foolish, weaves each his own passion or

[1] Bret Harte's Complete Works. Five-volume Edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. San Francisco: Billings, Harbourne & Co.

coldness, his own folly or desire. Thus, not only real workers and writers, but many who have been merely apt in striking a popular chord, attain the distinction of genius in the popular mind. In judging an author, the first task is commonly to separate the conception of him as his life and writings show it, from the idealized image of him that has come to exist in the popular taste.

The solution is simplified, however, when, as in the case of Harte, a single ideal exists, in which most who write of him appear to coincide. He has suffered but little from reflections upon his private character, and literary criticism of his work has been directed against his moral rather than his artistic soundness. Most of his reviewers speak of him as a brilliant, fertile genius, who can force the heart with the sway of his wit and pathos, and who has created in a new field a distinctive, American literature. Others, still more indiscriminate in their praise, would accord him the place of highest honor on the roll of American authors. As time has gone on, and he has added new matter to his previous literary work, these opinions have happily become modified. The chorus is yet too loud for the full detection of this more quiet undertone; but, after all, the strictures influence in but small degree the interest taken in his work all over the civilized world. It is the quantity and not the quality of his ability that is in question.

I feel confident of my ground, however, on two points at least. First, and admitting that his field has been one which is entirely novel and unique, he has, after all, been a worker in it only according to well-recognized English methods—a worker who, while he has been more original in his originality and more artistic in his art than many, has as yet produced no method that can be marked as distinctively American. Scores of other men have wrought with the same tools and attained no fame. With Mr. Harte it was the gift of genius only that gave foundation for the claim. And so, it also seems to me, it is certain in judging of Bret Harte that we are dealing with a true literary genius. Of his claim to this distinction there can be small dispute; and it must also be accorded that his style has much that is original, however it may want in scope. In a liberal sense, and somewhat as Poe stands for American poetry, he has become our representative story-teller. He must have had genius to attract the attention that has grown to such wide-spread and continued interest. But the narrowness of his scope, and the way in which a few characterizations are made to repeat themselves through the entire body of his works, should stand as danger-signals to those who seek to rate him in the foremost rank. Mr. Harte has understood himself so well as not to attempt the handling of certain things, and the negative side of his work is equally interesting with the positive in that it clearly limits the possibility of his powers. Stedman says of Poe, that "he was another of those poets, outside of the New England school, of whom each has made his mark in a separate way—among them all, none more decisively than Poe"; and, in his own field, this criticism applies literally to Bret Harte. Rejecting the ideal point of view, the judgment of cautious and careful critics, both in America and abroad, decides that he is entitled to honest recognition. The public taste is so capricious and unreasoning that when it devotes to favor something that is really good, the reflecting mind straightway suspects it of not knowing that it is good. So far as dispassionate survey can estimate, however, Popularity bids fair to hand Mr. Harte over to her less fickle sister, Fame.

It is said that a man's genius can be explained by the circumstances of his parentage, education, habits, and environments in life. Within a few years this method has fallen into disrepute. The heart of the world beats in warm sympathy with the work of its great men; the charity of the world would be blind to the petty faults and imperfections of its heroes. They may have been weak in their weaknesses; but what matters it, so long as they were stronger in their strength? In many cases such discus-

sions have degenerated into mere chapters of social gossip, or, at best, a rambling fund of anecdote. And further: many ingenious people have convinced themselves that in knowing all about the mountain ranges, climate, streams, and crops of a country, they have accounted for the genius displayed by its literary men.

But, aside from these objections, there is much to commend in this personal method of criticism. Humanity has a justifiable curiosity to know of an author so far as his life is in harmony with his works. It is the innate friendliness and sense of gratitude felt toward those who have given us great thoughts or pleasures. And then, too, a man's environment does plainly affect that which he produces. There is no better instance of this than Mr. Harte. His broad dialect and humor would not be what they are if he had not absorbed them through actual residence in the West; and his stories everywhere speak the impressions of one who has really known the picturesque barbarity, the tropic heats, the pine-spiced breezes of the early Californian days. His local complexion outweighs the discourtesy there would be in discussing him while living. 'I firmly believe that the spirit of a man can be determined by a knowledge of the stock from which he sprung. The facts concerning Mr. Harte's parentage and life confirm me in this opinion. Without giving too much time to the matter, I shall relate the more salient points in the history of this Western poet, romancer, critic, humorist. Their nature and substance, gleaned from the rough field of newspaper paragraphs, and bits of autobiography made here and there by the man himself—gathered from personal conversation of his kinsfolk, and the rambling recollections of those who knew him personally—the outline, at least, I say, may in all delicacy be given.

II.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, New York, in 1839. From his parents he inherited English, German, and Hebrew blood. His father, a man of some culture and ability, was a professor at the Albany Female College. Some years after his birth his father died, and in 1854 the family removed to California. Living in the rude mining settlements of the interior, and mingling with the rough characters that peopled them, the boy absorbed from actual experience many of the incidents which afterwards grew under his magic touch into the now familiar idyls of the embattled diggings, the lawless flat, and the immoral bar. The first three years of his life in California he had all the mixed fortunes of a pioneer, and tried his hand at many means of livelihood. For a time he was a compositor in a newspaper office at Eureka; then he mined for himself, without largely increasing his fortune. As a school-teacher, he was able to indulge more liberally the literary taste awakened by his work as a printer. These latter experiences afterwards grew, with all their natural color and textures, into the delicate study entitled, "M'liss." A year's work as express messenger gave him the clear-cut pictures of Yuba Bill, and other knights of the stage.

In 1857 Mr. Harte came to San Francisco, taking his place as a compositor in the office of the "Golden Era." A few bohemian sketches written as copy brought him under the favorable notice of the editor, and he was at once translated from the case to the desk. Those were busy days, and much of the matter ground out in that time of probation is as pregnant with genius and bright with wit as any that he has seen fit to retain in his complete edition.

It was in 1863 that his first sketch appeared in the East. Jessie Benton Fremont, in those days one of the most cultivated women in California, took a great interest in the young author, and it was on her recommendation that the "Atlantic" published the "Legend of Monte Diablo"—a piece of work that shows what Bret Harte might have accomplished as a reporter if his tastes had not carried him into fiction.

Throughout his whole career, Mr. Harte seems to have been one of those fortunate

literateurs who always fall on their feet. He has always been blessed with friends who delight to push him forward, and pay him the full homage that his genius demands. Starr King, who, by the way, acted as general adviser and mentor for all of the bright young bohemians who were struggling for fame and recognition in those days, took a special interest in Bret Harte, and it was through his influence that he obtained a pleasant desk as secretary in the United States branch mint, then under the control of Robert B. Swain. The position left time for study and critical work, and Mr. Harte improved the opportunity, even to the detriment of his business, in editing that bright little weekly, the early "Californian." There was little pecuniary gain for any concerned in this venture, but the desire for keeping up a standard of good literature on the coast animated their breasts, and the enterprise was pluckily carried on under the most discouraging and adverse circumstances. To it Bret Harte contributed "The Condensed Novels," his first work that attracted attention beyond the ocean; besides many bohemian papers, bits of verse, and idyllic sketches. The publication of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, begun by Anton Roman in 1868, gave Mr. Harte the turn that sent him up with the tide. An examination of his earlier work shows how he rambled over the whole field of literature in his effort to hit on something that should be original. The lack of anything distinctively Californian in the first number of the new magazine, the effort of the editor to supply the want, the reception of the unfortunate "Luck of Roaring Camp," its abjuration by the religious press, the apathy of local secular patrons, and the final wider verdict of the whole country, are neatly told by Mr. Harte in the preface to his late American edition; and are further discussed in the opening pages of this magazine.

Mr. Harte is not a quick producer. It was six months before the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" appeared to the satisfaction of the desire for new fiction created by his first attempt. Then came "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," and "The Idyl of Red Gulch," and the score of others that have answered for his fame. The culminating point was reached with the production of the "Heathen Chinee."

In 1871 Mr. Harte returned to the East. Here he remained for a time, the lion among literary rather than social circles; and later accepted a foreign mission. At present he is consular representative at Glasgow; but the greater portion of his time is said to be spent in London. His later career does not possess the wholly pleasant side that marks his first rise of popularity. He seems to have exhausted the pocket-mine from which his first sketches were drawn, and to find no field in which to work with equal advantage. His dramas—and it is on them that he is now at work—have proved a failure; but in this he has fared no worse than Tennyson and other men of higher genius. The stories produced from beyond the sea are not as good as those of earlier date, and the literary lethargy into which he has fallen bodes ill for the continuance of his fame.

III.

In letters as well as in government, something must always be sacrificed. Ability, like law, does not always work justice to all alike. Whatever restriction a people may adopt, some men will always be found dissatisfied; whatever genius an author has, some line of work will always be the weaker. Two attitudes cannot be preserved at once. To bring to the production of poetry the spirit of the novel is to mar it; and the poet who, like Bret Harte, makes the highest aim of the poem to move, does so at the expense of perfect art, his strength as a novelist becoming his weakness as a poet.

Mr. Harte's fame in this quarter rests chiefly upon his Californian poems. They make but a small volume, covering about one-third of the complete edition of his poetical works. They are notably narrow in scope, but they bear witness beyond all question to the originality of his powers. They are the unique product on which his

genius has stamped the spirit of the period and place that gave them birth. Their power lies in qualities which, as here grouped, were entirely new with him. They echo the opinions of an acute—and in some cases slightly snobbish—thinker with regard to social solecisms; they are satires that cut at the way in which public opinion was molded by the ignorant, the vulgar, and the shoddy. The criticism was just, but often —as on the Chinese question—it was not the popular view, and required some decision to advance it. Again, these dialect poems are the best metrical exposition of western character in its actions, speech, deportment, and odd mingling of crudeness and wickedness, with the real virtues of delicacy and honor. Never was there a more unpromising poetical field; but these pastorals are as true to Californian as the "Biglow Papers" are to Yankee life and manners. Lastly, they are thoroughly artistic, and exhibit more conspicuously than in other lines a firm touch of the author's hand.

They are in turn humorous, pathetic, abrupt, eccentric, and profane; and each of them as soon as published passed into general popularity. The most widely known, without doubt, is "The Heathen Chinee"—so widely, indeed, that I pass it here with no criticism beyond an expression of doubt as to whether the majority of those who know it by heart or speak familiarly of its terms really feel the delicious humor, the exquisite sarcasm, the subtle force of characterization that animate it. In art it is inferior, both in conception and execution, to others that that have been less popular. Purists—especially in New England—have found an impassable stumbling block in the misuse of the pronoun "which." Now "which" is perfectly good Pike, and that goes for much; but the dialectic spirit is carried so successfully into other poems without the use of the offending pronoun, that its presence at all must be considered as a blemish.

"The Society upon the Stanislaus" is free from this fault, but is equally dependent for its humor upon the grotesqueness of the impossible conditions it presents. It is less generally relishable, and appeals for appreciation chiefly to the learned class. There is a peculiarly felicitous lesson to scientists, however, in the lines:

> "It is not a proper plan
> For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
> And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim
> To lay for that same member for to 'put a head' on him."

Truthful James has been quite garrulous since the success that followed his first effort "to explain," but none of his after remarks have been pitched in the same high key as the above. The nearest approach lies in "His Answer to Her Letter"; but "The Latest Chinese Outrage," "Truthful James to the Editor," and others that are purely satirical, are too strained and commonplace to excite real pleasure. They display merely the dangerous desire of the author to repeat his first success.

"Penelope," "Jim," "Chiquita," "Dow's Flat," and "Cicely" are in a different vein. They aim to depict real characters and actual states, and it is only secondarily that they become satirical. They have a finer sense of finish than the others. Their possible truthfulness of incident gives a better basis for artistic work. The character lines are remarkably clear cut and vigorous, and everywhere there is an undercurrent of pathos and quiet feeling; and they are all in monologue, which, in the light of their polished finish, adds largely to the value. For the monologue hedges an author within rigid limits. The speaker must be prevented from transcending himself either in method or material of speech. He must be consistent and keep within the bounds of possibility. But, on the other hand, he must not hug his facts so close as seriously to interfere with his art. It requires genius to strike the happy medium where the thing probable shall be artistic and the thing artistic yet be probable. It seems to me, however, that "Jim" and "Penelope" answer all conditions. They are crisp and dramatic. There is scarcely a word in either that could be omitted. They are

short, but their brief extent suffices to possess us of all there is worth knowing of the sturdy sentiment that underlies them. Penelope's tirade is a capital picture of the way in which a woman uses a scolding tongue to hide the treacherous softness that is in her heart; and the climax, in which it appears that she was not only not in earnest, but ready to accept Joe then and there, will touch a chord of experience in the heart of more than one man. It is less hacknied than the others, and is so good in illustration as to justify quotation.

"So you've kem 'yer again,
And one answer won't do?
Well, of all the derned men
That I've struck, it is you.
O Sal! 'yer's that derned fool from Simpson's cavortin round yer in the dew.

"Kem in, ef you *will*.
Thar—quit! Take a cheer—
Not that; you can't fill
Them theer cushings this year.
For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson, and they don't make such men about 'yer.

"He was tall, was my Jack,
And as strong as a tree.
Thar's his gun on the rack—
Just you heft it and see.
And *you* come a courtin' his widder! Lord! where can that critter, Sal, be!

"You'd fill my Jack's place?
And a man of your size,
With no baird to his face
Nor a snap to his eyes,
And nary— Sho! thar! I was foolin'—I was, Joe, for sartain—don't rise.

"Sit down. Law! why, sho!
I'm as weak as a gal.
Sal! Don't you go, Joe,
Or I'll faint—sure I shall.
Sit down—*anywheer*, wheer you like, Joe—in that cheer if you choose—Lord! where's Sal?'"

"Jim" displays a wealth of pathos in the presentation of the strong friendships that bound together the miners of those days; and "Chiquita" is remarkable for its delightful use of the modern hexameter. In "Dow's Flat" and "Her Letter" occur good instances of the peculiar method of presenting things—the power of telling an entire story or of depicting a whole state of things in a very few words—which brought to Mr. Harte the reputation of having created a distinctive American literature. This trait appears with great pathetic effect in the former poem, where, on top of all the rest of his bad luck, Dow's wife and five children come in on him from the States.

"It was rough—mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house on the sly.
And the old woman—well, she did washing, *and took on when no one was nigh*."

Equally happy is the way in which the status of society at Poverty Flat is fixed in one line written by "Miss Jo," after her translation to New York society, to her lover at home in California, reminding him of a ball at the "Fork":

"Of Harrison's barn with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle,
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee."

This feature redeems many of the later poems which otherwise are strained and less poetical. Yet, if we had not those above mentioned, many of the later ones would serve to answer for Bret Harte's fame.

As a whole, they are a powerfully handled work, and make a distinct addition to serio-comic literature. They are positively unique in their way; there is nothing in literature with which to test them. Bret Harte has been compared to Lowell; but the "Biglow Papers," whether as satires or word pictures of life and manners, are less purely artistic than the best work of the western poet. One thinks twice of the rareness of real originality before venturing an estimate of their rank and duration; and I observe that Mr. Howells puts no mean limit on them. It is no little in favor of mass judgment that these dialect poems first brought Mr. Harte the reputation among those who have literary weight, which his more ambitious efforts,

in other lines, had failed to do for him. From the date of publication of "The Heathen Chinee" his success as a poet has been assured.

His parodies are good-natured hits at the styles of different bards, and bear the same general relation to the poems that the "Condensed Novels" do to his prose. They are earlier work and of rather uneven merit. The address "To the Pliocene Skull"—a very clever imitation of Holmes's "De Sauty"—is the best, and like most of the others easily recognizable. It is hard to understand why Mr. Harte should keep these parodies in his editions when he has discarded so much that is better in giving them a place. The imitations in some cases are not bad, and the mannerisms of Poe and other authors are deftly handled. They are mainly interesting in that they show that Mr. Harte is uneven; but as one does not care to perpetuate this fact, the probabilities are that sooner or later they will be relegated by the author to their place as youthful effusions, and as a part of Mr. Harte's past be thenceforth forgotten.

Bret Harte's dialect diversions, so cramped in range, could not have been made without some supplemental work in the way of legitimate song. His American poetry will always be overshadowed by his Californian verse; but he has shown himself quite equal to delighting us all in English of perfect saneness and sobriety. His earlier work—the Spanish legends and the war lyrics—are noticeable for their taste and vigor. He has a free hand as a poet. Satire, dialect verse and humor, seem to flow from him as naturally as his most delicate fancies. He seldom becomes subjective; it is not consistent with his mental equipment; and he does not always make truth the object of his serious verse. Some of the long poems lack completeness, and many betray a touch still somewhat groping. Thoroughly and admirably good is "John Burns of Gettysburg," and alone would serve to make the reputation of another man. "How are you, Sanitary," "The Goddess," "Battle Bunny," "Our Privilege," read like first poems. There is a trace of Poe in "The Two Ships" and "A Newport Legend." "On the Pen of Thomas Starr King" is strong, tender, original. The Starr King obituary poem, too, is very sweet.

> " Came the relief. 'What, sentry, ho!
> How passed the night through thy long waking?'
> 'Cold, cheerless, dark—as may befit
> The hour before the dawn is breaking.'
>
> "' No sight? No sound?' 'No; nothing save
> The plover from the marshes calling,
> And in yon western sky, about
> An hour ago, a star was falling.'
>
> "' A star? There's nothing strange in that.'
> ' No, nothing; but just above the thicket,
> Somehow it seemed to me that God
> Somewhere had just relieved a picket.'"

"The Reveille" expresses in a word all the conflict between duty and the hearts that hesitated over the stirring work of '63. It is the drum that stirs the conflict. It is the heart that begs.

> "' Let me of my heart take counsel;
> War is not of life the sum;
> Who will stay and reap the harvest
> When the autumn days shall come?'
> But the drum
> Echoed, 'Come!
> Death shall reap the braver harvest,' said the solemn
> sounding drum."

The heart, trembling with the thought of standing where bullets are whistling, and brothers falling at its side, tempts itself into believing that victory may bring only greater ills, and yet through everything hears persistent the throb and hum, as

> " The drum
> Answered ' Come!
> Better there in death united than in life a recreant—
> Come."

These doubtings troubled many spirits in those days. But the end was good. Mr. Harte has felt this, and the last stanza rises almost to a pæan:

> "Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
> Some in faith, and doubting some,
> Till a trumpet voice proclaiming,
> Said, 'My chosen people, come!'
> Then the drum,
> Lo! was dumb,
> For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, 'Lord, we come!'"

Love poetry plays a small part in Bret Harte's verse. As in prose, he seems to write of and for his own sex alone. Looking from the civilized standpoint, I do not remember one thoroughly delicate woman in his works. There are "Flips" and "Miss Joes" in abundance; but the charming women, such as one finds in Mr. Howells, are conspicuous by their absence. Occasionally, however, one stumbles on little bits of song and tender snatches. Quite often these are followed by half-apology, as if the poet was ashamed at being discovered at anything sentimental. They are not true love songs, in that they are never reflective, being for the most part the depicting of something Mr. Harte has observed in others. His sense never was more subtle, his touch never more delicate, than in the delightful "Newport Legend." The picture is perfect of the fair Quakeress who faded away with the bunch of mignonette, which alone remained to her of her fickle lover; and whose spirit haunts the old house in the odor of mignonette, that alone recalls her story. The poet waits for her in the darkened room till he breathes the odor. There is a suggestion of Longfellow in the lines:

"For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.
Somewhere in the darkness the clock strikes two;
And there is no sound in the sad, old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse."

When the perfume has come and passed, even the fresh morning air and sunlight cannot lift its breath from his imagination; for,

"The soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.
And I think of the passion that shook my youth
Of its aimless love and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains."

"Miss Blanche Says" is highly dramatic, and written in the strong elementary meter that appeals to the middle-class reader. The close is a little blurred in some of its lines; but the throwing of the rose to the passing veterans serves admirably to illustrate Mr. Harte's idea of poetry.

"You smile, O poet, and what do you?
You lean from your window and watch life's column
Trampling and struggling through dust and dew,
Filled with its purposes grave and solemn;
An act, a gesture, a face—who knows?—
Touches your fancy to thrill and haunt you,
And you pluck from your bosom the verse that grows,
And down it flies like my red, red rose,
And you sit and dream as away it goes,
And think that your duty is done—now don't you?"

"The Mountain Heart's-ease" reflects the same idea. "The Angelus" and "Dickens in Camp" are simple, pathetic, and direct. People were right in liking "Concepcion de Arguello," than which there are few more touching idyls of the affections. As an example of Mr. Harte's lyric taste, perhaps the "Bugle Song" from "Cadet Grey" is as light and fanciful as any:

"Fades the light
And afar
Goeth day, cometh night,
And a star
Leadeth all,
Speedeth all
To their rest!

"Love, good night!
Must thou go
When the day and the light
Need thee so—
Needeth all,
Heedeth all
That is best?"

There is an intoxicating feeling in all of Bret Harte's poems that have to do with Nature. The philosophic spirit of Wordsworth is entirely wanting. He approaches her with the lightness of a happy, full-spirited child. His descriptions are seldom productive of thought. Their power lies in their freshness. He assumes the attitude of one who knows about the charms of the mountains and the spicy balm of the forests, and who wishes to share with you the secret. He pictures these beauties felicitously and well, but that is the end. He never tells

you what he thinks about it, nor attempts to stamp your notion with his individuality. But he beguiles one curiously. The boyish instincts linger in the man. The breath of the woods, the flash of a bird's wing, the perfume of the flowers, are magic in bringing back the old childish thrill. Our pulses dance with his as we read, and without a care to know the reason why. A few of his poems bring messages from the ocean. He has been abroad in the storm, when

> "The marshes, black with summer drought;
> Were all abroad with sea foam white."

Concepcion waiting for her lover saw how,

> "Day by day the daylight glittered on the vacant, smiling seas."

And when

> "The rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce south-wester tost
> Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then vanished and were lost;
> Still she found him with the waters, lifted by the morning breeze,
> Still she lost him with the folding of the great white-tinted seas."

But by far the greater part are inland in their imagery—pictures of valley, plain, and hills. Bret Harte has the true western spirit, to which the deserted cabin is near and familiar, and mountain streams and pine-spiced air are like wine. What he likes are the forests with their living tenants, and the plains that roll unplowed. "On a Cone of the Big Trees" has a pleasing and honest avowal of these mountaineering tastes:

> "Thou bringest me back the halcyon days
> Of grateful rest, the week of leisure:
> The journey lapped in autumn haze,
> The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure;
> The morning ride, the noonday halt,
> The blazing slopes, the red dust rising;
> And then the dim, brown, columned vault,
> With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing."

"Cadet Grey" contains a stanza equally characteristic. Very few of Bret Harte's poems are entirely given to description. The pictures are scattered about through work of different vein, often—as here—merely serving as a foil for the comic vein of the piece:

> "The air and woods are still,
> The faintest rustle in the trees below,
> The lowest tremor from the mountain rill,
> Comes to the ear as but the trailing flow
> Of spirit robes that walk unseen the hill;
> The moon, low sailing o'er the upland farm,
> The moon, low sailing where the waters fill
> The lozenge lake, beside the banks of balm,
> Gleams like a chevron on the river's arm."

IV.

The highest praise that could be given a man in times gone by was that he dealt simply, honestly, and briefly with his hearers. The same encomium is applicable to Bret Harte, but in a different sense from more conventional writers. In prose as in poetry he occupies a unique position in American authorship, not only in that his work lies in unfurrowed fields, but that he looks at life from such a peculiar standpoint. His greatest mental power and rarest imagery are to be found in his prose tales. To them, and to his imitations and sketches, the bulk of his time has been given.

He is an apostle of the impressionist school, and his susceptibility carries him almost to the entire suppression of his individuality. His strain of Jewish blood brings him an oriental luxuriance of coloring. He has all the arts of the romancers at his fingers' ends. A pupil of Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Irving, the most original of his prose reflects in some degree the styles of individuals of this group. He assumes the methods of one or the other, as the needs of his subject demand, and applies them to people and situations in ordinary life; while his judgment seems unerring in divining which pose to assume. His studies of character are always made from personal observation. With a facility that is almost unconsciousness, he absorbs and reproduces all that is unusual in the things with which he is brought in contact. This fact accounts for the meagerness of incidents depicted by him, the absence from his pages of many well-known and startling events—such as the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco—which would seem to be attractive material for a Californian novelist.

He is master of that portion of criticism which consists of analysis, and this faculty, in all probability, is the source of many of his happiest efforts. Yet I doubt if it will guide him in the production of enduring literature. No writer is of high grade who, besides the analytical faculty, does not possess the deductive faculty of judgment. Bret Harte's strength is unquestionable in those brilliant pieces of analysis, "The Condensed Novels." They are reductions to scale of the intellects of noted authors, and prod at faults and mannerisms as unmercifully and surely as Poe's most sarcastic shafts. They are parodies, but they are more: aside from the burlesque of style and manners, the spirit of the individual novelist is condensed and imitated till the work assumes the proportions of a new creation. But nowhere does Bret Harte allow himself to record a judgment of the thing condensed.

This faculty is the key to all his following work. The field is altered, but the method remains the same. In the Spanish legends there is always a tinge of Irving; and the dramatic stories have many of the Dickens ear-marks. Mr. Harte's contempt for the "cant of 'too much mercy'" crops out even in the stories that seem most moral. They carry the idea that in this world of lawlessness and crime there is a steady undercurrent of purity and honor that is plainly to be seen if we will but look for it. They are his firm endeavor to substitute the world of sentiment for the world of sense. He struggles, in the name of human charity, to screen behind some single virtue the moral filth and blackness of the desperado. It hurts him to believe that any man is irreclaimably bad. His impatient spirit took arms against the conventionalism of "man's inhumanity to man," and expressed itself in works of which "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and "Miggles" are the most perfect types.

Yet he presents his immorality in such an unmoral way as to render it practically harmless. The stories are masterpieces of delicate handling: so much so that the moral censor who has made out his case against them often finds something treacherously fascinating in the performance condemned, and turns upon himself and enjoys it. Mr. Harte ventures no speculation on what the effect would be if this sort of thing were carried generally into society; and I doubt if he would want to carry the matter so far. He presents merely the facts as they are and where they are; and the only lesson taught is a little leniency in judgment, and a charitable disbelief in total depravity. Perhaps Miggles would not, in real life, have given herself up to a career of such unselfish devotion, and perhaps Oakhurst was not equal to the act of shooting himself so as to save food for his starving companions; but there appears to be the stamp of truth upon it as we read, and that is all that can be demanded.

The dates of the production of these tales are of small importance. There is a group of six stories—most of them produced early—that stand head and shoulders above the remainder of Bret Harte's prose. Yet much interest attaches to the earlier sketches, in that they are studies in the material from which Mr. Harte has produced his more finished pictures. They are unpretending in form, and display a remarkable facility for grasping and recording the particulars of all that he reports. The work in them is strong, and betrays the spirit of the story-teller behind that of the reporter. "Notes by Flood and Field," for instance, is almost a story in itself, as is also the sketch called "High-Water Mark." In each there is a distinct line of fiction, and the character drawing is more vigorous than in much of his later work.

These sketches were the foundation on which Bret Harte built up the stories that brought him his sudden reputation. Nothing illustrates his methods of work better than the progressive character of these productions. He has a way of groping round a thing with his words in search of the best methods of expression for it. The same thought will be found repeated in successive articles, but smoother and more polished with each repetition. One can almost see the painful work of erasure and interlineation

that brings about these results. But there is a limit to it all. A time comes when Mr. Harte becomes satisfied that the expression, or method, or whatever it may be, has reached the proper degree of perfection. From this time forward it becomes a type, and will always be used by Mr. Harte if he has occasion to speak of the thing it represents. For instance: Mr. Harte has persuaded himself that the best method of introducing the subject of a beautiful evening is by the expression, "It was a lovely night." I cannot pretend to know the reasoning that led to this conclusion. In the earlier work the phrase has more in the way of ornate accompaniment. But the evolution is traceable through various degrees of change down to the present form; and this reached, Mr. Harte is satisfied to use it no less than eight times as an introduction to various kinds of nocturnal descriptions. This crystallizing process extends equally to characters. The Oakhursts, the Padres, the Kentucks, were caught from real life; worked over and pruned; finished and labeled with some trick of speech or action that would be characteristic; and finally put aside to be lugged in by the ears wherever there came a need for that particlar class of character. It is an impeachment of the breadth of Mr. Harte's genius that he should limit himself within such narrow bounds. Consistency is absolutely necessary to character drawing; and it is like meeting an old friend to find a familiar face in a fresh literary setting. The method of characterizing a man by his peculiarites was borrowed from Dickens and Hugo. But neither of these great men go so far as to crystallize states as well as characters. Mr. Harte does this constantly, and in it, I think, shows a decided limitation of ability. After reading one or two of his books, both the actions and settings of his puppets in the remainder can for the most part be foretold; and a new volume is approached much as one approaches a boarding-house meal with a routine bill of fare. We know that the quality of food will be good, and that it will be dished in taste; but the knowledge born of the routine has left no surprise either in meats or condiments, and so much of the zest as comes of freshness has been lost.

There is one of Bret Harte's earlier tales that, curiously enough, never has reached the crystallizing point. "M'liss" is a study rather than a story. It was written between 1862 and 1866, and first appeared as a serial in the San Francisco "Golden Era." It was afterwards published as a paper-covered novel, making, perhaps, a volume of a hundred and fifty pages. It was this more ambitious work that Mr. Harte finally pruned down into the short sketch that now passes under that name. It is quietly and simply written, and is strong in the outlining of the quaint character of the child. The descriptions, too, are direct and charming, and the whole might have been drawn from life if it were not for the melodramatic touches, and the cheapness of sentiment and language used by McSnagley and the "Prairie Rose."

Of the six masterpieces—"The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Brown of Calaveras." and the "Idyl of Red Gulch"—I think the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" is the best. The work is more original. There is no imitation about it, except that of poignant reality clothing itself in words; and these words, too, are so well chosen as to be practicably invisible. The range of character is greater and the contrasts are more strongly marked. Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, is the most perfect of Bret Harte's creations, and has had his prototype again and again in early Californian history. His sentimentality is perhaps overdrawn, but that is a minor blemish. The whole plan of the story is good: the expulsion of Oakhurst, Uncle Billy, the Duchess, and Mother Shipton from the Flat; the sullen journey; the stop in the cañon; the meeting with Tommy Simpson and his runaway betrothed, Piney; Uncle Billy's treacherous desertion with the animals; the snow-storm; the long hours passed in listening to Tommy's Homeric recital of the adventures of "Ashheels"; the humorous yet pathetic efforts of the banished ones to conduct themselves in accordance

with the mistaken idea of their character and relations, innocently assumed by Piney; the failure of the provisions; and the self-martyrdom of the three sinful ones for the innocent pair who had by chance become their companions. The wording of the closing scene is as familar as it is tragic; and Mr. Harte contrives that one shall close the book with a very suspicious softness about the heart for the poor, bewildered, sinful souls that are sacrificed.

Second only to the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" is "Tennessee's Partner," which for local color, quaint humor, and delicate pathos is unequaled in the language. It is more masculine in sentiment, and probably would not be so generally relished by women as "Miggles" and the "Idyl of Red Gulch." The speech made at Tennessee's grave by his partner is as tender as it is uncouth. Tennessee has been hanged by decree of Judge Lynch, and his body delivered to his partner. Coffined in a section of sluicing, the corpse was hauled to the grave in a cart drawn by Jinny, the partner's donkey; and then, over the open grave, this homely speech was made:

"'When a man,' began Tennessee's partner, slowly, 'has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering.' He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: 'It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and "Jinny" have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why'— he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—'you see it's sort o' rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen,' he added abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, 'the fun'l's over; and my thanks and Tennessee's thanks to you for your trouble.'"

"Brown of Calaveras" ranks next in merit, and then the "Luck of Roaring Camp." This latter is more daring in its conception and delineation, but is less generally perfect and consistent. "Miggles" and the "Idyl of Red Gulch" suffer from the expression of a morbid sentimentality; and the latter is rather aimless and cloudy in some of its lines. The scene between the schoolmistress and Tommy's mother, however, is natural and artistic.

Many of the remaining sketches are clever and elaborate, but they do not display the serious care given to those above mentioned; and further, they have the disadvantage of being in large degree the author's imitation of himself. Mr. Harte's first and highest successes were made under the inspiration of his genius, and I believe that he was as astonished as the rest of us at their wonderful success. But when the inspiration had passed, and he remained face to face with the results, it no doubt seemed to him that he had evolved rather than discovered these new things in literature. He did not recognize that there had been something outside of himself which had guided him in the matter. It was a natural result that he should set out, with full confidence in his ability, to evolve from himself further work of the same sort, as good as he had done before. The result was of course a failure, and "The Romance of Madroño Hollow," "The Poet of Sierra Flat," and the others that followed in train never—and justly—have attained the excellence or fame of those on which they were modeled.

Passing from these sketches, a word as to Bret Harte's general equipment will not be out of order. Only in a small group of his stories can he be said to be truly individual, however fresh and new his thought. His colorlessness, the suppression of his own judgment in that of others, the intuitively emotional practice of accepting at second-hand their literary temperament and devices, prevent the establishment of such a claim. His want of individuality is in strong contrast with that of Dickens; but sometimes he excelled Dickens in directness and simplicity of description. The impress of most authors on their work is sufficiently strong to give an idea of their character. With novelists of strong feeling,

like Thackeray, one is even forced into an idea of the man from his work. With Bret Harte no such forecasting is possible. A condensed novel, such as he has made of others, could not be written in analysis of his work. The reason for this lies in the fact that he presents no mannerisms nor strongly marked qualities on which the critic can fix a hold. The most tangible quality is his morbid sense of humor. This acts and re-acts upon his style. It has a good effect, in that it sprinkles his tales with flashes of wit that have, in many cases, a finer and more subtle quality than that of his illustrious English teachers. On the other hand, it is harmful, in that—as has been well noticed by the English critics—it renders Mr. Harte disagreeably self-conscious. This affectation crops out in the use of such expressions as "I regret to state," "I fear," and the like, when Mr. Harte desires to introduce something concerning which he fears that the world will judge him too sentimental if he makes the simple statement without this qualification.

A second point is the truly wonderful range of Mr. Harte's vocabulary. He seems to have gathered every word and expression that might become of service to him, and stored them away in his memory for future reference and use. But this advantage, too, at times, becomes a fault, because it leads Mr. Harte into the difficulty of being too free and ornate in the use of words—of guiding himself by the sound rather than the sense, and of writing for sensational effect.

The most remarkable feature of the man, however, is his inability to carry on sustained production. With most authors there is a level of general excellence along which they can plod if the wings of genius chance to tire for a time; but with Mr. Harte the case is a different one. His powers are impulsive rather than enduring. Ideas strike him with extraordinary force, but the inspiration is of equally short duration. So long as the flush of excitement lasts, his work will be up to standard; but when the genius flags, he has no individual fund of dramatic or narrative properties to sustain him. No one has recognized this more fully than Mr. Harte. His only novel, "Gabriel Conroy," was a failure because it was not evenly inspired. Its plot was hopelessly entangling to the general reader; and the most general criticism has been that it is nothing more than a series of detached flights, unequal in themselves and incongruous to each other.

Perhaps the most agreeable thing about Mr. Harte is his terseness and felicitous neatness of interpretation. Like Dickens, his chief charm lies in his suggestiveness. He trusts daringly to his reader's common sense, thereby avoiding pages of tedious explanation. It requires genius to determine how much may safely be omitted; but Mr. Harte has shown himself a master. The danger lies in the fact that the author, judging from the standpoint of perfect knowledge, forgets that the reader's standpoint is only that of comparative knowledge, and assumes too much. It is Mr. Harte's tendency to omit rather than to over-explain, and he has so far erred as to render some of the later tales obscure. In the majority of cases, however, the result has been simply to heighten the effect. Indeed, Mr. Harte's method may be stamped throughout as being dramatic rather than novelistic. I doubt whether this is the highest form of method that can be used in fiction, or whether in longer work it would produce as good results. Be that as it may, Mr. Harte has proved its efficiency and value in the construction of the short story, and so far no method has given better results in that line.

But Bret Harte has himself publicly advanced the claim of being the founder of a distinct school of American literature. In spite of this fact, and also that his claim has been upheld by many eminent critics at home and abroad, I venture to assert a negative. The reason lies in this: In the close relations that have always existed between England and the United States, in the similarity between the thought, customs, manners, and civilization of the two countries, there exists an impassable barrier to the growth of anything distinctively American as

distinguished from English thought. The political separation of the two countries has produced no marked difference in feeling or in thought. The novelty of Californian life has given the color to Mr. Harte's claim. His subjects have been new and entertaining, but the dramatic and sentimental method employed in this delineation is the same in spirit as that of Dickens and his school of English novelists, and can claim nothing of true originality. Had Dickens lived in California, his impressions would have given us stories of the same spirit as Mr. Harte's. Had a Frenchman written of California, the impressions would have been equally interesting; but the style, the mental view, the critical essence would have been different and plainly noticeable; and this because his education, his hereditary tendencies, his whole conception of life, differ from those of his race neighbors. This race difference must exist before there can be a national literature. There certainly exists no such difference between England and America; and therefore Mr. Harte must be content to take his place in the ranks of English-speaking authors as a great but not a creative power in literature.

These, then, are the main characteristics of this western poet-novelist. What will be their effect in determining the permanency of Mr. Harte's fame? It cannot be said that the outlook is of the brightest. His imagination is not of the highest order, for he never dares to trust to it implicitly: certainly not in his prose, for he can do nothing in the way of continued production. No author who has depended for his fame on the ability to produce short stories, and who has produced no longer, more enduring work, has ever risen to the highest ranks of authorship. Many of Thackeray's most brilliant shorter tales were written early in his literary life; but they brought him no enduring fame, and he took no assured place in literature till the production of "Vanity Fair."

Accept Mr. Harte, then, whether as story-teller or poet, as a pioneer in western literature. So far as he has given his art to the production and delineation of Californian life, his work has all the stamp of genius and originality. I think, however, that it is in the dialect poems that he has touched the stars. But his incapacity for extended flights, together with the dilettanteism that seems to have overtaken him in London, make it a question—unpleasant to his friends—whether, when the interest in the peculiar phase of events that gave them birth shall have passed away, the present extent of his works will open to him the hearts of succeeding generations with the same friendliness and hearty sympathy that we extend to him in this.

Warren Cheney.

KIKU: A TALE OF NEW JAPAN.

I.

NESTLING down in the lap of a rugged range of mountains forming a portion of the immense chain which traverses the great island of Nippon, away to the north and west, lies a quaint and sleepy old feudal city of some six or eight thousand inhabitants. The name by which it is known to the world at large is not of consequence to those who are not acquainted with the locality; and when I speak of it as Yamazawa, I shall come so near to its true name as to enable those who do know it to clearly identify it. For many centuries, and probably for as much as a thousand years, the valley in which it lies has been renowned for the excellent quality of the silk produced in its mulberry-grounds; and to this day the district maintains the reputation it so long ago obtained as the chosen home of the silk-worm. With the exception of rice—and of that, barely sufficient for the consumption of the people—little else is grown

by the primitive valley folk; and as for manufactures, there are none.

The city itself, outside of the principal thoroughfare, bears a singularly rural aspect, and were it not for the massive walls and ruined gateways of the old castle of the feudal lords of the province, around which the town is built, it would look as little like a city as one could well imagine. This rural appearance is explained by the fact that the town is mainly composed of the dwellings of the *samurai*, or former retainers of the daimios; each house standing within its own little lot, surrounded by dwarf mulberry trees, with here and there a row of tea plants. These, in the old days, furnished a means of eking out the yearly allowance drawn from the castle; in these modern times they form the sole source of revenue of an impoverished aristocracy. Alas for the days that are dead! The glory has indeed departed, and the pride of the haughty is trailed in the dust.

When, on the overthrow of the Shogunate and the re-establishment of the rule of the Mikados, the rage set in for foreign institutions, the little principality of Yamazawa, following the example given it by the rest of Japan, set about the establishment of a school or college to be presided over by a European teacher, wherein its youth might acquire a knowledge of the mysteries of the uncouth English tongue, and learn to trace the difficult "crab-characters"—those barbarous hieroglyphics, which, contrary to all known usage, progressed (crab-like) sideways over the page, instead of from top to bottom, like civilized logograms. It was not that Yamazawa particularly desired to render itself familiar with the wisdom of the western barbarians; or that, emulous of its neighbors, it wished to keep abreast of the times—the good old times were good enough for old-world Yamazawa, and its people yearned for nothing new and nothing strange. But the great men who controlled the machinery of the government, up at the capital, had dropped a hint that the establishment of a foreign language school was a desirable thing; and in view of the recent political *bouleversement*, who was to gainsay them? So the school was established, a dwelling in what was supposed to be the European style was erected for the accommodation of the foreign teacher, and a deputation of officials was dispatched to the capital to secure the services of an English or American pedagogue.

During the years that followed, the school suffered many vicissitudes, and underwent various changes. The teachers did not as a rule make a lengthened stay, especially in the early days of the school's history; and perhaps it was as well for the pupils that they did not, for some of them were far from being proficient in the grammar of the English tongue, and were moreover addicted to the use of potent waters and the employment of profane language. As the years rolled on, however, this class of tutor gave place to one better fitted to inspire respect and esteem for the foreigner; and at the date of the beginning of this veracious history, the Yamazawa *Ei Go Gakko* was a flourishing institution, and annually turned out a respectable quota of students, qualified by their studies under a competent teacher to obtain admission to the Tokio University.

Towards the close of the year 187–, a vacancy occurred in the tutorship of the school, through the resignation of the then incumbent of the position, an American. The salary being a good one, as times went, and the duties by no means arduous, there were of course many applicants for the appointment: most of them, however, were utterly unqualified by previous training or knowledge to fill the position. The authorities of the prefecture hesitated for some time in their choice between two applicants, one of whom was at the moment engaged in a "foreign language school," in a large castle city on the sea-coast, distant a couple of hundred miles. Mr. Gilmour—for that was his name—was highly spoken of by the director and other Japanese officials of the school; and the Yamazawa board decided that he was the best man that could be had, and accordingly engaged him.

John Gilmour was by birth an Englishman, but for years he had been a wanderer, and had, in fact, not set foot on his native soil since the day he left it as a lad to seek his fortune among the islands of the South Pacific. Like that of most of the solitary waifs who gravitate toward the Far East, his career had been one of adventure and romance. He had fought the Maoris in New Zealand, engaged in the so-considered aristocratic profession of cattle-drover in Australia (where the cow-boy element has no existence), delved for diamonds in South Africa, fished for pearls in Torres Straits, whaled in the Antarctic, and edited a paper in Texas; engaging, besides, in fifty other occupations equally fraught with adventure. By the time he reached the shores of Japan, the romance of life, as he himself was wont to remark, had been pretty well knocked out of him; and he went about the world with a sort of *nil admirari* air, which was the cause of many ill-natured remarks from his fellows; and with little interest, apparently, in anything or anybody, save his horse, his dogs, and his gun.

After the embarrassment natural to the formation of a new acquaintance had worn off, his pupils got to like him immensely. In school he was a strict disciplinarian; but when the clock struck the hour of noon, and the labors of the day were ended, the severity of his aspect disappeared, and he became the genial, kind-hearted friend. The Japanese lad of the aristocratic class is a lovable fellow, whose courtly manners and grave, dignified demeanor never fail to win the respect and good will of all who come in contact with him. Much of Gilmour's leisure of an afternoon was devoted to the reception and entertainment of his young pupils, who thronged his residence within the castle grounds for hours at a time, listening to descriptions of far-off countries which the teacher had visited, or engaged in the examination of photographs and sketches made in foreign lands. At four o'clock, or earlier when he could break away, Gilmour would mount his pony and gallop off in the direction of Seki-yama or Hidare-no-toge, lofty mountain peaks situate some miles distant, from the summit of which a glorious view of the surrounding country was to be obtained; returning, perhaps, by way of one of the mineral hot springs with which the neighborhood abounds.

Whatever the direction pursued, however, on starting out from home, or the route adopted on the return, it was perfectly understood by Chō-kichi, the horse-boy —who, *more Japonico*, accompanied his master on foot—by the pony "Wind Imp," and by "Bess" and her puppies, that Higashi-machi was to be taken in on the way. Higashi-machi was a suburban hamlet just outside the city proper, through the center of which ran a bright little stream or canal, bordered by willows and shaded by gigantic old pine trees. It was not an especially remarkable place, except as the residence of the better class of *samurai*, the curved roofs and old-fashioned gables of whose dwellings might be descried above the top of the high walls of mud surmounted by tiles which secluded them from the road.

About half-way along the street stood a residence of larger proportions than the rest, from which it was further distinguished by its somewhat pretentious style of architecture, as well as by the greater air of neatness which characterized its surroundings. The spacious "compound" in which it stood was occupied, for the most part, by mulberry trees and tea shrubs, carefully ordered in rows; in the rear of the house was to be seen the indispensable turnip patch, with a few red-pepper plants and trellises of beans. Here dwelt the orphaned family of Awoyangi, a former counselor of the daimio; his death, followed by that of his wife, having occurred a few days before Gilmour came to Yamazawa.

On the expiration of the allotted period of mourning, the two sons of the dead *karo* —a tall, manly stripling of eighteen and a chubby-faced little fellow of nine—resumed their studies at the school, and after a while came under the direct tuition of Gilmour. They made rapid progress, and speedily became especial favorites. Outside of

school, there sprung up quite a friendship between master and pupils; and in his afternoon rides, Gilmour never failed to pull up the "Wind Imp" in front of the house in Higashi-machi, and indulge in a chat with the blind old grandmother and the shy little sister of sixteen, who presided over the household and discharged the duties of house-mother.

II.

The term for which Gilmour had been engaged as teacher in the Yamazawa school was drawing to an end, and it became necessary for him to decide whether or not to close with the proposition of the directors that he should continue at his post for at least another year. The old craving for excitement and adventure began once more to assert itself; he felt restless and unsettled, and experienced a longing for other scenes and a more active life. And yet he felt happy in his surroundings. He loved his pupils, and took pride in their progress and the unfolding of their intellect; he enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-officials, and was a favorite with the jolly old governor of the prefecture, with whom he often exchanged visits; he took pleasure in his walks and rides among the hills and valleys of the neighborhood, and, above all, in his friendly chats with the members of the Awoyangi family—the old granddame and the demure little maiden.

The twelve months that had passed so quickly to him since his arrival in Yamazawa had brought many changes to the household of his good friends, all fraught with sadness; though to their foreign friend the members of the family presented the same cheerful faces, and there was no sign of the care that gnawed at the hearts of the little family. Wee Fuji, a doll-like little creature of three, had fallen a victim to the prevailing scourge —cholera—during the summer, and Kentaro, the eldest lad, allured by the glowing stories told by the son of a neighbor who had visited Yokohama and thence made a voyage to the Kurile Islands, on a sea-otter hunting expedition, had given up his studies, and started off in search of the Tom Tiddler's Ground described by his friend. Little Yoshigiro, the ten-year-old, now became the legal head of the household, and, young as he was, he carried his honors and responsibilities with dignity. He, too, had been obliged to abandon his studies, his services being in request at home, where there was enough to do, what with the needs of the little farm, and the necessity of attending to the sale of the silk and the tea, to keep him fully occupied. The silk crop had been almost a failure that year, and had hardly paid for the labor; while on the other hand, the tea market was so overstocked that prices had gone down to almost nothing. Worse than all, there was a debt owing, which, ludicrously small though it would have been to many, assumed to these children the proportions of a mountain. Finally came news of the loss of the vessel in which Kentaro had sailed away to the fog-environed islands of the north—the loss of the vessel with all hands. Poor Kentaro! With what feelings of hopeful anticipation he had bidden adieu to his dear ones, looking forward to a return before the close of the year, when all debts must by law—unwritten, it is true, but none the less binding —be discharged, under pain of commercial ostracism, and other dire penalties!

Sad was the little group seated around the antique brazier of bronze, on the evening of the closing day of the year. Snow was falling without, the trees were bowed down with the weight of their fleecy burdens, and the mournful wind swept piercingly through the crevices of the shutters, chilling every one with its icy breath. The news of the loss of the vessel in which Kentaro had sailed had been received that day; and though there was a bare possibility that he had escaped death, the chances in his favor were slight. If he had only lived! There might have been a possibility of satisfying the hungry creditor, the hard and pitiless usurer into whose hands they were thrown. But it was useless repining—the gods had decreed otherwise.

"If I were to go to Musashiya, and crave

his forbearance until next summer, perhaps he would be patient with us. He knows the debt is our father's, and is witness to our efforts to discharge it." Little Kiku tried to speak up bravely, but there was a big lump in her throat, and her voice quavered.

"It would be useless, sister," said the boy; "he has no heart. It was he who was the cause of Ogaki's death, you remember. It was because of his persecution that the poor man was led to commit *hara-kiri*."

"He is a beast," broke in Také, vehemently, seizing the iron tongs; "I would kill him if he were to come here." Také was a great, fat, good-natured lump of servitude, as ugly as the crow-god, but loyally attached to her young mistress and master.

Yoshigiro smiled sadly, as he took out his father's pipe. Boys smoke in Japan as well as in America.

"I took him papa's swords, and the precious lacquered box given him by our prince, asking him to appraise them, and give me the balance due, after paying himself the amount we owe him."

"Sell dear papa's swords! How could you, Yoshigiro! Why, you know they are true Mura-masas, and have been in our family for hundreds of years. I am so glad he did not buy them. How much did he offer for them?" asked Kiku.

"You would never guess," returned Yoshigiro. "It would be impossible for you to conceive of any one offering such a price."

"Five hundred riyos?" said Kiku, inquiringly.

"He laughed my proposition to scorn; said swords were now as cheap as faggots, and ended by offering me six riyos for the pair."

"How dared he insult the memory of my father," said Kiku, indignantly, the hot blood rushing to her face. "What did you say to him in reply? What could you say?"

"I said nothing," replied the boy, calmly, tapping the bowl of his tiny pipe against the side of the brazier. "I kicked him in the face as he sat, dog that he is; and if his apprentices had not seized me, I would have sliced him to pieces with the weapon he had insulted."

"I fear you have done wrong, brother, and yet I can hardly blame you. He will be revenged on you if it be possible."

"There is no cause for alarm, sister. He will exact the amount of his debt, but will not dream of revenge. You forget he is a tradesman."

"You did well, boy; you did well," exclaimed the blind grandmother, tremblingly. "You did what your father would have done; and if you had killed him, the law would not have harmed you."

Once it was so, in the old feudal days to which the ancient lady belonged. Times are changed.

At that moment the door slid open, and the rosy face of Také-don appeared. She had vanished when the conversation commenced, and now took her place on the mats with a countenance beaming with satisfaction and delight.

"There, master," she shouted, spreading out on the floor, with huge excitement, a quantity of paper money of the total value of eleven dollars. "Take that and pay off the beast, Musashiya, and let us all be happy once more." And the dear, fat, loyal scullion, burying her face in her capacious sleeve, sobbed hysterically for very joy.

"Good Také," said Kiku, gently, greatly affected by the faithful creature's devotion; "you must take up your money. We heartily appreciate your kindness, but it is unfortunately not in your power to help us in our distress."

"Pardon, mistress, but it is. You do not understand—you are to take *all* of it. Eleven dollars, there it is!" And Také, seizing the dirty pieces of paper with nervous fingers, pressed them into the hands of her young mistress. Simple girl, it was a mint of money to her, with her monthly wage of fifty cents! "It is mine. You need have no scruples about taking it. I came honestly by it. Part I borrowed from the foreigner's groom," (and here Také turned redder than ever, for it was understood that she and Chō-kichi were more

than "cousins,") "and the rest I got from the pawn-shop man, who has borrowed my silk dress and girdle."

Yoshigiro pulled out his nose-paper, and blew a loud blast, and little Kiku threw herself on the broad bosom of the faithful domestic, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Dear Také, you do not comprehend. Our debt is far beyond the amount you so generously offer. We need as much as two hundred riyos to satisfy Musashiya."

A despairing shriek burst from the throat of the astounded servant-maid, and she fell back on the mats in a swoon. Two hundred dollars! Why, there wasn't as much money in the whole of Higashi-machi!

"Kiku," said the old granddame, hesitatingly, "perhaps if we were to ask the foreign gentleman, he might help us over our troubles. He must be enormously wealthy, for I hear he is paid as much as a hundred and fifty gold dollars every month." The old lady sighed heavily at the thought of so much money abroad and so much poverty at home.

"Kind, good, friend that he is! I know he would be only too happy to lend us his assistance. But I would never consent to it, never!" exclaimed the boy proudly. "We are *samurai*, and he is—a foreigner!"

Kiku looked reproachfully at the little fellow, and left the room.

"Foreigners have hearts just like ours, I do believe," returned the old lady, "notwithstanding all that is said about them. If you were to offer *him* your father's swords as security until we could repay him, perhaps he would advance the money. It is our only hope. Pride must disappear in the presence of necessity."

The boy bent over the brazier, tracing strange figures in the glowing coals, and painfully revolving the pros and cons of the argument in his weary young brain. Ask a foreigner for a loan; on security, too, of his father's arms? Never! And yet this foreigner was so different from all the other foreigners he had ever met. So kind, so gentle, so good! Yoshigiro jumped up from the mats and arranged his girdle.

"I will ask him, grandmother," he said; and drawing on his straw over-shoes, he opened the door and went out in the direction of the school.

"What has become of Yoshigiro?" inquired Kiku, as she re-entered the room.

"He has gone to the foreigner's," replied the old woman. It was not necessary to mention the object of his errand.

A sigh escaped the lips of Kiku—whether of relief or pain, it would be hard to tell. She sat down by the side of her grandmother, and put her arms around the old lady's neck.

"I have been trying to pray, *o-baba*, but the words were strangled ere they could gain utterance. O, how much I envy you, dear grandma! But a little while longer to stay on this weary earth; while for me"—and the poor girl burst into a torrent of grief.

The noisy barking of the house-dog proclaimed the approach of a stranger, and the voice of some one was heard outside, demanding admittance. Kiku dried her tears and opened the door. By the dim rays of the night-light, she perceived the form of a man, muffled up in a red blanket, a favorite substitute for a cloak with the country people. Removing his straw snow-shoes, the visitor stepped up on the mats. It was Musashiya, the usurer.

"Good evening, ladies, and the compliments of the season to you," he said, kneeling down in the abject posture assumed by the lower class when saluting their superiors, and bowing his head till it touched the floor.

Kiku's face blanched. "It is the usurer, grandmother," she whispered.

Musashiya grinned diabolically, and took from his bosom a wallet, from which he extracted a document bearing a large stamp in red ink.

"*He'h!*" he ejaculated, with the peculiar sibillant inspiration of the Japanese tradesman, intended to express deference. "Your ladyship is doubtless aware that this is the last day of the twelfth month. *He'h!* And as your ladyship did not call at my humble place to settle the amount of this note, I

have made bold to call on your ladyship to receive the amount. *He'h!* Two hundred and fourteen dollars ninety-four cents and six *mon.* *He'h!*"

"It is not the last day of the twelfth month, liar and thief," fiercely exclaimed the old patrician, as she rose to her feet excitedly. "It wants two months of the end of the year, and well you know it."

"*He'h!* But your ladyship will be good enough to observe that since the advent of the barbarous-foreign-man the calendar has been changed, and the year now assimilates with that of the Westerns. *He'h!*"

"He speaks truly, grandmother. The people may continue to cling to their ancient habits and customs, but the law recognizes only the new order of things; and according to the law, it is the last day of the year."

"*He'h!* Your ladyship is correct. Did the ear of your ladyship catch the amount of the bill? The interest is reckoned at the rate of two per cent. per month, the sum due to date being—"

"We cannot pay you, sir," said Kiku, tearfully, once more seating herself by the side of the old woman, as if for protection. "At least, not now. It is possible that before midnight we may be in a position to discharge a portion or even the whole of the debt; but at the moment we can give you nothing."

"Good," said the usurer, returning the note to its former receptacle. "I will come again—half an hour before midnight. I have one or two more clients to see, and will call in on my way back."

"We will not put you to the trouble of calling, sir. If we are successful in procuring the money, my brother will take it to your house."

"I largely thank you. But I must needs come again, as there will be some business to transact, in the event of the money not being forthcoming. As to the young master—he has not left Yamazawa?"

"He has gone to the house of a friend, hoping to be able to procure the means to pay you. I expect him immediately; if you will wait—"

"That is a thing impossible," returned the usurer, hastily rising and resuming his blanket. "I shall without doubt see him on my return, however. Meanwhile, I pray you make my respects to him." And resuming his snow-shoes, the usurer bowed himself out, leaving the maiden and her grandmother to their sorrowful reflections.

He had hardly got clear of the house, when Yoshigiro returned. No need to inquire how he had fared on his errand; his countenance told the tale.

The foreigner had gone off on horseback, no one knew whither, and was not expected to return for several days.

The brother and sister looked at each other in stony despair. Their last hope was shattered; they had nowhere to look for help.

If the kind, good foreigner was only at home! For *her* sake, she whispered to herself, he would—and then a flush overspread her wan cheeks, and she chid herself for the half-formed thought.

"Go to your rest, brother dear," she said at length, raising the boy from the mats on which he had flung himself down, sobbing. "And you too, grandmother; it is long past your hour." Then bending over the blind old woman, she whispered a request that the lad might be kept ignorant of the visit of the usurer, and gently led the two sorrow-stricken mortals—the child of ten and the decrepit old woman of seventy—to the sleeping apartments in the rear of the house. This done, she sat down by the kitchen fire, to brood over her misfortunes, and prepare herself for the ordeal which awaited her.

The wind moaned without, the snow continued to fall, and it was growing bitterly cold. As she rose to replenish the fire, her eyes fell on what was apparently a heap of clothes rolled up in a corner. It was Také, the serving-maid, sound asleep, and blessed, it would seem, with happy dreams; for she was murmuring to herself and laughing softly.

The minutes slipped by. The antique timepiece on the wall struck the hour which knelled the death of the old year, but the

usurer came not. Overcome by grief and distress, Kiku's head drooped on her bosom as she sat by the fire, and she too dreamed. Dreamed of a far, strange country, a pleasant and bountiful land, where every one appeared cheerful and happy. Of a beautiful home, which it seemed to her was her own. Of a loving husband and a darling little one. Of—

The warning bark of the faithful watch-dog again smote on the crisp midnight air, and Kiku started up from the floor. Musashiya had not forgotten his appointment.

The door slid back, and the usurer entered. He was not alone. There entered with him a sinister-looking man of middle age, with a hang-dog look, and a hard mouth. Kiku's face paled, and a terrible fear took possession of her. It was Kashiwamura, the new chief of police, a man feared and detested by the people, and known as a tool of the usurer's.

Yoshigiro's quarrel with Musashiya flashed on the girl, and she began to dread the worst.

The police officer unbuckled his sword-belt, and laid the weapon down by his side, while the usurer seated himself by the brazier, motioning authoritatively to Kiku to take her place by his side. His former attitude of respect and humility had vanished, and he was inclined to be insolent.

Without speaking a word, he took out his wallet, and producing the bill, laid it down in front of the girl.

The world seemed slipping from her. She looked around pitifully; there was none by to help or encourage. She gazed into the countenance of the usurer: it was merciless; into the eyes of the officer of the law: they were stony.

At last she spoke: "We cannot pay you. Do your worst."

The money-lender said nothing. He took up the document, and folding it carefully, replaced it in his breast.

A meaning look was exchanged between the usurer and the official. It was the latter's turn to speak.

"The young master—has he returned?" Kiku made no reply. She gazed into the impassive face of the man, like a hunted animal.

"I want him," he continued, in slow measured tones. "This good citizen charges him with a deadly assault on his person; which, fortunately for him, did not end as he intended. Shall I call in my men to convey him to the prison, or would you prefer to accompany him?"

Kiku moved backward a little, and bowed herself down before the low-born money-lender. Musashiya laughed, and put his hand on her head.

The girl shrunk from him with a shiver of disgust. "Is there no hope?" she asked. "Have you no pity? Think of your own family, your children!"

The money-lender took out his pipe, and stooped to light it at the embers.

"There *is* a way of discharging the debt," he said, in tones so low that they could not be overheard by the official; "and at the same time purchasing indemnity for the assault put upon me by that high-spirited beggar, your brother." And he looked at the girl meaningly.

A vague terror took possession of her.

"Name it," she said, in unsteady tones.

He bent over her, and whispered something in her ear.

"Not here," he added, hurriedly, as she started back. "Not in Yamazawa. I am going to the capital, where gold is plentiful, and beauty commands a price. Give yourself to me, to dispose of as I will, and I will cancel the indebtedness of your dead father, and give you back his obligation."

"Man, you do not know what you ask of me. You forget I am a *samurai*, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand heroes. Were my father alive, you would not dare—"

He interrupted her impatiently: "Come, Kashiwamura San, we need waste no more of our time. This young lady prefers her own happiness to that of her brothers and her blind grandmother, and has no regard for the honor of her dead father. Time was when a daughter considered it a duty and a privilege to offer herself as a living sacrifice

on the altar of filial piety; but our country has been given over to the foreign devils and their odious customs, and such a state of things has passed away."

The official slowly arose, and buckling on his sword, looked inquiringly around, in search of the chamber of Yoshigiro.

Kiku raised her head from the floor. "To Tokio, did you say? You do not ask me to remain here in Yamazawa?" Musashiya nodded, and proceeded to wrap himself up in his blanket.

"Grant me a respite, in the name of all that is pitiful! Give me if it be but one day, that I may try and realize—O, I cannot believe that you mean it! I, Kiku, the daughter of the *karo* of Yamazawa! I will not consent—I cannot—it is impossible! I will kill myself first! Sir, you have your answer!"

"*Yoroshii.* Good. Kashiwamura San, the sleeping-rooms are on your left. You will find the boy there; call in your men and bind him."

The official clapped his hands as a signal, the door opened, and three police officers, wearing overcoats of straw and large hats, entered, and proceeded to divest themselves of their snow-covered garments.

Kiku arose and advanced towards the usurer. "When do you propose to convey me to the capital?" she asked steadily. She was shy, timid little Kiku no longer. For the sake of her boy-brother and her blind old grandmother!

"To-morrow being New-Year's Day, I cannot well depart, much as I should wish to do so; but next day, at dawn—"

"I shall be ready," said Kiku, calmly. "Do not fear; I will not fail you."

The usurer drew out his inkhorn and a roll of paper, and was about to draw up an agreement. Kiku asked him what it meant.

Musashiya explained. It was a business transaction, he said, and it was always better to have an agreement recorded in due form; especially in such cases.

"I have given my word," she said proudly. "The word of the daughter of Awoyangi Saburo. That is enough."

The usurer made his obeisance and departed; his tool and the constables followed.

When they had gone, Kiku prostrated herself in front of the *Butzu-dana*, the household altar, on which the memorial tablets of departed relatives are deposited, and prayed to the gods for strength to support her in the hour of trial.

Oh, if the foreigner would only return! It would not be too late, even to-morrow. Alas! there was no hope. Wretched, tortured Kiku! What a fate! what a fate!

III.

The first week of the new year was drawing to a close. The snow lay thick upon the ground, but the weather was pleasant and the temperature mild. Towards sunset of Saturday, the sixth day of the new year, the cheery yelp of "Bess" and her puppies broke on the ears of the dwellers in Higashimachi, announcing the return of Gilmour and his companions from their lengthened excursion. Arrived at the fork of the road which offered a choice of routes in the direction of home, the dogs betrayed no uncertainty as to the one to be taken. Long before the "Wind Imp" and his rider came in sight of the door of the well-known dwelling, they had arrived at the goal, and were engaged in the discussion of some fish-bones which had been carelessly left about by the canine guardian of the premises. Chōkichi, the horse-boy, had been sent on ahead to announce the master's coming, and prepare his bath. All were in excellent spirits, delighted with their return home. As for Gilmour, he reveled in anticipation of the fun he promised himself with Yoshigiro and Kiku, for whom he had purchased some pretty trinkets, as gifts in honor of the new year.

His trip into the mountains had given him opportunity for reflection on the knotty question of the renewal or otherwise of his engagement with the Yamazawa school directors. He had decided to stay another six months, at all events—by which time the elder of his boy friends, Kentarō, would

doubtless have returned from his wild-goose chase among the Kuriles, and he could leave little Kiku in safe hands. Sweet little Kiku! How he loved her! In a fatherly sort of way, of course. He was quite old enough to be her father, and though he tried to banish the thought as ridiculous and altogether too sentimental to be entertained by such an old fogy as himself, he could not help hugging the thought that Kiku regarded him with kindly feelings, not exactly of a filial nature!

The "Wind Imp" knew the Awoyangi place quite as well as his master, and required no hint to halt on reaching the gateway. Gilmour threw the reins over the pony's neck, and leaping down from his back, ran up to the door, with a cheery New-Year's salutation.

Strange! No one to meet and welcome him, as usual! Where was Yoshigiro? Where was the plump Také? Where was Kiku? He pushed open the door and entered. The room was empty. He called, but no one answered. He searched the whole house—there was not a soul to be seen. Most strange! What could have happened? Had the family given up the house and left the city, or had they merely gone out on a visit? He would doubtless learn the news on reaching home, so he mounted the impatient "Wind Imp," and broke into a trot in the direction of the school.

At the end of the street leading towards his home, he was stopped by Chōkichi. The face of the groom heralded evil tidings.

"What is it?" demanded Gilmour. "What has happened? Has the house burned down?"

"Worse," groaned Chōkichi, desperately clutching at his master's coat. "She's gone. Kiku, the *himé*, the beautiful princess—gone!"

"Gone where, you damned fool," cried Gilmour, breaking into vigorous Anglo-Saxon in his excitement. "What do you mean—where has she gone? Speak, you idiot, or I'll brain you on the spot!"

"Gone to Tokio, with Musashiya. To be sold to pay her father's debt, and save Yoshigiro from prison. O, *danna*, *danna*, you will save her, will you not? The foreigner is rich, and can rescue the poor little maiden from that dreadful place. *Danna*, you and I and the 'Wind Imp' can do it—we three. Let us start now; instantly. They have already been gone a week, but the 'Wind Imp' is a Soma steed, and will carry you to the capital in time to rescue the *himé!* O, that I had that Musashiya in these hands, *chikusho* that he is! Master, is it yes?"

Gilmour had dismounted, and was gazing at the horse-boy, stupefied, and utterly unable to realize the incredible intelligence. Dropping the reins, he made a dart for Chōkichi, and seizing him by the throat, dashed him to the ground.

"You scoundrel, you drunken thief, how dare you come to me with your villainous, lying tales?"

"Gilmour *San*," whispered a sad young voice at his elbow. He turned. It was the boy Yoshigiro.

"He speaks only what is true, sir. He is sober enough. Kiku has been taken away to Tokio by Musashiya; to be sold to the harlots. And you and I and Chōkichi are going to Tokio, too, to slay Musashiya—and avenge dear Kiku. I have been waiting for you here ever since she left; except for one day, when I had to go up to the house, because of grandmother. I could not stay at home after that, you know."

"My poor lad, be of good cheer. God willing, we will snatch Kiku out of the flames even yet, if hard riding and money will do it. But I must go alone. Chōkichi cannot keep up with the 'Wind Imp' on such a journey; and you, good lad, must stay at home and comfort grandmother."

"Grandmother is in no need of comfort from me, teacher. She died two days ago. It killed her."

Gilmour swore a terrible oath of vengeance on the wretch who had been the cause of all this woe. But there was no time to be lost. He must ride hard and fast, if he hoped to overtake the doomed maiden and the wretch who had bought her,

soul and body. A week's start, and a journey of two hundred miles in prospect, over mountains covered deep with snow. It seemed an utterly hopeless attempt, a mad scheme on the very face of it.

He could not start before morning. It was impossible to travel in the night; the track was difficult to find even in daylight, covered as the roads were with snow. Chōkichi received orders to groom the "Wind Imp," and get him into form for his race for a life. The faithful follower needed no tutoring. He had his failings—a fondness for his master's whisky being, perhaps, the worst of them—but he was honest and stanch, and as true-hearted a lad as ever crossed a pony's back. He had been in Gilmour's service ever since the Englishman's arrival in the country, first as jinrikisha-puller and afterwards as groom and handy-man, and was known far and wide as the swiftest runner and the most untiring *betto*[1] of the whole Oshiu-kaido.

Long before the gray dawn began to overspread the heavens, the "Wind Imp" was brought to the door, and a light valise strapped in front of the saddle. Out into the clear, frosty air stepped Gilmour, booted and spurred, and wearing a short riding-jacket, but no cloak or overcoat. Every ounce of weight was a consideration on such a journey, and excitement would help to make the rider forget the cold. Little Yoshigiro begged hard to be taken along, but it was out of the question; there was not another horse within a hundred miles that could keep pace with the "Wind Imp." As the Englishman leaped into the saddle, Chōkichi appeared upon the scene, attired for the journey. His clothing consisted simply of a loin-cloth and a pair of thick cotton socks, his *kimono* or robe being folded up tightly and strapped across his shoulders.

"What does this mean?" inquired his master, as Chōkichi placed himself in an attitude of readiness to bound off in advance of the "Wind Imp."

[1] As has been mentioned, the Japanese groom always accompanies his master on foot. A good *betto* will keep up with a fast pony during a long day's journey, in the most wonderful way.

"Pray excuse me, master, but I am going, too. What the 'Wind Imp' can do, I can do. We three will save the *himé!*"

"You fool! You do not know what you are talking about! Get back to the house and look to it while I'm gone. Get out of my way, or by God I'll run you down!" As he spoke he gave the "Wind Imp" a tremendous blow with the spurs. The frantic beast plunged madly forward, knocking over the unfortunate groom, and in a moment horse and rider were out of sight, speeding away on their errand of life and death; for Gilmour well knew that Kiku would never survive the dishonor which had been forced upon her.

The usurer and his victim, it was learned, had departed by a route over the mountains which, though a very difficult one at the best of seasons, had this advantage: it led directly on to the high road, which was generally in passable condition for jinrikishas, those useful wheeled vehicles which have created such a revolution in passenger locomotion throughout the islands of Japan. A very heavy fall of snow had occurred, however, since their departure, and as no mails had arrived from the capital for several days, it was surmised that the roads in that direction were blocked. Gilmour therefore decided on adopting another route, leading in a southerly direction, and striking the main road considerably below the outlet of the one taken by the usurer. This route, it was true, was much longer than the other, and was for the most part but a mere mountain-track; but it was in better condition, and in less danger of being rendered impassable. As it was, it was "Hobson's choice," and he could only trust to luck and to the "Wind Imp."

Fortune favored him the first day. He had several steep acclivities to climb, and one formidable peak to surmount, but fortunately the passes were tolerably free from snow, and he made good progress. He halted for the night at a castle-town a considerable distance from Yamazawa, putting up at an inn where he was well known, with strict orders that he was to be called at dawn.

An hour before daylight, while the sky was still ablaze with stars, he had finished breakfast, and was ready for another start. He found the "Wind Imp" at the door, saddled, and ready for the road.

Something familiar in the appearance of the man who held the pony's head induced Gilmour to take a step forward and look into the fellow's face. It was Chōkicki! The poor lad bowed humbly to the ground, and begged his master's pardon—for daring to disobey orders, and run naked through the snow, a distance of forty miles, for the sweet sake of the little maiden Kiku! Not a word was exchanged between the two, but a tear stood in the eye of one, and the other saw it and felt more than recompensed for all he had undergone.

Sunset of the following evening found them on the summit of a lofty peak, on which an aged couple had erected a miserable hut, in the hope of gaining a few stray "cash" from travelers who passed that way. But little progress had been made that day, for in the valleys the snow had drifted in huge banks, and the road had to be guessed. Gilmour was thankful, however, for having progressed even as well as he had, and looked forward to better work on the following day. The worst of the journey was over. The track thence was all down grade, and by next night he hoped to be on the main road, and then— His ardor soon received a check. The old mountaineer, a man of seventy, who had been born amongst the hills, and had passed his life among them, predicted another heavy snow-storm. It might last for a week—at all events, it would prove an obstacle in the way of their departure for days. Further delay would certainly be fatal to Gilmour's plans. After a hurried consultation with Chōkichi, it was resolved to push on through the night, with the hope of being able to escape out of the mountains before the storm set in. The valise was opened, and a flask of brandy extracted from it. The liquor was converted into a bowl of steaming grog, and equally divided among the three—Gilmour, Chōkichi, and the "Wind Imp"—the last of the trio seeming to enjoy his allowance as much as any one. A paper lantern was borrowed, and Chōkichi stepped out bravely ahead, followed by his master, leading the pony. It was a desperate venture, and Gilmour knew it. The old couple shook their heads, and protested that it meant certain death.

All through the long night the little party fought its way through the snow-drifts; crossing swollen streams on frail bridges of pine boughs, and crawling along the edges of dizzy precipices. Pluck conquered, and daylight brought to view the castle and dwellings of Shirakawa. They had distanced the storm and reached the main road, and now all was plain sailing! A halt of an hour was made, and the "Wind Imp's" legs bathed with hot water. Both Chōkichi and his master were well-nigh spent with fatigue, but neither had any thought of rest, and once more the route was taken, and the lofty pine trees which lined the road one by one disappeared behind the rider. Chōkichi was soon left in the rear; the pony was too fast for him. But on the following morning he was at his post in front of the inn where his master had taken a brief but absolutely necessary rest; there he was, holding the "Wind Imp" by the head; worn, but cheerful and confident. News had been heard of the usurer and his precious charge. They, too, had been overtaken by the snow, and had passed along only on the morning previous. There was hope of overtaking them ere they reached the capital.

Once more into the saddle. The whole town had turned out of bed to catch a sight of the mad foreigner and his demon pony, riding to outstrip time and fate! What devils these foreigners were, to be sure, remarked the staid townsmen! But they gave the party a hearty yell by way of farewell, as the "Wind Imp" leaped into the wall of gray mist; and with a cry, like that of an eager hound, as an answer, Chôkichi bounded forward after the brave steed, and disappeared from view.

What need to tell of the last hours of the race? Of the delays and dangers that were experienced through the carrying away

of the bridges and ferry-boats that crossed the broad and swift waters which every now and then checked their progress? At four o'clock on the fourth day the goal began to heave in sight. The crematory furnaces of Asakusa came into view, and the gate of "the pleasure quarter" was passed; and on they passed through long, broad streets, lined with lofty houses, four and five stories high, filled with poor, wretched women whose souls had been barted for gold.

It was growing dark, and the dealers in women's souls were beginning to light their lamps, the better to display their wares. The "Wind Imp's" pace had been reduced to a trot, and Chōkichi ran on in front, crying out to the people to clear the way. Suddenly there was a crash and a shriek, and a confused heap of something human fell under the "Wind Imp's" feet, groaning and moaning, and writhing in agony. It was poor Chōkichi. Just as he reached a crossing, a jinrikisha, drawn by two men, and driving at a furious pace, had turned the corner, and struck him full in the chest. Weak and exhausted with his race against time as he was, he had been unable to get out of the way, and there he lay in the muddy roadway, struck down at the moment when victory seemed assured.

The occupant of the vehicle jumped out, and Chōkichi gave him a ghastly smile of recognition! It was Kentaro, escaped from the jaws of death in the Kuriles, and returned with enough money, his share of the proceeds of sea-otter and black-fox skins, to extricate them from all their difficulties, and leave enough for a glorious New-Year's jollification—the old style New-Year, of course—besides. He was in the act of leaving the city for Yamazawa, knowing nothing, poor lad, of the dreadful events of the past month. In few words, Gilmour acquainted him with the sad truth, and turned to attend to Chōkichi. He was not to be seen; had crawled to his feet, some one said, and limped off, assisted by a woman; whither, no one seemed to know.

The woman was—who do you think? Dear, fat, pudding-faced, loyal Také! She had accompanied her unfortunate mistress to the capital, being enabled to do so, thanks to the eleven dollars she had so generously proffered, for the satisfying of the *chikusho* Musashiya. With a joyful shriek, she once more appeared on the scene, seizing Gilmour by the arm, and weeping with excess of joy.

"*Hi-i-i-i!* I knew he would come—the devil-foreigner—to save dear little Kiku! Come, come; I will lead you to her at once. She is expecting you; she said you would come!"

Pushing their way through the crowd, Gilmour and Kentaro followed their faithful guide, and soon reached the house of which they were in quest—a huge structure of five stories, of imposing exterior.

Leaping up the narrow stairway, Gilmour found his way into a large room on the second floor, guided by the cry of a female voice which he recognized as Kiku's. Musashiya was endeavoring to drag her off to another apartment. Gilmour sprung on him like a tiger, and catching him by the throat and waistband, threw him bodily down the steep stairs. As luck would have it, a detachment of six constables, who had been sent to arrest the foreigner for creating a disturbance, were in the act of ascending the stairway, and the unfortunate wight fell on the top of the whole posse, and was promptly arrested and carried off to jail.

In the excitement, Chōkichi had been forgotten by everybody—except Také. He was found lying on the mats of a rear room below, his faithful head pillowed on the scullion's breast, and the life-blood welling out of his lips. A native physician had been called in, but said he could do nothing. The "Wind Imp's" hoofs had struck the lad in a vital place; he was doomed!

He smiled feebly, on beholding his master; a radiant smile of satisfaction and triumph.

"We did it, master; we saved the *himé!* We three—you, and the "Wind Imp," and I—Chōkichi, the swiftest runner on the Oshiu Kai-do!"

Také uttered a despairing cry, and threw

herself on the poor mangled form. Chōkichi's race was run, and—he had won!

I know a man in Japan who professes to believe that coolies have no souls. I shall make it my business to see that this story catches his eye, and I hope he will read it. It is a true one.

Henry Liddell.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If only I could turn the pages back
And see once more, with girlhood's fearless eyes,
The dear old visions 'neath the dear old skies,
This time no strength or purpose life should lack.
The grace, the power, the beauty that I meant
Should all come true before the shadows fall;
And yet—how can I tell?—the day is spent:
What thing were best I know not, after all.

I thought I knew, while falling tears were wet,
The one fair blossom in my world was dead:
That my discouraged feet must sadly tread
A lengthening pathway till the sun should set.
But now I know a wisdom more than mine
Denied the gift I longed my own to call—
And tender lights through distant darkness shine:
'Twas better so: I see it, after all.

And now—I falter when I fain would say
I wish for this or that to change or end,
Though still the opening road will farther tend
From all I dreamed or sought that olden day.
Though blossomed visions bear no fruit at last,
Yet gold and red the autumn leaves will fall,
And life is brighter for the spring-time past:
I only wait the message, after all.

Mabel S. Emery.

CURRENT COMMENT.

In The Overland Monthly, Vol. I., No. 1 (July, 1868), in Mr. Harte's introductory editorial, occur the following words:

"It falls to my lot at the very outset to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called The Overland Monthly? It would perhaps be easier to say why it was *not* called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how "Pacific Monthly" is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston "Atlantic"; how the "West," "Wide West," and "Western" are already threadbare, and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how "Occidental" and "Chrysopolis" are but cheap pedantry, and "Sunset," "Sundown," "Hesper," etc., cheaper sentiment; how "California"—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering Indian tribes; do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco, to Oakland, to Sacramento, even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the *termini*? And where our people travel, that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement? and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?"

The editorial department of the same issue closes with a comment on the rapidity of Pacific life, the changes that a returned Californian finds, and the now well-known poem, "Returned." Never has any other returned Californian had more reason to exclaim over changes than The Overland Monthly. In looking back to its last sight of the coast, in December, 1875, it finds many and many a new thread to be picked up with the scattered many of old experience, and woven into the place of the lost ones; but still more, in looking back to its first arrival here—not fifteen years ago!—does the contrast between those two greetings, the change both in the greeter and the greeted, seem as great—and this to a magazine, compounded of many personalities, and endowed with potential immortality—as it could ever seem to any single-lived human being. For it was after the foundation of The Overland in 1868, and before its suspension with the close of the year 1875, that the first volume of Pacific history—at least, as regards literary matters—was closed and shelved. The Granger demonstration of 1873 and 1874, not in itself of great importance in the intellectual history of our coast, was yet the visible sign and tide mark of a change in the character of our population that has worked a perfect revolution in all the conditions of the literary and educational problem here.

The first trumpet of Californian immigration called to a remarkable class of young men—the bright, brave, and ardent of many professions, the flower of an older civilization, who came hither, not as most pioneers seek a new country, because of restlessness and the notion that the distant must be better than the near, but because the fine ideals of society that possess such young men seemed more possible of fulfillment on such a noble virgin soil as this than under the existing conditions of even the best eastern community. They came to look after the interests of education here, of religion, of literature. They found a stimulating climate, a generous people, ready to say, "You go ahead and give us the best schools"—or the best scientific survey, or whatever it might be—"to be had, and send the bill to us." In those days, all the better classes of the community made common cause. There were struggles with the lawless class; but childhood's distinctions of "good" and "bad" would nearly have covered our lines of caste and clan. The college alumni of the coast came together almost by natural impulse, and the records of these "Associated Alumni" meetings are pleasant reading to us of later advent. Lawyers, preachers, teachers, merchants, all recognizing their training as a fraternal tie, all pulling together for the intellectual good of the State; a spirit of mutual liking and confidence, a sympathy as to ends sought, a unanimity as to means: it is

quite idyllic from the point of view of 1875 or 1883. There came other men later, as good as the best of these pioneers, but never such a group of them; and, meanwhile, with the opening of the railroad and the advent of many of the good things of older communities came the great perplexity of these older communities—a large, miscellaneous population. Not only did the "old guard" of education and literature lose in numerical proportion to the rest of the community; it lost in actual numbers, as one after another reached the bound of life: and with the breaking down of barriers that had shut its members in to each other, it lost in power to draw to it and weld into a fighting phalanx with itself the new arrivals. When Harvard men were in easy communication with Harvard men the world over, and Yale men with Yale men, and Princeton men with Princeton men, they no longer turned to each other for companionship and helping hands; social and party lines increased; sects grew stronger within themselves, and pulled together less. The later immigrants, who came by rail, never shared the blind enthusiasm for California of their predecessors: *they* had not left father and mother and cloven to her only, and they were not prepared to believe that everything that was Californian was best, or resolved that everything that was best should be Californian. Those who had been unfortunate in "early days," but cheerfully believed that their turn must soon come—since this was California, the land of success—had found their faith worn out after twenty-five years. The time came, too, for the close of the mining "boom," and the entrance of this coast into the world's family of business communities, subject to the working of universal economic laws, and no longer able to follow risky ways of its own that brought sudden fortunes, and reverses that perhaps might change to successes in a year; and it is only human nature that the necessity of safe ways of business has preceded the habit.

It was, as we have said, in the Granger movement of 1873 and 1874 that the first conspicuous demonstration was made of these changes in the make-up and spirit of our population. Later, it was the co-operation of this same respectable, law-abiding, blundering element with the dangerous class of the cities that gave weight to the Kearney episode, and passed the new Constitution. They were feeling on their own shoulders the pressure of difficulties that came from economic causes more complex and far-reaching than they could guess; and they were just waking with dismay and anger from their dream that in California fortune would drop into every one's hands: and the sight of the great and quickly amassed wealth that was before their eyes in the same community was an irritation that made the uneducated among them sore and jealous beyond the ordinary jealousy of the uneducated classes toward all that seemed to belong to more favored men—toward the higher education, toward literary pursuits, toward the learned professions. One need only read the country papers of the summer months of 1874 to see how easily they were instigated into a frantic clamor against the University that would be most ludicrous if it had not been fruitful of evil; and, though that clamor died of its own farcical absurdity, the same spirit lingers in a widespread sullenness and dislike toward the College—that college that in the earlier days was the joy and boast of the Californian heart, and was almost regarded as the best thing of the sort in the world.

Of the political and industrial aspects of the past and future we have nothing to say in this connection, except as we have touched on them in speaking of the complex chain of causes that puts into our hands so different a problem from that laid before a magazine in 1868. In politics, in business, in education, and in literature, the early days are over; we are no longer a kingdom in ourselves, and we must do as other people do, working for what we get, struggling with the problems of society, and the complexities of a large population: the golden age is over, and the iron age begun; the child has grown up, and the time of romance is past, and the difficulties, the perplexities, and work-day realities of other grown-up communities are upon him. The sooner we realize this, the better. No good ever comes of clinging to the skirts of the vanishing old: still less, of trying to pretend that it is not vanishing. However affectionately The Overland may linger and look back to its former sojourn here, its real hold is on the future. It must live for the Pacific coast of to-day and to-morrow; not for that of yesterday. It numbers among its contributors enough of the old corps to insure continuity; but if we should present here a list of the contributors of 1868–1875, duly marked with deaths, the reader's eye would follow down a perfect constellation of asterisks. Others, who wrote as ardent young people, now sober, middle-aged men and women, have lost the habit or desire of handling the long-unused pen; others are old, infirm, and done with work; others have filled their hearts and time with new interests. It is to the yet unknown writers that we must owe our future. Somewhere, East or West, in schools and colleges, on farms, in offices, are the great novelists and essayists and poets and scholars of the next generation; at any moment one may step out into the magazine lists, and—according to the habit of geniuses in real life—he will come handling his weapons feebly, not quite aware of their power or how to use them, and the critics will have their doubts of him. But we who, like Arthur, look to the young knights for the Lancelots of the future, and know that at the first tournament Galahad may not handle his weapons so much better than the many for whom no greatness waits, bespeak for immature possibilities that will be fulfilled and immature possibilities

that will prove delusive, the sympathy and interest of the Lancelots and Bediveres, whose well-known shields appear in the same lists.

We start at ebb-tide: perhaps that is all the better, for when the tide turns we shall go up with it instead of down, as befell the old Overland. The transition between "early days" and the new dispensation in California will be fairly accomplished before many years; and this period of conflicting tendencies and uncertain possibilities of good or evil is just the time that a voice is most needed among us for literature and education, for calm and non-partisan public action, for civilizing and refining pursuits; just the time that it is well young people should have an opportunity to find whether literary ability is in them, and take themselves from the quarreling many to quieter pursuits; that there should be some public expression of the best thought and most intelligent sort of life in the State to represent us fairly in the East; that there should be a common ground of intellectual interest to make a bond between the various castes and clans and cliques of people now pulling in different ways or forgetting each other's existence, in the various branches of the struggle toward the highest civilization. None the less, it is just the time that a magazine enterprise has the heaviest odds to work against, in the abstracted condition of the public interest, and the irritated or despondent condition of the public temper. The Overland succumbed once in part to these conditions; "The Californian" was begun and continued under them; and the revived Overland still has to meet the same odds. The fact that it does so, shows how profound is the conviction in the minds of its friends that the magazine is necessary to the best good of the coast; how tenacious the resolution to have it succeed. There is often more hope of success for an enterprise that starts against the odds than for one that starts with them; for it argues that there was great reason for the undertaking, great courage, and much determination. We may as well say at the outset, that our aim for The Overland is that it shall be as good as the best magazine in America, and that we do not propose to hamper our aspirations by any pretense—to ourselves or the public—that it is so until it is. We do not expect or wish to make a great financial success of it: "the development of the country" is the end for which it exists; we strive for only as much financial success as is a necessary means to that end. And with the hope of recurring to the subject of our magazine and its prospects in congratulatory tones a year from now, we wish to all our readers a happy New-Year, and ask of them the same wish for The Overland.

The "tidal wave," as the newspapers figuratively style the great success of the Democrats in the elections of November 7th, has most certainly dazed the active politicians. If it had been confined to this State alone, they might have been content to put it down to the "machine" in the Republican convention, or to the Sunday-law plank, or to both together. But when, on the same day, Massachusetts elects such an unsavory renegade from the Republican party as General Butler, and New York changes from a Republican majority in 1880 of 44,000 to a Democratic majority of nearly 200,000; when the Stalwarts and Independents are both beaten in Pennsylvania; when even in such Republican strongholds as Michigan, Kansas, and Colorado Democratic governors are elected; and, in addition, New Jersey, Indiana, and our own State change front—it becomes necessary to look deeper than mere local irritation for the causes of the revolution.

Probably the most infallible sign of decrepitude in a party is when the best it can offer the voters is a recapitulation of its past achievements. Unfortunately for the Republicans, this was almost entirely their claim for popular support during the campaign just gone by. The average voter, upon whom party ties in peaceful times sit lightly, asked for a distinctive policy for the future. He was answered with the "record" of the party during the war, and the stormy years immediately after its close. It is forgotten that since Fort Sumter was fired upon a whole generation of voters has been born, and are now beginning to take an active part in public affairs; to whom, when you speak of the war, you suggest the idea of remoteness, of something distinctively past. These new men, it is true, are not likely to have, as yet, clearly defined demands; they are apt to fall in with the party leanings of their families, or neighborhoods, or associates; still they have a strong inclination for the new, and especially want a fresh battle-cry. Add to these the large number who, though born before the war, have only begun to take an active interest in politics during the past ten years, and there is a vast body of men who, if not openly, are yet secretly longing for something fresh in policy and action.

It has been evident since 1874, when the country so decidedly expressed its dissatisfaction with the Grant *régime*, that the great body of Republicans have only been held to their party by the undefined dread that their opponents had no more cut loose from the past than their own leaders. And certainly, the Democrats have not shown that they have either learned or forgotten.

"Bossism" in part, with its unblushing resort to forgery in New York, and to reckless trading and frauds at the primaries in this State and elsewhere; in part the thinly disguised jobbing in appropriations—disgusted Republicans. The advocacy of a Sunday law in this State had a certain, but by no means a controlling, influence; the Chinese question absolutely none at all. Both parties were equally loud in their denunciation of railroad methods and

oppression; but time only will tell whether, after all, the Central Pacific Railroad Company has not been successful at all the points which it wished to carry. A significant indication how little real hold the anti-monopoly cry has upon the body of voters is shown in the relatively small vote received by Mr. John T. Doyle. He undoubtedly has the clearest insight into the *rationale* of the relations of transportation corporations to the public, and painted most vividly and persistently the vicious practices of the overland roads, especially in the development of the special-contract system: and yet at the outcome he was credited with only a beggarly array of suffrages. If opposition to the railroad is in this State the "burning question" that it was alleged to be by party managers, we should have seen evidences of decisive opinions among the people, in the sharp questioning of the antecedents and present relations to the monopoly of the men who were candidates for Railroad Commissioners and members of the State Board of Equalization. It is true, the latter body has been shorn of much of its potency in railroad affairs by the decision of the United States Circuit Court in the San Mateo County case. Still, as there is a possibility of a reversal of the decision in the near future by the appellate court, it is manifest that the railroad has even yet a strong interest in the make-up of the State Board.

There is undoubtedly a very decided body of opinion and feeling in the State that the overland roads unjustly discriminate, and in many instances oppress, in their freight rates; but more than all, there is the somewhat vague but still ever-present feeling that the great monopoly controls and moves and overshadows all our industrial life. It is, perhaps, not so much a question of the particular offenses it has committed, as the uncomfortable conviction that it has an immense reserve of power which it can at any moment precipitate upon any local community, or any corporate enterprise, or any individual. This state of mind, in an American community, furnishes the groundwork for continued conflict. The despotism of democracy, like that of the monarchy, demands that all social and economical forces shall be its subjects. Hence, in California as elsewhere, the people are groping about to find some way of controlling the great corporate monopolies. But of all possible schemes, that of a commission of three men elected upon a general ticket, who shall have plenary powers over railroads, is beyond question the most idiotic. Already the people of this State have lost all faith in it. No deep interest can be excited in a political contest which involves the mere question of the personnel of the commission. If you put millions of money and the dearest interests of a vast number of persons on one side, and three such men as are likely to be evolved from a political convention upon the other, is it rational to expect any other outcome than the abortive one already exhibited by the railroad commission? The truth is, that the causes which brought about the political revolution were in the general dissatisfaction with all the aspects of the political situation; weariness with the men who have since Garfield's death again assumed control, and especially disgust with their methods, their rapacity, their smallness.

FROM all sections of the country, the indications point to the demand for new party issues, and possibly new parties. There are two questions that will have to be settled: the one is the reform of the civil service, both national, State, and municipal; the other the tariff modifications; and incidentally to the latter, the whole range of questions touching the internal revenue, banking, and transportation.

Upon the first—civil service reform—there is so general and growing a sentiment that it cannot be said to form as yet the subject of an issue. In order to become so, the movement may have to advance a step farther; that is, after there is reached a consensus that it is a good thing, the real struggle may arise over the methods of accomplishing this good thing; and here the secret enemies of the movement may shelter themselves behind opposition to asserted impracticable schemes of reform, and in effect wage a bitter warfare against reform itself.

Free trade and protection will be sure to come up. Just now and for many years the country has been so prosperous that it makes little difference what system we work under. But a general economical crisis would precipitate the discussion and settlement of the question at once. It is very likely to be true, that, as Mr. Wells predicts, it will not be seriously taken in hand until there is a crisis.

The Democrats, however, must do something before 1884, in the direction of a reduction in taxation and a modification of the tariff, otherwise the people will turn upon them as they have upon the Republicans. They must also present some practical legislation upon civil service reform, or they will forfeit the newly inspired confidence.

The attitude of the public mind is that of watchfulness and expectation. The bulk of the voters do not care a straw by what name a party suppresses "bossism," political assessments, excessive appropriations for internal improvements, trickery and fraud in primaries and conventions, and a badly balanced, oppressive system of internal taxation and tariff laws. It is just now in such a condition that it will insist upon good works rather than professions of faith.

HERBERT SPENCER has just returned home, after making a hurried visit, and incidentally, by means of a newspaper reporter and an after-dinner speech, dropping a few criticisms upon our facial expression, our professional politicians and their following, our easy-going readiness in putting up with small trespasses upon our personal rights, and the baleful effects of our tendency to overwork. A little before him

Freeman the historian, was in our midst. He remained longer and looked more widely, and he also told us what he thinks, especially how nearly we are like our British cousins, and how archaic and not to be despised is much of our speech that our purists have been trying to get rid of. In the last number of the "Century," Henry James, Jr., has commenced to give us his thoughts upon American society. It is true, his contribution, "The Point of View," purports to be a series of letters giving the thoughts of an American girl and her mother, of a member of parliament, of a French savant, and of two or three others, male and female; yet they are unmistakably Mr. James's personal opinions. Mr. James is a type of a curious body of people—of a class that has differentiated itself within the last twenty-five years, the Europeanized Americans; men and women of more or less wealth, who either stay permanently abroad, or constantly flit back and forth; who secretly despise their own country, and yet have found no place in the Old World systems. Of all our critics, the people of this uncertain genus are the most unsparing.

The latest notable addition to the literature of observation in the United States is the article on "Some Aspects of American Public Life," by the brilliant author of the "Holy Roman Empire," in the November number of the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. Bryce has none of that condescension of the foreigner which James Russell Lowell has shown up so well. He devotes himself more particularly to discussing our party methods, what may be called the machinery of our political parties, and shows that he has studied us very carefully upon that side. Where he evinces more than common penetration is in perceiving the true relations of the party managers to the mass of the people; how their despotism extends, after all, only to the smaller officers, but does not control in the greater ones or broad state questions. He explains very clearly why it is that politics are different in England and the United States; how with us "the political life of the country is not the main or central current of its life, but seems a kind of side channel encumbered by weeds and bushes." He further understands, what so many of his countrymen do not, that the normal working of our institutions is to be seen in the villages, counties, and towns of the interior, and not in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

It is curious to note that, as we are becoming indifferent to English opinion, we are being more conscientiously written up by Britons. Twenty years ago we were over-sensitive as to what they said of us. We are now passing rapidly to the other extreme. It may be, that when the English writer-tourist shall have reached absolute impartiality, we will have become utterly indifferent to his praise or blame.

It has been proposed in the board of freeholders that the new charter of this city shall not authorize any of the school fund to be used to make the kindergarten a part of the public-school system. The kindergarten picks up out of the street the neglected, harshly treated, half-fed, half-clothed, unwashed, and uncombed prattling child or sturdy youngster, whose greatest knowledge of language is of slang and profanity; goes with it to its drunken mother, down in the slums of filth and vice; gets her permission to take the little waif up to the garden; there washes its face, and covers up its rags with a clean apron, and teaches it how to play, as children ought to play, lovingly and sweetly, with its companions; tells it what truth is, of which it had never heard; day after day develops in its pliant mind the germ of good that had never been able to sprout up through the cold and pestilential soil that covered it; fills its hopeful heart with happy dreams of some day becoming a respectable man, or, if a girl, of being a soft and gentle woman like the teacher; and thus molding and training it until it is six years old, then hands it over to the primary department of the public school for text-book tuition.

Six years is the minimum age at which pupils are admitted into the primary departments of the public schools. Shut out from opportunity of any moral or mental instruction, thousands of those under six are left to street life, until, when they reach the prescribed age, they have lost the good and developed the bad that were innate. It is a higher duty of society to prevent crime than it is to punish it. The former is ennobling and beneficial to the race, the latter merely vindicative and deterrent. There are twelve hundred of these little rescued moral starvelings now being cared for and made happy and good in fifteen kindergartens in San Francisco. Of these, all excepting two are supported by charity, the exceptions being those on Union and Jackson Streets, which are attached to the primary schools there. So favorable have been the results of the two mentioned, that it is proposed to add a kindergarten to each of the primary schools. The fruits of such a union would be worth far more to society than is the advanced instruction of the highest departments, in the languages and mathematics.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Breeze from the Woods.[1]

It was the custom of The Californian to review no books issued by its own company. While these books remained very few in number there were reasons that made this the best course; but as they become more numerous it will be impossible to pass them over, and the Overland will in this respect depart from the custom of its predecessor. The issue of a second edition of Mr. Bartlett's "Breeze from the Woods" makes a peculiarly favorable starting point for reviews of our own books. The first edition of this collection of essays, published three years ago, was only a private edition, in which the author, yielding to importunate solicitation, put into permanent form his Overland essays for circulation merely among private friends. Although the book was not before the public—or, perhaps, rather *because* it was not—it was thought well to review it in a contributed article to The Californian of February, 1880. As the author was writing to his readers of a book that the majority of them could not get possession of, this review consisted largely of long extracts from the essays. Like all pure literature, which gives the reviewer nothing to say as to the soundness of its facts or opinions, Mr. Bartlett's essays can hardly be described to those who have not seen them, except by extracts. Reviews usually fall into two classes by the broad distinction we have just suggested: they are written for those who have not read the book, to give them an idea what sort of book it is, and whether they had better read it; or they are written as comment and criticism on a book that it is assumed the reader, as a matter of course, knows all about. As all the essays contained in the first edition of "A Breeze from the Woods" were published in the Overland, and the two that have been added in this second edition, ("The Homestead by the Sea," and "Suburban Etchings") in The Californian, it is fair to assume that a goodly proportion of readers—although the book is barely upon the market—are already acquainted with these delightful, wandering soliloquies, and to review accordingly.

As essayist, Mr. Bartlett stands almost alone on this coast. There has been much good sketch-writing here—some of it almost unequaled; there is good criticism; and what might be called the critical or philosophical essay is not wanting; essays of information, or that sort compounded of description and information, in which Mr. Muir is pre-eminent, have already been well done here: but as to that essay that is more like entertaining talk frozen into permanency, it would be hard to get together a volume as large as that under review by collecting all of even approximately equal merit that has ever been written on this coast by all other writers put together. The pure essay is always a rare product in a new country; for it is a sort of flower that, like some of our wild lilies, seeming to be the effortless and evanescent product of a season, blossoms only from deep-planted bulbs that have for many years gathered to themselves thickening scales, stationary and undisturbed, sheltered from attack under gravelly strata that defy the small burrowing of jack-knife or trowel, and almost call for pick-ax. So it is generally in the undisturbed surroundings of a ripe literary circle, where entertaining talk is the habit, that some one puts the very best of the talk—or of the habit of thought that makes such talk possible—into essays. The real difficulty of the essay, the reason why it looks so easy and is so hard, is that it is surface-writing, but a surface that implies an underlying depth of much heavy effort. Wherever a good essay is written that grazes along the crests of thoughts, of observations of humanity, of enjoyment of nature, there has been somewhere—in the author, in the elements that produced him, or in both—much profundity of mental and emotional work, much of that friction between minds that so takes off the dull surface of provincialism that you will find a man who has never stirred from his native village, and yet has the provincial accent less than another who has been three times around the world: such a fund of familiarity with life must be inherited or acquired before one can ramble over his domain in the indolent, vagrant fashion of a good essay. The light suggestion of thought, the humorous glance of expression, is clever by virtue of hinting all the time of something more that had to be known, or thought, or felt, or appreciated, before that light thing could be said. Further: the capacity to notice and care for little things, in nature and in human relations, and to see the subtly amusing side of them, is one of the most characteristic accents of high civilization—of genuine education. The low-class mind craves sensation, and takes no interest in small matters of leaf and wind, and little tricks of dog nature or human nature; and for humor, it perceives only the ludicrous. The middle-class mind is serious, and dull toward fine shades and distinctions; it sees life in broad divisions, theological, or social, or literary; its fingers are strong, but too clumsy to get hold of the charm and the significance in complete life of the little things—still less of those impalpable, far-reaching relations that constitute the humorous. Ignorant men there have

[1] A Breeze from the Woods. By W. C. Bartlett. San Francisco: The California Publishing Co. 1883.

been who loved the woods, and knew all the little ways of nature; but if we made them write down their thoughts about it all, we should find their appreciation lame; for it is only the sophisticated man who can appreciate not merely nature, but nature and all her relations to life.

It is these two closely related traits—the appreciation of little things, especially in their humorous bearing, and the love of nature—that make the charm of the essays under review. It has been said that they suggest Thoreau. There is a touch of Thoreau, of John Burroughs, of John Muir, in the attitude toward nature: she speaks in the same voice to this author as to them; but there the resemblance ceases. They are students of nature: he is a looker-on. There is far more suggestion of Charles Dudley Warner, who cares more for humanity and less for inanimate nature, and is much more a humorist, yet, on the whole, occupies the same position of amused on-looker at all the quaint little things that fill up the chinks of life. For, with all his love of nature, with all his preaching about shaking off the dust of daily life, our author does not care for nature apart from humanity: it is the human nature in dogs and wild-cats that makes them interesting to him; every paragraph about a tree or a breaker twists itself round like a Boston street to reflections on human life.

These essays bear all the air of a casual and careless committing to paper of a busy man's odd-minute or vacation chains of mental action—of spontaneous mental action, hardly to be called thought. They are occasionally *too* rambling, too careless and casual; but for the most part the reader is well willing to ramble too.

College Verses.[1]

It is common enough to laugh at undergraduate literary work as the greenest of unripe fruit, and it is probably true that no one but the professor who has to inspect the essays ever wades through college prose—unless it be a very phenomenal piece of work. This is not saying that undergraduate prose-writing is not occasionally sounder in thought and method than much popular magazine writing; but the young fellow, among his books and his awakening sense of the larger regions of thought, is not capable of addressing anything of value to a picked audience, and does not know how to adapt himself to the taste and secure the interest of a mixed one. The pupil air is in all he writes; the essay bears about it a sort of expectancy of the teacher's correcting pencil. One may find an exception, but as a rule it would hardly be worth while to offer undergraduate prose for publication in our leading magazines.

But undergraduate poetry is a different matter. There have been a good many poems written in college that are quite up to magazine standard. Almost all great poets wrote some poems worth preserving before they left college; and, on the other hand, many a man has, during that blessed time of life, written a few good poems that he could never equal afterward. It is a very good time for poetry-writing. Lacks in the matter of critical taste there will be, but the youthful vigor of emotion is at that time combined with intellectual eagerness in due proportion for poetry, as it rarely is in the later life of any but men of scholarly pursuits.

We speak only of colleges of high literary standard. In any others, the lack of critical taste outweighs all the advantages of youth. Accordingly, it is only three or four of our oldest colleges—notably Harvard and Yale—that have had material for creditable collections of poems. It is, therefore, a most remarkable thing that we should have before us a very creditable collection from our own new and struggling university. One fact of significance as to the causes of its excellence is found in the time covered by the poems. There are only a few scattering poems written before the entrance of the class of '78; and, as a matter of fact, it was with the entrance of this class that the whole English department was reorganized on a plane rare among American colleges. That this should result in an era of poetry-writing is no more wonderful than that Agassiz's sojourn at Harvard produced a crop of naturalists. The grade of literary work in the Berkeley college papers and at commencements has showed the same excellence, altogether disproportionate to the rank of the college in many other respects. It is therefore no surprise to its friends on this coast to find the students issuing a little volume of some fifty or sixty poems, none of which are puerile, a few of which are up to the better grade of magazine poetry, and a number of which are as good as the worst that the leading magazines of the country print. In fact, more than half a dozen Berkeley undergraduate poems have already found harborage in "The Century," "Lippincott's," and The Californian. A glance down the table of contents suggests another cause. Berkeley is what is colloquially termed a "co-education college," and the ten per cent. of young women in its membership have written fifty per cent. of the poetry. As to the quality of the feminine compared with the masculine poems, the best and the worst in the book are masculine. There is a tendency in the girls' poems to group themselves along a line of fair medium excellence.

Several names among the classes now for some years graduated will be recognized by our readers as among the rising lights of our own contributing corps.

Perhaps the most noticeable poem in the collection is "Philhellene," by Herman Dwinelle, '78, a son of the late John W. Dwinelle—a young man whose brilliant promise was closed by early death. We quote the entire sonnet:

[1] College Verses. Berkeley, Cal. Compiled by the Berkeleyan Company. San Francisco: The California Publishing Co. 1883.

When those hard-handed Argonauts of old,
In their well-builded galley—hero-manned—
Floated on spring floods from the hill-crowned land
To river's mouth and launched into the cold,
Damp airs of ocean; silent all did hold
Their oars, looking to seaward; and did stand
Lifting their glad brown faces to be fanned
By the sea wind. Then their sails fold by fold
They loosed; and lay and breathed the salty breeze.
So when down song's tumultuous flood I sped,
By fairy realms, and holds of sovereign might,
And hoisted sail in old King Homer's seas,
I felt the foam-chilled breeze about my head:
I breathed and breathe it still with deep delight.

This has the real Keats spirit, to our mind, without being an imitation. "Milton" by Chas. S. Greene, '80, "George Eliot," by Edmund C. Sanford, '83, "Through Rose of Dawn," by Seddie E. Anderson, '78, and "O Patient, Noble Heart," by Alice E. Pratt, '81, are the other most notable of the fourteen sonnets. We notice among the sonnets one, "No Mystery," that comes only under the broader definition of a sonnet, and has not the fourteen lines. In the other poems of a grave cast the quality does not, except in the best two or three, range as high as in the sonnets. The best of these two or three is undoubtedly the opening poem "Hope," again by a member of the class of '78, lost by early death, Annie H. Shinn. "The Master," by the same author, "The Royal Wine," by Alice E. Pratt, '81, "Mountain Rest," by Lucy Mooar, '80, "The New and the Old," by C. H. Shinn, '74, "The Real and the Ideal," by Mary R. Stearns, '76, are the best of the other poems in this class. The songs, as songs can be, are perhaps more striking at less expense of ability. The initial one, "At Sunset," by Jane Barry, '81, we quote:

At sunset, hark, a low deep sound
Is borne across the placid bay,
And through the hills, and far around
In echoes faint, it dies away.
A boom—the sunset gun
Is fired; the day is done;
The purple shadows coming on
Are deepening in the west.

And homeward turns each white-spread sail,
As flies a wild bird to its nest;
The stir of day on hill, in vale,
In busy city, thronged and pressed,
Is dying with the light.
The last rays linger bright
On far-off clouds, and holy night
Descends, with welcome rest.

Two translations, "The Fatherland," by Seddie E. Anderson, and "Wurmlingen Chapel," by Jane Barry, are about as good as translations can be. There is not one among the sonnets that might not appear in any magazine without discredit. Among the other poems there are a good many that are not really worth preserving, but still are good for youthful poems—as good as some of Tennyson's or Byron's youthful poems, for instance: and though comparing this college poetry with the weak poems in "Hours of Idleness," or in "Published in 1830 and omitted from later editions," is probably comparing the very best of one man with the very worst of another, it still implies that the very lowest point touched by the poetry these young fellows are sending out is decidedly above much that comes into every reviewer's hands from people old enough to know better. We congratulate the college on this very creditable book, which contains much that should certainly not be let die, and nothing that it need be ashamed of. It is a pretty volume, significantly adorned with wild oats, and brought out with evident reference to the gift season.

Doctor Zay.[1]

It is curious to see the characteristic figures of a society filing out of fiction as one epoch passes away, and the new ones filing in. The new class rarely slips in gradually and unperceived, individual by individual, but comes in a party, drawing all eyes to the simultaneous entrance of half a dozen. Thus the magazines blossomed out a few years ago with a profusion of "American Girls Abroad"; and now a step farther into new and unexplored regions of modern womanhood brings into fiction a group of "woman doctors." Charles Reade evolved from his own mind what he imagined a woman doctor would be like—or, at least, what would be a striking and picturesque figure for a woman doctor; Mr. Howells turned to account his penetrating acquaintance with the vacillating, unreasoning, earnest type of women, in imagining a woman of that sort in the position of a doctor; and now, passing over a tendency beginning to appear in short stories toward the same situation, we find a more serious attempt than either of these to handle the same problem in fiction—and this time by a woman. In beginning her story of "Doctor Zay," Miss Phelps published a note from Mr. Howells, explaining the purely fortuitous nature of the coincidence by which their two stories, appearing so nearly together, treated of the same subject; but there is, in reality, no parallelism between "Doctor Breen's Practice" and "Doctor Zay." Mr. Howells takes pains to avow—what the discriminating reader will amply indorse—that his is no study of the general problem of sex and doctoring; it is simply a study of human nature. That Grace Breen had not the making of a doctor in her proves no more, pro or con, than if Mr. Howells had made a study of the struggles and failure to make a doctor of himself of some youth by nature unfit. That the unwillingness to depend on one's self as a final resort in serious emergency is pre-eminently a feminine trait, still

[1] Doctor Zay. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

does not make Mr. Howells's story of general application; for, though one grant that ninety-nine women out of a hundred are unfit for physicians as was Grace Breen, it is only the hundredth or the thousandth woman who has any idea of becoming a physician.

Miss Phelps wisely enough assumes the problem of intrinsic capacity for the profession as settled, as far as regards the exceptional woman. Not only are there actual facts for this, but Miss Phelps so constructs her woman as to premise that, whether there ever were such a woman or not, *if* there were, she would be a successful doctor; and thus to have the ground clear for the profounder and more practical problem of the place for love and marriage in such a woman's life. "Doctor Zay" may therefore be considered a general study. Not but what Atalanta Lloyd is vastly more exceptional a woman than Grace Breen; nevertheless, all that Mr. Howells's story treats is the special question whether Grace Breen and her class can practice medicine; while Miss Phelps's story treats the general question whether any woman whatsoever can reconcile that profession and marriage.

She does not pretend to answer the question. She merely expounds some of the conditions of it. The whole story is really a curious experiment at inverting the relation of man and woman to each other. It would all apply just as well to the woman with a vocation of any sort as to the woman doctor. It is an inquiry whether it is essentially in man's and woman's nature that the man should have outside occupation and interest that, in many cases, stand first in his heart, while he himself and the ministering to his interests stand first in his wife's; whether, in the society of the future, this predominance may not fall to either husband or wife indifferently, according to individual character. As before said, she does not pretend to answer this question; but she makes at least this evident: that, under present social conditions, the relation could only be made possible by the most peculiar circumstances of dependence on the part of the man and protection on the part of the woman, and by certain womanly traits in the character of the man—not womanly weaknesses, but rather the womanly virtues of generosity in love, and willingness to take the second place, and become supplementary to the vocation of the loved one. "The Story of Avis" was a study of this same subject —the woman with a vocation and marriage; but this time marriage with a man incompetent to his share of the difficult task. But a far more difficult question than that of reconciling a vocation with wifehood lies beyond anything that Miss Phelps has touched: that of reconciling a vocation with motherhood.

As a social study, "Doctor Zay" will probably be underrated by the critics. As a piece of literary work, it will probably receive more than its due. Miss Phelps would be well nigh an exception among authors if she did not in her later works exaggerate the mannerisms of her earlier ones. Turns of expression that in her first books were really felicities, accented barely beyond what is allowable for a pure and unaffected style, have now become painfully predominant. It was in "The Story of Avis" that this unreal, sentimental manner of writng first became conspicuous; and it robbed that book, as it will the present one, of half its weight. It is what the unlearned and inaccurate would term a "transcendental" style; it is a style that makes discreet and sober readers distrust the whole thing; and it may be added that the incessant attitudinizing, the "intense" conversations, the over-vivid rhetoric, are painful to the reader of quiet taste, and give a despairing sense of genius misused. In all this, Miss Phelps does not stand alone: this is the fatal weakness of almost all that school of American women writers with which Miss Phelps is strictly contemporary, and at the head of which she probably stands. It is a literary fate that hangs threatening over the heads of the newer writers; yet, on the whole, the world moves in this respect.

The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.[1]

THE partial collections of Mr. Aldrich's poems hitherto from time to time published, as well as the occasional appearance of his poems in the magazines, have abundantly established his position as the best writer of graceful light verse in America, past or present. Both Holmes and Lowell, it is unnecessary to say, surpass him, out of all comparison, not merely in wit, but also in humor; and Mr. Holmes, in verse that, while not distinctly humorous, is still bright, facile and far from serious. Surpasses, we say, but the word is inaccurate; for we do not find a single poem in which Mr. Aldrich has so much as tried to do what Mr. Holmes does; nor one in which Mr. Holmes tries to do what Mr. Aldrich does. Mr. Aldrich is, in fact, the first American writer of successful society verses. Our other poets, even in their lightest moods, are Anglo-Saxon of the Anglo-Saxons, muscular and of appreciable weight. Mr. Aldrich has the French accent. Yet to describe his poems merely as society verses would be unjust and inadequate; they range out on either side of society verse into pure description, and deepen down below it to fine pathos and feeling. Yet the verse, at its deepest, is always light of touch, neat, epigrammatic if possible, and picturesque; the keenest pathos touched is in the embodiment of the little stray moods and minor incidents that hover and flutter around every profound feeling. Thus: "The One White Rose"; "Nameless Pain"; "Palabras Carinosas"; "Nocturne"; "Rencontre"; "Palinode." There is much luxurious description, written for description's own sake, not as back-

[1] Illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

ground; several very graceful long poems, of which "Judith" is chief; some merely society verse, and a good deal of this that we have spoken of, that deepens down from society verse into profounder feeling—and in this last Mr. Aldrich is at his best. French, we have called his accent; yet, there is much in which he suggests the later Elizabethan verse: the lighter touch, the prevalence of the "conceit," the great value placed on form, the decline of intensity—all this coming, as before, at the close of a great poetic era, strongly suggests that it is the poetry of a decadence. But this is no reproach to it: let us be thankful for the poetry of a decadence, as for one more late-blooming flower on the well-nigh exhausted plant. It is exquisite verse: none the less so if, like the red leaves of October, it be in itself an indication that the summer is ended.

No poet could be more suitably put into a luxurious dress of type and paper then Mr. Aldrich. Indeed he is one of those whose poems seem actually enhanced in excellence by it. Other poets afford an excuse for pictorial and typographical art: Aldrich, like Herrick, demands it. The present edition, therefore, is more welcome than an equally handsome one of many a greater poet would be. With flexible covers, heavy pages, perfect typography, and abundant and beautiful illustration, it makes one of the most satisfactory gift-books of the year. The illustrations are by the Paint and Clay Club. A dozen different names appear as members of this club, appended to the twenty-nine illustrations: W. L. Metcalf, W. L. Taylor, Marcus Waterman, W. B. Closson, H. Sandham, W. F. Halsall, E. H. Garrett, F. W. Rogers, T. H. Bartlett, S. E. Carlsen, and F. D. Millet, are the artists; George F. Andrew, W. B. Closson, W. J. Dana, J. P. Davis, Frank French, Arthur Hayman, and S. L. Putman, the engravers, besides the steel engraver of the portrait frontispiece, J. A. J. Wilcox.

Bancroft's Works.[1]

THE series of histories now beginning to be published under the above title consists, so far as the six volumes already issued go, of the five volumes of the "Native Races," widely noticed some years ago, and the first volume of the "History of the Pacific States" proper, to which the "History of the Native Races" is regarded as merely preliminary. This first volume of the "History of the Pacific States" is, again, the first of several volumes of the "History of Central America."

It will be seen, therefore, that the series of "Bancroft's Works" is simply a uniform (and ultimately a complete) edition of the histories from time to time published as separate volumes.

[1] The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft, Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

At the time of the issue of "Native Races," the general plan of the Bancroft histories was mapped out to some extent; and the present beginning of what is to be finally the complete edition is a suitable occasion for a *resume*, both of what was at that time shaped of the plan, and what has taken shape since. The ground covered by the term "Pacific States" is extremely liberal, for it includes the whole of Central America and Mexico, almost all of the United States and British America west of the central line, and the whole of Alaska. There is enough in common ethnologically and historically between these geographically widely separate States—most of all, their common difference from the Atlantic half of North America—to justify this extension of the designation, "Pacific States." The separate divisions will be Central America in two volumes; Mexico in two volumes; the North Mexican States, California, the North-west Coast and Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska, each will be in several volumes. Instead of following the history of each district through before beginning the next, the publishers announce that, in order to keep the volumes nearer together chronologically, the first volume of "Central America" will be followed by the first volume of "Mexico," and this probably by the successive first volumes of the other branches of the work. In the complete series, however, the first six volumes of which are now under review, the volumes will be arranged in their natural order, Central America being completed, then Mexico, etc.

This cursory glance over the ground covered and to be covered will give the reader an idea of the point to which Mr. Bancroft's historical scheme has progressed. In our next issue we shall review at length the new volume of the series, Volume I. of the "History of Central America."

J. A. Lowell's Engraved Cards.

WE receive from A. L. Bancroft & Co., agents for the Lowell engraved cards, this year's holiday issue of these, the most artistic of all the Christmas cards. The Lowell cards are not, on the whole, as good in design this year as last: a more trivial style is apparent, as though the designer had tried to make them approximate more nearly to popular taste. It is a mistake, if he has; for in the nature of the thing the class that care for this exquisite engraving, and not for colors, are the very ones that demand a high artistic rank in the designs. Last year there was nothing among the holiday cards that could compare with Lowell's, not only for beautiful workmanship and graceful designs, but also for high quality of sentiment—a thing, as every fastidious person knows, hard to preserve in gift-cards. This year, while they have nothing very good in the way of Christmas sentiment, they have several designs that are

better than anything we have seen in the way of quaintness; and the workmanship is, of course, as perfect as ever.

Prang's Holiday Cards.

We receive, too late for extended notice, Prang's prose and other cards. The Prang cards are and will continue to be the most popular of all; and it is pleasant to notice the steady increase from year to year in richness and beauty of coloring, and abandonment of hard or gaudy tints. The total amount offered for prizes this year was divided equally between two series of prizes, each series consisting of four prizes of $1,000, $500, $300, and $200, respectively. One series of prizes was awarded by a jury composed of all the well-known artists of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; and the other by the votes of the general public visiting the exhibition. The first artists' prize and the first popular prize fell to the same design, that of Miss Dora Wheeler, of New York, who had gained the second prize in the previous exhibition, and thus wins $2,000.

EAST AND WEST.

DAILY the nerves of civilization, the post and telegraph, convey the thoughts and interests of one-half the globe to the other half. The speech in the French Chambers, the English Parliament, or the western legislature, the new dancer or singer at St. Petersburg, the fossils upturned in the Nevada prison-yard, the operations of some village benevolent society in western Massachusetts, have each and all a vital interest for denizens of the rest of the world. No part of a continent is allowed to insulate itself from this community of interest. The moment a town or region sets limits to its sympathies, it puts an end to its own growth and influence, and begins to harden and decay. There may be significance in the fact that the poles so long elude discovery. Certain cities and countries which fondly imagined themselves occupying the exact center of the globe have in time found this a delusion—or others have found it out for them. It is the privilege of fresh undertakings to begin with one less error than their immediate predecessors. Perhaps the mistake that the affairs and opinions of our own immediate quarter are the only ones of consequence to ourselves, or that we can afford to neglect any advance in social, artistic, or moral ideas, come whence it may, is one which needs no illustration in these pages.

Pacific Holidays.

THE visitors who have flown hither to spare their feeble bronchials and rasped nerves the rigors of an Atlantic winter find a difficulty in recognizing the special feasts and seasons of the New-Year. Thanksgiving goes by without a frost to tone digestion or appetite for the mince pies which have barely gained due seasoning; it is not cold enough to evoke instinctive gratitude for bright fires or snug rooms; no sharp November twilights, with lingering jonquil tints in the breezy west, send one homeward with pulses throbbing with dear sense of the comfort and delights of home. By good rights, Thanksgiving Day ought to dawn clear, and cloud in the afternoon with a gray, soft film over the sky, sifting a few flakes of the first snow, against which the graceful tracery of bare elms and the cordage of wild clematis and grape-vine are relieved like drawings on porcelain. Later in December come exquisite days, when the New England meadows or the Hudson lawns are at their deepest green, woodlands are clouds of gray branches in the distance, and skies rifts of clearest blue, glimpses of unstained heaven; while the air, soft and brooding, breathes an odor of ripe leaves, ferns, and aromatic bark—a subtle, penetrating incense from the last sacrament of the year. In sheltered hollows the late violet smiles undaunted, or the gentian surprises one on moist, open hillsides, which would be called moorlands in Great Britain. The grass-plots about city churches are beds of green ecclesiastical velvet—certainly no grass ever seems so fresh, so deep, even, and well kept. The moresque tracings of ivy and ampelopsis, bare of leaves, come out against granite city walls like delicate oil-painting on the gray stone. Views seaward and inland are full of tender, clear tints, in the dryer air: Nature is everywhere found in serene, thoughtful, elevated, mood. Perhaps on some gravely clouded day the snow falls, the hard frost sets its seal on the white outlines, and next morning the landscape is transfigured. The cold, electric air stimulates frame and brain as the keen breath does of upper mountain levels. To the well clad and well housed the crisp winter-day cold is a stimulating draught, which tones them for the year to come. The trance of out-door life wakens the zest of social cares. When "knee-deep lies the winter snow," loads of laurel and creeping pine are most prized to deck the rooms, glad with leaping fires. A cornice of thick-twisted cedar crowns the sitting-rooms and hall; pictures look out of ambush of red-berried boughs; inkberry, woodbine, bitter-sweet, clematis, and holly, lend their winter decoration; Christmas trees come down by car-loads from the Androscoggin, the Catskills, and Adirondacks; houses are warm from street door to attic, fragrant and gay with holiday tokens and cheer. Luxurious

Russian sleighs, with swan-crests and high-swung bells over the horses' necks, dash by with trailing furs, and visions of rich complexions and warm-hued winter velvets. There is much imported comfort of French foot-warmers, fur mats, and sofa blankets in doors and in carriage sleighs. The very luxury of life is upon one, with all this well-managed, flawless comfort about him, when beautiful, cold death lies outside his crystal pane.

In the absence of positive contrasts of sensation which make life so vivid on the Atlantic side of the country, what have we in Pacific holidays? Possibly, after a night of showers, the sun looks out from a heaven of April blue and mildness; the hills are green, the standard roses in blossom, the magnolias tardily perfect their huge buds, and you may add some casual orange buds and blossoms to your New-Year bouquet from the open garden. The time of the singing of birds is here; and linnet, thrush, starling, and finch go wild in the boughs of live-oaks. You don't care to sit out of doors beyond mid-afternoon, but your strawberries, tended for holidays, ripen perfectly in their sheltered, sunny bed. By the ocean edge a southern spring balm seems wafted over the blue, caressing waves from palm and spice islands; this is the Ægean: the Farallones, dim on the horizon, are the haunts of demi-gods, naiads, and tritons. Tamalpais is so evidently an Athenian height, that fancy sees the white porticoes of its renowned temples through its glowing violet shadows. In the Coast Range, the flanks of earth are red or yellow, for fruit or gold as you may find it; the sunny fresh forests disclose ideal blue distances; the manzanita stands detected, an Indian dryad, with the warm flesh tints not yet absorbed by the bark. Where could Santa Claus find stabling for his reindeer, or keep his furs comfortably in such a joyous, summery region. The old continental and New England associations of the holiday season drop away; mince pies, turkey and gifts are sole remains of Yankee theology or Saxon legend. An editor of the old OVERLAND MONTHLY, the lamented Avery, wrote in a holiday comment of "the unceasing gayety of the Occidental year," a turn of his felicity of phrase which fixes itself in the mind of the reader, whose spirits sometimes sink with the changeless round of charm. What is a holiday more or less, in a year crowned with flowers? We cease to return thanks for favors which become matter of course. The saint may stay up in the Sierras forever, if he sends his pack of toys on by train. The sentiment of the Parisian New-Year is more congenial here, with its gay scattering of compliments, social gayeties, and fashionable gifts. Yet it was in such a country and climate the Christmas song was first chanted by angels floating over the fresh Judean sierras, to the herders lying out over night in the mild, spring-like darkness with their flocks. And here one might link the plans and issues of this life with that year "where everlasting spring abides, and never withering flowers." For holidays are not merely pleasure days, but times set apart for special deeds and remembrances of friendship to our own families and our wider kin of humanity. We cannot make one day much more a feast than another in this land of flowers and lavishness, save by the exercise of this gracious and generous spirit which imparts new flavor to the most fortunate year.

New Words Wanted.

HOLIDAYS of old were times for good resolutions, for mending one's ways, and marking bad habits for cutting down. Illuminated cards have in some sort done away with the resolutions, and sending pretty sentiments and choosing bric-a-brac leave small time for pious resolutions. But seated by a low fire in the twilight which falls too early, between the call of the last visitor and the time for lighting lamps, some vagaries settle into shape in one's mind in this wise: You wonder if there is no word to be found which will express the nice sense between friend and acquaintance which one can apply to the amiable people of one's circle, without giving away the preciousness of the first, or consigning them to the mere indifference of the other. The word "friend" in its old meaning is too full of comfort, too sacred, to become a convenience of speech. Those whose sympathies run with yours, whose insight and agreement never read false, who have learned to give you a personal value which can brave a criticism or suffer a loss for your sake, are too rare, too priceless, to be numbered under the same name as those whose gossip is pleasant, and who had as lief pass an hour with you as with almost any one else—as you would with them. We want some neat little word which signifies the right shade of pleasant feeling and social kindness without the non-committal sense of mere acquaintance, and which will not touch on the privileges of that most dear and true word "friend." One might resolve, as the warm darkness allows the desires of his mind to slip forth in their proper shapes, to be more loyal to the old meaning, to make more of the two or three friends he is rich enough to own, and not make mockery of the looks and tones which belong by right to them alone, by using them to gain the name of popularity.

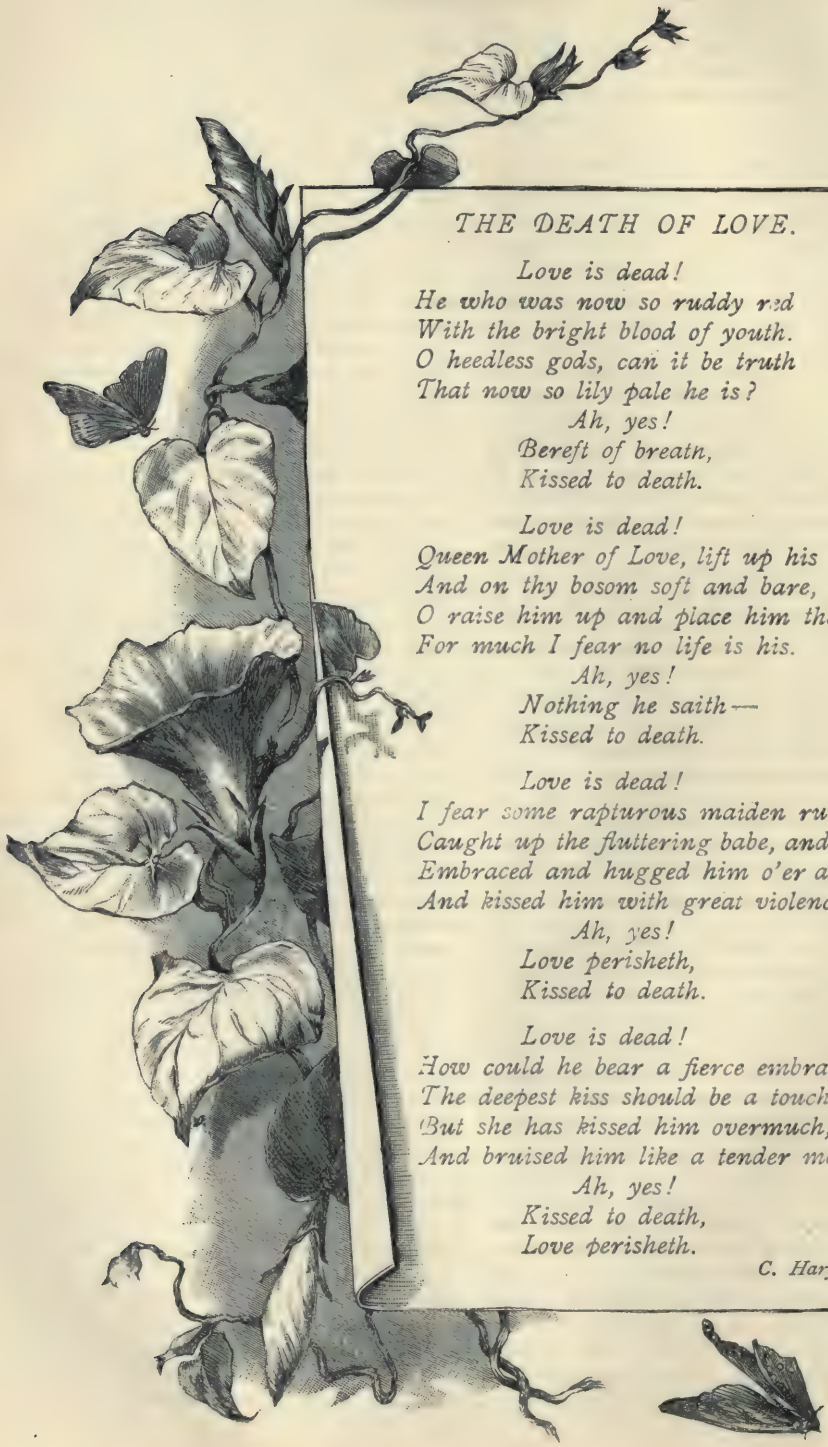
There might be a better word found for social duties, which would express more truly the place such things hold in our lives. The phrase has come into use within twenty years—it was one of several in our popular philosophy for which the late Dr. Holland stood sponsor, and which show the force carried in a word to affect people's imagination. When the young married folks of New England got it impressed on their minds that going to tea-parties and church sociables in their silk dresses and best coats was set up in the light of a duty as well as an amusement, a great bar was taken away from self-indulgence, which has its place in American as well

as other species of human nature. The new gospel fell on willing soil, and, being acceptable, found many preachers. The duty of having beautifully furnished houses, of leading easier lives, of being well dressed, of making frequent visits, and "seeing company" often, has been thoroughly expatiated upon during the last score of years; and in good truth, never before in the history of man has "duty" been so eagerly accepted or so earnestly followed. We hear of "more self-devotion, more martyrdom, masked in lace and velvet, sweeping through balls and receptions, exerting itself to be brilliant, than kneels in sackcloth and ashes, or bows over the bier of all it loves best." We are called to admire the heroic efforts of lovely women who nerve themselves to dazzle and emit repartee in the consciousness of faultless looks and charming costumes; we follow the career of these devout souls through their dreary lives of perfumed drawing-rooms, brilliant receptions, the cream of good company, and the barrenness of all hearts' desire; and are exhorted by direct advice and implication to go and do likewise as near as we can. Such a career of duty is the vista of every serial, every library novel, every "Home Column" of the weekly papers, and shines remarkably in the light literature of the religious press, the children's books, and Sunday-school stories. The old saying, "make the songs of a people and I care not who makes its laws," must be changed in these times, for this is not a singing age, nor are we a singing people. Write that one may make the stories of a country, and care not who sets its principles, and you have the truth; for boy, man, schoolgirl, woman, father, mother, all shape their lives as far as possible after the seductive ideal furnished in their common reading. There never were so many novels written, nor so much read by all classes; and no idea so rules in these stories as the duty of getting on in social life. With the prominence of this idea, some others of ancient esteem have fallen into disrepute.

For instance, one old-fashioned virtue was care of kindred, and it was held a discredit to any family if those of their own blood were left unaided in the struggle of life. It is a highly honorable feeling which holds that one's own porridge is better than any other man's broth. Families which stand by each other in poverty or reproach are sure to have a good name in the community, and those whose relatives are small credit to them generally have themselves to thank. If they think a little way, they can remember when a helping hand to the unlucky brother or sister with a young family would have helped them to a respectable position, instead of leaving them to sink in shiftlessness and discouragement; or when, if they had stood by the nephew through his youthful error instead of holding aloof, his fault might have long ago been wiped out by a successful record, like that of many another young scapegrace. But this is not the spirit of most modern kinsmen. With his new English villa, furnished in æsthetic designs, with his handsome society-leading wife and dashing daughters, the well-to-do man does not want the faces of low-spirited kindred to mar the pleasant effects; questionable friends must be kept out of sight and mind. Along with the doctrine of social duty, its correlative, of insisting that every creature must be enough for itself, has been loudly enforced. The antique virtues of hospitality have not entered the newly fitted House Beautiful, where it is a social duty to call in one's neighbors and make a feast five times a season, or invite the mission school once a year for a holiday; but not to make the poor relation welcome on his journey, or to give the homeless invalid aunt a shelter for her few remaining days, or to take the orphans of near kin and give them home and care for the pittance left them till it grows into a decent inheritance. Why, to do this would be to love one's own flesh and blood as well as himself, and be quite contrary to the law of survival, which is the recognized creed of society to-day. I have heard a woman, who had just been telling with pride that her husband spent thirteen thousand dollars a year on the housekeeping, find fault with him for paying nine hundred dollars a year to help his brother's orphans to their education, which would be their sole portion. "Whenever she thought how much that money would bring her own children, it seemed as if she could not bear the robbery!" Yet she was a strong believer in social duties, like going to dinner parties and inviting nice people to make the house lively.

Social duties—what are they when a whole town looks on, and sees a respectable man absorb the property of a widowed connection against all right and justice, and not a soul dares rebuke the wrong or lift a finger in defense of the helpless. When women are allowed to sink under intolerable burdens, as they are sinking daily under the stress of our merciless civilization; teachers, seamstresses, singers, writers, gifted or ungifted alike; and every fortunate woman resents the suggestion that she might do anything to really help another, beyond the pauper tribute of lip-service. When a man may writhe all his life under the disgrace of a suspicion which the stern brow and courageous word of any honorable citizen might force to proof and extinction. When the proverbs of our refinement are that language is meant to conceal ideas; that we must treat every acquaintance as a possible enemy; and that society is an ambush where every one must walk on his guard. For heaven's sake let us stop prattling about party-giving, repartee, and good dressing as social duties, and find some other word for these things. Call them social indulgences, as they are, and let the obligations of hospitality, neighborliness, kindness, and help in its widest sense come home to our consciences, as the high, imperative duties that they are, and set our score of individual duty right, when we will find that society has taken excellent care of itself.

OUTCROPPINGS.



THE DEATH OF LOVE.

Love is dead!
He who was now so ruddy red
With the bright blood of youth.
O heedless gods, can it be truth
That now so lily pale he is?
Ah, yes!
Bereft of breath,
Kissed to death.

Love is dead!
Queen Mother of Love, lift up his head,
And on thy bosom soft and bare,
O raise him up and place him there!
For much I fear no life is his.
Ah, yes!
Nothing he saith—
Kissed to death.

Love is dead!
I fear some rapturous maiden rude
Caught up the fluttering babe, and then
Embraced and hugged him o'er again,
And kissed him with great violence.
Ah, yes!
Love perisheth,
Kissed to death.

Love is dead!
How could he bear a fierce embrace?
The deepest kiss should be a touch;
But she has kissed him overmuch,
And bruised him like a tender moth.
Ah, yes!
Kissed to death,
Love perisheth.

C. Haryngton.

The Evolution of a Thought.

LATELY, in pursuing our studies in literature, we have been much interested in tracing the evolution of certain thoughts. We have carried our study with much enthusiasm into the domain of poetry. To-day we propose to trace a poetic shoot—if we may use the expression—to what we believe to be its source; and thus to discover to the reader a field which, we feel assured, all will work with ardor.

In the latest edition of Mr. Spencer MacFugle's poems there is one that embodies a thought often used by former writers. We do not charge Mr. Spencer MacFugle with plagiarism: far from it. It is simply one of those curious repetitions in literature. The same bright idea has entered the ecstatic brain of each poet as he sat in the frenzied state before his task. Spencer MacFugle was perfectly ignorant that he was clothing an idea which many years before had received expression from the mind of a brilliant and famous poet.

We will begin by giving the idea as lately expressed by Mr. Spencer MacFugle in his

LINES TO A LOCKET.

O, enviable locket on that breast,
Which heaves and throbs to lull thy rest,
Ignorant of the ecstatic bliss,
Whene'er her lily fingers kiss
Thy burnished face,
Or from out thy dreamy nest,
She raises thee in heedlessness,
Unto the richness of those lips,
Where soft air blows;
That careless touch alone would be
My poor heart's birth in ecstasy.
But locket, thou dost know all this,
For next her heart thou *must* feel bliss.

This is the idea as expressed by Spencer MacFugle. Let us go back in its history, and see if it has been improved. Among the works of Petrus Spookeyman, a celebrated Wallachian poet of the thirteenth century, we find the following poem:

ODE TO HER BANGS.

O, enviable bangs on that fair brow,
Which sets thy beauties off enow,
Angering her—though none may know—
Whene'er the gentle breezes blow
Thee in a muss;
When from off thy lofty height,
She hangs thee on a chair at night,
And combs thee by the bright fire-light,
In admiration,
Those curling-irons, that touch so fine
Would sizzle my heart as well as thine.
But bangs, O bangs, she must touch thee,
For thou frizzlest up in ecstasy.

Thus does the mediæval poet express the thought. We will omit the intermediate stages in its development, and produce what we believe to be the original form. Let it be understood, however, that in our study of prehistoric poetry we may yet discover some still more ancient specimen.

For those of our readers who are unacquainted with the history of the following poem, we will state that some years ago the eminent geologist and paleontologist, Timothy Sandstone, while prosecuting his searches in the ancient caves of the Yellowstone for evidences of the Silurian age, discovered the skeletons of three human beings. In the hands of one, found in an upright position facing the other two, was found a crumpled and almost destroyed parchment. It was the poem to which we refer. Unfortunately, but a fragment was left. The frames of the other skeletons were much distorted, showing that they had died in great agony. The persistency and cold-bloodedness of poets in all ages in relation to their writings is well worth the consideration of those who love to trace the progress of humanity. We greatly esteem and honor Timothy Sandstone, and have high respect for his learned judgments; but we must beg to doubt even his wisdom when he attempts to explain the relation and causes of the situation of these skeletons by a reference to geological actions. Mr. Timothy Sandstone is a geologist, and the love he has for his profession prompts him to make this explanation. But in this case it leads him to err. Thanks to our learned *litterateur*, Mr. Sampson Buftop, we have a true solution of the enigma. 'Tis the story of the poet and the charmed auditors. The old, old story.

Let me present to the reader a sample of the lines found upon the rumpled parchment taken from the hands of the skeleton. We have several reasons for so doing, apart from showing its primitive uniqueness.

Hjrm jan ikon djus inodus
Kron sis ejoc bkon sid judus
Mjarus krac djus buon irona
Sid hjrm curus djon enona....etc., etc.
Sul djus cranc disko roi
Inul sac.....dk....sl.....
Pr.....e....f....j.....(badly blurred)
.....s
Mj.....(unintelligible)

Freely translated, this poem might be rendered as follows:

O, damsel, thumpest thou the tough jamckon cloak,
With muscles lusty after it lies in soak?
Swift molds the jamckon's garb in tenacious grasp thine;
Yet, O damsel, not swifter than loving heart mine.
Yea, moldest thou mine heart, yet in soak not,
By thy look amorous.
Sometimes, yea, truly, thumpest my heart vigorously,
When look I slyly where thou stalkest fearlessly.
O, maid cruel, thus to treat a heart loving,
Like a jamckon skin in water scrubbing.

What a glorious picture, illustrating the characters and customs of the primitive man! Although Mr. Timothy Sandstone, the great geologist, will persist in asserting that this being was a Palaeolithic man, yet in our humble duty of maintaining truth and

justice we must beg leave to tell him that for once he does not know what he is talking about. Consider the character of the poetry. This alone flatly contradicts his assertion. *What is a Pliocene man doing, writing Miocene poetry?* This is a problem that we flatter ourselves the astute learning of Mr. Timothy Sandstone, ably assisted by his friends and disciples, will be unable to solve. Unquestionably it is a Miocene man. If Mr. Timothy Sandstone knew something about prehistoric poetry, it would undoubtedly assist him much in settling many knotty points in the geology of prehistoric periods. But let us leave the bickerings of discussion and return to the more congenial study of the beauties of this poem.

Imagine the primitive poet seated in a rabid frenzy behind an immense bowlder on the river bank, the parchment before him, a burnt stick in his hand, his thoughts upon some primeval damsel, who was probably at that moment across the river scrubbing the jamckon's skin. Serenely he sits with his back braced against the high rock which conceals him from her. Enthusiastically he scratches his rhymes. Suddenly he hears the voice of the father, who, poking his head from a cave, yells: "Hjkmulansum, hurry up with that wash. I've an appointment at the club, and you can't expect me to go dressed in a walking stick."

The poet hears nought but the sweet name of Hjkmulansum. He drops his stick, claps his hand over his beating heart, and rolling the name about his mouth, dwells rapturously upon its sweet lusciousness; but suddenly getting a beautiful thought, he heaves a heart-bursting sigh, seizes his burnt stick, and buckles hurriedly to his amorous task once more.

And she, the subject of his verse, the maid who has so warmed his heart—diligently she scrubs the skin of the jamckon. The washing must be done quickly, for the skins of the jamckon are scarce, and her father is obliged to wear his every-day clothes on Sunday. Even now, while she scrubs, he is calmly reposing upon boughs in the cave, patiently awaiting the return of his week's wash. The daughter continues her task with unabated vigor. She does not smile. She cannot be dreaming of her poet lover, who is seated at his ecstatic task. No: her thoughts are upon the Gagolanchichewans, who, sporting in the river some distance above, have ruined the water for rinsing purposes. Alas, poor lover!

At last, a Jamgigewan goes to the river to drink, and no more water flows for the next hour. The Jamgigewan drinks but once a month, but when he does drink there's usually a drought on the plains. The Jamgigewan was the first brute that introduced the practice of "swearing off," and soon became the butt of all the prehistoric animals.

How primitive and natural is the whole scene! From afar echoes the loud roar of the Mastodons. Up in the trees the Syvanteria minima are playfully skipping about. We can see a care-worn smile pass over the features of the poet, as he scribbles his noble thoughts for undying fame. Ah, little recks he who will read his verse! He scratches his matted and grizzled hair abstractedly, as he vainly rakes his brain for a happy rhyme. The loud squeals of the miserable little Pachytheriums disturb the flow of his poetic thoughts. Near by a Megalonyx is roaring and fighting with a yelling Mylodon. Yet the poet writes on, unconscious of all. Ah, what difficulties did not the Miocene poet grapple with and overcome! But man's indifference and apathy have limits. Suddenly a massive and unwieldy Megatherium pokes his head around the corner of the rock, and seeing the poet, makes a rush at him. Good poets, scarce even in the Miocene times, were regarded as a special luxury by all Megatheriums. But our poet has had many trials and has won much experience. He sighs wearily, hastily rolls up his parchment, pokes his burnt stick in his matted locks, ducks between the ponderous legs of the Megatherium, smiles sarcastically with his fingers to his nose at the same astonished beast, and before the perplexed Megatherium can reverse himself, is lost in the distance.

With that brief moment his history ends for us, but his Thought remains to kindle the souls of a million generations. *C. O. B.*

For a Plaque.

A ROUNDED hill of sun-burned grass
Lies there against a sapphire sky,
Where still-winged buzzards circling pass;

And half-way up the hill a tree
Stretches its thin-leaved branches high,
While round it flow unceasingly

The summer wind and summer heat.
And road-side dust as teams go by
Drifts up in clouds from horses' feet,

And clings on shriveling leaves and limbs,
That drooping hang and wait to die,
While all the land with summer brims.

E. C. Sanford.

Her 'Broidery-Work.

HER 'broidery-work is fair to see;
For there she sets most curiously
The flowers that on the hill-side grow,
Bright buttercups and grasses low,
Wild roses and nemophilæ.

The cloth is plain and bare till she
Touches it with her witchery,
Then by its graces new you know
Her 'broidery-work.

And so with you, too, *mon ami.*
Last month you had no dignity,
No wit, no grace, no art to show.
But now like Lancelot you go.
How came you so, unless you be
Her 'broidery-work?

E. C. Sanford.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES.)—FEBRUARY, 1883.—No. 2.

IMPROVED LONDON.

IN the last century the thieves and blackguards of London had peaceable citizens at their mercy, and the provisions for keeping the city clean were little better than they had been in the Middle Ages. The slums of Whitechapel are in better order now, and safer to the pedestrian, than Fleet Street and the Strand were then. But London, unlike Paris, had no Haussmann to suddenly transform it from an ancient city to a modern one. The changes made in it were gradual.

One of the first steps toward an improvement was the establishment of a more efficient police force. Formerly the guardians of the peace were old and sleepy men, who had not strength enough, even when they had courage, to quell disorder, and who were glad when the ill-doers left them to doze in the sentry boxes which were provided for their shelter. Indeed, their age and feebleness were looked upon as a qualification for their posts. The young "bucks" of the Regency were especially the tormentors of these poor old men, who were called Charlies, because the law under which they were appointed dated to the time of Charles I. To "box a Charlie" was considered fine sport. If he was found dozing between the hours when he went his rounds, his box was upset, with him inside of it, and he was left to kick and struggle, like a turtle on its back, until help arrived. Another trick was to offer him a dram which had been drugged, and, when the liquor had stupefied him, to cart him with his box into a quarter of the town far distant from his post. Practically, the watchmen were of no use except to cry the hour of the night and the state of the weather to wakeful citizens.

In 1829 Sir Robert Peel abolished the "Charlies" and established the present force of uniformed policemen, who number over eleven thousand, and have jurisdiction over the whole of the county of Middlesex, and parts of the adjacent counties of Hertford, Essex, and Kent. A nickname is given to them as to the watchmen who preceded them, and they are known as Bobbies or Peelers, both names being derived from those of the great statesman who established the force.

Another great improvement was the abolition of cesspools in 1847, and the drainage of the houses through sewers. The sewage is now conducted to Crossness, fourteen miles below London Bridge, and is ultimately discharged into the German Ocean.

In its water supply, London had been

more fortunate, previous to the time of which I am speaking, than in its police and drainage. In olden times the citizens were provided by the streams which flowed through their streets, one of the largest being that which gave Fleet Street its name. As the city grew, it was impossible to keep these streams clean, and water was then conveyed from the surrounding country by conduits. On great occasions wine instead of water was turned into the conduits for the free use of the citizens, and this was the case when the unfortunate Anne Boleyn was crowned after her marriage with Henry VIII.

The conduits were an improvement on the open streams, but they were an obstruction to traffic in the streets, and all the water from them had to be carried into the houses. There were no pipes in the houses, such as we consider indispensable. But in 1582 a Dutchman, named Peter Morris, introduced a plan for supplying the houses with water by mechanical power. He obtained a lease for the use of the Thames water and two arches of London Bridge, where he built a *forcier*, by which a supply could be sent a short distance. His apparatus was inadequate, however, and relief came in 1594, when a goldsmith, named Hugh Middleton, appeared upon the scene. Even if Morris's invention had been capable of distributing all the water that was wanted, it could not have been a success, for the supply could not have been pure as long as it depended on the Thames. Middleton took up a plan which others refused to adopt, because it was costly. Spending the whole of a large private fortune in the undertaking, he went to the green hills and dales far beyond London, and, tapping the sweetest springs, brought their waters to the city through an artificial river, twenty-one miles long. Engineers had not the machinery then which is at their command now, and the tunneling of the St. Gothard Pass was not, relatively speaking, a more imposing work than the cutting of this channel from Hertfordshire to London. Middleton's fortune was all spent before his great work was complete, and he applied in vain to his fellow-citizens for help. The means were furnished by James I., who, in return for his advances, received half the shares, of which there were seventy-two, each being now valued at $85,000. Though the undertaking had few friends in the beginning, it thus has proved not only an incalculable boon to the inhabitants, but also an immensely profitable investment.

For many years the New River was ample, and it is still utilized for the north-eastern region and that limited part of London which claims the exclusive designation of the "city"; but, in addition to it, seven other sources are now required to supply the modern metropolis. There are about seven hundred miles of water-mains, and the average daily consumption is about one hundred and twenty million gallons, or nearly thirty gallons for each person. What other city in the world, it has been asked, has provided for the comfort of its inhabitants so abundantly?

Edward Heming proposed to light some of the streets with lanterns in the time of Charles II., and many laughed at his project. The proposition to use gas for the same purpose was also derided. Sir Humphry Davy said that it would be as easy to bring down a piece of the moon for the illumination of London as to light the streets with gas. The philosopher was mistaken, and yet he was supported by even as clever men as James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. He suggested that the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral could be used as a gasometer. Nevertheless, in 1803–4 a German named Winsor proved that gas was feasible for an illuminant, and first used it in the Lyceum Theater, after which it was gradually adopted throughout the metropolis. But, like so many pioneers in great works, Winsor was ruined by the opposition which he met. As Macaulay says of Heming's lanterns, "The cause of darkness was not undefended. There were fools in that age who opposed the introduction of what was called the 'new light' as strenuously as fools in our own age have opposed the intro-

duction of vaccination and railroads, and as strenuously as the fools of an age anterior to the dawn of history doubtless opposed the introduction of the plow and of alphabetical writing."

Dr. Johnson, who had violent prejudices against many other things, is said to have predicted the lighting of London by gas. One evening, from the window of his house in Bolt Court, he observed the parish lamplighter ascend a ladder to light one of the public lanterns. The man had scarcely half way descended when the flame expired. Quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thrust the end of his torch beneath it: the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the vapor, which suddenly ignited. "Ah," exclaimed the doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be lighted with smoke!"

We have now seen how Sir Hugh Middleton saved the housewife the trouble of going with her bucket to the nearest stream when she wanted water, and provided her with an inexhaustible flow in her own kitchen; how the refuse of the thousands of houses is swiftly carried off instead of being allowed to breed disease by accumulation; how lurking thieves and hidden pitfalls were defeated by the glimmer of lamps, which have increased in number, until now, when London is seen from an eminence on a clear night, it seems like a garden sown with yellow flowers; and how the feeble old Dogberrys of the past have been replaced by wide-awake and brawny policemen, who keep the rogues well under hand. We have yet to speak of the introduction of the means provided for "getting about."

In olden times there were no public conveyances. The better class of citizens rode to church, or to make calls, on horses, and at a later period they had their own carriages. On great occasions there were often as many people in the saddle as a-foot, and the equestrian display was a fine one; no less than six thousand horsemen, for instance, having attended the coronation of Henry IV. The chroniclers have painted such celebrations for us in vivid colors. They show us the entry into London of the conqueror of Agincourt, and the attendant splendors—the conduits flowing with wine, the artificial trees and flowers, the maidens playing music, the wooden houses draped with gay tapestries, and the inmates sitting in their most costly dresses on the balconies. These magnificent equestrian spectacles were familiar to the citizens from the earliest times.

It is not easy to think of London, whose murmur can now be heard miles away, without the sound of wheels other than those of the cart dragging through the ruts with its load of firewood or beer or wool. But the city had no coaches until late in the reign of Elizabeth; and they can scarcely be said to have come into general use until the reign of James.

Their use is noticed by Stow as follows: "In the year 1564 Guilliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queen's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousy of the queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid up and down the countries in them, to the great admiration of all the beholders; but then by little and little they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and in twenty years became a great trade of coach-making."

The new vehicles increased in number despite the condition of the roads. One writer says: "It is a most uneasy kind of passage, in coaches on the paved streets of London, wherein men and women are so tost, tumbled, jumbled, and rumbled." The drivers of carts took a malicious pleasure in obstructing the coaches, moreover, and it was said that six nobles often had to give precedence to six barrels of beer.

In 1634 a stand of hackney coaches was provided for the use of any persons who wished to hire them, and the fact was thus recorded: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up among us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Baily; he hath been a sea captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney

coaches, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere, as watermen are to be had by the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it; for, whereas before coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper."

There was some opposition between the coaches and the sedan chairs, and for a long time the superiority of one over the other was a matter of dispute.

The river, winding through the city, was as great a highway as any street; and, especially between London and Westminster, innumerable row-boats passed to and fro, conveying passengers either on pleasure or business.

The row-boats are superseded now by a fleet of steamers, which call at many landings on both sides of the river, and convey passengers for less than one cent a mile; while the hackney coaches and sedan chairs are replaced by over three thousand cabs, twelve hundred omnibuses, a large number of street-cars, and the trains of the underground railway.

The charge of the cabs is twenty-five cents for two miles or less, and half as much again for each additional mile. The great number of them, and the frequency with which all classes use them day and night, is one of the features of the London streets. But more convenient to people traveling east and west than all other conveyances are the trains of the underground railway.

To a thoughtful person, the crowded surface of London is always impressive. There are scarcely any gaps without an urgent crowd of pedestrians and vehicles; everything seems to be in motion, the whole population to be in the streets, and each individual in a hurry. One is thrilled by the activity--the surges of human life that roll noisily through the streets, "from eternity onward to eternity." Yet here and there we come upon a grating within some railings, and an upward rush of steam and a rumble from below shows us that, crowded as the surface is with its thousands of cabs and omnibuses, there is a lower level, upon which another part of the immense population is traveling by a conveyance more rapid than either cabs or omnibuses—under houses, and under a vast gridiron of sewers, water pipes, gas pipes, pneumatic tubes, and subterranean telegraph wires. Here and there we see one of the stations, and, descending far below the level of the street, we reach an atmosphere of smoke and steam in a great underground vault, with trains rapidly passing through in both directions. At both ends of the vault is a tunnel with a few lights glimmering in it. A bell tinkles, and a lamp appears in the distance; then, out of the tunnel comes a train; passengers alight quickly, and as quickly embark, and the train vanishes into the continuation of the tunnel.

The vault is an underground station, and similar ones may be found about three-quarters of a mile apart, all along the line.

Let us enter that at the Mansion House, which is near the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England—at the very core of mercantile London. After buying our tickets, we board a train going west. All the cars are lighted with gas, and it is necessary that they should be, as the tunnel itself is dark. The motion of the train is easy, but the atmosphere is damp and smoky; a gentle oscillation is all that tells us we are moving. Almost before we have settled ourselves in our seats we re-enter the twilight at the station at Blackfriars, nearly a mile from where we started; and the historic name marches a varied procession out of our memories. At Blackfriars was the monastery which gave the place its name; and there, too, was the theater of which Shakspere was an owner, and at which some of his plays were first produced. St. Paul's Cathedral, Newgate Prison, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the

Charterhouse School, and Ludgate Hill are all within easy distance; and not a stone's-throw from the station is the office of the London "Times," the source of a power only inferior to that of the Legislative Palace at Westminster.

But in much less time than we can write the names of these places, the train is off again, and the station lights are vanished. Perhaps three minutes are spent, and then there is a stop at which the conductor, or guard, as he is designated in England, calls "Temple! Temple!"—another name which conjures up visions of many periods of English history, for here, indeed, is the sanctuary from which the Knights Templar went to the Crusades. Since then it has been the ancestral home of lawyers and authors, and associated with it is a long roll of illustrious names: Beaumont, Cowper, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Clarendon, Wycherley, Congreve, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Thackeray. Temple Bar stood close by until 1875, separating the Strand from Fleet Street; and just over the heads of the passengers in the train are the lovely Temple gardens, rich with flowers which thrive despite the London smoke.

We are struck by the expedition shown in starting the train. The passengers, as well as the officials, seem anxious that there shall be as little delay as possible, and those about to alight are ready to step out the moment the train comes to a standstill, while those who are about to embark quickly take their places. The Temple is left behind while we are in the middle of our reflections, and in a few seconds more we reach Charing Cross.

"I talked," says Boswell, "of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the quick succession of people which we see passing through it." "Why, sir," replied Dr. Johnson, "Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

So it is. Though the Bank is at the core of the mercantile half of the city, Charing Cross is the center of the rest of London. Here the Strand ends, and Pall Mall with its magnificent club-houses is across the way. Here also is Trafalgar Square, with Landseer's lions, the Nelson monument, and the National Gallery, wherein is stored the finest collection of pictures in the United Kingdom.

Again our reveries are interrupted by the starting of the train, and in a few seconds more we are at Westminster, the site of a famous abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the hall which was the palace of the early kings. We have touched at so many interesting places, and have looked so far back into history, that we seem to have made a long journey, but we have only been in the train fifteen minutes.

The underground railway is undoubtedly one of the greatest conveniences of London. It encircles the metropolis and connects with all the main railway stations, except Waterloo. Hosts of objections were raised to it when it was first proposed, and it was prophesied that all manner of evils would arise from it. It was said, even by engineers, that the tunnel would fall in from the mere weight of the traffic in the streets above, and that the adjacent houses would be not only shaken to their foundations by the engines, but that the families in them would be poisoned by the sulphurous exhalations of the fuel. After years of opposition, the work was begun in 1860, and the first section, between Paddington and Farringdon Street, was opened on January 10th, 1863. So great was its success from the very day of its opening, that, in the next session of Parliament, there was such an influx of bills for the proposed formation of railway lines in connection with it, that nearly one-half of the city would have been demolished had all the plans been carried out, and almost every open space occupied by some terminus with its screaming and hissing locomotives. Many of those plans were defeated, but every year some extension is made to the underground lines, which reach out as far as Richmond and Harrow.

Suppose that, after alighting from the underground line, at Westminster, we walk a few steps to the pier of the river steamers, and take one of them down as far as St.

Paul's wharf. On our way we see Whitehall, Somerset House, Hungerford Bridge, Waterloo Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, the Temple, and Wren's great cathedral. Our fare for this ride is one penny, or two cents, and we could go nearly a mile farther, to London Bridge, without additional expense. Our trip on the underground railway cost us about six cents; and thus, for a total of eight cents, we have been able to travel about six miles. Few cities, indeed, possess such facilities for rapid travel as crowded, pushing, struggling London.

We have said that London has had no Haussmann to untie the knots in its ancient thoroughfares and give it an entirely new dress, as in the boulevards of Paris. But it has undergone many great changes during recent years, and it is still in an epoch of transition. Smoked and smoky as it is, with its tangled streets, and its somber buildings which wear perpetual mourning, the person visiting it for the first time is probably more impressed by the extent to which it has been modernized than by its monuments of antiquity. Old London has not such a new dress as Paris; but, though not quite *á la mode*, the dame has many new ribbons fastened to her old-fashioned gown. Cheapside is American in its freshness of architecture. Scarcely one of the old buildings remains upon it, and in their place are brilliant shops with acres of plate-glass in their windows; insurance offices of carved stone and polished granite; modern restaurants, with Chippendale furniture, mottoes in tiles, and ecclesiastical windows. It is like a section of Broadway; and, but for the omnibuses and the hansom cabs, one might suppose himself to be in that renowned thoroughfare of the New World, instead of in a historic street of London, which was the central stage of the pageantry of old, and the point where the commerce of Plantagenet times was concentrated. Even in the Strand and Fleet Street, where a few of the houses date back to the time of the Stuarts, and many of them are little altered from what they were in the days of Queen Anne, great showy buildings, which look incongruous beside their small-windowed, smoky-faced neighbors, have begun to appear. Ludgate Hill is new from top to bottom; and where Temple Bar stood, with the heads of traitors spiked upon it, dividing Fleet Street from the Strand, a vast pile of buildings in the Anglo-Norman style of architecture, almost as large and as stately as the Capitol at Washington, has been erected for the use of the law courts.

A complete change has been made along the river-front from Blackfriars to Westminster, where a broad belt of mud and shallow water has been reclaimed and transformed into the Victoria Embankment; a superb drive and promenade, with a massive granite balustrade, flourishing trees, well-stocked and well-tended gardens, statues, and landings for the small steamers plying above London Bridge, below which the larger shipping is confined. Cleopatra's Needle, a companion to that in Central Park, stands at the foot of Salisbury Street; and among the finer buildings which front on the Embankment are several fashionable hotels, the Temple, Adelphi Terrace (a neighborhood of literary clubs and literary lodgings), and St. Stephens Club, where the leading Conservatives meet to pour forth, even over their dinner or supper, the gall which the Liberals have excited in them. Close by the latter building, the Embankment ends at the Houses of Parliament, behind which the towers of Westminster Abbey are first visible.

It is interesting, in passing along this fine promenade, to think of the river-front as it was before the Embankment was built. At one time, the palaces of the nobility whose names and titles are given to the neighboring streets—Essex, Buckingham, Somerset, Surrey, Norfolk, York, and Arundel—stood along the Strand, with gardens sloping down to the water, where the inmates could take boats. There is record of a golden day when the water of the Thames was so pure that trout lived in it, and anglers could be seen fishing on the banks. Nothing of the palaces remain, save the beautiful water-gate through which the gay company of York House stepped on board the tapestried

barges which bore them to Westminster or the city. Somerset House is only a name given to the present structure, because the latter occupies the site of the old one.

After these stately homes disappeared, the river-front seems to have fallen into decay, and rookeries shivered in the wind along the oozy borders. It was a dark place, where crime sought a hiding-place and poverty a shelter. Many a piteous sob might have been heard under the dark arches of Waterloo Bridge. Many a hideous crime remained undetected, while its perpetrators concealed themselves in the riverside shanties.

The work of reclamation was begun in February, 1864, and the Embankment was opened in July, 1870. The approaches to it are insufficient at present; but when these are increased, it will become one of the most crowded, as it is now the most commodious, of London streets.

On the Surrey side of the river is another embankment, named after the queen's late husband, Prince Albert, and among the buildings abutting on it is one of the largest of the many London charities—St. Thomas's Hospital, which consists of no less than eight distinct buildings, or pavilions, seventeen hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty feet in depth. It is built of brick, with stone facings, and cost nearly $2,500,000. Just opposite to it, on the Middlesex side of the river, are the Parliament buildings; and few views in London are more impressive than that from Westminster Bridge, which brings in both the hospital and the legislative palace, with the Victoria Embankment reaching from it.

Whitehall is one of the neighborhoods where the change from old to new is conspicuous. It has been said that the triangular space which lies between the new palaces of Whitehall and St. James and the old palace at Westminster has been the scene of more important events in English history than all the rest of London. The original palace at Whitehall was built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the minister of Henry III., and it was rebuilt by Cardinal Wolsey. Here the prelate lived in more than royal magnificence, with a household of eight hundred persons, and entertained the king, who took "great comfort" from the hospitality with which he was received. Afterwards, when Wolsey was in disgrace, the king himself took possession of Whitehall. He married Anne Boleyn there, and there "bluff King Hal" ended his life of crime on January 28th, 1546.

It was also from Whitehall that Queen Mary went forth to be crowned, and thence Elizabeth was sent to the tower on a wrongful accusation of complicity in Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy. In her turn, Elizabeth set out from Whitehall to receive the crown, and in her reign the palace was the scene of many brilliant masques and tournaments. In the grounds Lord Monteagle first told the Earl of Salisbury of the gunpowder plot; and hither Guy Fawkes was dragged from the cellar of the House of Lords into the presence of King James I.

"What," said one of the Scottish courtiers, "did you intend to do with so many barrels of gunpowder?"

"I intended, for one thing," brusquely said the conspirator, "to blow all Scotchmen back into Scotland."

Whitehall attained its greatest splendor in the reign of Charles I., when eighty-six tables were set at each meal, the king little dreaming that the walls which saw these festivities would, at a later period, witness his execution. Oliver Cromwell was the next tenant, and John Milton occupied the room as his Latin secretary. The great Protector died in the palace, and was succeeded in the occupation of it by Richard Cromwell. Then came Charles II., with his dissolute companions; and, at his death, James II. made Whitehall his principal residence. In the reign of William III. the palace was almost totally destroyed by fire, and all that now remains of it is the banqueting hall from which Charles I. passed to his execution.

In place of the Whitehall of old, with its extensive buildings and gardens, the features of the neighborhood are the government

offices. Here is the Treasury Building, which was designed by Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and the Admiralty Office, from which the navy is controlled. Near these is a by-way called Downing Street; and, though Downing Street is narrow and not one-sixteenth of a mile long, the business that takes place in it engages the attention of the whole world. On the south side, abutting on St. James Park, is a fine pile of modern Italian buildings, in which are the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, and the East India Office—each the headquarters of a cabinet minister. Downing Street is, indeed, the engine-room, from which is controlled the stupendous machinery of the British Empire.

London possesses many new things—new parks, new streets, new buildings; and the antiquary from abroad who has read its annals may, in his first survey of the city, be disappointed at the extent to which the old landmarks have been obliterated. He alights, perhaps, in one of the magnificent depots, and is driven through wide streets lighted by the electric light. He is lodged in a hotel which is as modern as anything of the kind in Chicago or San Francisco. He inquires for one relic after another, and is told that it is gone. The site of many a historic house is occupied by some pile of modern architecture, and the dingy place of memories altered beyond recognition by some improvement.

A neighborhood nearly as large as many American towns was pulled down and rebuilt to admit of the Holborn Viaduct. The approach to the city from the west of Oxford Street and Holborn was formerly inconvenient and unsightly, and on both sides of it was a region of slums, including Field Lane, wherein was the lair of Bill Sykes, Charlie Bates, and the very artful "dodger." The slums were pulled down, and the ground was cleared, as much as $150,000 being paid to one property owner for his land. Then a viaduct, of an ornamental character, was thrown across the waste, avoiding the hill, which formerly stood in the way of the traffic, and replacing the old narrow street with a new thoroughfare, fourteen hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. On both sides are handsome buildings, and in some respects the Viaduct is the finest street in London.

"The impression left upon the mind after a walk along the Viaduct," says an English writer, "is that of a wide and level thoroughfare raised above the old pavement, and of a spacious bridge crossing the busy line of Farringdon Street below. The improvement is so grand and yet so simple, and the direction taken by the new road is so obviously the easiest and the best, that difficulties of construction and engineering details are in a manner lost sight of; and it is not until the work concealed from the eye is dived into that the true nature of the undertaking is understood. To know what has been accomplished, and to appreciate it rightly, the observer must leave the upper level, and penetrate the interior; to comprehend his subject, he must do as all patient beginners do—commence at the foundation. First is appropriated a space for areas and vaulted cellars of the houses, and then against these is a subway, in which are the gas, water, and telegraph pipes; then a passage, and below these a vaulted chamber constructed with damp-proof courses through its walls, at the bottom of which, resting on a concrete bed, is the sewer. . . . . The height of these subways is eleven feet six inches, and their width is seven feet. They contain ventilating shafts, which are connected with trapped gullies in the roadway above; also, with the pedestals of the lamp-posts, perforated for the purpose, and with flues expressly directed to be left in party walls of buildings; all these contrivances being made for carrying off the gases that may escape, especially from leakage of the gas-mains. Provision is made for the easy ingress of workmen and materials, and the subways are lighted by means of gratings, filled with globules of thick glass."

In the suburbs, again, we notice how rapidly the town is encroaching upon the country. London is not extending its area in

any one direction, but in all directions. It is not growing in the north more than in the south, nor in the east more than in the west. Year by year it adds to its vast circumference some belt of fields; and the annexation is not gradual, with straggling buildings and disconnected streets, slowly filling up, but almost instantaneous. The streets are rapidly paved, graded, drained, and lighted, and what is pasturage one April becomes an integral part of the city before the following December. Many of the quaint old villages, with thatched cottages and ancient inns, which stood several miles away from the borders of the city a few years ago, are now part and parcel of the huge metropolis; and where their hedge-rows blossomed with hawthorn in June are rows of little yellow-brick suburban villas.

Perhaps the most interesting of the newer parts of London is South Kensington, with its modern Queen Anne houses, its wide, respectable streets, and the palatial buildings of the South Kensington Museum. The latter contains more than twenty thousand examples of mediæval and modern art, painting and statuary, fine workmanship in metals, textile fabrics and pottery, engineering and architecture. Connected with it, also, are various schools; and it is not too much to say that any one who properly uses the opportunities afforded by the South Kensington Museum may acquire a liberal education.

Even in the eastern end of the metropolis, where crime and poverty have long abided, there are gaps in the narrow alleys and pestilent courts—gaps filled up with model tenements, common schools, and various educational institutions. Petticoat Lane is still there, in which queer street one may get a vivid picture of low life in London; of the peculiar physiognomy of the low Cockney and of some of his habits; of the crowded condition of the London rookeries, and especially of the fierce struggle which goes on for very small things. But there are signs of reformation in the east as well as of increasing opulence in the west.

New London covers a very large tract, and to one who has read the history of the metropolis and knows its varied traditions, the extent of the changes made in the ancient city may, as we have said, disappoint him. But, though there are many new things in London, there is no lack of old ones of deep historical interest and local peculiarity—old taverns, old churches, old palaces, old inns of court, and old houses. London is still the living stage of English history; and though the youngest reader of this article should not visit it until he is an old man, there is no doubt that he will still find in it more to gratify his love of antiquities than in any other city. But who can imagine the size it will be, say, twenty years hence? At the census of 1881 it had a population of 4,764,312, and thus it contained more than double the number of people in Denmark, including Greenland; nearly three times as many as Greece; more than eighteen times the population of Montenegro; some thousands more than Portugal, including the Azores and Madeira; nearly treble the population of Servia; more than double that of Bulgaria; three quarters of a million more than in Holland; and more than Sweden or Norway or Switzerland.

It has increased about one million and a half in the past ten years, and, with Cowper, we may indeed speak of it as

> "Opulent, enlarged, and still
> Increasing London!"

William H. Rideing.

THE MUEZZIN.

FAR purple hills and cloudless skies,
And waving, slender palms that rise
  In feathery masses toward the sun,
  While narrow streamlets curve and run,
As blue as Leda's lovely eyes.

Along the lofty parapet
A tall muezzin paces yet,
  Although the morning call to prayer
  Long since was sounded on the air,
And hours must pass ere day will set.

He leans and looks and listens; far
Below him, like a fallen star,
  A gilded sandal lies, unbound
  From some swift foot that spurned the ground
Where the great mosque's long shadows are.

He holds his robe across his face,
And creeping on from space to space,
  From stair to stair in columned line,
  He passes from the prophet's shrine,
And lifts the sandal from its place.

What dark muezzin ever knew
Such eyes—like iris moist with dew?
  What drunken bee e'er took his sips
  From roses sweet as Leda's lips?
Those lips that trembled as she flew.

First woman in the minaret,
She came for love of Ashtoblet,
  And dropped her sandal when she fled,
  While slept the city as the dead,
Who nor remember nor forget.

And once again the sunset's glare,
And once again the call to prayer,
  And once again night throws her veil
  About the lives that faint and fail,
And Ashtoblet upon the stair.

No call is sounded from his post
When pallid morning like a ghost
  Comes stealing through the city's gate,
  And for a while the people wait
About the mosque, a silent host.

Then one with finger at his lip,
And heavy feet that pause and trip,
  And eyes that scarcely see for fright,
  Comes stumbling on in woful plight,
And guides to where the fountains drip.

There the muezzin Ashtoblet
Lies dead on banks of violet,
  One red line on his dusky throat;
  And to his heart, where all may note,
He holds a gilded sandal yet.

James Berry Bensel.

MRS. JOHNSON.

Dr. Browne's recent death has set people to re-reading "Rab and His Friends"; and to realizing—if they do justice either to Dr. Browne as an author or to this human world as a field of sympathetic interest—that the rarity of the story is not in its matter, but only in the telling of it. Which of us could not tell, out of his own experience, something as worth reading, if only he had the eyes to see it, the heart to feel it, the tongue, straightforward, vigorous, sympathetic, to tell it? It is the tritest of cant nowadays to talk of the world about us being crammed with unnoticed pathos and tragedy; we go beyond the fact, and make it heresy to speak the truth, that myriads of lives have no pathos or tragedy, save only their own meagerness; we confess with the lips much more than exists, but with the heart have we not known what does exist.

"Rab and His Friends" always recalls Mrs. Johnson to me. Let me try to tell you about her, trusting to the homely pathos of her history to make its way more or less through any medium of narrative, however clumsy.

I was teaching school in a remote village of this State when I knew her. I had dwelt for a few weeks with the leading man of the community, in whose dining-room pigs, dogs, and chickens shared, with very imperfect amity, the crumbs that fell from our table; but I was now established in a clean and fragrantly new little house, kept up to the Vermont standard of neatness by an energetic, dark-haired widow, shrewd and kindly as need be asked. She was a near and good friend to Mrs. Johnson; she and the Johnsons, she said, were the only Yankees in the Pike-Irish community—of whom she liked to quote, "so plaguey *shif'less*." I had heard before, inattentively, of Mrs. Johnson: her husband ("carpenter Johnson," as they had called him in the county town, though in his own village he habitually received the title Mr.) had once acted kindly in my behalf, though entirely a stranger. Of Mrs. Johnson, I knew that she was then recovering from an operation for cancer, which had been unsuccessful in removing or even arresting the disease; and Mrs. Adams, my good hostess, told me that the poor woman was indomitably resolved to have the operation repeated.

"She says as many times as it comes back she'll have it cut out; she *will not* give up to it. She says she *can't* die with seven children that need her."

At the end of October Mrs. Adams consented to have Mrs. Johnson come to her house to undergo a second operation, and to be cared for by her after it.

"It's a dreadful thing to undertake," she said; "but what could I do? Her home's a poor place—she couldn't be made comfortable there. Lizzie isn't old enough nor handy enough to take care of her while she's at the

worst, and Mr. Johnson is perfectly helpless about taking responsibility. He always depends on her. It's she that's kept her family up; everything will go to pieces when she's gone, and she knows it. All these years she's just been pulling up against the *drift-back* there was in him; and she couldn't make any headway for the family.

"He isn't *lazy*—it isn't that; and he hasn't any bad habits. He means well, and he works hard; but somehow there's no *succeed* to him. They have been dreadfully behind for money, and I guess she's earned more than he. Why, if you'll believe me, almost up to the time of the first operation, that woman kept right on at the wash-tub. It paid well—three dollars a dozen here, for gentlemen's washing—and she had all she could do. Lizzie helped what she could; but there was the house to take care of, and four children at home younger than Lizzie, and Mrs. Johnson's always was clean, and things were done right, poor as the place is. Lizzie's been brought up to tidy ways, and she's a good girl, and works harder than a girl of sixteen ought; but she hasn't much faculty; she can't put work through like her mother. She's her father's daughter—good girl, but there's something slack-twisted about them both."

One day in November, as the hour-hand that performed solitary duty on the clock face in my school-room crept toward two o'clock, (we guessed at the minutes nearly enough for practical purposes) I knew that my neighbor's life was in the balances a couple of miles away. What kind of surgeons she found in that corner of the world, I never knew; nor whether to them or to her own will or to her friend's care it was due that no act of theirs killed her. When I approached the clean, unplaned little house, there was no sign of what had passed, except one closed and hushed room; the whole homely little interior was in its Vermont good order, and the heaps of dry leaves under the white oaks flew and rustled as usual before Mrs. Adams's vigorous step, as she carried her milking-pails about. But that closed door was enough to fill the house with awe and suspense.

She had not only shown no tremor, Mrs. Adams said: she had even with eagerness made ready for the surgeons, seeming to admit to her mind only the one outcome as possible; and though before taking the anæsthetic she had given such charges as she could for her husband and children, in case she should never return to consciousness, she had not apparently given one thought to her own future—"if she should die before she waked."

At night her husband came from his work to watch with her—a man of gentle demeanor, though abrupt, and entirely the laboring man in speech and manner; short and broad-shouldered, with iron-gray hair that stood straight up all over his head in a sort of helpless, bewildered way; a kindly, vague, rueful expression of face, now deepened to definite sorrow and anxiety, that still had something vague about it—as if he did not know exactly how to fit into his consciousness this grief that had befallen him. He was a pathetic man: hardly the less so, it seemed to me, that he was so absolutely incapable of any husband-like protection of his wife, any consideration in withholding his thoughts from her, any other attitude toward her than that of dependence, even when she lay between life and death. It made Mrs. Adams—capable and self-poised as she was—impatient with him; and while he probably never suspected her impatience, its effect in lessening her sympathy for him may have made him feel indefinably more alone with his bewildered foreboding and sorrow. Yet he did not seem to expect to be sympathized with: I never heard him speak one word that asked for it; but he would creep with solemn face from his wife's room, and sit down near me by the great open fireplace of rough stones, and talk of her by the hour. He questioned me about the instances of recovery or reprieve I had heard of in such cases; and few and doubtful though all my scraps of knowledge and hearsay were, he seemed to attach great importance to them—laid them up, pondered over them, recurred to them in talking with Mrs. Adams and me, and repeated them to "her."

(They both used this idiom of the personal pronoun, which I have heard attributed to Connecticut exclusively; they were both from Massachusetts, however, and I have heard the idiom from men and women of the Southwest.)

How much determination had to do with it, I do not know; but it was not many days before Mrs. Johnson dressed and left her room. A little, slight woman she was, hardly five feet two, and girlish in build—this woman who had stood all day at her washtub with cancer far advanced. At first glance, the tottering steps and the shoulders sunken forward made me shrink with the instinctive dread of disease and suffering; and then I saw her face. There was nothing to be afraid of there, in spite of the pitiful, drawn lines of pain. Her expression was not even of endurance: it was steady, brave, almost cheerful. She would not doubt that she was going to succeed in at least wresting a few years' grace out of the hands of death—long enough to secure her children's future: why should she not be cheerful, then? You and I would have thought it needed something more to give any cause for cheerfulness: a little comfort in one's last years, for instance; a little easing of the struggle life had been; a release from physical torture; but I believe it never occurred to her that there was any act of legislature that she should be happy. They take things pitifully, terribly as a matter of course sometimes—these women who have hard lives.

It must have been some ten days before Thanksgiving that Mrs. Johnson began to sit by the fire and talk with us. I wish I could give you the picture of the woman as it remains in my memory. The little unpainted, unpapered room, with the look of cleanness about the rough, light-colored pine boards; the small windows decorously shaded with spotless curtains made from old sheets; the rag carpet (of the very homeliest and roughest variety) on the floor; the great fireplace of rough stones; Mrs. Adams, dark and strong-featured, busy at some handiwork; and the small, bowed figure and uncomplaining face in the cushioned rocking-chair. The hair that rippled prettily on her forehead was just turning from brown to gray; she must have been a pretty girl: her younger daughters were very pretty children.

Her simple, unfeigned interest in our interests, and her unvarying thoughtfulness, were wonderful. It was to her faithful watch over her sons' memories that I owed the continuance of my daily mail (a most weighty matter to me, three hundred miles from friends), when the creek between us and the village was flooded, and impassable except by the railroad trestle-work. In her interest and her consideration she did not seem to be making any effort of conscience to put aside herself for others; it seemed to be simply that it never had occurred to her to think of her position as making her any object of special attention, even from herself.

I learned in those days, partly from her and partly from Mrs. Adams, something of what she felt was staked on her life and death. Her two eldest boys, perhaps eighteen and fourteen years old, were already known as rough, willful fellows. They were out of school now, but they had left a bad reputation behind them—chiefly because of mismanagement; for there had certainly been enough bad teaching there to ruin twenty such boys; and their mother's influence over them had never failed. They seemed the sort of lads who might easily turn either to good or evil according to the influences about them; and there was almost no influence for good to be found for them there, outside their own home. The only work for them, without money as they were, was among the sheep-herders, where they would well nigh forget that there was such a thing as clean and steady life; nor were they, apparently, the stuff to seek out for themselves a different life in some other part of the world, unless kept to the idea by their resolute little mother.

"But she feels almost the worst of all about Lizzie," Mrs. Adams said. "Lizzie is sixteen years old, and she sees other girls, these Pikes, marrying at fourteen and fifteen.

It's an awful place for a girl to be brought up in, anyway. I don't know any young man here Mrs. Johnson would like to see Lizzie like. Lizzie's a good girl, but she don't realize, you see, that there *are* men different from these. And there's no lack of men—low fellows—hanging round her now; men who come to the window and look in to see if her mother's at home before they offer to go in. The three little girls somebody's sure to take—they're pretty, nice-mannered, handy children—but she can't bear to think of their being scattered that way. And I don't know but what really her heart aches most over little Katie, just because she is the baby."

Mrs. Johnson was to have all her family with her on Thanksgiving Day, at Mrs. Adams's. But before that day had come, she herself could no longer refuse to believe, that, however the wound of the surgeon's knife might heal, the disease was there still, fastening anew on the narrowing life.

"I will have it cut out again," she said.

"You cannot find a doctor to do it," they told her.

"They must do it if I insist; it is *my* affair," she said desperately.

She read advertisements of lotions then. She did not care how painful any application was, she said.

"So long as I am alive, if I am good for nothing but to walk the floor and scream, I can keep my family together."

She was not unreasonable; she was convinced at last that to do anything further would only shorten instead of lengthening her life. It was the morning of Thanksgiving Day that she gave it up. She looked up, after long silence, and told me so, very simply and quietly, with infinite sadness in her voice, and yet—after all her desperate resistance—with that same pitiful, terrible acceptance of calamity as a matter of course. She did not seem to expect me to pity her; it would have seemed to her a very irrelevant thing to be thinking about *her:* the children's future was the thing to think of.

They came in half an hour later—the boys first, and she talked to them about it very quietly and simply, not seeming to mind the presence of others in the room; and they, frightened, sorrowful, yet only half-realizing, childlike, evidently clung to her for comfort against herself; looked to her to somehow take care of them in this trouble as in others. She never flinched until, last of all, little Katie came in. She had not seen her mother since she left home, for they lived in the village, across the flooded creek, and the little feet could not be taken across the railroad bridge except for a great occasion; and now she ran across the room to her with a cry of delight, and the sweetest of uplifted baby faces. Mrs. Johnson clasped the little one with her left arm, securing the dimpled hand with her own right hand, which she could move only a few inches, and her face sank suddenly down in an outbreak of sobbing on the pretty curly head. I never saw her break down again. She managed to make the Thanksgiving Day quietly cheerful to the children, after all.

A few days later she returned to her own home. I did not see her again until early January. I had closed school at four o'clock Friday, and I was going to take the first homeward train at two o'clock Saturday morning. A day or two before, my secret dread of waiting till train-time in the hotel-attachment of the saloon, and then being escorted to the station by the bar-keeper, was relieved by a message from Mrs. Johnson, asking me to wait for the train at her house. I found her little changed in appearance, though she must have been really much feebler. Her house was poor enough—a narrow, rough kitchen, with home-made bench and chairs, two boxes of bedrooms behind, and, I think, a garret-loft. I imagine the kitchen itself served as a sleeping-room when all were at home. Yet the home somehow escaped the appearance of squalor; and more simple refinement of behavior I have not found—no, not on Beacon Hill.

After little Katie had been carried off from my lap and my stories to bed, Mrs. Johnson came and sat down by me. She would not yield to my urgency that she should go to rest.

"I sleep so little, anyway," she said, "that it doesn't make any difference. I do take good care of myself; I don't want to shorten the time any. But it won't do me any harm, and I sha'n't see you again."

She said it as simply as if she had said, "I shall not wear that bonnet any more."

She was glad I was going home to my friends: this was a good place to get out of. She drifted very naturally into the story of her own life.

"I was a Lowell girl," she said. "I was nicely brought up. I worked in the factories, but not until after I had been to school a good deal. I went through the common schools; I had more education than he did, but his folks are more well-to-do. My folks are all gone; but one of his connections is a judge now, and I hope that they will take Katie and bring her up nicely. There were the public libraries, too, in the East; I always cared a good deal for that. There isn't anything like that in this country. I never expected to live this way."

There was not a shade of complaint in her tone.

"There's one thing I wish," she said; "that I could hear a good organ again before I die—a good church-organ."

"Why, mamma," cried Lizzie, dismayed, "isn't Clara Padgett's a good organ?" Evidently the poor child had regarded with exaggerated reverence the rattling melodeon, the one instrument of the sort in the country-side. It showed that her mother had kept these reminiscences out of sight, and that to-night's talk was stirring deep waters —as, indeed, the girl's eager attention to the whole story showed.

After some digression about organs, Mrs. Johnson drifted back to her story.

"I came out to Shasta to marry him," she said, "twenty years ago. I came alone, and he met me at the stage, and we were married right off. I shall never forget how the town frightened me. There was a fight going on when I got off the stage, and a man killed before we got to the hotel. I saw him lying dead at the foot of a tree. Then all the saloons, and the quarreling and singing and noise going on! I was afraid to have him leave me a minute. I couldn't have any room at the hotel, and I had to sleep in the dining-room, and get dressed before the men came in. He used to get up long before light to go off to work and get well on before breakfast; and I was so afraid that I should sleep too long that I wouldn't get any sleep at all after he went. Then I hated to be there when the men came in, but I hadn't any place to go. After that, he took me to board with a woman that lived out on the road a little way. She kept hens, and thought a good deal of them. I used to sit and sew while he was gone; and the hens would come in the house and go picking round my feet. I couldn't bear to have them—it seemed so dirty—and I would shoo them off with my apron. But she used to get very angry at that, and swear at me. She said I was too stuck up for her house. The women all were set against me: they said I was stuck up. But I was really afraid of them. Her cooking was dreadful; it seemed as if it would poison me; but it made her so angry for me to try to help her that I had to give up. Oh, it did seem to me that I would be willing to die if only I could have a home of my own! I did, at last; Lizzie was born there; but we were a good deal afraid of the Indians. Well, it's just been that way right along. I always thought we'd get along where we could be fixed nicely, but we never have. I cared about it more when the children came; but of course their coming made it just harder to get ahead. We came here after a while, but it was no better here—I don't know but what its worse about bringing up children to be good."

"I took the 'Art Journal' the first two years I was in California," she said. "I couldn't afford it after that; but I have the old ones, and I've always enjoyed having them."

She went and brought me the volumes from a box-cupboard, where a few other books and the children's school-gear were bestowed; and we looked together over the old pages. It seemed to be a great pleasure

to her to find out what some one else thought of the pictures, every one of which she knew so well.

"There are two pictures there," she said, warming as she saw that I was interested, "that I care more about than all the others. When I found I couldn't have the magazine any more, and must look over the old ones, I got to looking at these a good deal, and they grew on me till they seem just like real. I'll show you."

She turned the leaves readily to the places. The pictures were Raphael's "Crucifixion" and Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." The painters' names meant nothing to her, and she had no idea the pictures were celebrated ones. It seemed to please her greatly to hear that they were.

Before midnight she consented to go to bed; but first she could not be kept from moving feebly about the room to wait on me: to bring me wraps—for I was to sleep a little while on a couch made of chairs placed together—and to place ready something for me to eat before starting; she insisted on seeing me established as comfortably as possible, and arranging my coverings herself before she would go. And, in spite of all protest, Mr. Johnson sat forlorn and pathetic, with his troubled, helpless face, and bewildered gray hair, by the stove until two o'clock, to be ready to rouse me and take me to the train. As I was going, she spoke from her room; so I went in and said good by to her in the dark.

Some three weeks later Mrs. Adams sent sent me a newspaper, with notice of the death of "Mary, beloved wife of David Johnson."

AT LINA'S GRAVE.

THIS is the silent spot where Lina lies;
She loved its solemn beauty, and she prayed,
Ere death had sealed her beautiful brown eyes,
That here in dreamless sleep she might be laid.

Here stand the stately redwoods, as of old;
The dewy ferns still nestle at their feet;
And yonder, where the sunshine sheds its gold,
The grassy slope is fair with blossoms sweet.

Unchanging, as the seasons come and go,
In fadeless garments, stand the redwood trees;
But these frail flowers on the sod below
Must breathe away their lives on every breeze.

Yet, fleeting though their fragile forms may be,
In brief, bright beauty long enough they stay,
Like some sweet human blossoms that we see,
To make us love them ere they fade away.

This is the silent spot where Lina lies;
She loved its solemn beauty, and she prayed,
Ere death had sealed her beautiful brown eyes,
That here in dreamless sleep she might be laid.

SAN FRANCISCO IN EARLY DAYS.

Reminiscences of the early period of California are generally of interesting character, to the pioneers themselves as well as to the many who learn of that period only through personal narration or published accounts; and much as there has been given to the public in one form or other, through the newspapers, in periodicals, and in books, a great deal yet remains to be written. With delight and undiminished zest do the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England; of the sturdy Dutch settlers of New Netherlands; of William Penn and his peaceful Quaker associates and followers; of the broad-minded Lord Baltimore and his colony of Roman Catholics in Maryland; of the famous cavaliers of the proud Old Dominion; of the hardy Scotch and Irish of the Old North State; and of the honored Huguenots of South Carolina; together with the people who inhabit the vast region first brought to the notice of the civilized world by the explorations and adventures of De Soto, of Marquette and Hennepin, of Joliet and La Salle; and that other region which comprises the early settlement of the Oglethorpes and the favored land of Ponce de Leon, with its most ancient city within the boundaries of the United States—the St. Augustine of the Spanish pioneers, and the inconsiderable sea-port of the present day;—with zest and delight do the descendants of all these historic characters, and the dwellers in all these different portions of our common country, still cherish the traditions and continue to recall the reminiscences peculiar to each and all, in song and story and in enduring print. And it is alike commendable and characteristic that the people of the Pacific coast chronicle and perpetuate the names and exploits of the discoverers and explorers, the pioneers and adventurers and settlers, who found this vast territory, and who did so much to redeem it from savage condition, and to lead the way to its occupation and its settlement by the enterprising bands and multitudes who first organized the ways and means to the splendid growth which these States have already attained; with the more splendid future yet to attain, so grandly promised, and inevitably to be realized by coming generations.

Among the pages of these reminiscences of the early period of California settlement and statehood, those which appertain to San Francisco as the great cosmopolitan city of the State and coast can never fail to be appropriate and interesting. The pioneers who bore part in the events and scenes of that period, or who witnessed these, are passing away; and with the century which they emblazoned with their deeds and adventures, they must likewise become of the past and historic. Many of them have already gone before to the final rest; but their memories are cherished, and their names are embalmed in honorable mention among those who knew them in the life, and who will faithfully and tenderly transmit these memories to their descendants. The child whose eyes first opened upon the scene where San Francisco now sits in state has not yet reached the span of patriarchal years; but to no other in all the world has been vouchsafed the wonders he has witnessed in the material progress of mankind toward the highest condition of worldly prosperity. History contributes no similar instance. It was a pueblo of less than a hundred souls. It suddenly became the sea-port city of a hundred thousand. The wiping out of ancient Tyre by Alexander was not more speedy than the erection of San Francisco into a great commercial metropolis: the building of Rome was not more enduring, if faith is to be placed in tokens of imperishable nature. Figuratively, it was the phenomenon of a day; practically, it has every sign of the duration of incalculable ages. And its development,

now in the thirty-fourth year of this marvelous existence, in many respects surpasses even the marvel of its leap from insignificance into importance. It was born in the Age of Gold; it has grown great in the years of a mightier influence.

From out of an unparalleled confusion and incongruity of race and class, by the due process of intelligence, wholesome conduct, and perseverance, the wild city of the tumultuous gold-hunting period has become a home of affluence, of society and fashion, of enterprise and sound prosperity, of wholesome laws and general good order; and for it there is every promise of a destiny as magnificent as its rise and progress are unrivaled.

Prints and engravings serve to give a fair idea at this day of the appearance of the San Francisco of 1849, and the many descriptions that have been placed before the public enable one to understand in a general way the manner of life peculiar to it. But no power of pen or brush can depict the strange scenes, or completely convey to the mind the chaotic singularities, of that early city of the gold period as it actually appeared. And it is difficult now for even the pioneers who are blessed with retentive memories, and who have witnessed the wonderful mutations and the surprising growth of these thirty years and more, to fully recall the scene it then presented and the manner of its growth.

Still, the writer remembers with what emotion he first beheld this noble bay, its islands and distant shores, and San Francisco itself, as the bark in which he left New York, in March of the eventful-dating year of the gold-hunting immigration, made her way in from the Golden Gate, that clear and lovely and auspicious morning of September, to the anchorage off Clark's Point, several hundred yards from the shore. Then was noticed the phenomenal purity of the atmosphere, which caused distant objects to appear as though only a few miles away, when really they were four or five times that distance. Mount Diablo seemed not above ten miles inland. The mountain range back of Oakland, crowned with its massive redwoods, seemed not above two or three miles, and the individual trees would be as distinctly seen as those of a grove not half a mile away. But there was no Oakland then. The whole region was known as Contra Costa, and human habitations were nowhere visible from the bay. The lines of high hills on either side of the entrance channel, from the Heads to the anchorage, showed no signs of the presence of man; and Captain Richardson's building at Sauseleto (as it was then spelled), and the old ruin of the Spanish fort at the Presidio head-land, were the only evidences of man's location as a builder. A few cattle grazed upon the sides of Russian Hill, and the only token of life upon Telegraph Hill was the welcome sight of a man strolling up toward its summit. Nearly a mile away, he seemed a giant in stature, so rare was the atmosphere. Bird Island—the Alcatraz of to-day—was a mass of rugged rock, covered with the whitish deposit which betokened that it was the possession and resting place of the birds alone.

Goat Island was as solitary as an ocean rock; but the first day in port a party of the company of forty-two who had come in the bark, eager for adventure, took one of the boats, and with rifles started off for a visit to the island. In the evening, before dusk, they returned with the carcass of a fat young beef they had shot as a wild animal upon the island, near the water edge; and it was a fine treat to those on board, who had had no fresh meat since the first week out of Valparaiso, forty days before. Whatever of conscience was involved in the manner of procuring the beef was more than satisfied in the surfeit upon it, and it was never ascertained that any owner had missed one from his roving band.

From the bark's deck the vessels in the harbor could be easily counted. There were above a hundred ships, barks, brigs, schooners, and every class except steamers. The U. S. Savannah and another war vessel were at anchor, Commodore Ap Catesby Jones the chief in command. Hundreds

of small craft, lighters, and row-boats were near the shore, at the rude small wharves, and upon the beach. These were, strange to say, held at enormous prices above their cost of building; while the ships and sea-going vessels of more than a hundred tons were salable only at ruinous sacrifice. The reason was readily learned. The large craft were unfit for up-river navigation to Sacramento and Stockton, the two great embarcaderos of the far interior mining regions; while the small vessels were in active demand for this rich traffic. A sail-boat which carried eight tons was one day sold for $4,000; while the offer of a good seaworthy bark of two hundred and fifty tons at $5,000 found no takers.

The only way of reaching the mines from San Francisco was by sail to the embarcaderos, and the charge for passage was from three to four ounces, with additional charge for "grub" on the trip. Even row-boats, whale-boats especially, were pressed into this profitable service. A sail-boat which would now be considered crowded with six aboard for a sail to Saucelito was then held to have capacity to take a dozen or even twenty passengers to either of the great embarcaderos; and for every pound of personal luggage above ten pounds—a cooking outfit, with a bare change of under-clothing—the rate was fifty cents a pound. Trunks and the ordinary baggage of individuals had either to be left on storage at from $1 to $2 a trunk or box or chest, or sold or abandoned; and after a few months' storage, if not duly paid for, all these were sold at public auction, as Wells, Fargo & Co. now hold their yearly "dead-horse" sales, "unopened and unseen."

The city front was the natural shore-line, sweeping from the jutting headland of Clark's Point—now Broadway near Battery Street—to the similar prominence of Rincon Point. But Rincon Point was then almost a *terra incognita.* The actual shore-line to the southward terminated not far beyond the location of Captain Macondray, between the present streets of California and Pine, along Sansome. The broad, low beach of "Happy Valley," a dreary waste of sand dunes, chaparral, and smaller shrubby growth, was the location of those who preferred to "tent" remote from the exciting scenes of the wild and bustling city, in which property was safe from spoil or theft, but life was strangely precarious.

Along this waste of beach was strewn the abandoned store of thousands. The heavy, costly, but utterly valueless machines bought in the Atlantic ports for gold-washers and kindred uses in the mines were there dumped and left; bales and bundles of hickory shirts, unsalable, and that could not be given away; casks and tins of ship-bread beyond the possible requirements of the market, and no poor to bestow it upon; all kinds of ship's stores and queer outfits, not worth the charges for storage, and no present use for them, there lay scattered and untouched: and all manner of odds and ends, shipped for traffic or through fancy, were deposited for the shifting sands to cover and bury them, to await the distant period when archæologists shall unearth them as precious "finds" of remotest periods.

The customary landing places in early '49 were at Clark's Point, at the rear of Burgoyne & Plume's, on Montgomery Street, between Jackson and Washington; at the rear of the store of Benton & Ross, now occupied by Montgomery Block, and opposite the great commission house of Frank Ward & Co., now the north-east corner of Clay and Montgomery Streets. From Clark's Point up into the city proper was a long and uneven walk, over undulating ground. The Harbor Master's office (Ed. A. King's) was along this route, however, and therefore it was handy to all concerned in the business of shipping and in bay affairs.

Along Montgomery Street, from about Jackson, the music began. And it was music and business, and gambling and bustle and crowds, sure enough. Gambling was the most numerously followed pursuit, and the saloons were as regularly its place of play as school-yards are of marbles; and in every saloon were the tables for monte

and other card games, or for rondo and roulette and "chuck-luck," and the reserved small space for the "musicians," who blew and scraped, thrummed and drummed, jingled and banged throughout the livelong day and night, with changes of players, but with unvarying monotony of brass and string, parchment and triangle, the overpowering composition or air known as "Santa Anna's March." It is a pity it wasn't buried with his amputated leg, as all of Arnold's honor was with the leg he lost at Quebec.

To see the "town," the San Francisco of the Argonauts, one had to pass from the less exciting but bewildering scenes along Montgomery Street up into the Plaza neighborhood, from Jackson to Clay Streets, but particularly on the three sides of the barren square which now comprise that same frontage of Kearny, and so much of Washington and Clay Streets as the lines of the Plaza describe. Conspicuous beyond all other notable places was the famous Parker House, the grand hotel and common rendezvous of the city. "Bob" Parker owned it; its host was Isaac Hall. The charge was ten dollars per day for guests; some paid as high as fifty dollars for favorite rooms and choice living; and it was always full. Captain Naglee—now General Naglee of San Jose, an officer of Stevenson's Volunteers—had there his banking house, the first in San Francisco. Colonel Stevenson, then San Francisco's millionaire, had his office near by. Next door to the Parker House, toward Clay Street, was "Denison's," the grandest drinking resort in town, and also a noted rendezvous; then came the Eagle, the United States, and another saloon and gambling house—subsequently the California Exchange, the largest and most popular drinking, dancing, and gathering place of all. Upon the corner of Kearny and Washington, adjoining the Parker House, was the "big El Dorado tent," the great gambling establishment of Chambers, McCabe, Johnson, and Gray, upon whose tables were "banks" which showed a total of a quarter of a million dollars every day, piled in "stacks" of Spanish ounces, or doubloons, and California, English, and French gold coin, of Mexican dollars and five-franc pieces—which passed current as dollars—with sacks of gold-dust and piles of such "chicken-feed" as quarters and dimes (the smallest coins in circulation)—and all most tempting to the gaze of the dense crowd, night and day, as the games went on. The busy scenes at the long bar clear along the whole depth of the capacious tent were still more enlivened by the strains of the stirring and excellent music discoursed from five instruments by accomplished French players.

Among these was a petite and beautiful French women, who played with ravishing skill upon a genuine Stradivarius that she and her husband had brought from Paris as a treasure too precious to leave behind: and a treasure, indeed, it proved, for her pay was two ounces a day in the "big El Dorado tent" band. Every day, between two and three o'clock, that beautiful woman crossed the Plaza to her abode on Washington Street, near where Lafayette Place is, and her going and returning, even when the rainy season made the way an expanse of muck ankle-deep, was the unceasing occasion for large crowds who watched and admired her—because she was a woman in a land almost without women—to gather on either side and gaze upon her as she bravely stepped or daintily tripped the whole way through that startling passage, the cynosure of all, the idol of every one. And never was her dignity of womanhood offended; it would have cost the wretch his life at the hands of that chivalrous crowd, coarsely dressed and wild in appearance as they were. One day, in the height of the rainy season, when the mud was deepest, a misstep caused her to lose one of her exquisite little boots in the treacherous and covetous mire, and the stockinged foot was shown for an instant. In another instant a brawny miner had groped for the boot and recovered it, kissed it, and returned it to her; and at the moment she was borne by other stalwart arms to a seat in a near doorway, where she resumed her boot

and her walk to the "big tent." It was one of the episodes of the period, not less amusing than was another in which a home-sick Bostonian stopped before a dwelling to hear the cries of an infant, and declared it was the sweetest melody he had heard in the land of gold.

Across from the El Dorado, on the lower side of Kearny Street, was the Alhambra, another popular saloon and gambling tent; and opposite that, on the corner, was the S. A. Wright establishment, with the famed Bella Union of Dick Ross and Jerry Sullivan—since celebrated as a diplomatist, a Washington lobbyist, and a *bon vivant*—next above on Washington Street; and next to that the Haley House of Captain Bob Haley and his partners. All these were of a class, and all transacted a "tremendous" business of the same kind. "Delmonico's" was the high-toned restaurant, and high-priced it certainly was, for it cost an ounce to dine there in style. Other restaurants were plenty, and though less costly, five dollars was the average cost of a good dinner. Eggs were a dollar each; milk a dollar a pint. While beef sold in market at two bits a pound, the restaurants charged $1.50 for a porter-house steak; and at Sandy Marshall's "Our House" on Clay Street, midway between Kearny and Montgomery, on the north side, the resort for the "lower-ten" New Yorkers, it cost two dollars for his poorest order of "square meal." Chinese restaurants were largely patronized by the mass, where one could purchase a package of twenty-one tickets, each good for a meal, breakfast, dinner, or supper, for $20, or get a fair single meal for $1.50. It was not always easy to ascertain just what it was he was feasting upon, but the average customer was more bent upon quantity than quality; and no matter for what he called, the Chinese waiter, who did not understand a word of any language except his own, was sure to return with a plate fairly filled with something hot, that satisfied the appetite.

Lodging was a different and more difficult matter, but everybody had blankets, and if there was no home or room to go to, "camping" in the free room of the Plaza, or in the streets, or anywhere in open space, supplied the deficiency. Sleeping in the saloons was impossible; there were no sitting conveniences, and there was the everlasting blare of bands, the incessant chink of the coin, and the continuous calls of the gamblers in playing, together with the endless din of drinking and talking, the unceasing tramp and shuffle of the multitude in passing in and out, or about the tables, or to and from the bar. Tents were plenty, but the people were plentier; and even friends with tents charged friends who had no tents for lodging room, for everything was gold or its equivalent. New arrivals, rejoiced to meet a former acquaintance who had come earlier and got into business, and eager for a short confab on the street, were shaken off with the actual practice of the old saw, that "time *is* money," left ringing in their ears like a "cold cut" served in haste and heat. Asked to "lend a hand a minute," the service cost the cash price of the time so spent. An ounce a day was the commonest exaction for any "friendly turn." Doctors charged an ounce for professional advice, and another ounce for writing the prescription which cost yet another ounce. Lawyers' fees were gauged to all the client could bear. In old Judge Almond's Court of First Instance the costs were always exacted before the suit could be begun from the party competent to pay. His judgments in civil cases—the Alcalde tried all criminal causes—were usually given with similar consideration for the protection of the court. He was above appeal, and the purse he held was exempt from any with the sword. Yet he was often just and always generous in taxing the costs; he divided with his clerk as the lion divided with the fox. He nearly always gave sailors judgments against masters; but then only the masters could pay judgments, and the law had to be vindicated, no matter who suffered. At sea was the place of suffering for sailors; on land the masters could not have it all their own way. It was even-handed justice—applied to suit the circumstances and brace the court.

There was not a brick building in the city. The old edifices were adobe. Many of frail frame had been rushed up; but these were very costly, as lumber sold at from $500 to $600 per thousand feet, and boxes and everything of wood were utilized as precious stuff in building. Tents were very common. A New Yorker had an undertaker's shop. His price for a rude pine coffin, plain boards of unplaned stuff, was $100; yet they went off like hot cakes, sometimes returned as good as new, by the deft trick of chums who managed the lone funeral of the hospital patient, so that only the corpse was let into the grave, in the hillside at the western base of Telegraph Hill. And the coffins on hand, placed on carpenters' horses, were at times utilized as sleeping accommodations by his homeless, tentless friends. Over a basement bakery on the site now occupied by the residence of the late Dr. Toland, on Jackson Street, above Stockton, the owner of the light frame structure had arranged bunks, ship-fashion, to rent to lodgers, regular and transient. There were three tiers all about the four sides of the large single room. The charge was $3 per week per berth, except for the floor tier just over the oven. The baker baked his bread at night, and in the wet season the berths of this floor tier, heated by the oven, were greedily monopolized by lodgers who could afford to pay $4 per week for such enviable dry and warm quarters. Dr. Glover, a New York physician, built a two-story frame on the corner of Dupont and Sacramento Streets. He used the lower floor for his drug store and office. The upper floor he partitioned into sleeping rooms of six feet by nine, the partition walls of blue dungaree tacked to light frame work, with tacks at $4 a paper; and these "rooms" he let to Judge Thomas Jefferson Smith, ex-judge of the Marine Court of New York, Captain Thomas Cox of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and other friends he preferred as lodgers, at the rate of $7 per week. The only windows were the two in front; and Judge Smith, who chose the rear apartment, once slept through one day and until the moonlight of the midnight of the next, without until then discovering that his supposed morning was not the morning succeeding his retirement, but the witching moonlight of the morning next to follow. The somber shade of the blue dungaree, and the silence of the live-long day, had so well comported with his sleepiness, that not until Captain Cox's entrance at that late hour, fresh from coaling the Oregon, had the awakening come to inspire him with such tumult of imprecation as to make the incident ineradicable from memory.

A noted character of those days was old J. J. Bryant, the best-beloved of his fraternity in all the South long before he came to California to raise his own pile, already large. With his black boy, "Sully Cox," near by him, he would deal at his own limitless faro bank, and suddenly call Sully to attend him in a "walk around the town." The familiar crowd knew what that "walk" meant. The farmer-looking old Colonel, clad in blue flannel shirt and coarse woolen pantaloons, heavy boots and a soft felt hat, and Sully "toting" the heavy sack, would wander into a near saloon, stop at a monte bank, size the pile there spread, and "tap" it. Then the trusty Sully would rake the big winning into the sack, and again follow his master into another saloon and gambling hall for a similar foray. Sometimes, of course, the Colonel failed to "tap the bank," and left behind his own sackful of dust and coin. But he was oftener winner; and it was not until a malignant demon of politics prevailed upon the generous old sporting-man to put himself forward as candidate for sheriff, with Colonel Jack Hays his formidable competitor, that he got "flat broke" himself, by buying and running the Ward House, "open and free to all," and otherwise whooping up his own campaign. He returned to the South, and there met his death, in violent encounter, years ago.

The United States Hotel, on Montgomery Street, nearly midway upon the upper side between Clay and Sacramento Streets, and the City Hotel, on Kearny Street, upper

side, extending from Clay to what is now Commercial Street, were the public hostelries next in importance to the Parker House. Both were adobes, and a lower class frequented them. In the City Hotel, "Maltese" was a conspicuous figure among the gambling crowd. He was a native of the famous island from which he took the name he was commonly called by, and report credited him with having been a Mediterranean pirate. His general appearance, and a "very bad eye" particularly—an eye wrenched from its propriety by some terrible violence—gave strength to the report. Anything bad and little of good would have found ready belief in respect to a man with such an eye; but in all he did and said, "Maltese" encouraged the belief. But one day he found his anger and rage beyond his powers of expression. He had seen a miserable-looking man, spare and cadaverous, with little more than rags upon him, and the man walked and moved as if he sought the nearest graveyard to lie down and comfortably give up the ghost. But in the rent pocket of one side of his tattered coat he held something with the clutch of a miser upon a bag of gold. "Maltese" spied this, and instantly applied himself to court the straggler. He treated him, he gave him a fine cigar; treated him again; had two hard-boiled eggs cooked for him, and then led him around to look at the gaming at a monte table. It was "Maltese's" own table, but he did not let his gaunt customer know it. He put down an ounce: it won; he played again and again, each time winning. At last the stranger expressed his desire to bet and try his luck; but he whispered to "Maltese" that he had only his sack of just exactly fifty-two ounces of dust, which he had dug in the mines and intended for his home trip to Missouri by next steamer. "Maltese" instantly fixed matters for him. He took the bag of dust, passed it to the dealer, and took gold ounces from the pile. These were soon lost. The wretched fellow had taken two or three more drinks, and became wild. He drew twenty ounces more. Suddenly he made a plea to be gone just a minute. He never returned. "Maltese" became suspicious. He took the sack and opened it. There was nothing in it but shot and sand. And twenty of his golden ounces gone, to say nothing of the time and treats he had spent upon that lean, lank, rueful-looking greenhorn from Pike. "Swore like a pirate" is an apt figure by which to describe the sputtering, foaming, diabolical wrath of "Maltese." It was a game that was afterwards frequently attempted upon monte dealers, and sometimes it won. On a few occasions it cost the shot-and-sand player his life.

The streets of '49 were a scene and a study. Charley Case—of an old and noted New York family, one of them of high naval name—afterwards of the firm of French, Case & Heiser, was the superintendent of streets. The greater want was a superintendent for Charley. The streets were all right; it was the abominable use made of them by any who had refuse stuff to cast into them. "But the afternoon winds will carry all that away," was Charley's way of responding to complaints. In the rainy season there was no dust, nor such high winds. With the dry season out went Charley Case, and with the wet season came in Arenson—"Captain Arenson of Baltimore, sir." Planking was not to be thought of: lumber was still too costly; cobbles there were none; and figs of thistles and grapes of thorns were as procurable as hard paving rock. The rains were deluging, and the mud became deeper. To cross a street was to wade it Something had to be done. Captain Arenson was fertile of expedients. He had walked logs when a boy; he would bring the San Franciscans to leap bushes. Loads of chaparral were cut from the Clay Street and Russian hills, and tossed into the muddy streets. Given a fair start, a firm ankle, a boot that would not slip easily, and ample agility, and the hop, skip, and jump across the street was as easy as the transit of the tight-rope dancer from brace to brace without a balancing pole; but with the least lack in any of these qualities, it was like crossing a wide creek on a small log that wobbles.

To drop was to drip; and the narrow planks which constituted the sidewalks then, longitudinally laid, were the stamping grounds for drips and ooze from emerged humanity as it rose from Arenson's brushy lair, where it had fallen and floundered amidst the intricacies of the mud-sunk shrub, and brought with it so much of the free-soil element as would have entitled it to fellowship in the Lacustrian Age. At a few of the most traveled thoroughfares narrow crossings of soft rock were reared above the expanse of mud and slush, to enable passers to walk in single file, and comparatively dry-footed, from corner to corner. One of these stretched from side to side of Clay Street, on the line of Kearny. It required fair precision of step in daylight. During the night it was a treacherous passage. There were no street lamps, and the glare of the brilliantly lighted gambling saloons opposite the Plaza on Kearny Street caused the eye to observe objects less distinctly in the sudden darkness of the crossing. A stout pile had been driven into the ground at the corner of the California Exchange, to keep vehicles from encroaching upon the raised sidewalk.

One night a new arrival by steamer from Panama that day, and not yet accustomed to the town, had gone sight-seeing along the line of Kearny Street. He was an elderly man, of plump figure, and was neatly dressed in handsome broadcloth suit, and wore a stove-pipe hat, then a novelty in San Francisco. He carried a stout gold-headed cane. With this he sounded his way at the corner to guide his step or leap upon the raised crossing, on either side of which the watery mud was two or three feet deep. The hard rap of the cane assured him that he had struck the rock, and he sprung for it. Slump he went, nearly waist-deep in the horrible muck. His cane had struck the misguiding pile, not the crossing rocks. He looked like a gentleman: his prodigious discharge of roaring, seething, practiced profanity plainly enough revealed that he was not a clergyman. As the few upon the corner who witnessed his plunge laughed at his plight and badgered him with mocking sympathy and absurd counsel, he swore more terribly. But he waded through to the other side, surveyed himself, and disappeared in the bronzed halo of his own mud coating, as a pillar of moving real estate with downward tendency.

Chapters could be further written of the strange sights and incidents, and of the extraordinary and unexampled condition and peculiarities of the early city of the gold-hunting period, in which truth would indeed seem stranger than fiction; nor would imagination exaggerate reality. But this must now suffice.

James O'Meara.

THIS IS WISDOM.

WEARY heart still loves the mountain;
Through the lone and heavy mist,
Saddest thoughts like lips uplift them,
Mute, to heaven to be kissed.

Yet 'tis sweeter in the valley,
Leaving all this cark and doubt,
To do thy hand-work, serve thy true-love,
Keep thy heart bright side without.

"Live thy life well," hear it whisper;
"Do the good that thou canst do.
If no heaven, thou hast had thine;
If there be, thou shalt have two."

John Thorpe.

THALOE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FEW rapid paces carried Cleon so far down the descent that the swelling brow of the mountain shut out the sight and tumult of the camp, and prevented any immediate chance of discovery, unless his departure had been marked by some one interested in making quick pursuit. Then, slackening his pace so as the better to husband his strength, he proceeded more leisurely, aiming only to reach Pompeii by the time morning broke.

It was a different side of the mountain from that which he had ridden up two days ago, in the pomp and pride of command, with his cohorts at his back; and the path was more narrow and winding, as though in consonance with his changed fortunes. At times the route seemed blocked with the thickly planted olive groves; then, as he proceeded, the apparent obstacles would part from before him, and a splendid vista of bay and landscape would be presented far down below, already changing its dull hues to pleasant tints of green and sapphire in the reflected light of the advancing sun. Would it so prove with his own fate—the shadows of despair gaining unexpected alleviation, and giving place once more to bright prosperity? It was difficult now to conceive of this. Better to trust nothing to imagination, but rather let him hasten forward, revolving for the present only the actual miseries which oppressed him, and applying all his thoughts and ingenuity to the composition of those words of mingled confession and extenuation which he must be prepared to pour out before the Cæsar.

The descent was longer than he had supposed, and unanticipated delays constantly beset him. Once, hearing in advance the loud talking of three of the legionaries returning from an unsuccessful pursuit, and not wishing to be recognized by them, he hid himself in some bordering vines until they might pass. But the men chanced to pause opposite him, and there sat down for a moment to rest; and for several minutes Cleon was obliged to remain with half-suspended breath, listening to their muttered complaints, mingled now and then with a bitter curse upon himself. A little while after that, he distinguished in front of him the measured tramp of many men; and turning aside as before, he watched the upward passage of a cohort from some more distant town. The soldiers knew that they were arriving too late to participate in the battle or to share the spoils; but none the less could they congratulate their more fortunate comrades, and join in the revels which should end the short campaign, and so they now moved onward with merry laugh and talk, occasionally bursting forth into a fragment of some well-known drinking song. It was many minutes before they had so completely passed out of sight that Cleon could venture to emerge from his place of concealment; and when at last he did so, the sun had arisen, and the whole view below was gleaming in gold and purple.

But now his journey seemed coming to an end, for already the road was lined with the cottages and villas which betokened the city's neighborhood, and in a few minutes he might be in Pompeii itself. His present design, however, was not to advance as far as that on foot, a course which seemingly would too greatly protract his time, but to engage timely help. Therefore he now looked cautiously and inquiringly around, and at length, arresting his steps before a little low house with a wooden bench in front, there threw himself down and called aloud.

At the summons there emerged from within a thin, stooping, care-worn man, whom Cleon dimly recollected having seen

somewhere before, but whom for the moment he could not identify.

"Get me a horse," said Cleon. "And let it be done speedily."

"A horse?" the man exclaimed, his features gaining a still more starved appearance from his open-mouthed expression of astonishment. "Truly, I have no horse. What should I do with one? It is to me too hard a task merely to find bread for myself; and so—"

"Get me a horse," repeated Cleon, impetuously, "wherever best you can; I care not whence, so that I may have him presently for my use. Do you not see that I am from the camp above, and must on with all speed to Baiæ? Therefore be quick, and here is gold for his hire or for his purchase, whichever may suit you best or can most readily be accomplished."

"It shall be done, if I have to range the country through," the man responded with eager joy, clutching the gold coins which Cleon threw down before him. "By Plutus! what kind fate is this that you have found? For here is more gold than I have found for many a day. Was it in a single battle that you won all this? Then far better is it to be a legionary than an artist. But I go," he continued, seeing with what impatience Cleon bore these tedious mutterings. "I will be off, and will perform my charge with proper zeal, be well assured. And meanwhile, until I return, do you enter therein and rest."

With that he wandered off towards the city, clinking the gold pieces in his hand as he went; and Cleon, turning from the bench upon which the sun now began to fall, entered the house and threw himself upon a low pallet to snatch a moment's rest. He intended to remain there for only an instant, but he was more wearied than he had supposed, and in a little while his eyelids closed and he was fast bound in slumber: a more pleasant sleep, indeed, than he had known for days, for now the hideous thoughts which had so long oppressed him seemed to have fled away, and in their place came bright dreams filling his rest with joyous pictures. Were they the harbingers of some coming good fortune, or only the deceitful sirens which lead onward to destruction?

Gaining with the lapse of each moment new refreshment from the play of those sweet fancies, he slumbered on; and when at last he awoke, for the instant he knew not where he was, so caressingly did his dreams still linger about him. Then the low, methodical tick of some carefully handled instrument saluted his ears, and sitting up, he saw the master of the house standing in one corner, and with a pointed tool giving finish to a little marble statue.

"What have you there?" Cleon demanded, his senses still partially shrouded in their veil of dreamy forgetfulness.

"A new conception, a glorious and hitherto unattempted idea," the man answered. "I confess that upon beginning it, I knew not whether I could fully compass the thought, though now I feel satisfied with the dawning assurances of success. I aim to portray the action and expression of a noble and high-born Roman suddenly discovering that he loves a maiden of low degree. There are those who would depict him looking fondly down upon the girl, sunk humbly and gratefully before him. But this would be untrue to life. For love takes no account of degree, and I would rather represent him kneeling at her feet, all his ancestral honors being of little worth in comparison with the answering smile that he craves from her. When finished, it will be a work of which Phidias himself might well be proud. I do not altogether claim it as my own idea, I will confess. It is the fortunate conception of one Cleon, a captain of the Pretorian Guard, whom last I saw at Baiæ, and who, seeing in my hands another statue of somewhat similar design, had, with rare ingenuity, suggested—"

"Have you the horse?" suddenly interrupted Cleon, recovering at the mention of his name his full perceptions. "That is more to the purpose now. Have you procured him?"

"He is at the door, waiting to be mounted," responded the man: "a rare

animal, in which Alexander himself, with Bucephalus standing by, might take pride; an animal which—"

"It is well. And what now is the hour?"

"Did I do wrong in not wishing to arouse you?" was the man's somewhat faltering response, as he marked the vehemence of the question. "So calmly did you sleep that I did not care to break in upon you; and therefore, awaiting your natural awakening, and taking my chisel in hand, I have as softly as possible—"

"The hour, knave! The hour, I say!"

"The afternoon wears on apace," the poor artist answered, his voice sinking yet lower with fear. "So sweetly did you—"

But with a bound Cleon had sprung up from the low pallet, and for a moment stood as though he would grasp the other in his hands and strangle him. Was it from simple ignorance or treachery that the man had acted thus towards him? The morning already gone and the evening drawing near —why, Baiæ should have been reached before now. What terrible consequences may have already ensued from this delay! Was his remorseless fate still pursuing him, and were those pleasant fancies that had tinged his rest and cheated him into this prolonged slumber merely new and more cunning instruments of destruction?

"I have no time to punish you as you deserve," he exclaimed, in another instant lowering his outstretched arms and striding to the door. "Show me this beast of yours, that I may be gone, if happily it be not yet too late."

"A noble beast!" enthusiastically exclaimed the artist, not sorry to have the conversation take a different course, and following Cleon outside. "See! would not even the leader of a full legion rejoice to own a steed so marked with rare excellences? Behold that arched neck, those—"

"Peace, wretch!" cried Cleon, throwing himself with a bound across the poor weak animal, which almost bent beneath his weight, and with its filmy eye and projecting ribs gave little evidence of grace and power. "I knew of a certainty when I gave you gold enough for a steed of proper merit that you would rob me, though not perhaps to this extent. Had I the time I would even now chastise you. But if this beast can only carry me—"

Not finishing the sentence, he drew the rein and set off, urging the animal to its full capacity of speed, and a little comforted to find that, despite appearances, it developed some unexpected power. How long it might endure was a grave question of the future. At the present all went well; and Cleon began with some self-encouragement to calculate the probable hour of his arrival at Baiæ, when, at a turn of the road leading around the bay, there came a new interruption.

It was a traveling litter, borne upon the shoulders of four slaves, who staggered beneath the remorseless burden, while four other slaves with gilded staves ran in couples before and behind. The well-known colors of the tunics, and the unusual bending of the poles by reason of the intolerable weight within, would of themselves have indicated who was the owner of the equipage, even had not the curtains been looped up on either side, so as to show him lying at full length, his rounded figure shaking at each motion of the bearers. And seeing him, Cleon would have passed by without recognition; but for the moment the senator was too watchful, and at once stopping his own litter, called out:

"Whither away, my own Cleon? And why hurrying along in this strange guise? That sorry steed—no sword at your side—and with the dress almost of a private soldier: how happens it all? This truly should not be the condition of one who, as rumor has it, has just now crushed, with such honor to himself, a formidable insurrection."

"Matters of pomp and state and gay equipment must stay behind when other more important interests need attention," responded Cleon, impatiently, and with a side-long glance of keen suspicion, to mark, if possible, whether Vortilian spoke in satirical vein or was really repeating some vague utterances of the public. "An accident

has befallen me; I could not tarry on the mountain-side to equip myself better, being now on urgent haste to meet the Cæsar. Therefore, let me now pass; and so, farewell."

"Nay, if it be to see the Cæsar you are intending, you must turn your horse and pursue a different route," the senator exclaimed. "For know you not that he is now across the gulf, and in his palace at Sorrentum?"

"At his Sorrentum palace? And why—"

"Stay! Come closer to me and listen," continued Vortilian, beckoning with his finger. "For these are matters which may not well be spoken of too rashly before slaves. You know, of course, that this Cæsar of ours is not the man of self-reliance and courage which he promised once to be. It is even said that when he first learned about this slave revolt his face turned pale, and that he lifted his goblet with such a random aim that it struck amiss and deluged his front with wine. And as the days passed on, and the insurgent hosts came nearer, so did he the more uneasy grow; expecting, it may be, that they would pour, at any unforeseen moment, in serried ranks over the hills, and so capture him where he stood. And at last—it was but two days ago —when he heard that they were intrenched upon the mountain yonder, his courage altogether failed; and ordering his galley made ready, he embarked with a few attendants and crossed the gulf. And now, in the more inaccessible shelter of Sorrentum, uneasily he awaits tidings of the campaign. Thither, therefore, you must proceed, if you would find him."

"Thanks," said Cleon; and he turned around, looking across the water to the far-distant town, and wondering with much inner discouragement whether the animal beneath him could hold out to endure that longer journey.

"Is it thanks I hear?" remarked the senator. "Then, at least, I have done a good deed; for when may thanks be given except for a service well performed? Perhaps in directing you aright, I may have even saved the state; for upon what little matters do the greatest movements sometimes hinge! Which shows that even a loiterer and idler like myself may have his uses in the world, despite whatever stern moralists and philosophers may say. For had I not this day set out for Pompeii to join my presence at the Proconsul Araduce's feast—where you also should have met us, Cleon, but for this short campaign against the slaves—had I not been thither bound, I say, upon mere pleasure intent, how else should I have met yourself and the Tribune Balbus?"

"The Tribune Balbus, you say?"

"Truly. It was only two hours ago that I met him. The work upon the mountain was already so fully done, it seems, that he could leave it to be concluded by some inferior officer of his command, and hence he had set out himself for Nero's court. He was more gorgeously arrayed, as well becomes a conqueror; though, if the truth be told, Cleon, he could only have finished what you had first well nigh done. With him were other horsemen, six in number, all spurring along towards Neapolis. But I, meeting him, as I have just said, turned him about towards Sorrentum, and thither now they have gone with rapid course. Thus doubly may I have served the state; and what is doubly done is surely well done. For what says Apulean, a dramatist of much merit but of little general fame, whose works, however, I carry with me always for my solace when alone? He tells us that in all the varied chances of the—"

But noticing here that his hearer had been startled into quick departure by the tidings he had given, and was already beyond his reach, the senator postponed any further quotation, again dropped his head upon his pillow, and directed the bearers to proceed; a pleasant smile irradiating his lymphatic features as he reflected upon his possible benefit to the empire, and his satisfaction momentarily increasing as his thoughts gently diverted themselves thence into unctuous anticipations of Araduce's mullet sauce and the newly imported dancing girls.

Cleon, meanwhile, spurred onward, more than ever a prey to contending emotions. For what new complications and difficulties in the matter might not this unlooked-for journey of the Tribune Balbus now produce? How terribly might that bitter enemy forestall the Cæsar's judgment? What need, indeed, to go onward at all, since every hope must surely now be lost? And yet, why make delay, or how do better by adopting any other course? Thus tortured with doubt and uncertainty he rode along, letting his horse plod blindly onward—approached the outskirts of Pompeii—passed along the street of tombs, where on every side arose the urns and cenotaphs of wealthy and renowned families, shaded with densely planted yews and plane-trees, and giving the way a death-like aspect—rode through the deep archway of the Herculanean Gate, and so found himself within the line of the city walls.

The day was bright and clear, and not too warm. Already the broad main street of the city was crowded with the usual afternoon's life and gayety. Horsemen and chariots and groups of richly dressed loiterers disputed every foot of space, and still the throng increased as other portions of the city each instant contributed their additions to the pageant. Many of these persons would not fail to recognize Cleon were he to ride through that street, and they would wonder to see him so meanly equipped; while some might already have heard whisperings of his disgrace, and would point the finger at him. But fortunately this was not the only street which led through the city. There were others, narrower and less crowded, where he need not be known, and which were now more than ever deserted in consequence of the superior attractions of the greater avenue. And therefore, with some confidence turning down one of these, he still pursued his way.

He passed along a lane made desolate and forbidding by the high blank walls which inclosed the gardens of lordly villas; then past the wide extended front of the principal school of gladiators. There at the entrance sat a group of pupils, thickset and muscular, and half naked, as they had just emerged from their lesson in the gymnasium. These all saw Cleon approaching, and looked up at him; but were too busily engaged in a dispute relating to some coming show to give any marked attention to the passage of that plainly equipped rider on that uncouth steed; and so he passed on unrecognized. Then down a still narrower street, with but a single obstruction, where for a moment, around the cistern mouth which gaped in the middle of the pavement, with curb worn into deep wrinkles by the friction of the ropes, a group of women had congregated, and would not suffer themselves to be moved until they had filled their several pitchers. Then again into a lane given up to the habitations of slaves, who now had either departed in search of merrier localities or lay sleeping in the sun. And so on from street to street, until he had gained the farther end of the city, passed out at the Stabian Gate, and began to think that all danger of interruption or recognition was at an end.

But here, as he emerged into a wider passage, he found the way so closely blocked with a dense rabble of men that it was with difficulty he could pass by, slowly urging his horse forward between the outskirts of the crowd and the wall of a neighboring garden. And while so doing, casting his eyes furtively one side, he could not fail to recognize the person who had drawn the concourse together. It was the pantomimist Agotas, who, having chanced to partake too freely of his favorite vintage, had now paused midway in his route, and moved with maudlin benevolence, was exhibiting to such as cared to look on those grotesque refinements of his profession which he should have reserved for the eyes of the Cæsar only. Behind him stood his ever-present slave, bearing the bag of masks; but with a well-pleased confidence in his own abilities, Agotas now abjured the use of a mask, trusting to the facile powers of his face for the production of the necessary grotesqueries.

"Would you see how the chief favorite

Mummo goes to the palace?" he cried, tottering round and round, with clumsy gestures, until he had cleared a small circle about him. "Then look; and as I may gratify you, so reward me with your applause."

With that he straightened himself up, pushed forward his stomach, puffed out his cheeks, distended his eyes, and threw into his countenance such a comical expression of mingled arrogance and low cunning, walking all the time up and down with pompous step, that the spectators could not fail to recognize the picture, and roared with laughter. A dangerous performance on the part of the pantomimist, however; since, though it might be gratifying to the crowd about him, it would scarcely please Mummo himself, who, if the tidings of the exhibition ever came to his ears, would probably well avenge it. But Agotas, rendered reckless by his potations, cared little for that now, but, at the call of the rabble, willingly repeated the part, with new exaggerations.

"And now," he cried, "shall I show you old Diogenes eying a leak in the roof of his tub? Nay, I forget—you have had that already. But here is something which must be new to you. You know the Captain Cleon, who was sent to cut off this army of the slaves, and, instead thereof, is said to have allowed them to escape? He is disgraced, and as the word now is, has been sent for by the Cæsar. Shall I show you how he will appear when he comes before Nero, and there receives the kind permission to put himself to death?"

The crowd thereupon roared forth its assent, but Cleon did not remain to watch the effect of the portrayal. For by that time he had succeeded in working through the concourse as yet unrecognized, though fearful each moment of being called by name; and now, putting anew the spurs to the poor steed, he dashed frantically away, clearing before long the environs of the city, and reaching the more open country, where scattered villas lined the road. Even there he still pressed on, in a maze of wild excitement, caring but little where he went, so long as he could outrun the sound of the pantomimist's voice, which, though already far distant, seemed still ringing in his ears; and so flew over the smooth stone road, until of a sudden the wearied beast beneath him, broken down with the unaccustomed effort, reared high in the air, and then fell into the road, lame and powerless.

Cleon, who had narrowly escaped being crushed by the fall, dismounted and gazed around. Now, indeed, there seemed but little hope left. The fates, by means of this last most commonplace accident, had apparently given him the final buffet of misfortune. He was a mile beyond Pompeii, and farther than that from any other city. The only means of transport having failed, his enemy the tribune would now have an opportunity not only first to tell the bitter story of his disobedience, but also to combine all necessary influences which could urge the Cæsar to a summary vengeance. Why struggle farther? Why not sit down upon the border of that placid bay, and there, awaiting those who might come out to seek him, calmly stretch out his neck for the fatal blow?

But gazing around, he saw one feeble chance still left. At a short distance, close beside the shore, was a little bark of the size used by the fishermen in their ventures out to sea and along the neighboring coast. The sails seemed ready for being spread, the sides were hung with nets, and in the stern stood a group of three or four roughly clad men, apparently making ready for the voyage. Even as Cleon looked, two of them leaped overboard, and with the water up to their middle, stood behind, struggling to push the vessel outward from the sand upon which it had partially grounded.

At once a new suggestion came to Cleon. He might no longer be able to ride around the bay, but these poor fishermen would doubtless gladly carry him to his chosen destination. Diverging but slightly from their outward course, they could without difficulty land him at Sorrentum, or, at the least, at Capreæ, whence he could speedily make his way across. A gold piece or two would well repay them for the trouble. So

with rapid steps he pressed forward to the vessel, and with a single bound clambered upon the stern, unheeding the loud cry of the men who shouted to him to desist. With the effort, he almost fell upon the deck, but grasping a neighboring rope, recovered himself and looked around. The vessel was already free of the land, having glided off with one long, quiet slide; the men had again leaped on board, and now stood on either side of him with threatening gestures. And directly in front of him, calm and impassive as when last seen upon the mountain-top, stood, with folded arms, Philocteres, the Cretan.

CHAPTER XIX.

For an instant the two men stood gazing at each other in speechless wonderment, as though rooted to the spot. So far had each been distant from the other's thoughts, that such a sudden and unanticipated encounter overcame them with a momentary bewilderment, and they appeared as though transfixed: Philocteres remaining with folded arms, too greatly startled to consider whether he might not better draw his sword and put himself upon defense; and Cleon still clinging convulsively to the rigging which had stayed his fall.

Of the two, Cleon earliest recovered from that stupor of confusion, for he most easily could comprehend the true bearings of the scene. To Philocteres no ordinary hypothesis could explain this unforeseen and unattended arrival of one who at that moment should have been gathering up the spoils of battle, or leading the victorious cohorts back to their homes. But Cleon needed little ingenuity to read in the situation of the other the so far successful flight, and the attempt to escape still farther in the unpretending fishing bark; and after that first moment of surprise, he fell back a pace or two, so that his eager gaze might search for yet one more who should be present.

But his heart grew faint and his brain seemed paralyzed, as along the whole length of the little deck he could see no forms but those of rough, battle-stained men. O, for one more flutter of those white robes, to tell him that Thaloe was in safety and near at hand, even if he might never speak to her again! In vain, however, his despairing, longing look, and in vain any fleeting hope that her coming might yet be waited for! For already the keel had slipped from the shore, the weather-stained sails were shaken out and drawn closer to the wind, and the little vessel was gliding softly out into the bay.

"You, then, have escaped!" cried Cleon, vehemently. "And she—Thaloe—what have you done with her?"

"First, in that headlong, indiscriminate flight," said Philocteres, "our bondsman Corbo perished, falling with a spear wound upon the mountain-side, and being there thrust through with other spears before he could rise again. I could not save him, and to tarry there would have been the swift destruction of us all. And after that—"

"Enough! enough!" Cleon passionately interrupted, a flush of strong, uncontrollable emotion sweeping across his face, and a choking sob seeming to rise in his throat to strangle him. "Why torture me with further description, or condemn yourself with unworthy and womanly excuses? I see and know it all—her cruel doom and your debasing flight! It was written, perhaps, that it should be so; but I little thought that any such desertion could come from such as you! Look now at the difference between us! You have left your own blood to perish alone, so that you might make good your own ignominious security! I would have tarried behind, and would have rescued her from a thousand foes, or else would have died in the vain attempt to shield her!"

So taunting and unguarded was his manner as well as his words, that it would have been a wonder if the other had not been moved to anger. For the moment the old man's face flushed and his eye gleamed darkly. But it was only for an instant. Then by a strong effort he composed himself, even allowing a grim smile to flicker

upon his face, as though there was something in Cleon's words that gave a new turn to his thoughts.

"Now, this is truly a strange thing," he responded, calmly and reflectively—so dispassionately that Cleon, who expected, if not attack, at least a war of sharp and bitter retort, fell back astonished at the change. What manner of person, indeed, was this, who could listen almost unmoved to such expressions of violent reproach, wherein were assailed almost every quality which could make a man respect himself, and who thence with smiling face could turn to newer, fresher subjects, as though the loss of an only child were a theme to be lightly discussed for a single moment and then be forever forgotten? "A strange thing, truly! Tell me, Cleon," he continued, drawing the other one side so as to be more certainly out of hearing of the others. "Is it, then, true—what I suspected upon yonder mountain-top? Did you then love her?"

"Did I love her, Philocteres? So faithfully and dearly that, as I have told you, I would have willingly died to save her. And so, too, would you have done, had you been able," he added, calmed in spite of himself by the tranquillity and self-possession of the other. "For how can I tell what cruel fate must have separated her from you, and made all your efforts in her behalf of no avail? I take back to myself the bitter words I have spoken. So let that pass. Let me only now repeat the useless confession that I loved her."

"And yet, Cleon, how could that be? She was a Christian maiden, while you—"

"While I am a worshiper of the gods of Rome, you would say, and therefore it would not have been fit that she should have been allowed to listen to my love. But hear me further. Know that, though outwardly assenting, as I was taught to do, to the forms of the old religion, I have never given full credence to it—preferring, rather, for want of a better faith, to live in philosophic indifference to any. For what have those gods with their foolish traditions done that I should ever care to worship them? Nay, there is more to tell, Philocteres. Having thus no faith, I have not seldom felt the need of one; but where was I to find it? Then, after a while, I met Thaloe; and, as you know, I have often talked with her about her belief. This I did, not at the time caring about it, but rather that I might have some excuse to be with her—looking upon her creed the while as another fable of equal worthlessness with that in which I had been nurtured. But then there came the time when I saw her given up to death; and marking as I did how greatly her belief did comfort her, I felt that no Roman, dying with the names of the gods upon his lips, had ever been so wondrously consoled. There was something in all that which I did not comprehend, and yet it moved me. Not at that moment, however, did I purpose to believe; yet when I went back to my tent and reflected upon the matter, I thought that there might truly be something in it. For I saw that I who had outwardly worshiped the gods had found them fail me at the end, bringing me into unfathomable depths of misery, and giving no ray of comfort to my soul: while she who had worshiped that one God of the Christians had seemed, even in the very bitterness of impending death, to feel his power and to gain an assurance that all would yet turn out for good. Yet how, in that hopeless maze of adverse influences, could anything turn out for the good? And then I made this my firm resolve: seeing that by its results alone a thing can most truly be tested, I said that I would wait; and if from all that darkness of destruction any light should finally come, it would surely be in answer to Thaloe's prayers, and not by favor to myself, who had made no prayer at all; and I would take her faith for my own."

"And now, Cleon?"

"What further is there for me to say? For you know it all. Even your God has failed me in my need. Therefore, with me all things remain dark and gloomy as before. And perhaps, since naught has come from it, it were an idle matter for me to have told

you the story. But I have been led to speak, in order that you may know how truly in my inmost soul I loved her, and how, had she been saved, I would have taken her God for my own, and for her sake would have abandoned all things else, and followed her wherever you both might go."

"You have much, Cleon, yet to learn about our faith," said Philocteres, after a moment's silence, and placing his hand upon the other's shoulder. "And were you to study it more closely, you would find that there are mysteries in it which would baffle your closest thought, and even sometimes bring disheartenment upon you. But of those mysteries, this matter of which you have told me is not one. You say our God has failed you. When was it ever promised that longer life in this troubled world should constitute the righteous person's reward? And were our prayers to be so answered, how many of us would ever enter into the heaven of another world? Nay, Christian and Jew and pagan all alike must die; and it is rather the manner of their death that may most abundantly test the value of their faith. Seeing Thaloe with the shadow of doom upon her, was there nothing to inspire you with newer and kindlier thoughts of the Christian faith? Would it have been better for her, think you, to meet death with the cold, lifeless philosophy of the pagan belief, looking forward at the best to gloomy and sad groping in Plutonian shades, rather than to welcome it with calm serenity as a friend, lifting her to a bright communion with the saints above?"

"Be that as it may, she is gone," said Cleon. "What, then, is left for me but to go back to the world I have left? There, by some favoring judgment of the Cæsar, I may be restored to all my rank and influence; and there, forgetting speculations which have profited me so little, I can live on as I have done before. Or, on the other hand, there may be no mercy found at all, and before the rising of another sun I may be destined to lay down my life. If so, it seems to me that I should care but little. Better so, perhaps; for why should I seek to become again attached to life, now that Thaloe is gone?"

"How mean you?" cried the other, for the first time taking especial note of Cleon's plain equipment, and gaining from it some faint gleamings of the truth. "Can it be that your late assistance to us has led you into danger?"

"So surely, Philocteres, that I was on my way to Nero's presence, there to confess my breach of discipline, and make to the violated laws of the imperial camp whatever atonement he may demand. You well know what that may doubtless be. Losing my horse, I then came hither, believing that from this fisher's vessel I could be landed upon yonder point. And that is a service you can still do for me, since there are none who, seeing this poor vessel, will dream that it carries either of our fortunes."

For a moment Philocteres made no reply, but gazed earnestly and steadfastly into the other's face. How from the very first, when they had met as foes upon the mountain-top, had his heart yearned toward the young soldier, seeing in him one who could well be trusted, and who in other circumstances might have been a dear and valued friend! How now the more did he yearn for that friendship, as he heard Cleon so frankly lay bare his thoughts, and saw him so boldly preparing to go forward to almost certain death! True, he had but little of that intimate knowledge of him which cautious men of the world so generally demand before reposing trust; but what essential, after all, was lacking? Long before this, Cleon's reputation for honor and an unsullied life had reached Philocteres's ears; and now, as he stood before him, he saw that for once report had not belied itself. The open heart, explaining its blind gropings after some possible truth; the frank confession, made without the faintest hope of reward; the clear, steady eye, looking disaster serenely in the face; the whole manly soul, instinct with honesty of purpose, lightening every feature;—were not all these enough? In times of turmoil and distraction, the judgment is prone to abandon long digressions of studied thought, and

to leap into sudden conclusions, and generally with a correct result. And now, yielding himself to the inspirations of his heart, Philocteres threw every doubt aside, and grasping Cleon by the hand, said:

"Think not to give your life a useless sacrifice to Nero. Rather hear the better fate that I can offer you. In this unnoticed bark I go to a retreat whence all the powers of the empire cannot search me out, it is so lonely and sequestered. To Chios, that little island of the Ægean Sea, where Homer lived and sang; and where, far from the observation of men who could suspect and endanger me, I can pass the remainder of my life in freedom and tranquillity, singing the Christian songs, and still finding opportunity to give myself up to the interests of my faith. Go now with me, and there for the future make your home. And know that I make the offer, not alone in gratitude for the safety you have given, but for the further reason that I feel I can love you and prize your friendship. You say that Thaloe is lost to you, and thereby you believe that there can be none other than your olden destiny left to you. But would it be of nothing worth for you to believe that throughout your labors and sacrifices in this world she might be looking down upon you, encouraging you with her prayers and wishes, though you might see her not; and with a bright and living faith awaiting the time when, freed from all earthly cares, your spirit could ascend to join her?"

He paused for a reply; and so earnestly had he spoken, and with such a winning conviction of his doctrine's truth, that Cleon bowed his head in deep and troubled thought. Yes: this was, indeed, the lot for which, even in the moments of his greatest fame and power, he had sometimes felt that he could willingly exchange his glittering career. A lonely isle, far out at sea, with a pleasant cottage upon the borders of the water, vineyards and olive groves upon either side, and in the distance the blue mountains giving picturesque outline to the scene: what better lot could there be than that? And yet it seemed as if those past longings of his must have been mere transient dreams, to which he would not have yielded had the opportunity been given; for even now, with the death allotted to a traitorous soldier staring him in the face, he hesitated. How could he thus, with one effort, give up all that had for so long made life pleasant to him: his wealth, his well-loved native place, his friends, his rank—all that had so far given an impulse to his ambition, and urged him forward to distinction? As had so often already suggested itself to his hopes, might not the Cæsar, after all, prove kind, and not too severely punish that one error, and thereby leave the path of glory still open? Would it be well to lose all chance of that? But at that moment, raising his head and thoughtfully gazing upward into space, he seemed, as in some mental trance, to see Thaloe herself, pure, radiant, and spirit-like, floating in the blue ether; and as he marked the gentle parting of her lips, and the sweet, approving smile with which she gazed down upon him, another and a better impulse came into his heart. Why, after all, should he care to seek pardon from the Cæsar for neglected duty, when she for whom he had committed that fault might thus be looking upon and guarding him with her pure faith?

"Take me, Philocteres, and do with me what you please!" he exclaimed, in a sudden transport of earnest belief.

"And take then to yourself, if she will consent," cried Philocteres, "her whom you have been mourning as lost to you!"

As he spoke he pointed towards the vessel's prow, where, in the midst of a maze of nets and cordage, which had hidden her from view while sitting, Thaloe now stood in contemplative attitude, her face turned away in unconsciousness of what had been transpiring behind her, and gazed upon the darkening expanse before her.

CHAPTER XX.

And now at last the long-drawn story is all but told. What need, indeed, further to

dwell upon the scene, and speak of glowing looks and conscious answering blush, of earnest words and timidly uttered response? Why tell of any uttered response at all, since so well we know that words are not the only medium of a soul's assent, and that when maidenly reserve will sometimes hinder or delay outspoken answer, the true expressions of the heart will show themselves without disguise in tender gaze, or suffused cheek, or trembling of the lip? What need, either, to speak of explanations given and misconceptions swept away; of cruel doubts at last cleared up; of a careless, thoughtless past all blotted out as far as better resolves can avail to do it; and of a more generous, earnest future planned out with all the certainty of shape and feature which human will and human energy can give?

So let that pass untold. And when the words had all been uttered, the two stood side by side and hand in hand at the vessel's prow, and gazed upon the expanse before them, fast darkening with the dusky hue of evening. For now the sun had set, and coast-line and water were rapidly becoming shrouded in the gloom of night. Little by little the more distant objects had faded from sight, and each moment the swiftly moving boundary line of indistinctness gathered closer around. First, the far-off promontories turned from blue to gray, and so died out against the darkening sky; then the mountain behind lost its living green and clear-cut outline, until it seemed like some ill-shapen, colorless monster stretched across the gulf; then one by one, as the distance favored, the cities along the shore became mere indistinguishable broken lines, and so gradually melted away. And softly the little fishing bark had crept along its allotted course: slowly at first, but after it had passed beyond the shelter of the mountain gaining way more rapidly, until now it had reached the center of the watery expanse, and with distended sail, and needing no longer the assistance of the oars, was swiftly urged upon its path, each moment drawing nearer to the sea, and already at times feeling the premonitory swell of the waves sweeping inward in wide-extended lines.

Silent, and hand in hand, the two now stood and gazed with hearts too full for utterance. What thoughts and memories now filled their souls as they looked around? To Thaloe there could come nothing of sorrow or regret. In her heart she had once said a last farewell to all that had so lately been of interest to her. Not merely now, but many hours before, when she had stood upon the mountain-top with what seemed certain death drawing each moment nearer than before; then she had put off, as much as could be, all memory of or clinging to late earthly scenes. And though with safety so wonderfully restored to her had come once more the prospect of a longer course upon that earth she had expected so soon to leave, she felt no re-awakening of attachment for any of those fading scenes about her. Perhaps, indeed, there might have been one lingering, pensive thought upon that little home at the city's outskirts, which henceforth she would see only in her dreams; but even that was only a momentary regret. That home had had, after all, no native ties for her. It was but the pleasant residence of a few short months. Therefore, like as the darkness had already blotted out all traces of it, even the profile of hills behind and the outline of shore beneath, so did all longing memories of that home fade from her heart, and she turned with eager joy to the pleasanter bourn before her. There in those Grecian isles was her birthplace, and her true, lasting home. There in future would all her hopes be cast and her labor given: not as in a new life among unaccustomed scenes, but as in an old and well-loved life lovingly resumed after long exile. And since beside her Cleon now stood, his loving faith pledged to share with her those coming duties, what further could she ask?

To Cleon himself there could not fail to be a somewhat different thought. That first startled throb of heart with which he had gazed along the vessel's length, and seeing Thaloe, had felt the sweet con-

sciousness that his great sacrifice of self had not been made in vain—the momentary sickening doubt whether, in spite of this evidence of his eyes, it might not yet turn out a deceptive vision, a glamour of his senses—all that had now passed away, and reason, calmed with certainty, had resumed its sway. And looking around, he could not but realize what he was now forever giving up. To him the Campanian coast was a well-loved place, known to him as well as Rome itself, since each year he had there been wont to tarry with the imperial court, until every nook or mountain slope had been indelibly impressed upon his memory. There, blotted out by the darkness, indeed, but to his soul's eye seen visibly as in the full glare of midday, were all that he had been wont to call his own; all that so far had made his daily life; all that had given him pleasant association with the world: not on the coast alone, but far back along the Appian Way, through vineyards where on the march he had tarried, through villas of the great and powerful where at times he had made his home, farther and farther back to the grand palaces and monuments of imperial Rome itself. All these now were to be thrown aside forever. His own wealth of villas and quarries, a wealth which was beyond that of any other officer of the Pretorian Guard, and thereby had given him much of his influence—perchance, had even helped to gain for him the favor of the imperious beauty, Alypia; the well-earned position in the imperial corps, so full of honor, so pleasant in its line of duties, so gloriously delightful in its association with bronzed and scarred veterans, who all looked up to him as one of the foremost and best-respected of their chiefs; the feast and dance, where, though he gave himself not up with all the abandonment which characterized lighter and more volatile minds, he could feel enjoyment in the society of the learned and the great who there collected; the imperial court itself, with its dignities, its luster and magnificence; all these now were gone, things of the past, to mingle now and then with his future dreams, perhaps, but never more to be thought of as living, present actualities. What was offered in place of them? A new and unknown life, the faintest experience of which he had not yet had; a life of assured self-denial, poverty, and lowliness; a life to be passed among the poor and needy; a life given up to new practices and devoted to a strange worship at new altars.

Thoughts like these he could not fail to feel; but yet, while feeling them, he did not for the moment falter or despond. With Thaloe at his side, he would enter upon that new life with joy, nor ever henceforth long for worldly honors or imperial confidences, or to take again his place among the glittering follies and feeble aspirations of the world; since she, with her loved presence, would so surely cheer and brighten all the gloom or trials of the future. Nor yet did he falter or repine, when, as though sent by some fiend to disturb him, there came before him the last and greatest temptation of all.

For suddenly there stole upon their ears the notes of music, and colored lights appeared gleaming upon the waves, and from the gathering darkness there came into clearer view a richly decorated and freighted galley. It was the bark of Nero, who, since the insurgent bands had now been scattered, and there was no more danger of the empire being overthrown by their gathered strength, was passing in festive array, with a few chosen favorites from his court, across from Sorrentum back to Baiæ. Momentarily the gay vessel approached nearer, until it floated across the prow of the little fishing bark, which, obedient to the helm, stopped in its headway to let the other pass.

Standing hand in hand, yet concealed by the gathering darkness, Cleon and Thaloe gazed silently upon the imperial galley, thus gliding by at that trifling distance; and by the pleasant glow of the colored lanterns and the more vivid brightness of the flaming torches, fed from time to time with aromatic powders, they could mark with

distinctness every feature of the scene before them. A gay and sumptuous vessel, indeed; fashioned from carved and richly tinted woods, with slaves in costly apparel toiling at silvered oars; and above the deck a silken sail, swelling with the breeze and giving steadiness to the swift motion. In front stood the chief eunuch, Mummo, keeping strict watch over the household slaves who were gathered around in mute, expectant attention to the slightest beck or whisper. Midway the musicians sat, calling from lutes and harps and viols pleasant harmonies, which floated over the water with seemingly a sweeter cadence than ever listened to on shore.

At the other end was Nero himself, reclining in listless vacuity of thought upon the soft cushions placed beneath him, and submitting his flagging attention drearily to the faint buzz of conversation by those around whose duty it was to entertain him. Among these, and sitting at the Cæsar's right hand, was the fair Alypia, seemingly more gorgeous and enticing than ever in her luxurious beauty of face and form and animation of expression, decked in velvets and jewels, as though for an especial *fete*, and wearing upon her forehead, as the crowning ornament of all, the great pearl which Cleon had so lately given her. And behind her stood the Tribune Balbus, arrayed in the insignia of new honors, as the reward of one who has performed fresh exploits in the field: now, however, little lending himself to recollections of war or rapine, but bending lovingly forward over Alypia, who, in her turn, leaned back, and glanced with bold and ill-disguised favor into his face.

As Cleon gazed thoughtfully upon the scene, he felt a faint, nervous, and half-unconscious pressure of his hand; and turning once more towards Thaloe, saw that she was looking into his face with a timid and wistful expression, as though she would fain read all his inmost thoughts, and yet dreaded listening to any open betrayal of them. Could she at that moment doubt him? Nay, it might well be, perhaps, that as she watched his fixed and earnest scrutiny of the imperial galley, she should be led to dread some transient longings in him after the gay and brilliant past. But he returned her pressure with encouraging clasp, and gazing steadfastly into her troubled eyes, whispered:

"Doubt me not, Thaloe. To me the days gone by, with all their hopes and joys, their pleasures and their triumphs, no longer have allurement. They have all lost their charm forever; even now are nearly forgotten, except as some misty, troubled dream. To me—to both of us, indeed—there can henceforth be no past to trouble us. See! it already lies behind us, swallowed up in clouds and darkness, never more for us to be recalled. And lo! before us reaches out the future only, bright, glorious, and free, in its promise of calm contentment, and its newer, fresher labors, thoughts, and impulses."

So, as they there stood, hand clasped in hand, the imperial galley swept on, becoming each moment lesser in the distance, its lights growing dim, and the soft music of lute and harp and viol dying in silence; and the little fishing bark, once more feeling the swell of the rolling waves, glided slowly along the rocky steeps of Capreæ, and gently floated out into the open sea beyond.

Leonard Kip.

[THE END.]

EVIL AS A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION.

An absolute equilibrium of the contending forces which underlie if they do not constitute nature is of rare occurrence, and only temporary duration. *Rhythm* is the ever-present condition of all motion. Not that the effort of each force, as of gravity, attraction, repulsion, electricity, is in itself necessarily intermittent; but the motion imparted to matter and mind by the contending operation of several forces is always plus or minus, to the right or left, up or down, direct or reflected, in or out, as the thing moved yields in turn to this or that excess of force or combination of forces. Thus, the revolution of the earth about the sun, combined with the effect of that about its own axis at an angle with the ecliptic, produces the alternations of the seasons and of day and night. The tides ebb and flow. Waves rise and fall. Floods succeed droughts. Heat follows cold. Growth ends in decay. Sleep alternates with waking; depression with excitement; fatigue with exertion; sickness with health; death with life. *Change* is the universal law: changes often related to each other through cause and effect, but in any event involving necessarily either uninterrupted progress or an alternation of advance and retreat. But uninterrupted progress does not occur in anything, and were it not for the oscillations which constitute the other alternative, the existing order would be replaced by something inconceivable to man. Were there no changes of seasons, the entire fauna and flora of some regions would disappear; in others, would exist in forms different from the present. Did not day follow night, an eternity of either light or darkness would alike make the present forms of life impossible. If the winds did not shift their quarters, how would present climates be affected? If the fecundity of some fishes were not checked by the voracity of others, the ocean would soon be converted into a marsh of organic matter. But for the existence of predacious animals, the herbivores would shortly be exterminated by starvation. But for the death of individuals, how inconceivable the continued existence of the species, from the bacteria and vibrio to man, from the smallest fungoid to the sequoia!

Destruction, then, must follow construction, and *vice versa;* subtraction must neutralize addition; division analyze the product of multiplication; arsis must follow thesis; the heart pulsate; the pendulum vibrate to either side. All nature is essentially engaged in Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce; its every denizen is a plaintiff or defendant, an attorney or client, a witness or a juryman, a ward in chancery or an officer of the court. All creatures are born into the suit, must live and die in it, to the uttermost generation; can get out of it only when the earth shall absorb all its water and atmosphere, and rest and annihilation become convertible terms.

Created under this system of laws, man, the highest of its organisms, recognizes everywhere what he calls good and evil. He calls good the *plus* forces—whatever contributes to growth, health, knowledge, virtue, means of living, happiness, or power; he calls evil the *minus* forces—whatever detracts from growth, health, knowledge, wealth, virtue, power, or happiness. Taking these as definitions of good and evil, of sufficient accuracy for the purposes of the paper, we recognize three classes of the minus forces, to wit:

Physical evil, which results from the direct action of natural laws.

Intellectual evil, or error and ignorance.

Moral evil, which results from the acts of man, and involves the idea of right and wrong.

My propositions are, that the first of these classes of evil has been ordained

for the express purpose of evolving all forms of life, including man; and that the second and third classes are the *primum mobile* of the greater part of all the mental and moral evolution which constitutes civilization.

Physical evils undoubtedly affect all orders of life. Cold, heat, want of food laceration, destruction, and death are at times injurious to every form of vegetable and animal organism. Yet if individuals suffer, it is generally for the good of the species. Spencer says: "We are apt to take for granted that beneficial action secured must be beneficial to the individual as well as to the species. The two are by no means identical. In fact, they are diametrically opposed more frequently than not." The individual may be happy in abundance of food and temporary safety from enemies, but the consequent rapidity of increase in numbers soon destroys the happiness resulting from the abundant food, so that the presence of enemies who shall diminish the number of mouths to be fed becomes necessary for the preservation of the remainder. But those destroyed will necessarily be the weakest, the slowest, the most unfitted to protect themselves, and consequently the "fittest" will survive for the propagation of the species. Thus have the types of species been gradually raised from the slow, unwieldly, coarse originals of early geologic times, to their swift, fine-limbed, cunning, and lively successors of the present era. Thus have a few genera of ancient periods become many species of modern times; a few now extinct races been succeeded by many others more fitted to present surroundings. Without a succession of evil experiences to the inferior individuals of all species, could the process of natural selection ever have been inaugurated? Or if inaugurated, must it not have been maintained by some other means at present inconceivable to us?

And how has physical evil affected the progress of man? Hunger is an evil. To correct this, man must find food; for he is the only animal before whom Nature has failed to spread supplies of nutriment as free as the elements around him. His first success herein must have been by collecting wild vegetable products; obliging his close attention to their habits, localities, and seasons, and compelling modes of cooking and preserving them. Next followed the hunt and the fishery, inducing a new set of observations and manipulations for overtaking, trapping, and utilizing the various edible animals. Next came ideas of pastoral life, whereby large flocks of sheep and cattle should render famine impossible. Husbandry followed, with its various contrivances for increasing the supply of food. And so on, by slow degrees, as population became more dense, until the culture, manufacture, transportation, and preparation of food had developed thousands of inventions, had led to endless discoveries of fact and of law, and now employ the best of scientific thought, as they have always required the labor of the larger half of all working peoples. Without the necessity of combating the evil of hunger, would any of this knowledge or the happiness consequent thereon have been attained?

Cold is an evil: at certain times and places an evil utterly incompatible with human existence. It must be fought with fire—itself another evil till properly understood and controlled—with clothing, and with architecture. What an immense field of knowledge to be here explored and possessed!—how to make a fire when wanted; how to keep it within the required bounds; what to use for fuel; where to dig for peat or mine for coal, and how to transport and economize them; how to make charcoal and coke; how to prepare the skins, the hair, and wool of animals; how to find in plants the materials for textile fabrics, and cultivate or otherwise procure them in sufficient quantities. Then came, in slow degrees of perfection, the woolen, linen, cotton, and silk industries, with all the knowledge of metallurgy, of mechanics, chemistry, and mathematics involved in constructing the machinery and devising the processes of manufacture: beginning with the simple

distaff, progressing through the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, up to the modern nine-story factory driven by hydraulic or steam power. And the necessity for buildings, occasioned by cold—what has this done in forcing human development in the arts of the lumberman, the carpenter, stone-cutter, mason, brick-maker, and architect, and in the invention of tools for all these, until by degrees the rude cabin of the savage has been replaced by cities of elegant homes? And by virtue of all these branches of knowledge, the narrow tropical belt which alone would be habitable to man without fire or clothes or houses has been widened to 65° of latitude; and in the regions thus made habitable by art have been evolved, through climatic exigencies, those qualities of body and mind which have made Semitic humanity what it now is, but which have remained latent in those races that, like the tropical negroes, have never felt the cold.

So, man was originally the weakest of all animals, the only one without natural weapons or swiftness enough to elude the pursuit of beasts of prey. To cure this evil, he was compelled to supplement nature by art—to arm himself with the club, the knife, the bow, the spear; to protect his body by armor; to invent projectiles; to subdue the horse and the camel to eke out his insufficient speed. And herein, what knowledge, skill, and cultivation of powers, and what ethnological results, from the evolution of races strong in arms, at the expense of their inferiors!

Again: sickness in all its forms, wounds, and bodily injuries have ever persecuted our race, and ever will; for new disorders ever attack improved organisms, increasing, wave-like, with the diameter of progress. How have the pains of bodily ailments stimulated the search for remedies, beginning with superstitious charms, the fetish, religious rights, and prayers; thence to the use of leaves and roots, to thermal baths, by and by evolving botany, mineralogy, anatomy, physiology, chemistry, pharmacy, and all the other sciences now necessary to the outfit of an educated physician! Would dentistry ever have existed but for the toothache? Take away the doctors, the surgeons, the druggists, and all their belongings from what the world knows and possesses: should we not find a literally "aching void" in their place?

So, were not fire painful, the child would never learn the care necessary in handling it. Were it not destructive, all the arts required to prevent and remedy the damage it causes would have had no existence. Were not the sea a terror to primitive man, he would not have learned to swim, nor would raft or canoe, boat or ship or steamer, ever have rested on its bosom. Were not drought an evil, man would never have thought of irrigation, with all the knowledge it requires of hydraulics and mechanical engineering, and would never have enjoyed the beauty and abundance it spreads over the parched and barren desert. Had not lightning been an evil, electricity would not now be harnessed to the car of progress, and a factor in the every-day happiness of the world. Man suffers yet from earthquakes, storms, and epidemics. Who knows whether these, too, may not be in time subdued to his will, and thus the grand truth be finally and universally accepted, that *whatever afflicts us is intended, in the economy of nature, only to open to us some new avenue to knowledge, to develop some new faculty, or stimulate some old power to new victories over matter or mind?* "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Do we realize the profound meaning of that ancient text?

So much in respect of the effect of physical evils on the evolution of man. How is it with intellectual evil, the domain of error, mistake in judgment, and ignorance?

Primitive man could hardly have begun to supplement his natural feebleness in the presence of evil, by utilizing what little he knew of the forces of nature, ere he must have commenced to realize the relation of cause and effect. As these suggested each other, how long ere he was forced to recognize his liability to err, both in observation of phenomena and his reasoning as to their causes? Soon habits of minute observation became essential even to the savage, who

learned to detect the proximity and movements of animals or enemies by traces wholly invisible to the unpracticed eye. For ages this acuteness of observation of sensuous facts was the limit of his growth; for long before reason was perceived to be man's highest attribute, imagination, the more active faculty everywhere, peopled earth and air with supernatural beings, which were supposed to occasion all phenomena otherwise unaccountable. Long and wearisome were the resulting though intermittent pauses in the processes of mental evolution. But at intervals superior minds suspected the want of connection between fact and fancy; logic began to be formulated; arithmetic asserted itself; the domain of demonstrable knowledge was gradually outlined in distinction from the shadowy regions of mere opinions; the once famous ideas of many schools of primeval and mediæval philosophy, so called, melted away like the *fata morgana*, as the strong rays of truth cleared off the mists of ignorance upon which they were projected. All through this tedious process, error continually pointed out the road to truth; not, indeed, as a finger-post designating the future road, but in the character of experience, keeping a school in which the lessons were inexorably enforced by the relentless ferule of suffering. So it is to-day: error is ever in attendance upon truth, ever ready for a contest, ever anxious to trip its heels or catch it in a pitfall. Therefore is truth compelled to be ever ready to defend itself, ever prepared for aggressive war. Were it not for this unceasing conflict, human nature being what it is, how utterly without motive, and consequently without effort, would our intellects remain! How barren of the pleasures of work, of investigation, of argument, of acquisition; in other words, how entirely useless would our faculties be! Without the constant presence of ignorance and error, of what use our schools, our colleges, our libraries, the daily press, the lyceum, or the court of justice? And what would replace these as the factors in the seething thought of the world?

Of course, detail in so vast a field as this is out of the question, unless volumes were to be written. Let it suffice briefly to summarize the function of evil in developing the ideas of government by law. Unquestionably its first service in this department must have been through the experience of suffering caused by theft, murder, adultery, and robbery. Men must have soon learned that society was impossible, unless on entering it each individual renounced some of the rights of free appropriation appurtenant to a condition of solitude. It was an evil that the game secured by an active man should be stolen by a lazy man. It was intolerable that a man should be liable to lose his wife to a more favored lover or husband; or that vendetta should be the only remedy for offenses against person or family; or that the tribe or clan should be powerless against the raids of another tribe or clan. Hence the first crude organization under a chief or patriarch, who was given authority to punish crimes, to protect property and persons, and to marshal the men of the tribe for military duty. But the unwritten laws of such primitive communities must have been very unevenly executed. Injustice, often repeated, has gradually compelled the enactment of written codes, and also the appointment of judges to execute them. Endless petty wars among clans and tribes gradually evolved nations and kingdoms. But the autocratic power of kings involved other evils; and after centuries of submission thereto, the idea of dividing the powers of the state among different hands began its long struggles for expression in constitutional government, reaching its highest development (thus far) in the institutions of Great Britain and the United States. Yet to intelligent subjects and citizens, the government of every country appears full of defects, so that the best minds among the people are always busy with suggestions for new enactments, or for the repeal of old ones once thought to be the perfection of wisdom. Only in China, that country of "arrested development," is this process not apparently going on. No wonder the title

of "celestial" kingdom attaches itself to a country where no public evils are felt with sufficient keenness to excite the thoughts of any among four hundred millions of people, all of whom seem so contented with the teachings of the past as to believe in their absolute perfection. It is only in China that evil does not promote the good!

The leading ideas codified in American constitutions and laws are personal liberty, equality before the law, the sovereignty of the people, representation, inalienable natural rights, freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly, of opinion, of communication, and of religion, the division of the powers of government, universal suffrage, free public education, the rule of the majority, the rights of accused persons, habeas corpus, and trial by jury. Is it not a historical fact that each one of these ideas has been canonized in our system solely by reason of the evils wrought in our own or other societies by its opposite? Would our government have taken its present shape but for the long series of tyrannies, wars, persecutions, and injuries to person and property which make up the history of Europe?

It remains to consider moral evil as a factor in evolution; and here the difficulty of the subject is immensely increased, because our ideas of right and wrong—the basis of morality—have been so confused by religions and philosophies. Doubtless the distinction between right and wrong has always been the most perplexing and distressing, as well as the most exhaustively discussed, of all questions from childhood to the grave; yet to this day mankind are not agreed, nor are they likely to agree, as to the real ground of moral science—as to what is absolutely right and what absolutely wrong. If morals be based upon the Bible, uncertain as are its precepts, especially in regard to marriage and divorce, usury, witchcraft, persecution, slavery, sabbatarianism, and other points, yet it does not teach the contrary to our proposition. So far from it, many portions of the Levitical law, of the Psalms, Proverbs, and Prophecies, are devoted to the enforcement of the law of experience as a moral teacher, to threats and predictions of physical evil as the consequence of immoral conduct. In fact, the Old Testament went no farther than this. If, however, we accept the utilitarian definition of morality—that such acts as cause pain or suffering to one's self or others must be recognized as wrong, and such acts as cause pleasure or happiness to one's self and others be deemed right—then there can be no doubt of the truth of the proposition that evil is a factor—the main factor—in moral evolution. Spencer states "the inevitable corollary from the general doctrine of evolution to be, that pleasures are the incentives to life-supporting acts, and pains the deterrents from life-destroying acts." Every act which gives pain or suffering to one's self or to others carries its own penalty with it—a penalty which is increased upon repetition of the offense, until, if persistent, the offender is utterly ruined and destroyed. Take intemperance, for an example. Conscience upbraids the well-brought-up youth after he has imbibed his first cup. That uncomfortable feeling may prevent a second offense; but if not, especially if he becomes intoxicated, remorse is reinforced by headache, nausea, and the shame of exposure. If these do not reform him, then follow other sufferings—the alienation of friends, loss of business, domestic affliction, legal punishments, poverty, rags, degradation, and *delirium tremens*. If, as a common drunkard, he becomes the disgrace of his family, the butt of the town, he is but another instance of the necessary sacrifice of the individual for the good of the race. Will not the terrors of his example act upon others as a deterrent from the habit of drinking? So thought the old Spartans, who made their helots drunk, that they might train their children to habits of sobriety.

Is it not likewise with sexual vice? A man or woman conscious of illicit connection is invariably the victim of conscience, in fear of the terrible consequences of exposure, disgrace, even of death. The lives of the permanent victims of this vice are blasted for all good: the women become

outcasts, the men depraved, and often filled with incurable diseases, which poison the fountain of the blood to the third and fourth generation. If a man practices bigamy or polygamy, how long before he suffers from an expense beyond his means, from the misery of a divided household, or the penalty of the law?

The result of all such experiences is necessarily the conviction on the part of all who suffer or witness them, that woman is a blessing as a wife, but a curse as a mistress; a comfort in monogamous marriage, a plague or a slave in polygamy: hence that all sexual connection with her, except in monogamy, is wrong, because it causes suffering to all concerned. Could this truth be learned except by experience of its correlative evils? and has not experience proclaimed the law from the beginning among all people on the face of the earth?

So with all crimes against person, property, society, or the state. So with all vices or sins against one's self. The wrong course leads to pain and suffering in purse, in health, in peace, in liberty, in popularity, in the possibilities of future success; sometimes in wounds and premature death. Nay: it is not going too far to say that the principal cause of all premature death is the disregard by somebody of those laws, the universal observance of which would raise the average duration of life to its maximum. Because of the consequences of wrong actions, which we all experience in our own or other's persons, are we not continually driven from the evil towards the good? Is not an enormous proportion of the ill we endure the result of the ignorance, vice, carelessness, mistake, or crime of ourselves or of some one else; of society or of government? Are not accidents almost wholly avoidable by persons who study the laws of their surroundings, who take no unnecessary risks, and who use forethought enlightened by experience in all their movements? Is not evil, then, a constant factor in moral evolution?

Yet, after we have traced the utilities of evil in all directions, so far as our ability to see the relation of cause and effect extends, there remains a large unused residuum. Old age comes on, with its chronic disorders and its helplessness. Inability to work throws the pauper or cripple upon the parish. The widow with young children bewails the loss of her bread-winner. Death sooner or later comes to all. How are these surplus evils factors in evolution?

I reply, that having found evil co-existent with life, inseparable from it in its every phase, and everywhere and always a stimulus to good, we are justified in attributing all apparent exceptions to what seems to be universal law, not to erroneous apprehension of the law, but to our ignorance of its mode of application in the excepted cases. Darwin's missing link continues missing; but the learned world does not therefore withhold its assent to his theory of the descent of man. If it be asked, How is the evil of death a factor in evolution? it may be answered, that the death of the individual is necessary to the evolution of the species, and so far as the individual is concerned, no one can assert intelligently that death *is* an evil. If annihilation follows, surely this is better than a life of continual pain of body or mind. If a spiritual existence follows, it is only the small and now constantly diminishing body of believers in a literal hell that think they have reason to fear a future of eternal punishment for temporary sins. If the spiritist theory be true, we shall all live after the death of the body, under more favorable conditions for progress than we shall leave behind. And if the cosmic philosophy prove correct, we have a right to expect that the realm of law extends throughout the universe, and that the great Unknowable, whose existence it perceives, and whose arrangements, so far as we can follow them, all tend to higher and higher evolution, will continue to develop us so long as we shall be.

As to those who linger long in poverty and disease, to whom no medicine brings relief, whom no human means can bring back to the enjoyment of their faculties, or who have no dear ones on whom to call for

aid, the mission of these is twofold. Were there no such miserable objects to relieve, where would be the favorite object of altruistic efforts, with its long train of moral blessings, to those capable of it? And as to the sufferers themselves, how have the virtues of patience, self-control, and resignation ever shown brightest in the furnace of affliction! Who knows that suffering is not the necessary process for ripening the slowly maturing fruit ere it drops from the stem? Who knows whether the resurrection be not limited to those thoroughly ripened souls who by this process have acquired the power to be born into a spiritual state of being?

There are those who apply to the spiritual the analogue of organic life, and are of opinion that the law which allows so few of the nascent germs to fructify in the material world foreshadows a like extinction of undeveloped souls at the dissolution of the body. Be this as it may, it is but the missing link in our theory. If evil be the cause of good so far as we can trace their relations, is it not presumably true that the law extends beyond our mortal ken, and will be an interpenetrating condition of our existence in the future of time, space, or eternity, as it has been in the past and is in the present?

If evil be correctly viewed in the light of a law of nature and as a factor in evolution, its general recognition as such would vastly strengthen the moral forces of men, would hearten many timid souls, and drive pessimism out of existence. Let men disabuse their minds of all supernaturalism, of all hereditary beliefs that moral law rests solely upon revelation; let them realize that evil is designed only to promote knowledge, science, skill, forethought, economy, system, sound judgment, and all the virtues—in a word, to draw out of man all the talent there is in him, to develop him to the utmost possibilities of every faculty of his nature, to enable him not only to stand alone, but to walk, run, fly, even as thought flies to the uttermost limits of the universe—and what becomes of superstition, of priestcraft, of despair, of childish terrors of the ghostly, and the fear of death? What becomes of hypocrisy, cant, sectarianism, and the bitter feelings these engender? What would then become of the prone helplessness resulting from those forms of belief that inculcate, not energetic fighting of evil, but meekness, obedience, fear, and dependence upon supernal help in all circumstances of trouble? Substitute for these the live realization that we suffer only because we are yet ignorant of the antidote, or because we err intellectually or morally; that the suffering will cease when the true remedy is found—and the sufferer, or he who wishes to relieve him, is at once put upon his mettle to find the remedy or the preventive. The brain is thus excited to action. *Work* results, and from work flows happiness and evolution of power. The sufferer, no longer a beggar full of sores, lying by the wayside asking alms, or idly waiting by the pool for some one else to carry him into it, obeys the command, "Take up thy bed and walk": and thenceforward he begins to realize that if he was created in the image of God, it cannot be particularly godlike to be begging, praying, whining, and crying out for some stronger being to save him the trouble of exerting his own faculties; or to suffer for his errors and ignorances by vicarious atonement, and so smuggle to him an immortality on which he has paid no duty, and introduce him into a heaven he has not earned, and into company with which he must be wholly uncongenial.

As to the pessimist, let him understand that the minus balance of evil, which blinds his eyes to all the glories, the beauties, the happinesses of creation, represents only his own ignorance of the objects of that evil, and of the methods to be used to neutralize it, or convert it into positive good. Instead of relapsing into melancholy or misanthropy, or cultivating insanity, or blowing his brains out, let him rouse himself to the task of overmastering the evil. Let him find out the right kind of flux, and the fires of suffering will soon bring out the pure metal from his rebellious ores. This theory should disarm death of all its hereditary terrors;

should cause every despondent soul to whip up his horses, and put his shoulder to the wheel; should give courage to the coward, conviction to the doubter, energy to the laggard, manly independence of soul to all. If everybody fully recognized evil as merely a factor in evolution, would ninety-five per cent. of humanity continue to be dependent on the remaining five per cent. for all the forces that carry forward the fabric of society? Lying on his back, one gets the best view of the heavens, but that is not the attitude of progression. The traveler who star-gazes while he walks, stumbles, falters, and loses his way. But he that would overcome distance holds himself erect, and fixes his sight upon the obstacles he must surmount. The law of nature—of human nature—physical, intellectual, and moral, the law of evolution now recognized everywhere as the true ideal of creation, finds practical expression every day and every hour of life in the command, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

C. T. Hopkins.

AUNT VENUS.

During the early years of the Rebellion, while undergoing a period of enforced exile from my northern home, owing to an unforeseen cutting off of railway facilities, as an exigency of the war, Mrs. Blaydes invited me to spend the time which might intervene before a further prosecution of my homeward journey would be safe and feasible, with her, on her plantation in the southwestern part of Tennessee. I gladly availed myself of this urgently proffered hospitality, not merely as a source of distraction during an indefinite period of anxious waiting, but also because of the congenial companionships I had heretofore found in her hospitable neighborhood during more peaceful times.

Thus it came to pass that a warm evening in the spring of 1863 found me sitting, with this kind friend, beside an open window of her substantial, tasteful home, gazing out on a beautiful lawn, over whose velvety surface the moonbeams were dancing and playing at hide-and-seek amongst its tall trees and blossom-scented shrubs. Clustered here and there on its remote outskirts were the little cabins which constituted the "Quarters" of the household servants, while nearer at hand, and somewhat to the rear of the family dwelling, stood one of more pretension than the rest, which was not only neatly whitewashed, but, together with a building recognized as the removed kitchen characteristic of plantation life, was inclosed by a low fence. And just as caressingly was the soft, radiant light wrapping itself about these lowly dwellings, bestowing on them its beauty of glimmer and sheen, as upon our grander home; hiding and seeking as gleefully amidst the cracks and crannies of these little log huts and their homely unkept vines, as amidst our tall, ancestral trees and marble fonts and columns; thus seeming to attest, in silver characters of light, that neither race nor color, rank nor outward circumstance, are tests of desert in the sight of the Great Giver.

We had sat for an hour or more, my friend and I, chatting of the picturesque aspects of the scene before us, as well as of diverse matters of mutual interest, when, from within the little cabin last mentioned, there suddenly rose upon the still air of the night the sound of a female voice, which began in a shrill, quavering tone a weird chant, every accompanying word of which was distinctly borne to our ears. Winged souls of martyrs, falling mantles of translated prophets, heavenly chariots and fiery horses, flashed like meteors across our mental vision; and then the hush of night again reigned supreme.

The inquiring look which I turned on my companion was met by a warning gesture of silence, and the whispered words:

"It is Aunt Venus at her devotions. Listen, if you would hear something unique in the way of supplication."

After a short time the voice was again lifted up, whereupon a second Jeremiah seemed to walk the earth, and be filling the air with lamentations. Vehement denunciations and impassioned maledictions were hurled against "de heaben-defyin' Pharaohs ob dis lan'"—which latter she claimed to be not only full of the tyranny of Egypt, but the abominations of Babylon. In a fervid outburst of untutored eloquence of inimitable phraseology, she thanked the Lord that her soul caught the echo of the far-off bugle note, sounding its rallying call in freedom's home amidst the northern hills; and prayed that she might with her natural ears erelong hear its jubilant tones mingled with the trumpets' ringing blast of victory; and at the same time, with her eye of flesh, see fulfilled the desire of her heart upon the task-masters of her race; which desire she proceeded to shadow forth in an apt grouping of the most vengeful predictions of the prophets of old, in this wise:

"Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's services without wages, and giveth him not for his work. I will give thee into the hand of them whose face thou fearest, and deliver up thy children to the famine, and pour out their blood by the force of the sword.

"Let a cry, O Lord, be heard from their houses, when thou shalt bring a troop suddenly upon them. Let burning coals fall upon them; let them be cast into the fire, into deep pits that they rise not up again. Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell, for wickedness is in their dwellings and among them."

Having duly informed the Lord that the above disposition of her people's despoilers would be a comfort to her soul, for which she would "ebermo' gib t'anks," without a warning note she broke forth into a series of unearthly wails and cries, beside which the weirdest banshee shriek were a lullaby. "Lament and howl," enjoins the prophet; and verily, this daughter of Ham then and there entered upon so vigorous an execution of his injunction that I doubt if the prophet himself would not have fled dismayed before it. As for myself, I crept closer to my companion's side, shuddering with a sense of maniacal nearness as this hysterical outbreak gave place to a torrent of wild speech, in which "unquenchable fire, sulphurous flames, undying worms," and creatures of aspect too diabolical to here depict—

> "Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
> Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu' "—

circled about in a Tam O'Shanterean dance of jollification over the head of some person apparently present with her, whom she characterized as a "mis'ble inikitious creeter, bowed hyar befo' de t'rone in 'bejence to my commands, but wif a heart mo' sot in him to do de will ob he giddy, unregen'ret, earf'ly missis dan to do de will ob he heabenly Marster; makin' to hese'f an idol ob a bein' ob clay, who am in he blind eyes de most pe'feckest ob all God's creeters, but who, O Lord, dou knows, an' ole Wenus knows, am a stumblin' block ob de Debil's own plannin' fo' to trip he heels into pe'dition. De'fo', O Lord, turn he steps from follerin' arter de ways ob her teachin', an' cause him to harken to de woice ob dis dy humble serbent, de wife ob he bosom, whiles she intercep's dy me'cy in he beha'f."

Doubtless it was zeal for the conversion of this "inikitious bein'" that prompted the resounding blows we heard given by the palm of the hand upon the back of her prostrate companion. At all events, as her intercessions increased in fervor, faster and faster fell the blows. They were, however, somewhat moderated a little later, to be in time and keeping, as she chanted:

> "Oh! dar'll be mourning, mourning, mourning;
> Oh! dar'll be mourning at de jedgment seat ob Chris';
> Husbands an' wives dar shall part";

but quickened again to a rattling reveille as she added: "Jus' so! good Lord, an' dar'll

be chipperin', chipperin', chipperin', 'mong de blackbirds ob ole Satan's kingdom, as dis hyar earf'ly worm, fat wif sin, comes drappin', drappin', drappin', down into de dreffle pit of eberlas'in' burnin'—

"'Outen which dar'll be no back'ard crawlin',
Once de Debil cotch him fallin .'"

This ludicrous, frenzied outburst was followed by a lengthy period of silent self-communion, which culminated in the sable priestess's setting in array before the Lord, with great deliberateness and minuteness of detail, all the personal grievances of her life, and claiming indemnity therefor in the shape of heavenly rewards; in the contemplation and recital of which her hitherto excited, discordant utterances were softened to a low crooning, half song, half chant. Across her spiritual vision seemed to flit the gorgeous panorama of "The Revelations," with the vividness of a soul-entrancing reality. Wide open to her were the gates of pearl, and her spirit, freed from its branded clay, winged its way upward to freedom and rest. The shining portals were passed, the glorious city gained—the city whose gates are pearl, whose streets are golden, whose walls are jasper and all manner of precious stones—and she stood before the great white throne, no longer toil-stained, black-browed, and burden-bent, but fair, radiant, and beautiful as are the angels of God themselves, and heard pronounced the sentence of welcome:

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Then, clad in raiment more dazzling than the sun, with a "crown of jewels" upon her head, "golden slippers" on her feet, a "harp with a thousand silver strings" in her hand, she joined "the armies of the sky John saw in visions bright."

"O, swing low, swing low, sweet chariot,
That's gwine fo' to take me home,"

she sang ecstatically, between unwearied recitals of heavenly jubilance.

"Do tell me something about this woman, for I am sure she is a character," I exclaimed, no longer able to repress my curiosity.

"Character!" replied my friend, somewhat warmly; "you may well say so; and truth compels me to add that she is a perfect old tyrant and an arrant hypocrite. This is a nightly performance of hers. Uncle Lamb's back is thumped regularly, like a drumhead. And while with eldritch howls and shrieks of assumed woe, because of his dire peril, he is suspended as an enticing tid-bit above the jaws of the bottomless pit, or is consigned at once, as past all hope of redemption, into the clutches of 'Auld Nickie-ben,' for his imps to 'skelp an' scaud'; the white race, or rather that portion of it this side of 'Mason and Dixon's Line,' are condemned to destruction equally dire; and her all-worthy self, as an invariable climax, ensconced in the very highest niche of glory everlasting.

"If she thinks any of the family are within ear-shot, as is often the case, she makes use of the occasion to be extremely insolent, and under the guise of prayer to pour forth all the vituperative abuse her spleen can invent. She is my cook, and excels in that capacity anything to be found in the country around; were it not for this, and the difficulties to be met in supplying her place, rather than tolerate her about the premises I should banish her to the cotton plantation. Since the death of my husband, she has ruled with so high a hand that a dread of encountering her vindictive spirit has led me to rarely interfere with her: I confess it with shame, for I feel conscious that I have been remiss in duty. As for the young blacks serving under her—and she claims the homage of all on the place indiscriminately—they actually fear for their lives ofttimes; and well they may, as you will see before long."

"But her husband—is he demented, that he kneels there night after night, and allows her to thump him in this fashion?"

"No, indeed. Lamb is far from that. He is a giant, almost, in stature and strength; and as good as Venus is vicious. In fact, he is the faithful and trusted overseer of all matters here on my home plantation. He and Venus were both sent to me from

Virginia by my father, shortly after my marriage. Venus has never been contented in this comparatively new country, 'wif its tudstool trash,' as she contemptuously designates its people: but Lamb has always appeared, not only satisfied, but devoted to me and my children; studying our interests at all times and in all ways, both before and since the death of my husband, who valued him highly. I have often wondered how he came to take Venus for a wife, for she is as hideous in person as ugly in temper; squat and ungainly in figure, black as ebony, with small and inflamed eyes, a huge, toothless mouth, and a heavy, hanging under-lip, that gives a brutal and cruel look to her face. But from time to time you will see her under circumstances that will permit you to judge her for yourself." Saying which my friend drew the curtains, bade me good night, and left me to find rest from my anxieties and journeyings, in the sound and dreamless sleep of youth and perfect health.

Waking early on the following morning, as is my habit, I sprung up, and throwing open the window for a breath of the fresh morning air, my eye fell on an orchard in full bloom, looking so fragrant and shady that the temptation to a hasty toilet and noiseless exit from the close air of my chamber to its dewy freshness was irresistible.

There was a bustle and stir about the "Quarters," and many of the inmates were strolling lazily toward the house to begin their daily duties.

As I passed Aunt Venus's abode, I discovered, from the clatter of pans and kettles going on within, that she, too, was up and stirring. As I paused to peer curiously within the open door, in a twinkling, from out it, flew a large cat, with tail erect, wild eyes, and in its mouth a chicken dressed and made ready for the frying-pan; which latter came flying after her, hurled by an exasperated hand, while a cracked, high-keyed voice exclaimed:

"Lamb, ef yo' means to kill dat ar cat, I 'lows 'tis time yo' dun it. I allus did t'ink de Debil was in cats, an' I jus' knows he am in dat ar un, bigger'n a woodchuck. I'se dun t'row'd pans and kettles arter her, till dar hain't one bressed pot in dis hyar kitchen what dar hain't a hole or crack in. De nose am bruk cl'ar offen de tea-kettle—dat ar gridi'on hain't got no han'le, an' all dem nice gourd dippers, what yo' made las' winter an' polished so b'u'ful, am gone, ebery one on 'em, arter dat cat. De new carvin'-knife Miss Lucy got las' week I sent arter dat same ole, sly, t'iefin', brack imp ob Be'lzebub yist'day, when I cotched her kitin' offen de corner ob de po'ch long wif dat string of pa'tri'ges in her mouf Marse' Bond sent ober to de ladies, wif he complishments. De knife hit her squar', an' she crawled off so oncommon mis'ble-lookin' I felt shore she dun got her freedom papers in ole Wenus's bes' han'writin'; but no! 'fore de Lord, dar she goes wif de bes' spring chicken outen my pan, jus' ez aggrawatin' an' full ob 'git up an' git' ez eber; an' de knife—de Lord hese'f only knows whar it am, fo' I 'clar' I dun forgot all 'bout it till dis bressed minnit. Ob co'se, some one ob dem or'nary cornfield niggers hab toted it off 'fore now. What I'se gwine fo' to use to cut up dese hyar chickens what ar' lef', I dunno, les' yo' sharpen up yo' ole jackknife. Come! hump roun,' ole man. De white folks am stirrin' an' I reckon yo' knows ez well ez I dat when white folks wants bre'kfas', brack folks better find some odder time fo' makin' deir obserwations. Howsomeber, yo' kin jus' look outen de doah at dat ar toppin' new comer dey calls Miss Kate. Dar she goes, all in white an' blue ribbons, at dis hyar time of day! Reckon de wah hain't pickin' de fine fedders offen dem Norferns like it am offen de 'stocracy roun' hyar—an' ez fo' we uns—humph!—hain't had a new turban sence de fust drum-beat. I tells yo' de Lord's truf, Lamb, ef t'ings keeps on gittin' so sca'ce down Souf hyar, dar won't be a nigger lef' 'spectable-lookin' 'nuff, when de day ob jub'lum comes, fo' to show hese'f. Eben now de heft ob de chil'en hain't nuffin but deir brack skins fo' to cober 'em. But de young uns on dis hyar place am so full of *ebo*, I'd like fo' to take dat coberin' offen some ob 'em."

Here the torrent of words came to a sudden stop, and I was conscious of being passed under critical survey as I opened the orchard gate, climbed the slight rise of ground, and throwing myself on the grass beneath a large apple-tree, whose blossoms fell softly all over the green turf as the morning breeze shook the branches above me, found myself in a position where I could view the kitchen and little cabin adjoining at leisure, as well as at a safe distance from any murderous missile furiously hurled from its interior.

The picture before me was a pretty one, and drawing forth a pencil, I commenced sketching on a blank leaf of a book I carried; first, the grove in the distance at the left of the scene; then on the right, also in the background, the large pasture, of which the deep, rich green was here and there broken by the sheep and cows that seemed to fairly luxuriate in its morning freshness, determined to make the most of it ere the heat of the coming noon should drive them to the shady wood. In the foreground stood the cabin and kitchen before mentioned. The low palings which surrounded them, as well as the buildings themselves, were as snowy white as whitewash could make them, and the turf about them as green and fresh as that of the pasture beyond. A rude porch extended across the front of the kitchen, evidently constructed by Lamb's busy fingers, that Venus might have a cool place to sit and prepare her various viands for the fire. In festoons from the roof hung a rank creeper, covered with scarlet, trumpet-shaped flowers.

Ere my sketch was completed, a singular call, or halloo, coming from the kitchen, caused me to turn my eyes in that direction. On the porch stood Venus—I say Venus, for there was no mistaking, even at that distance, my friend's portraiture—her arms akimbo, her head enveloped in a flaming turban, her body in a homespun gown of blue and yellow stripes, that hardly reached the tops of the clumsy shoes which incased her stockingless feet. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, exposing her long, lank arms, which terminated in huge fists that looked truly formidable, when I remembered the vim with which I had heard them descend on Uncle Lamb's back the previous evening.

After standing a few seconds in a listening attitude, she threw back her head and uttered a long-drawn, resounding "Oh-h-h!" which, for variety of modulation, might have well served a hunter as a "tally-ho" to his hounds. Again listening, and neither seeing nor hearing any response to her cry, a fury seemed to seize the old creature. She strode back into her kitchen, from whence she again speedily appeared with a great horn, on which she blew a blast, such as in her prayers of the evening before she had predicted Lamb should hear from Gabriel, summoning him to judgment for his sins.

This call was evidently one not to be shirked; for, from every direction—the house, the "Quarters," the pasture, and the grove—flocked towards this sable tyrant's dominions a troop of little blacks, the eldest of whom was a girl of twelve years, whom I recognized as a little house-maid—Georgianna by name. As she neared Aunt Venus and caught sight of her wrathful face, she hung back, evidently determined to flee. But two or three strides brought the former within reach of her, and seizing the girl by her woolly hair, she dragged her, kicking and screaming, into the kitchen, whence soon issued sounds of a scuffle, cries, blows, and threats. At sight and hearing of this, all the rest quickly dodged out of sight behind the trees and fences, and some even back to their mammies' cabins—all, save one little black, clothed only in a long, coarse, white shirt, who seemed to doubt whether flight would be safety. He did not hesitate long, however, for Venus again appeared, bearing in one hand a platter of broiled chicken, while the other still clutched Georgianna's wool. With a parting shake, she put the platter into the girl's hand, and pushed her towards the house, exclaiming:

"What use de Lawd has fo' yo' in dis worl' I dunno, les 'tis to make me perfec' fo' glory wif de trial ob yo' laziness. Yo' t'ink I'se gwine fo' to holler de bref all

outen my ole body, while yo' rolls yo' yaller hide 'bout in de paster grass, an' trims yo' wool wif buttercups an' daisies? I'se watchin' on yo' all de time. Arter yo' dun got de bre'kfas' on de table, per'aps yo'll go an' roll yo'se'f dar 'gin to cool de smartin' I'se jus' dun gi'n yo'. But, good lor'! dat ain't nuffin' to what yo'll git ef yo' don' tramp fas'er'n dat. De bre'kfas' am stun-cold now. What you loafin' fo', gal?"

Here, to my horror, she caught up a stick of fire-wood and hurled it at the sullen, lagging girl, who, seeing it whiz past her, ducked her head and body, thus spilling half the contents of the platter, and started on a rún for the house, from which she took good care not to appear again. Meanwhile, at loss for another messenger, Venus peered around until she spied a little kinky head peeping through the bars of the orchard fence.

"Yo', Pete!" she called, shaking her heavy fist at him, "come hyar lively, else I'll fotch yo', an' I reckon den yo' won't like de comin'! Don' yo' hear? Come outen dar!"

A stick of fire-wood flew in his direction, also, by way of added emphasis; but the little chap only squeezed himself tighter into the fence corner. Then the old virago's fury passed all bounds. Her coffee and hot biscuits were getting colder and more unpalatable every moment, yet not a minion could she see about save this terror-stricken little urchin. Rushing towards him with her long arms swinging furiously, she shouted:

"I'se arter yo', boy! I'se comin' now, shore; and sin on de jump kin't trabel fas'er 'n ole Wenus! I's gwine fo' to jam-brain-pan yo', boy, right dar, 'dout no pra'rs, nudder, fo' you' shif'less, little, yaller soul."

Just what diabolical operation this last threat designated will ever remain a mystery to me, though it is one I heard oft repeated during my stay. Filled with pity for the wretched little fellow, who had thrown himself flat on his back, and was kicking and roaring lustily, I started on a run for the scene of action; but another was before me. Uncle Lamb, who until now had watched the above proceedings from a corner of the porch where Venus had given him his breakfast, was already there, and catching her up in his powerful arms, in spite of her vigorous use of hands and feet, he carried her into the kitchen and shut the door. Whether he there shook and trounced her well, I cannot affirm. I felt that she certainly deserved it, if ever human being did; but it was only given to me to know that when she appeared again she was outwardly calm; only a few sullen mutterings and a threatening eye intimated that the tempest of wrath yet raged within.

Meanwhile, little Pete had disappeared as fast as his terror-winged heels could carry him. Venus hurried off towards the "Quarters," whence she soon returned with a swarm of recruits, all of whom were speedily in a line for the house, each bearing some portion of the breakfast in his hands. Georgianna stood ready to give the signal to the servants in the breakfast-room, and in a few moments the bell called the family together.

During the meal I related what I had seen, and was told that it was a mild exhibition compared with some of daily occurrence. Venus's call from the porch of the kitchen was a signal which usually mustered six or eight of the "small fry" of the plantation about her door, ready to obey her orders; and so severe were her punishments that few of her calls or commands were unheeded. Indeed, the very terror of her felt by the little blacks was constantly leading them into mishaps and blunders, that were only too sure of meeting with prompt attention; for Aunt Venus's watchful eye never left the little crew until the last platter or dish was safely deposited in the housemaid's hands. Then, if the urchin bearing the coffee-pot had in his trepidation chanced to spill some of its scalding contents over the bare heels and legs of the one in front of him, causing him to utter a howl of pain and spill in turn the cream he carried, woe betide him! He usually

disappeared with her into the kitchen, while the rest stood under the windows, on tiptoe, or with their eyes or ears to the cracks in the door, knowing pretty well from experience what was going on within.

As noon approached, Venus entered the sitting-room to receive her mistress's orders for dinner; which being obtained, instead of retiring at once to the kitchen, she lingered to make various complaints. As she came in, she had observed Georgianna busily engaged sweeping and dusting the parlor, and creating her usual amount of racket and song. In the midst of a tirade setting forth the "aggrawatin' ways ob de chil'en ob dis hyar place," and particularly exhorting Miss Lucy to hire Georgianna out to some "strict marse', whar she'd get de debblement tuk outen her wif cotton pickin' and de likes," she made a sudden spring towards the parlor door—whence all sound had ceased to issue since the first mention of Georgianna's name—and throwing it wide open, revealed the girl in the act of listening, with her ear at the key-hole.

"I dun t'ought you's mighty still in dar all to onc't," she cried, stretching out her hand to seize the girl. But with one bound Georgianna was out of reach, and flourishing her broom about, to keep off the enemy, she tore around the room from corner to corner, crying out:

"O, Aunt Venus, 'deed I ain't got time to be whipped just now! 'Deed an' 'deed, I ain't! Miss Lucy dun tol' me fo' to straighten out dis hyar room 'fore dinner, an' 'deed dar ain't time fo' whippin' now. O, Miss Lucy! O, Lordy! 'Deed, I warn't listening—I was only dustin' de keyhole!"

By this time the girl's peregrinations had brought her near an open window, out of which she sprung and sped away to the "Quarters."

"Miss Lucy," cried Venus, filled with venom at being thus outwitted, and at the smiles on our faces—"Miss Lucy, dat ar nigger am a disgracement to all ob us. I prays fo' her ebery night, an' whips her ebery day—pow'ful hard, too, sometimes, when I cotch her at her shines, kase I know she hain't no mammy fo' to fotch her up right; but 'pears like de mo' I labor wif her, de fas'er hol' ole Satan gits. Now, dar am a man libin' down to de "Corners" who wants to hire a nuss fo' he chil'ens, an' I 'spect he am jus' de marse' fo' her—a powerful cantank'rous man he am, an' don' 'low no foolin' roun' he place. You may 'pend on't, Miss Lucy, 'tis jus' de place fo' dat ar 'ceitful, aggrawatin' gal. You's too easy-goin' wif dese hyar young uns—allus laffin' at deir doin's an' cuttin's up, an' makin' 'scuses fo' 'em. But, good lor'! ef yo' only knowed how brack deir hearts am inside deir yaller skins! Neber could 'bide yaller niggers nohow—niggers ez am too brack to be white, an' too white to be brack. Now I 'spec' yo' could all tell I'se brack, cl'ar 'cross de tater patch, couldn' yo'?" she said, stooping down and stretching forth her long neck, until her hideous face fairly peered into our own in too close proximity to be agreeable or wholly devoid of insolence; whereupon her mistress peremptorily ordered her to the kitchen.

Venus's faculty for making herself disagreeable, and doing the most unexpected things, made many an unpleasant scene for her mistress. For instance: One evening there rode up to the house a party of Confederate soldiers, asking to have a plain meal prepared for them, as they had ridden far, and had yet many miles between them and camp. Mrs. Blaydes complied with their request; gratified to have that civilly asked for which was more often appropriated insolently, and dispatched Georgianna to the kitchen with orders to Venus to prepare a hasty meal from such edibles as were available on so short notice. In a little while the girl returned, saying:

"Miss Lucy, Aunt Venus am dun gone to bed! She say she hab been tuk mighty bad wif cramps; an' her's prayin' an' jus' gwine on awful; askin' de Lord might'en let her, dis blessed hour, hear de tramplin' ob Fader Abram's host, on-comin' fo' to possess dis lan' an' send all dese hyar gray-coated Pharaohs from de roarin' cannon's mouf down inter de awesome pit ob 'ternal fire, whar ole Satan lies a-howlin' fo' to git ebery on-

righteous one ob 'em on he spit 'gainst de eberlas'in' roastin'. O, Miss Lucy! her tantrum am jus' de awfulest one her eber got yet. I'se shore dar hain't one kink lef' in my ha'r, her do talk so perfek'ly dreffle!"

"How can this be true?" said Mrs. Blaydes. "I saw her, not ten minutes ago, in the orchard, full chase after little Mose. This is one of her tricks. She must have caught sight of the men as they rode up, and if their coats had only been of another color, she would have made every darkey I have stand on his head but what she would have done honor to them with the best my place affords. However, being as it is, no threats nor persuasions will induce her to leave that bed now. Run quickly, Georgianna, to the 'Quarters,' and tell Aggie and Rosa to come here; they must fill her place as well as they can."

A poorly prepared meal was the result of this arrangement; but, with hunger for sauce, the men ate heartily of what was placed before them, and quietly departed.

As if to verify Mrs. Blaydes's words, in less than a week after the above occurrence a large party of Federals rode up, dismounted, tied their horses to the palings, and threw themselves wearily down on the cool turf of the lawn. They were a jaded-looking group, covered with dust and splashed with mud, as though many a creek had been forded and many a dusty road traversed by them during the sultry day just drawing to a close. They proved to be a detachment of men authorized to visit all the houses in that locality, and make a seizure of any fire-arms that might be in the possession of the inmates. An officer approached the house and made his business known in an inoffensive tone and manner. On being told that we were a household of women, utterly dependent for protection on the loyalty of a few trusty blacks, he remarked that, such being the case, he would withdraw his men without subjecting us to further annoyance—"though we had hoped," he added, "to be able to obtain food here for ourselves and horses, as well as to camp for the night in that bit of woods yonder. My men are orderly and well behaved," he said, lingering, as if loth to leave so pleasant and cool a halting place, and half hoping to be bidden to stay. His forbearance and courtesy were not unrewarded, for my friend replied that if his men were not disposed to be lawless, they were welcome to such refreshment as her poultry-yard and dairy afforded; and to that end she would speak to her cook.

But there was small need to do this last. Groans and cramps were not the order of this occasion. The sable tyrant was in her element. Little nigs were scouring about in every direction, while in the poultry-yard the direst confusion prevailed. Necks were twisted far too suddenly for the least chance of a squawking protest, and little kinky heads were thrust into every corner and hiding place for "new-laid eggs." Uncle Lamb was sent to construct an impromptu table on the west veranda, which, in due time, Aunt Venus covered with a feast not to be despised—heaping dishes of chicken, fried to the richest brown; great platters of ham, broiled to the most delicious fragrance for a hungry man, and garnished with fried eggs; marvelous pyramids of boiled eggs, with little sprigs of green parsley amongst them to set off their snowy whiteness; beautiful "pones" of corn bread, looking rich as pound-cake; light, puffy hot biscuit and golden pats of butter side by side, with luscious berries melting with their own juiciness; pitchers of milk from which the cream had never been stolen; and, to crown all, coffee, strong and rich and restful to the weary—genuine coffee, a thing as rare in those days and parts as laughter and song. Over this feast Aunt Venus presided in the tallest of turbans and most shining of faces. She poured out her coffee at a little table apart, and issued her commands to her "small fry" with a cuff here, a shake there, and a flow of inimitable language that seemed to highly amuse her listeners. Her dusky satellites well understood that their commander was, for once, in glorious good humor; and they gamboled about, turning half a dozen somersaults on their way to the kitchen for fresh relays of the good cheer. Some perched

themselves on the railings, others rolled about in the grass—in fact, little nigs swarmed everywhere; for the news that "Marse' Linkum's men" had come had spread like wildfire around the place; and as Uncle Lamb led the horses away to water, each saddle was crowned with a little grinning sprout of Ethiopia.

But Venus's despotic sway reached a culminating point when, not long after this, her mistress married a Baptist minister who owned an adjoining plantation. He proved a stern master—one who believed slavery a "divine institution." "Servants, obey your masters," was a text from which, more Sundays than one, Venus herself had heard him harangue the crowd of black folks, seated at the back part of the little country church. And great was her glorification, when, in a very short space of time after the "new marse'" assumed the reins of government, she saw Georgianna hired out for six months, as a punishment for disorderly conduct. For a while this warning that insolence would no longer go unpunished seemed to serve as a slight check upon her own hitherto uncontrolled tongue and temper. But one day, under some slight provocation, she let loose all this pent-up vituperation on the head of her mistress, saying most unpardonable things. Mrs. Blaydes, roused to unwonted indignation, sharply reprimanded her, and even went so far as to say that she would see to it that she also should be hired out to some strict master who would find means to correct her vicious ways and ugly temper, if ever again she so transgressed the bounds of decency and respect. This threat proved of no avail, save to intensify Venus's wrath. Apparently insane for the moment, with demoniacal fury she seized a knife which lay on a table near her, and flourishing it in her mistress's face, threatened her with an appalling fate should such a humiliation ever be practiced on her. The evil spirit which had so long prompted her seemed at last to have taken full possession of her, with intent to drive her on to the disgraceful fate awaiting her. Turning towards the door when her rage had somewhat spent itself, she found herself confronted by her master, who was standing there, the unnoticed hearer and observer of the scene. Entering the room, he pointed to the door, but uttered not a word. His look, however, was sufficient. The lightning of his eye was not to be defied.

Early the next morning, just at sunrise, I was awakened from sleep by a sound of entreaties and cries. Directed by the noise to the window looking out on the rear of the house, I went thither, and at first glance saw a sight that fairly stupefied me with astonishment. It was a well-known fact that no slave on that place had ever felt the disgrace of the lash. Yet there was Venus, with her back bared for the punishment. Surely, I thought, I must be dreaming. "Can I be awake?" I said, rubbing my eyes. Yes, I was wide awake. Her hands were tied together and fastened to one of the posts of the rude porch over her kitchen door. By her side stood a negro man, from her new master's plantation, holding in one hand a small bundle of lithe switches, in the other an uplifted rod, awaiting the order to descend, from the lips of his master, who sat on a log near by, smoking a cigar and listening to Venus's humbled tones entreating forgiveness, which I silently prayed might be granted. But when I recalled the terrible look with which he had the day before driven her from his presence, and noted his present air of unconcern, I felt that there was no hope. Her mistress's intercession in her behalf, which I learned had been tearful and persistent, had proved unavailing.

"She shall be whipped at sunrise to-morrow," was the unswerving answer.

When I saw the first stroke descend and heard the cry of pain that followed, I crept back to bed, feeling a sense of deathly sickness stealing over me; and drawing the coverlets over my head, I tried to shut out the cries and prayers ringing in my ears.

At breakfast we were a silent family. The mistress did not appear until evening. One thought was uppermost in the minds of us all during the unusually quiet day that followed, but none spoke it. The next morning

it was announced at breakfast that Venus was gone. During the night she had fled, evidently with the intention of making her way to one of the Federal camps near us. No effort was made to recover her by her master; and I am inclined to think that when, in due course of time, Uncle Lamb's freedom came to him, he did not compass heaven and earth to find her. Her punishment was the first of that nature ever inflicted on the place; it was also the last.

Georgianna was recalled, and Venus's fate seemed ever a warning to guard the girl's pert ways and tongue from further transgression. As for the other little imps so long under this sable tyrant's dominions, I shall ever entertain serious doubts whether the great "proclamation" itself impressed them with as realizing a sense of freedom from bondage as did Aunt Venus's flight and sudden abdication of her right to rule and terrorize over them.

Sara Dixon Halsted.

SONG.

Dear eyes, forbear to weep,
Seeing where heavy-lidded sleep
Stands at the threshold of the day,
Ready to bear thy woes away.

Sad heart, forbear to break,
Knowing that even the violets wake
And seek the spring with wistful eyes
Under the gray of winter skies.

Ah, Love! ask not to die,
Watching the moon fade down the sky,
A trembling crescent, that anew
Rounds to a bubble 'gainst the blue.

And surely we who wait,
Unquestioning, the gifts of fate,
Waiting, shall find life's hoarded sweet
Flung with the flood-tide at our feet.

Kate M. Bishop.

THE CRIMINAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INSANE.

In attempting to lay down a test by which a prisoner should be judged who is charged with the commission of a crime and is defending himself by the plea of insanity, the courts of England and of this country have shown an inconsistency and a scientific inaccuracy that astonish us. And to point out the variety of their tests and the inconsistency of them will not, perhaps, be uninteresting even to the non-professional reader; while it will clear the way for our understanding of their scientific errors, and of the reforms that are needed in our criminal laws.

In a very early case in England, Lord Hale called attention to the distinction that should be taken between persons wholly

insane and those only partially so, the latter being those not wholly destitute of reason. "This partial insanity," he added, "seems not to excuse them in the committing of any offense for its matter capital." The distinction thus pointed out was acted upon in later cases, and the legal responsibility of the prisoner decided by the question whether he was wholly or only partially insane. "It is not every kind of frantic humor," said Mr. Justice Tracy, in 1723, at the trial of Arnold for shooting at Lord Onslow, "or something unaccountable in a man's action, that points him out to be such a madman as is exempted from punishment: it must be a man that is totally deprived of his understanding and memory, and doth not know what he is doing, no more than an infant, than a brute, or a wild beast; such a one is never the object of punishment." Such was the early test of criminal responsibility —a test referred to by Dr. Maudsley as "the wild-beast test," and now generally acknowledged to be wrong.

This early test was effectively questioned and was discarded (at any rate, by the jury who acquitted the prisoner) on the trial of Hadfield, in 1800, for shooting at the king. Mr. Erskine, who defended the prisoner, declaimed against the absurdity of the old criterion—the wild-beast test—and argued that no such madness ever existed; that insane persons had the most perfect knowledge of their surroundings and acts, and had, in general, been remarkable for their subtlety and acuteness; and that delusion was the kind of insanity that should be exempt from punishment. "Delusion, therefore, where there is no frenzy or raving madness, is the true character of insanity." But the first important judicial modification of Lord Hale's doctrine was in 1812, when, at the trial of Bellingham for the murder of Mr. Spencer Perceval, Lord Mansfield, in speaking of persons who acted under the delusion of a fancied injury, said that "if such a person were capable, in other respects, of distinguishing right from wrong, there was no excuse for any act of atrocity which he might commit under this description of derangement." This dictum, then, asserted, as the criterion of legal responsibility for crime, the prisoner's general ability to distinguish right from wrong—a test entirely different from the test of Lord Hale and Mr. Justice Tracy.

Lord Mansfield's dictum was followed by a period in which the courts seem not to have definitely agreed upon any particular test, and to have fluttered in an uncertainty which was finally settled, at least for England and for that time, by the famous trial of McNaughten. McNaughten had shot and killed a Mr. Drummond under a delusion that the latter was persistently following him about, maligning his character and ruining his happiness. On his trial, in 1843, though he seemed to have acted rationally enough in regard to his ordinary business, he was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Thereupon the House of Lords, feeling the necessity of some definite and authoritative statement of the proper test of criminal responsibility, propounded to the judges certain questions on the subject; and the answers of the judges to these questions for a long time governed the decisions of all courts. Three extracts from these answers[1] will give the essence of them:

1. "To establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of committing the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

2. "If a person, under an insane delusion as to existing facts, commits an offense in consequence thereof," then, "on the assumption that he labors under a partial delusion only, and is not in other respects insane, he must be considered in the same situation as to responsibility as if the facts, with respect to which the delusion exists, were real. For example: if, under the influence of delusion, he supposes another man to be in the act of attempting his life,

[1] See 10 Cl. & Fin. 210; also Hans. Parl. Deb., vol. 67, p. 728.

and he kills that man, as he supposes, in self-defense, he would be exempt from punishment. If his delusion was that the deceased had inflicted a serious injury to his character and fortune, and he killed him in revenge for such supposed injury, he would be liable to punishment."

3. Lastly, it is said that, notwithstanding his delusion, the prisoner "is, nevertheless, punishable if he knew, at the time of committing such crime, that he was acting contrary to the law."

Now it is clear from these extracts that several different tests are proposed by them. Considering the first and third extracts together, it is evident that the prisoner's knowledge that he was acting contrary to law is a very different thing from his knowledge that he was doing what was wrong, since almost any one's conviction of the rightfulness of an act, *in se*, is not at all unlikely to co-exist with a complete knowledge of its illegality. The test of the second extract, moreover, differs from both the others; and by assuming as true facts the phantasms of the lunatic's delusion, boldly attempts to judge him on that basis. It seems to aim at probing the conscience of the prisoner at the time he was committing the crime; and yet it asks no question as to whether he knew the wrongfulness of that act, or its illegality, or whether he had the power to refrain from it; but says that, while admitting that the data on which he acted were furnished by a diseased mind, yet it will assume him to have reasoned correctly from those data—will assume him to have understood that his act was wrong or was illegal, and to have had the power to refrain from it; and will punish him just as it would punish a sane person who had acted under the same data. The scientific inaccuracy and the confusion of purpose involved in this second extract are too evident to require comment.

But it is the test of the first extract—the "right and wrong" test—which has proved most useful to the courts, and which has been most extensively followed. And it is evident that this test is essentially different from the tests applied in the earlier English cases. While Lord Hale and Mr. Justice Tracy had exempted from liability only those who had "neither memory nor understanding of any sort," and while Lord Mansfield had exempted only those who lacked a general capacity for distinguishing right from wrong, both of these tests are here abandoned, and there is first substituted for them the test of whether the prisoner knew that he was doing what was wrong. That is, for Lord Mansfield's test of a general appreciation of right and wrong is substituted the appreciation of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the particular act constituting the crime. The doctrine thus laid down in 1843 has, as was said above, been extensively followed since, and is the accepted law in California. In the cases of The People *v.* Coffman[1] and The People *v.* Hoin,[2] decided in 1864 and 1882 respectively, the answers of the judges to the House of Lords are referred to and adopted almost verbatim. The same may be said of Judge Cox's charge in the Guiteau trial, where, after telling the jury that they must decide whether the shooting of President Garfield was the prisoner's own act or the result of a mental disease, the judge added that, in determining this question, they must simply consider whether or not, at the time of the shooting, Guiteau knew the moral nature of the act he was committing, whether or not he knew that it was wrong: if he did, they must find him sane.

Since the establishment of this "right and wrong" test in England, some of the American courts have adopted tests of criminal responsibility which differ from any of the tests that have been mentioned above. The Pennsylvania courts, for example, scrutinize the prisoner's power of self-control, rather than his appreciation of the moral nature of his act; while New Hampshire courts apply no test whatever, but leave to the jury the broad question of whether or not the prisoner's act was the

[1] 24 Cal. 230.
[2] 10 P. C. L. J. 403.

result of insanity. But, although these courts have not been without others who followed their example, yet by far the greater number of the American courts have followed strictly in the line of the English decisions; and the "right and wrong" test, enunciated in the replies of the judges, is the predominant test in America, as well as in England.[1]

So much for the doctrines of the courts concerning criminal responsibility. Now, how have the scientists agreed with them? Their doctrines have been very different. Amongst physicians, especially amongst those who devote themselves to the study of mental disease, the judicial tests of responsibility have been generally condemned. Why make the perception of the wrongfulness or illegality of the criminal act the test of responsiblility, say the doctors, when it is known by every one who deals with insane persons that many of them have the most perfect knowledge of the nature and consequences and moral wrong of their acts? Think of the cases where insane persons have asked for protection against themselves, have feared that they would commit some terrible crime if the opportunity to do so were not taken from them; think of the man who felt the impulse to kill his little girl coming over him, and who called out to her to leave the room, because he feared that if she remained he would yield to his impulse; or of the lunatic in the asylum who, as the physician entered his room, threw his knife and fork violently out of the window, because, as he afterwards said, a sudden desire to kill the physician had come upon him, and he knew he could not resist it if the weapons for the deed were in his hands. These are cases on the borderland of insanity—cases, therefore, by which we are able to follow the transition from the sane state to the insane; and does it not appear from these cases, and from the dozens of others like them, that the strength of the criminal impulse in the lunatic co-exists with the most exact knowledge of the wrong he is about to do—nay, even of the remorse that he is sure to feel after the act is done? In these cases, there remained sufficient will-power, sufficient self-control, to check the crime by destroying the opportunity. In a more advanced case of insanity, the will would have been weaker, the impulse would have conquered, and the criminal act have been committed,—all with a complete knowledge of the wrongfulness of the intended act, of its illegality, and of the pain and horror that it would entail upon him who committed it. Who can doubt, then, that, under the test proposed by the English judges and applied in California, many a person might be punished for an act which was no more the result of his own volition than are the blows that are given by a man who has fallen in an epileptic fit? It would be better, say some of the doctors[1] (and some of the judges, also[2]), to substitute irresistible impulse as the test, and to exonerate those whose criminal acts were caused by an impulse that was beyond their control.

And yet, say other doctors, it must be acknowledged that the criterion of an irresistible impulse would be about as unsatisfactory and as unscientific as the test proposed by the English judges. It is certain that many criminals who have acted without any such impulse as is here spoken of,—many, even, who have shown, at the time of their crimes, the utmost calmness and deliberation,—have yet committed their crimes solely by reason of insanity; and such men would receive no better protection from the test of an irresistible impulse than from the English "right and wrong" test. Dr. Maudsley mentions the case of a young man who had an insane propensity for watching the revolutions of windmills; for hours he would sit on the hillside, near a number of windmills, and gaze at them. The insanity

[1] This "right and wrong" test has been adopted by the Supreme Courts of the following states:—Maine, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, Texas, Tennessee, Missouri, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and California.

[1] See Taylor's Med. Jurispr. (2nd Am. ed.) p. 640.

[2] See Commonwealth *v.* Haskell, 2 Brewster (Pa.) Rep. 491.

was, apparently, harmless enough; but his relatives, wishing to restore him to health, removed him to a part of the country where there were no windmills. Within a month after his removal, and apparently without the slightest motive, he set fire to the house he was living in, and attempted to murder a child whom he had enticed into the woods; and when questioned about these acts, he confessed that he had committed them that he might be taken back to his former home: he knew that, if he behaved badly enough in his new place, his friends would take him back to where he could again watch his beloved windmills. Another case is that of a boy who committed a most horrible murder—a murder more inhuman and more brutal, said the judge, than any that he had met with in all his experience. The boy confessed the murder, and was hanged for it; and gave, as his reason for committing it, the fact that he thought it would be pleasant to be hanged, and had made up his mind to be hanged. Throughout the trial he seemed perfectly satisfied; and, when the sentence of death was passed upon him, he looked up to the judge with the greatest cheerfulness, and said, "Thank you, my lord." Now, in both of these cases, the criminal acts had been deliberate, and committed in the pursuance of a definite plan; in both, the criminals had been conscious of the wrongfulness and illegality of what they were doing; and although both of these persons were undoubtedly insane, and committed these acts solely on account of their insanity, yet they would not be found to be insane either by the "right and wrong" test of the English courts, or by the "irresistible impulse" test of the Pennsylvania courts. Both of these tests are wrong. In fact, say the doctors, any one test is wrong. Science shows no one test, no ten tests, by which it can be determined whether the act is the result of the actor's disease or of his individual will and choice; and whether the act is the result of the one or of the other can be determined only by an investigation into *all* the circumstances of the case. Such must be the scientific scrutiny of the problem; then why should the legal scrutiny be different? Let the jury have all aid from experts to help them to know and appreciate all the phenomena of the conduct, appearance, and circumstances of the accused; let them receive the expert testimony on the question as they would on any other question; and let them then be instructed by the court, not that this or that thing is to be taken by them as the test of the prisoner's insanity, but that they are to decide, from all the evidence, whether the criminal act was his act or was the result of mental disease.

This view has been most vigorously expounded by Dr. Maudsley, in his "Responsibility in Mental Disease," and has become the adopted practice of some of the ablest courts in this country.[1] Indeed, as a rule of procedure, it is not easy to see what objection there is to it, or what reason there is in support of practice of the opposite sort. The question of insanity, being one of fact, should be a question for the jury alone to decide. And how can a judge be not going beyond his functions when he sifts the evidence that goes to the jury, and tells them they are to consider only such evidence as shows an irresistible impulse, or an ignorance of right and wrong, or anything else of the sort? Suppose the question before the jury were not one of insanity, but one of poisoning. Suppose what they had to decide was whether or not the deceased had died from the effects of arsenic. And suppose that some of the experts had testified that in every case of arsenious poisoning they would expect to find the stomach, after death, inflamed and covered with white blotches; while other experts had denied the necessary existence of the white blotches in such a case. What, then, would be thought of a judge who should instruct the jury, not that they were to decide from all the evidence whether or not the deceased was poisoned by arsenic, but whether or not there were found white blotches on the stomach; and that, if they should conclude

[1] State *v.* Pike, 49 N. H. 399; State *v.* Jones, 50 N. H. 354; Hopps *v.* People, 31 Ill. 385; Stevens *v.* State, 31 Ind. 485.

that there were no white blotches, they must decide against the poisoning? Such a charge would be an absurdity. And are not the ordinary charges in insanity cases entirely analogous to this one? Even did scientists agree upon some single test of insanity and of moral irresponsibility, it would be contrary to all precedent and to all rule for a judge to assume the functions of an expert witness, and prescribe that test to the jury. How much more dangerous, then, is it for a judge to expound and prescribe a test which scientists have not agreed upon—except in agreeing to condemn it. "That cannot be a fact in law," says Mr. Justice Doe, of the New Hampshire court, "which is not a fact in science; that cannot be health in law, which is disease in fact; and it is unfortunate that courts should maintain a contest with science and the laws of nature, upon a question of fact which is within the province of science and outside the province of law." "And even if it is necessary," says the same judge, "that the law should entertain a single medical opinion concerning a single disease, it is not necessary that that opinion should be the cast-off theory of the physicians of a former generation." The prevalent doctrine of the English and of most American courts on the question of insanity in effect ignores all the progress which the science of this disease has made during the present century — it ignores, in fact, the scientific nature of the problem they are dealing with; and the result is the scientific and the legal confusion that we see. The judge's charge, instead of being a statement of law for the guidance of the jury, amounts, rather, to a running commentary on the indications of disease as given by the experts. The judge, in fact, is a sort of chief-expert—not only giving expert testimony himself, but ordering the jury to consider no testimony which conflicts with his.[1]

We have now considered the arguments of the doctors and the practice of the courts sufficiently to see the truth of the opening statement of this paper—that, in their doctrines of the responsibility of the insane, the courts have shown an astonishing inconsistency and inaccuracy. The legal error of allowing the judge to take the position of an expert witness and to dictate to the jury on a question of fact, and the scientific error of maintaining a single test of a disease which, all specialists say, can be detected by no single test—these two errors seem to have been avoided only by the New Hampshire courts and the few others that have followed their example. The other courts, amidst a variety of doctrines upon this subject, have shown an unvarying inaccuracy and error.

Yet we cannot ask the cause of all this variety, or of the earnestness of Dr. Maudsley with his view and of Dr. Wharton with his, without speedily concluding that the New Hampshire courts have only partially corrected the scientific error, and that Dr. Maudsley has pointed out only half the lesson that a scientist ought to point out. If Dr. Wharton has maintained the justice of an evidently unscientific test, (the "right and wrong" test) it has been because, as he himself says, he is looking at the responsibility, not the insanity, of the accused; it is because those insane criminals who knew that they were doing wrong, and who get no protection from the test he upholds, are morally bad, and ought not to be protected from the responsibility for their

[1] The position of New Hampshire courts, in spite of its strength, has not been free from the attack of more than one well-known writer on medical jurisprudence. The reasoning of these courts may be very good, says Dr. Wharton, (in his Mental Unsoundness) but they seem to forget that the point to be determined is not the insanity, but the moral responsibility, of the accused; for, while all the facts of the case should be considered if we had to determine the sanity or the insanity of the prisoner, yet, in determining his responsibility, his knowledge of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of his act is evidently the proper test. The reply to this argument is evident: it is no more possible to determine the moral responsibility of the accused by any one test than to determine his insanity. What would Dr. Wharton say about the application of his test to the cases already mentioned, where insane persons have sought for protection against their own insane impulses? Are such persons to be morally condemned because they knew the wrong of an act from which they could not refrain? And what becomes of Dr. Wharton's argument in the presence of a statute which says (as our statute says) that no idiot or insane person can commit a crime?

acts. The language of the "replies" of the English judges (especially the second extract, about assuming the delusion to be true), the charge of Judge Cox in the Guiteau case, and the words of Dr. Wharton in his criticism of the New Hampshire courts—all these show that what these persons were scrutinizing with their tests was the moral character of the prisoner's mind at the time he committed the crime: if it was bad, he must be punished, they say; if not, he must be acquitted. And if Dr. Maudsley, on the other hand, has strenuously combated this unscientific test, it is because he sees that these same criminals, having been impelled to their acts by the conquering force of their disease, ought not to be morally responsible for those acts, even though they were aware of the wrong that they were doing. And if the object of our criminal laws were to punish immorality, to execute or confine criminals only when morally responsible for their crimes, then Dr. Maudsley would have reached the true position, and there would be nothing to change in the law of insanity as it is in New Hampshire.

But is that the object of our criminal laws? Evidently not. Not the punishment of immorality, but the protection of society, is the object of these laws. And what the need of protecting society must bring us to, in our treatment of insane criminals, it is not hard to see. If society disposes of its ordinary criminals by hanging or imprisoning them, it does so because it thereby affords itself a threefold protection from the danger that threatens it: *first*, it puts the thief or murderer in a situation in which he can no longer prey upon the society around him; *secondly*, it protects itself from the danger of future thieves or murderers, by holding before their eyes a deterrent example of the painful results which the crime will bring upon the offender; and, *thirdly*, by taking from the imprisoned criminal the opportunity for crime, and by training him to a better course of life, it protects itself from the repetition of his offense after his release. If, now, we consider these objects of our penal laws but for a moment, it will be evident that society needs all these three forms of protection quite as much against the insane criminals as against the sane. *First*, that society needs to be protected from the insane criminal, as he is at the time of his crime, must be self-evident. If, because a man, through jealousy, hatred, or some long-standing and bitter spite, has killed his enemy, we deem him a person so dangerous to society that we condemn him to the gallows or to imprisonment for life; then how much more carefully must we protect ourselves from that criminal who has satisfied no spite in the commission of his murder, who has been driven to his crime by no strange combination of events not likely to occur again, but who has done it through the morbid impulse of a diseased mind, and who may at any time relapse into the same morbid state and the same deadly and destructive action? The fact that his crime is due to his insanity but makes it the more necessary for society to be protected from him. The *second* object, also, of our penal laws—the deterring of others—is as important for insane criminals as for the sane. All specialists on insanity testify that insane persons are easily influenced by motives of pleasure and pain, and that they frequently refrain from acts through a fear of the personal consequences to themselves. In many cases that fear of severe punishment would be just what was needed to make the insane person exert a little more self-control, and thus to prevent the meditated crime. And if the threat does not suffice to restrain the insane in all cases, that certainly can be no valid argument against its use. "The justification of punishment," says a writer in the "Spectator," "the reason for the threat of punishment, is not to be found in its effect on those whom it does not deter, but on those whom it does." And to allow the rigor of our penal laws to be modified by our pity for the insanity of the criminal would be to remit the punishment in the very cases that require a stronger threat. *Finally*, if there is needed a long period of confinement,

under an entire change of surroundings, to render possible the moral recovery of the ordinary criminal, still more is this needed for the insane person, whose disease must be, indeed, deep-seated and hard to cure, if it has led him to the commission of a serious crime. And as with the ordinary criminal the law accepts the crime itself as a sufficient proof of the depravity of the prisoner and the need of cure, so with the insane criminal no further evidences should be required of continuing insanity than the crime itself affords. The crime itself should be enough to show that many years must elapse before the insane criminal can safely be permitted to go at large. Diseases so serious are not to be summarily cured; and the frequent repetition of the disease in lunatics who have been discharged from asylums as cured shows with what difficulty a continuation of the disease is detected. Take the records of the insane asylums of this country, and it will appear that nearly fifty per cent. of the patients discharged as cured have subsequently relapsed into insanity. Take the records of the criminal insane asylums of England, and it will appear that a very large per cent. of those there discharged have subsequently committed other crimes similar to those for which they were first apprehended. And in the case of a person whose insanity has brought him to the commission of murder, it may be fairly doubted whether the disease can ever be so far eradicated as to make him no longer dangerous.

It is clear, then, that if we are to protect society adequately, we must use the same penalties for insane criminals as for the sane. And this protection of society must be the true object of our penal laws—not the punishment of immorality. In fact, with immorality the criminal law should have nothing to do. That one man should not be subject, as a child is to its father, to the moral supervision and correction of another man, or of society as a whole, it ought not, at this day, to require argument to prove. The principles of individual liberty contain no more fundamental rule than this. What I feel or what I think, what my motives are or what my character, should no more be matters on which I may be called to account by the laws of society than what I eat or what I drink. Society has long since given up calling men to account for their religion, and has largely given up scrutinizing their morality; and to attempt to control the latter is as wrong and as meddlesome as would be the attempt to control the former. If a majority vote does not and cannot establish a single standard of religion to which all might be justly asked to give allegiance, no more can that majority vote establish a a single standard of morality. In short, the morality of the individual must be left to the supervision of his own conscience; and the punishment of his wickedness must be left to the retribution of the logical consequence of his acts, or to the vengeance of a God. Society, at least, has nothing to do with it.

While this view of the aim of our criminal laws and of the rights of society towards the individual is daily being more generally adopted by our jurists and social economists, yet so many traces remain to us of the time when our laws were made and enforced with the other aim of controlling the moral character of the individual, that it is easy for us to continue the old error; and all our caution is needed to free us from the tendency to do so. The very terms and phrases of our law are those that are appropriate only to the old system of moral supervision. "Guilt," the first essential of the punishment of an accused criminal, suggests first to our minds the moral badness of the criminal, rather than the legal transgression; while "punishment" (a term that I have just been obliged to use because there is no better one) is appropriate only to the infliction of a retribution, or the taking of vengeance by some supervisor of our moral natures. As Wendell Phillips says, in the "North American Review" of December, 1881: "The word 'punishment,' capital or any other, when used in reference to human government, is a mistaken and misleading term. Punishment has relation

to guilt." We must discard, then, the ideas suggested by these common terms; and in considering our laws for the treatment of criminals, we must lay aside all thoughts of vengeance or of punishing immorality, and must limit ourselves strictly to the protection of society. "I sentence you to ten years imprisonment," said the judge, when sentencing a convicted horse-thief: "not because you have stolen a horse, but in order that horses may not be stolen." This must be our motive; this alone will not be an intermeddling and an infringement of the principles of individual liberty.

Moreover, if we do not give up all thought of scrutinizing the moral responsibility of our criminals, I do not know what limit there will be to our investigations, or what definiteness to our laws. While science points more clearly every day to the great influence of heredity and of early surroundings in moulding the whole nature of man's intelligence and will, how could we justly appreciate the moral responsibility of a criminal for his act until we had obtained an accurate record of those early surroundings and of those inherited tendencies? And if we refuse to look into these matters in the case of ordinary criminals, why should we not equally refuse to do so with insane criminals? These matters affect only the moral responsibility of the accused, not the protection of society. If we are to say that an insane criminal shall not be incarcerated or punished for his crime because it was the result of his mental disease —because he knew not right from wrong, or because, if he did know right from wrong, he had no longer the will power to choose between them—then what are we to say when the sentence is to be pronounced upon the thief who was born in the slums of New York or London—whose father was a thief, and whose mother a prostitute—whose early life was passed among thieves and prostitutes, and who not only was without the moral training of a more fortunate child, but who was early trained to robbery and theft, as other children are taught at school, or are trained to honest trades? Are we to send free the insane criminal because we do not find him morally responsible, and yet condemn this man whose parentage and whole surroundings have made him what he is, whose ability exists only for thieving; and who, we cannot say, has had his perception of the immorality of his crime blunted; but who has never had any perception of immorality to be blunted? It is evident that we must look at these two men in the same light: if we call the first case a disease, then we must call the second by the same name: and what else than a disease is this moral and mental distortion of the thief? We must deal with these men in the same way. If we execute or imprison the one, (and no one would release the thief on account of the forces that have made him a thief) so must we execute or imprison the other. There is no anger, no spite, no vengeance, in our feeling in either case: rather a pity for the deformity we see before us, and the sad conviction that the criminal must be sacrificed for the safety of society.

We must conclude, then, that while the courts of New Hampshire have corrected a false test of the existence of insanity and a false procedure on the part of the judge, they have left uncorrected the real error of our laws of insanity; and that that real error lies in the substantive law itself, which allows insanity to be a bar to the infliction of a penalty. We must conclude that society should not only cease to consider whether the criminal knew the right or the wrong of what he was doing, but should cease to consider his insanity itself, or any question of his moral responsibility; that we should look only to the adequate protection of society in its rights of life and property; and that, when these are invaded, all invaders must be dealt with alike, whether they acted under the influence of a moral disease due to insanity, or of a moral disease due to parentage and vicious surroundings; that there should be the same penalties for all, the same threats of punishment to deter others from such acts. In short, the question of insanity should have

as little to do with our criminal trials as does the question of heredity. Let us, then, have a law to this effect, that insanity shall be no barrier to a conviction, and that it shall not modifiy the sentence of the convicted. Let us, since insane convicts will require a different treatment from the sane, establish a prison for the insane, to which insane criminals may be sentenced as others are to our State prison at San Quentin. And if an oversensitive community shrinks from depriving an insane murderer of a wretched and profitless life, let it satisfy its hesitation by reducing the penalty of such criminals to imprisonment for life. But in all cases, let no one have authority to discharge an insane convict before the expiration of his term because he seems to be cured; nor let the Governor have, in such cases, a power of pardoning.

What would result from such a change in our law, is clear. The plea of insanity, since it could bring no mitigation of the penalty, would never be resorted to as a sham defense to a crime; while, against really insane criminals, society would at last be having an adequate protection. One great abuse would disappear from the courts; one great danger would be removed from so ciety.

Harold Wheeler.

A MISUNDERSTOOD HERO.

"LEAVE me the glory of dying poor," exclaimed Luigi Carlo Farini, when his countrymen wished to reward his services with a substantial token of gratitude; and this Cincinnatus-like reply of the modern dictator was quite in keeping with the conduct of the other distinguished men who were his associates in working out the national independence of Italy. They were all cast in the antique mold, and gave a hundred such proofs of the purity of their motives and the heroic spirit which animated them.

"Nations," said d'Azeglio, when called upon by Austria to surrender the Lombard rebels—"Nations, like individuals, should perish rather than dishonor themselves; we will not abandon our Lombard brothers—not to save Piedmont from annihilation." "If you wish a war to the death, be it so," said Victor Emmanuel to Marshal Radetsky; "sooner than submit to such conditions, I would lose a hundred crowns." And Cavour, when speaking of the cession of Nice and Savoy, said, "I am ambitious only of serving Italy, and for this end I willingly put in jeopardy my fame and popularity."

These were not the idle vaunts of inexperienced youth: they were the utterances of men who had passed through fiery trials, and who, none doubted, were ready to translate their bold words into equally bold deeds. Among that assemblage of rare men whom we call the makers of Italy, and who have all, with one or two exceptions, been laid in their graves, there was none more noble, loyal-hearted, and self-sacrificing than the gallant soldier who is the subject of this brief chapter; and when the record of these eventful years comes to be written by the impartial historian—if such a thing there be—one of the brightest pages of his story will be that on which is inscribed the name of Alfonso La Marmora.

Owing to various causes, he has not been sufficiently appreciated outside his own country, and has sometimes been misunderstood and maligned even there. The calumnious attacks of which he was the object late in life were not without effect on the public mind. As generally happens in such cases, people give more heed to the accusations than the defense; and to foreigners who were not interested in following the case to the end, there remains a vague impression that there was some spot upon the fame of a man who, as a soldier and a statesman, carried his chivalrous loyalty to the point of

imprudence. "I have always believed," said he, "that truth and sincerity are the best securities for a good and sound policy. Neither will I be told that the deceptions and equivocations of others give one the right to deceive and equivocate."

To those who were really interested in the question—to whom La Marmora's name was dear—abundant evidences of his integrity have been presented within the last six years; and there constantly comes to light some fresh bit of intelligence which places him always higher in the esteem of his countrymen. Yet within the last six months "An Old Diplomatist" in Prussia revived exploded animadversions and insinuations; and I have heard travelers in Italy say, when the name of La Marmora came up, "By the bye, was there not something unpleasant about dispatches?" I have no intention of here entering on the dispute between General La Marmora and his powerful and malignant enemy who embittered the last few years of a laborious and self-sacrificing life, dedicated from beginning to end to the service of his country. The story has been told at length by the General himself, in his books, "A Little More Light" and "Secrets of State." Our space only permits us to take a brief glance at the contents of two new books which treat of his life.[1]

On the first anniversary of La Marmora's death, last year, his friend Captain Chiala published the "Commemorazione," which contained the most interesting and important part of his correspondence—a most attractive little volume, which many readers would prefer to the more pretentious Life just now issued by the famous biographer Massari, who has a high reputation in the literary world, and dedicates his talents to lives of great men. This last is an important work, and however familiar the reader may be with the historical events of the last thirty years, he will still find a considerable quantity of untrodden ground opened up to him in the secret councils and private correspondence of Cavour and La Marmora.

Signor Massari, as in the case of his other biographies, ignores his hero's private life: he is most careful to relate every particular bearing on his life as a citizen, soldier, and statesman, but he is silent on the subject of the family relations. This reserve is the more unaccountable, because the reasons which controlled the biographer's pen in the case of his late king did not exist in La Marmora. His severe and lofty character hardly presented any perceptible undipped vulnerable part over which a loving friend would wish to throw a mantle. But in treating of contemporary men, Signor Massari's excessive delicacy prevents him alluding to matters of a private nature, and even public questions might have been handled with a freer and bolder touch without offense to the laws of good taste and gentlemanly bearing towards opponents. But this, after all, is a good fault, seeing that political writers are too apt to err in an opposite direction; and the absence of personalities and display of party animus strike the reader favorably.

What is wanting in this book is supplied by the soldier-like frankness of Captain Chiala, intent only on showing all sides of his noble friend's character, careless of who might get hurt in the process. When one wants to glorify one's hero very much, contemporary heroes must be squeezed against the wall somewhat. But Signor Massari's polytheism forbids such a course; his deities are all equally sacred to him, and, unlike Captain Chiala, he does not depress one to exalt another.

Alfonso Ferrero, fourth son of the Marquis della Marmora and Prince Masserano, was born in 1804. In those days there was but one profession for a high-born gentleman whose property did not furnish him with sufficient occupation even: when it was no matter of necessity to make a profession of arms, every Piedmontese noble thought it right to give his son the education of a soldier, and Camillo Cavour, as well as the

[1] Alfonso La Marmora: Commemorazione. Firenze: 1879.
Il Generale Alfonso La Marmora: Ricordi Biogarific: Per Giuseppe Massar. Firenze: 1880.

future general, had to pass some years in the military academy. Alfonso was the fourth brother of the La Marmora family who entered the army, and though they were all distinguished for ability as well as courage, he was the most illustrious. He modestly held Alessandro—famous as the founder of the Bersaglieri—to be his superior, but Alessandro himself was proud to serve under his younger brother.

Of all the numerous friendships made by La Marmora at the military school, and carried through life, the most tender and intimate was that of Dabormida, a soldier like himself, and like him also intensely patriotic and devoted to the house of Savoy. Both Dabormida and La Marmora were employed at different times to instruct the princes Victor Emmanuel and Ferdinand, and this strengthened the tie which already bound them to the throne of Sardinia. When not near each other, they corresponded constantly, and their letters are written with the careless freedom of attached brothers who concealed nothing from each other. While they were both quite young, Dabormida prognosticated that Alfonso was a rare man, and would bring honor to his country.

La Marmora gave himself up with a perfect fervor of enthusiasm to the improvement of the Piedmontese army, and in order to study the best military systems he traveled a great deal. In the war of 1848 he behaved gallantly; and in a critical moment, when Charles Albert's life was threatened by the mob of Milan, he broke through them with admirable presence of mind and *sang froid*, called together a handful of troops, and returning to the palace, carried off the king to a place of safety.

When Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne, in 1849, he confided to his former tutor the dangerous and delicate mission of restoring order to Genoa, the republican party having made that city the seat of their operations. La Marmora, fearing that the fifty thousand bayonets which Austria had so kindly placed at the disposal of King Victor, and which he had politely declined, might be put in motion, even without the permission of the king, hastened to take the city by storm, and seize Garibaldi and the other republican leaders. Under his wise and firm rule, obedience to the laws was enforced without harshness. He carried it with such a high hand that the Austrian bayonets had not, the shadow of a pretext for intervening, and the King of Naples expressed his admiration of the General to the Sardinian ambassador. Azeglio, then prime minister, trying to guide the almost shattered ship of state from the rocks and quicksands of military despotism and red-republicanism, was much amused that the old enemy of Piedmontese liberty should see anything to admire in one of its defenders.

"Dearest cousin," he writes in his playful manner, "I am filled with envy that the King of Naples should admire you and not me; as it was the bombardment that pleased him, I fear I have no chance of winning his esteem." In another letter he says: "You have done the work of a brave man, and I congratulate you. You have fought for Genoa, and not against Genoa; it would be an injustice to that city to confound it with the *canaille* who had taken possession of it."

During La Marmora's residence in Genoa, as royal commissioner, he met a rich English lady, Miss Bertie Mathews, whose acquaintance he had already made in Turin. Why Miss Mathews should have preferred to be bombarded and held under martial law among the revolutionists of Genoa, instead of remaining in the pleasant and peaceful capital, does not appear. But there she was; and when the smoke of battle had cleared off and the amenities of life were renewed, this young lady became an important element in it as far as the General was concerned. He was too modest a man to suspect that he had made so easy a conquest, but he was not insensible to her attractions; and he surrendered himself all the more willingly to his inclination because his sister had praised her warmly, and represented her as endowed with so many excellent qualities that she would be a treasure of a wife. When order was restored in Genoa, Miss Mathews returned to Turin, and there

the General found her, when summoned by order of the king to take his place in the Cabinet as Minister of War. Difficulties had arisen before he had made her an offer of his hand. Miss Mathews was a recent convert to Romanism, and, like all converts, very devout. La Marmora had heard that she was fanatically devoted to the Jesuits—a serious objection in the wife of a minister of Victor Emmanuel—and as domestic happiness was much disturbed at this time by the interference of the priests, he was troubled not a little; but he finally got over the difficulty, and married her. For a time the wife's allegiance was divided, and much unhappiness was the consequence; but ultimately La Marmora reigned without a rival on his throne. They never learned to agree on ecclesiastical questions, but this notwithstanding, they were bound together by a mutual affection warm as it was constant.

La Marmora and d'Azeglio were cousins, and kindred in soul as in blood; they worked together amicably in the ministry, and when d'Azeglio desired to bring strength to the party by inviting Cavour to take a seat in the Cabinet, and the king objected, La Marmora gave his Majesty no peace till he had consented to the appointment. To Victor's objection that Cavour would rule everybody, and drive his colleagues out of office if they stood in the way of his projects, the General replied:

"Sire, that may happen; but it is of no consequence to us whether we continue to be ministers: it is of vital importance that we should now bring fresh strength to the government."

La Marmora and Victor Emmanuel, as pupil and teacher, had often had disagreements, and these did not cease when as sovereign and subject they were brought into close contact. Notwithstanding, Victor had early learned to prize the uncompromising truth and sincere devotion of the subject who scorned to flatter. *Apropos*, here is an anecdote which shows that kings are not always the dupes that courtiers suppose them. The French ambassador at the court of Turin, in conversation with Victor Emmanuel, related to him the following: A Spanish ambassador once asked Henry IV. of France to tell him something of the character of his ministers. The king thereupon summoned them one by one into his presence. The first who entered was the Chancellor Silbery, and to him the king observed:

"I am very uneasy to see the state of this ceiling over my head, which threatens to cave in."

"Sire," replied the minister, "we must consult an architect, and let him consider the matter; but there is no occasion to hurry."

To Villeroy, the second minister, the king addressed the same remark, and he, without even looking up, answered at once:

"Sire, you are right; it is enough to frighten one."

Thirdly came the President Jeanin, and when he was applied to about the ceiling, he answered:

"I do not know what your Majesty means; the ceiling is very good."

"What," cried the king, "do you not see those cracks, or do I labor under a hallucination?"

"Be tranquil; the ceiling will last longer than we," was the blunt reply.

When he was gone, Henry said to the Spaniard: "Now, you know my ministers. The Chancellor never does what one wants, Villeroy always says I am right, and Jeanin says what he thinks, and he thinks well; as you see, he does not flatter me."

Victor Emmanuel, smiling at the story, said he would try the experiment on his ministers, but hastened to add, "I have my Jeanins in d'Azeglio and La Marmora, who never conceal the truth from me."

La Marmora and Cavour were great friends, and when the latter became head of the government, La Marmora gave him his warm support. When the Crimean alliance with England and France was proposed, he disapproved of it strongly, and threatened to resign. But Cavour's powerful and impassioned arguments carried away all obstacles; there was no resisting the impetus of an enthusiasm which was fired by the inspiration

of genius. La Marmora was not a "nail-his-colors-to-the-mast" style of hero; he loved his country a hundred times better than his own opinion, and he accepted the command of the expedition to the Crimea, resisting firmly, however, the proposition that the Piedmontese should be hired auxiliaries of the English. His brave little army should know that they fought for the honor of their king and country, not for foreign pay. La Marmora relates all the particulars of this expedition in his book, "A Little More Light." He complains that his government would not give him precise instructions as to how he was to bear himself towards the allies, and that he found himself in a very delicate and difficult position on his arrival at the seat of war.

"As I was stepping on board at Genoa," he writes, "I said to Cavour, 'In fine, will you give me those blessed instructions?' 'Exercise your wits,' he replied, embracing me."

Cavour, in fact, had his own good reasons for being vague. He was by nature frank, confiding, impetuous; but, contrary to his nature, he practiced diplomacy when it was necessary to his great ends. He knew his friend's character well enough to be aware that he would not undertake the command on the condition that he was to be in any way dependent on or subservient to the foreign commanders; and not till La Marmora had reached Constantinople did the premier inform him that he was to give the preference to the English army when required to aid the allies. It was then too late to withdraw from the position; and La Marmora, while maintaining his own dignity, behaved with admirable courtesy and tact towards the other commanders, with whom he formed cordial relations.

His troops suffered terribly by the ravages of cholera, by which fell disease he lost his favorite brother, General Alessandro La Marmora. "There was nothing more touching," says the French General Chazal—"nothing that so well attested the honor, military spirit, and elevation of sentiment of this illustrious family—than the devotion of the elder brother towards the younger, his superior in rank and his commander." This part was so painful to Alfonso's modesty and delicate regard for others, that he kept his promotion a secret all the time he was in Genoa.

"I owe my elevation over my brother to the chances of war," he said sadly, as if it were a misfortune; "my brother's merit is greater than mine." When he lost this dear brother by an inglorious death, his grief was intense, but silent as that of a Spartan. Two hours after he had closed Alessandro's eyes, he was going the round of the hospitals, and the same evening he took part in an attack upon the enemy. The soldiers never saw their leader but with a calm and resolute front. "He deserved to die on the battle-field," was all the regret they heard him utter. To one friend only he poured out the sorrows of his heart, in his letters to Turin. Dabormida was perhaps the only one of all the many who loved and esteemed La Marmora, who always understood him, with whom no difference ever arose. He was hurt by Cavour's not having written him a private letter of sympathy.

"You only," he says to Dabormida, "have understood how sorely I stand in need of sympathy under this tremendous blow which has struck me, and the woful conditions in which we now find ourselves. If I had urged this expedition, I should die of remorse; but not having any self-reproach, thank God, I have courage to go on, and if he gives me life, to come out honorably from the painful position in which we are placed." Then he describes the sufferings of his troops, and adds, with a soldier's pride, "We can support our hardships with more spirit because we owe nothing to the allies."

The victory of the Tchernaya covered with glory the Piedmontese army and their general, and Cavour's patriotic joy was intensified by his friendship. When he announced the victory to La Marmora's wife, he wrote: "Your husband has acquired a new title to the gratitude and affection of his countrymen. You ought to be proud to be his wife, as I am proud to be his friend."

He hastened to the train, to be the first to embrace "his glorious Alfonso" when he was summoned home to attend the Paris Conference, and he thought no honors too great for him.

Victor Emmanuel did not need any stimulus from his minister; he was equally enthusiastic and grateful, and enjoyed seeing La Marmora and the troops lionized. He ordered a solemn thanksgiving for their return, to be held in the piazza before the distribution of medals, when they were welcomed by rapturous applause by the citizens. La Marmora, remarking that he hoped that was the last of the demonstrations to be held in their honor, fairly fled from the field, and went and hid himself to escape the cheering crowds. He was made *Generale d'Armata*, and received the Green Cross of Savoy from Victor Emmanuel; from Queen Victoria, the Order of the Bath; from the Emperor of the French, the Legion of Honor and the medal of military valor; from the Sultan, the first class of the Order of the Medidjé; from the Queen of Spain, the Cross of the Order Carlo III. The general bore his honors modestly; he could not be spoiled by royal favors or popular adulation, any more than he could stoop to flatter king or people. Victor Emmanuel, who had made some objection to his re-entering the Cabinet, said to him, as they rode side by side to the Piazza d'Armi:

"Now that you have resumed office, I hope you will do as I wish."

"Sire, I will do my duty now as always," La Marmora replied.

And the fiery king had sometimes to swallow haughtier language from his unbending but devoted servant. In the beginning of the war of 1859 the king had decided on a retrograde movement without consulting La Marmora. On hearing it, the general hastened to the royal quarters, and insisted so strenuously on an audience, that the king, who was closeted with Marshal Canrobert, called to the servant to let him in. La Marmora explained his reasons for disapproving of the decision to abandon the positions, and earnestly represented the disadvantages of such a movement. The king was of a contrary opinion, the discussion grew warm, and at last Victor angrily commanded him to drop the subject. Nothing daunted, the general continued his remonstrances with even increasing fervor. The king might put him under arrest, try him by court-martial, have him shot, but he would fulfil his duty and tell him the truth, however displeasing it might be.

"You ruin yourself, sire, to take this march at this moment," cried La Marmora, with intense excitement: "allies and enemies will have a right to despise us; we shall be dishonored! It is my duty to you, to whom my life belongs, to hinder at any cost what I consider an immense misfortune."

The king replied with increasing heat, and turned to the marshal to confirm his opinion, but Canrobert agreeing with La Marmora, Victor haughtily yielded the point.

"*Puisque vous le voulez et que vous le croyez indispensable, je conserve nos positions.*"

And they separated in a high state of indignation, La Marmora having passionately declared that if the troops retreated he would not, preferring to be taken prisoner by the Austrians than be the scorn of the French. This is not the language to which kings are accustomed, and La Marmora's manner may have been too warm; but all the same, he commands our admiration as a faithful subject and disinterested patriot, to whom his sovereign's displeasure was as nothing compared to his welfare. All the more praiseworthy was his conduct, inasmuch as he held no command and consequently had no responsibility. The following day the king wrote him a note, thanking him that the troops had not "marched," and wrote also to Cavour, praising La Marmora as the most honest and devoted of subjects.

In 1864, when the king signed the convention with France which lessened his popularity and drove the ministry out of office, it was to La Marmora he appealed in his difficulty; and though he had disapproved of the convention, he accepted office, and stood by Victor Emmanuel loyally. "The king's signature is there—that settles the question,"

were the words with which he faced the angry and excited assembly.

For the unfortunate issue of the campaign of 1866, it has been the custom to throw all the blame on La Marmora. There were, however, other reasons to account for the defeat which it would take too much space to enter upon here; but it must be remembered that he had not the supreme command, as in the Crimea. He, indeed, wished to take upon himself all the responsibility of the unpopular peace; and Victor, who was quickly touched by generous sentiments, pressed his hands in both of his, as, with tears in his eyes, he protested against the sacrifice. But alas!

> "Hearts may beat and eyes be wet,
> And the souls be strangers yet."

They had many things in common, but there were some delicate chords in Alfonso's nature which found no response in that of Victor Emmanuel. Nor was the king the only friend with whom he found himself at variance. Though a man of profound and passionate tenderness, he was outwardly cold, and not given much to the expression of any feeling. Massari records that once he was betrayed into a word of admiration for Cavour, at which the latter was amazed, and rising from his seat, said, with his gay and mischievous smile:

"Only think! La Marmora and I have been colleagues for seven years, we have been friends much longer, and this is the first compliment he has ever paid me."

"Thou art ungrateful," said the general, smiling; "have I not supported thee, and dost not thou know what I think of thee without compliments?"

Yet we know that he felt a slight neglect on the part of his friends, and was often wounded by them unconsciously. Once, when prime minister during Cavour's retirement, he read an article of d'Azeglio's on the state of Central Italy before the annexation was decided upon, which seemed to reflect somewhat on the policy of the government. He immediately wrote to his cousin and friend, entreating him in the most affectionate terms to come and take his place at the head of the Cabinet. This letter, in its simplicity and admiration of the merits of others, intermingled with a sense of not being himself quite appreciated, is touching in the extreme, and gives a better idea of La Marmora's character than any description. Quoting d'Azeglio's words, that only grand characters can save states at a critical juncture, he continues: "I feel myself incapable because I do not please the king, because I have public opinion against me—not having done enough for the army, and little or nothing for Italy—and because —I confess it—I have not one of those characters which save states."

He became estranged from Cavour in consequence of a trifling disagreement; and for years Victor Emmanuel and he lived apart. It was not till three months before the death of both—which occurred at the same time—that a reconciliation took place. La Marmora, wrapped in a mantle of proud reserve, would not make the smallest advance towards a more friendly understanding; but he would not sit at a dinner where the king was not the first toast. He wept all night when he heard that Victor Emmanuel was dangerously ill, in 1869; and when, while he himself was suffering from the fatal malady which caused his death, he received affectionate letters from the crown prince and the king, he was overpowered with the tenderest emotions, and all his wrongs, real and supposed, were forgotten. He was sitting in the chamber one day, when he received a communication from the royal palace, and on opening it found it contained the portrait of the Princess Margherita, with the inscription in her own hand, "To my father's faithful friend." His eyes filled with tears when he saw this allusion to his old friend, and he treasured the little memento as a precious gift.

Alfonso La Marmora was, in fact, what is commonly called a misunderstood man. And if his sensitive soul was sometimes wounded by the friends who loved and esteemed him, what must his sufferings have been under the foul charges of broken

faith with allies, falsification of documents, treason to his country? The latter end of his life was imbittered by these cruel accusations, set on foot by the malignity of Prince Bismarck, particularly after La Marmora had revealed inconvenient facts with regard to the Prussian alliance in his books, "A Little More Light" and "Secrets of State." The system of persecution was carried to the point of attempting to force the Italian government to inflict severe imprisonment on the ex-minister for having dared to defend himself from calumny by telling the truth about his allies.

"I have always believed," says La Marmora, "that truth and sincerity are the best security for a good and sound policy. Neither will I be told that the deceptions and equivocations of others give us a right to deceive and equivocate." It can be easily understood that the statesman who was guided by such principles was no match for the Grand Chancellor. His spotless fame was vindicated, however, and illustrious men of all nations as well as his own vied with each other in their expressions of sympathy and admiration.

He had lost his wife in 1876. His grief was intense, and he had no wish to live after she had been taken from him in his desolate age. "I am alone! I am alone!" was the heart-broken exclamation of this noble, suffering heart. Death came, as a happy release, January 5th, 1878. It was serenely calm and peaceful, so that they thought he fell asleep when his spirit passed into another world, where, let us hope, there are no more misunderstandings.

G. S. Godkin.

ANNETTA.

II.

At these words, which she could interpret only in confirmation of her grieved foreboding, Annetta shrunk more and more. Her widened eyes, lifted upon Dan, had in them the pathos of the disappointment she had that very morning told him she could not bear. Looking across a brightly carpeted space, she seemed to be gazing across a gulf. Is there not an immeasurable distance between her who enthusiastically devises the bettering of a human character and him upon whom this enthusiasm is worse than wasted?

Her quickened fancy, sadly busy with speculations as to what was passing in Dan's mind, and what was going to happen, had time to play discursively over his rude attire. She knew already that her furtive warning had sent him from the garden to his wonted toil. From this toil, she noted that he was immediately come.

Pioche's Quarry, which had set its seal in rust-colored rock on the bleak open streets of that suburb, had marked the man for its own. Red dust was settled thickly over his loose garments, lying yet more thickly in their every crease and fold. Red dust powdered his black hair and beard, turning them and his heavy up-curling lashes russet. Dust no longer red lengthened the corners of his eyes.

If aware of Annetta's scrutiny, now wistful, now haughty, Dan bore it quietly, humbly.

"He is ashamed to look at me," she thought, seeing how studiously he avoided her gaze. And this imagined shame, while it made assurance of his unworthiness doubly sure, moved her again to speech.

"O Dan, Dan! how could you use my name lightly or disrespectfully?" She began falteringly; but ended, her accents crisp with girlish scorn.

"I, Miss Bairtmore? God above forbid."

But what weight can one find in a reply, however prompt, uttered in muffled tones, with downcast eyes?

"You are going to be dismissed, I suppose?"

The disdain curling her red under-lip was by no means merely silent.

Respectful and even deprecatory in manner, the matter of Dan's next utterance was such as to shock Annetta with a terror fairly electric in its vigor and suddenness.

"Are you afther bein' sure that you know where Mr. Bairtmore is, Miss?

A new meaning for Dan's constraint now flashed upon her. What if this meeting were a trap set for discovering if she and he had anything particular to say to each other?

And she had freely displayed a marked particularity in word and look! Strong horrors shot through her leaping pulses. The shaded and shuttered windows, the closed doors of the office, were all at once alive as with ears and eyes.

The pressing necessity for altering the situation struck Annetta to her feet. The evening paper, partially read at table, lay for Tom's finishing, folded upon his desk.

"You may be obliged to wait some time yet, Dan," said Annetta, nonchalantly, handing him the printed sheet. She was thinking, "Shall I leave him alone?"

Tom's request that she should stay in the office forbade. She ran to fetch a guitar from the parlor. Tuning the instrument painstakingly, the indifference so hastily assumed found its higher expression in gay arpeggios. Dan, holding the newspaper religiously before his face, ventured presently from behind the barrier, in a low monotone:

"If ye'd play louder, Miss, I might be afther answerin' what yez asked me."

The thin spray of elfin harmonics gave way instantly to strong vibrant chords.

Under cover of the music, "I think, Miss," said Dan, "that the boss can do no less than send me off."

He breathed hard, and added, "Because of the talk."

Annetta took these words into herself and pondered them, her fingers still mechanically busy with the changing frets. She could make of them nothing explicit enough for her exigent mood.

"But Dan"—without lifting her eyes—"can you mean that you have been talking?"

An interruption cut off the first word—a mere expletive—of Dan's answer to this indignant query. That "Oh!" was left petrified and meaningless in Annetta's ears.

Entering the office from without, one must mount a short flight of steps—five or six, no more. Upon the topmost of these a foot-fall loud and sharp now sounded, and immediately Tom Bartmore was in the room, flashing imperious glances from his sister to Dan, from Dan to his sister. And conducting this silent, trenchant investigation, he was calling carelessly, at the height of a robust voice:

"Come in, boys. Come right in."

For an instant, the darkness beyond the wide-flung door gave no sign. Then two faces gleamed thence and two slouching figures emerged lothly into the light, stumbling heavily across the threshold.

"Shut the door!" Bartmore commanded, still intent.

When he relinquished his scrutiny of Annetta and her companion, it was to stride to his desk and swinging chair. Plunging into this, he drew from some compartment of that a heavy ledger, and began noisily to turn its leaves.

Annetta could not be other than tinglingly conscious of her brother's scrutiny. Holding herself outraged by its impelling motive, the very force of this feeling steadied her nerves. Bartmore's back turned, she laid aside her guitar, and with the same flushed calmness sat in readiness for whatever might happen next.

The two men whom Bartmore had brought, obeying the letter of his instructions, did by no means venture to seat themselves. They stood just within the office-door, drooping like tired animals, and like tired animals committing their weight to changing feet.

Poor fellows! what had they been doing? Something bad enough to take away what little self-respect they might ordinarily possess. Or was it only that they dreaded impending consequences? Old hands of Tom's, Annetta knew both well, and found it in her heart to pity both: yes, even Barney Flynn, who drank more of his earnings than went for his family's feeding and clothing.

Might they not be suffering, as she so often, from some misinterpretation or exaggeration of Tom's?

A long, awkward moment passing, Annetta spoke up cheerfully:

"Sit down, Mike," she said; "take the chair near you; and, Barney, I want to hear how little Joe is. Come beside me on the sofa."

But Bartmore, as one intensely alive to everything about him, cried out harshly: "Let the damned whelps alone!" transfixing them in the midst of grateful bowings and scrapings, with an aggressive glare.

Through the stillness ensuing, the thick leaves of the ledger ceased turning. Bartmore's blunt forefinger slid softly downward, feeling its way through the closely written names on an open page.

The clock above his desk told off many seconds with a rising inflection.

A growing eagerness, perhaps a drowning hope to avert impending doom, now evidenced itself in the frontal corrugations of one culprit. Clutching his characterless hat by the apex of a crown which had long ceased to assert itself as distinct from a tattered brim, he passed the same from hand to hand, and then across his dry lips. These motions were preliminary to husky speech.

"Give me one wurrud, Misther Bairtmore"—pleading not by voice alone, but adding a propitiatory wave of hand and hat. "Faith, there's nobody but God in heaven knows how Illen Ann an' the childer is fixed, wid Joe on his back this three—"

"That will do, Barney," interrupted Bartmore, his tone displaying no more feeling than twigs dry enough to crackle. "Here, Dan!"

Dan had laid aside the paper upon Bartmore's entry. His head leaning against the wall, he was gazing straight before him. He started, thinking very likely that his turn had come sooner than he expected.

But Bartmore had only to give this order: "Go to the camp and fetch McArdle."

Dan gone, Bartmore rose to pace the room, his hands in his pockets, his head carried with an easy sense of domination.

Annetta, wishing herself anywhere else, even dead, as girls who know nothing of death outside of poetry are desperately wont, had not long to wait, hiding her secret worry. She had barely noted how thoroughly Tom was enjoying the situation, when there came a rap at the door.

A long, gaunt shape now entering has once before appeared upon the scene of this story, but swiftly to disappear. Summoned from the atmosphere of the camp-kitchen, which was to her as water to a fish, McArdle's motions were no longer quick with mechanical celerity.

An old bonnet, a fringeless, hueless shawl, added to her matutinal attire, she sidled in, her tread halting, an expression of awe dropped like a veil upon her countenance.

Bartmore greeted her with a business-like nod, and indicated by a careless thumb that she might be seated. McArdle chose the nearest chair wherein to subside, as if telescoped.

No costume, however skillfully contrived, could have rendered this woman prepossessing. Taking critical note of a low forehead, a short nose, a massive upper-lip rudely sculptured, a strong projecting underlip, of long, bloodshot eyes, the observer was moved to remember hopefully the exhaustless variety of Nature's molds. If happily the one wherein McArdle's countenance had been cast might never again be needed!

Bartmore's alert mind, not oblivious of McArdle's distaste for an interview, entered upon his meditated subject with undiminished zest.

"Now," said he, in a high, swinging voice, sending her a masterful glance from this point and that of his brisk striding, "I want you to repeat *verbatim* what you told me last night."

So ordered, McArdle swallowed hard, scooping her chin toward her breast. But speaking, it was with a smoldering eye, and accent of smothered resentment.

"'Twas tould me fresh from the facks be Heavy Weather. If yez don't belave me—here—ax him."

And she shrugged her shoulders with mingled indifference and aggression.

"Is anybody disputing you, McArdle?"

Bartmore paused to ask this question, showing his teeth, yet not smiling, and lifting his eyebrows.

Thus challenged, after another swallow, accompanied with another scoop, McArdle's tongue grew somewhat more glib.

"I was sewin' a bit iv an ap'un lasht night about nine o'clock, or maybe later—I'm not shtoock to me oath as to the minute o'clock, I suppose—whin in walks Heavy Weather."

Here for the second time she jerked her head backward toward the door where the two men still stood, vouchsafing this hurried explanation.

"That's the name we've got on Grady sence he wint in the shtarvin' wind an' fog to see Mrs. O'Donovan, an' his wife not a week dead yit, wid five childer m'urnin' afther. 'Well, McArdle,' says Heavy Weather, 'how's Jerry?' 'Bad,' says I, 'an me puttin' all me harrd airnin's into doctors' shtuff, while thim as has money jinglin' in their pockets—'"

"Well, well," interrupted Bartmore, not relishing what he chose to believe merely coincident, and ceasing involuntarily to jingle the money in his pockets.

"An' indade, Misther Bairtmore," exclaimed McArdle, giving her smothered umbrage more air. "I can only tell yez the trewt, an' that's no lie."

"Get to the point, get to the point."

"Well, Heavy Weather, in he comes an' axes how is Jerry, an' thin sets himsel' down an' says, 'Mrs. McArdle, they're afther havin' some gab in the shanty, is the b'ys.' 'Gab?' says I, 'begorra, if the b'ys' gab was wather, shtrames wud niver roon dhry. But what are they afther depictin' now?' 'Tis the missus,' says Heavy Weather. 'The missus!' says I—"

Bartmore, unable to endure what McArdle herself was wont to call the "rounds" of her talk, again interrupted:

"Look here, I insist upon having answers to two or three straightforward questions. Did Mike, or Heavy Weather, as you call him, tell you that Barney—"

But McArdle was now eager to talk.

"'Barney's mad,' he says—"

"And why was Barney mad—did he tell you that?"

"Sure an' he did. 'Barney's mad?' says he, 'because Miss Annetta cudn't coom to see him widout—"

"To see him!" burst in Annetta, scornfully.

Bartmore turned upon his sister, domination and conciliation contending in his manner.

"Never you mind, Netta," he said. "Of course you go to see little Joe."

"Because Miss Annetta niver cud coom to see him," reiterated McArdle, her smolding eyes darting a sudden flame, "widout Dan Meagher fut for fut behind her."

"Ha!" ejaculated Bartmore, as though this was what he had been waiting for.

"'An' sure,' says Barney (as told me be Heavy Weather), 'I'd beau her home mesel' if she'd lave me. An' for the likes o' that, I did beau her home unbeknownst lasht night, an' I see Dan shteppin' up to her just beyant Toomey's, an' givin' her wan betune the nose an' chin!'"

No fog of ambiguity perchance dimming the meaning of this conclusion in the thought of casual readers, interfered with a dramatic distinctness of effect upon those hearers.

The words expected in some sort by Annetta and Dan, dreaded surely by the fellow-culprits, and fierily awaited by Bartmore, were no sooner out of McArdle's gabbling lips than a splendid form towered over another that cringed and shriveled.

"Now, you damned cur!" came in fierce ejaculation, "I'll give you a chance for that one word you were so anxious about. Did you say what has just been repeated? Is it yes or no?"

But if plain yes or no were ever possible to Barney's loose tongue, it was certainly not at that moment.

"Arrah," he began, in a whining hurry, "how can I tell, Mr. Bairtmore dear, what I might 'a' said to Heavy Weather or another, the both o' us bein' full as—as new-corked bottles? But as fer shpakin' disrespectful o' Miss Annetta, an' she so kind to Illen Ann

an' Joe—me bein' the time in me tin sober sinses—"

The wonder was that Bartmore did not strike the blow for which mind and muscles were ready. He merely ejaculated, "There!" with such force that Barney's teeth shut together like a strong clasp.

"Now," said Bartmore, thrusting his closed right fist into a pocket of his coat, and turning again upon McArdle with an imperative nod.

"'An'' says I, 'Heavy Weather, shure that's a thing should be tould the boss.'"

"What thing? Explain yourself."

At this angry interruption McArdle visibly bridled.

"Sure," said she, tossing up her long chin, "an' me manin' ought to be plain to a scholard like yersel. Wasn't I afther coomin' down here lasht night to tell yez, Mr. Bairtmore, wid what free lips Barney was lyin'. An whin I found yez not home yet, wasn't I afther waitin' on the front shteps till the jaws o' midnight afore—"

"There, that will do, McArdle!" Bartmore flashed in, not caring to have the irregularity of his habits asserted, even incidentally at this juncture.

Then, to everybody, and nobody in particular: "Of course this matter's perfectly clear in my mind. Barney has been meddling with what was none of his business. Now, McArdle, what did Grady have to say?"

Mike Grady, otherwise Heavy Weather, had taken his lumbering limbs out of Barney Flynn's immediate vicinage, at Bartmore's furious onslaught. He stared anxiously despondent from his corner of refuge. A big hand passed over his face produced a grating sound. He lifted each lumpy foot in turn, and set it down again uneasily.

"Mike says," McArdle continued—"says Mike, 'If it's thrue as Dan's makin' himsel' too conspicuous wid—wid the young missus—"

"What did you mean by that, you puppy?" shouted Bartmore, but with no thought apparently of a second descent.

Grady stammered, scraped his face, changed his clods of feet, and had merely evolved a gesture heavily deprecatory, when Bartmore again burst forth:

"Did you mean to insinuate that my sister—my sister would permit—"

Brady interrupted with a dull gravity entirely suited to his character, and the diffusiveness of a thought slowly narrowing itself to verbal expression.

"Sure, surr, if anything was in me moind, which I'm misdoubten, 'twas the gineral impidence o' min ginerally, so to shpake."

Bartmore considered this speech and other matters a moment, pacing back and forth.

"Now," said he, as he swung round and took dictatorial possession of the center of the floor, "I'll tell you what, there's been too much talk already over a trifle. I'm sick of this affair"—his nostrils quivering again. "I want to get shut of it for good and all. So, McArdle, you may go."

Thus, unexpectedly dismissed, Mrs. McArdle hurriedly elongated herself, and went out with an unconscious disclosure of eager, slipshod heels.

"And for you, Grady," continued Bartmore, "I don't see that you've done anything an apology won't cover. We'll consider that you have apologized. You may go."

This permission, curtly enough accorded, dawned slowly upon Heavy Weather as a broad surprise.

"Och, Misther Bairtmore dear!" cried Barney, his terror almost ludicrously increased by Grady's shambling departure.

"Not a word, sir!"

Thus commanding, Bartmore returned to his desk and open ledger. Running a pencil down the page, he pronounced his sister's name.

The same words which had brought Bartmore's wrath to a climax had done as much for Annetta's imperious disdain. She had risen then, and was still standing, her back turned upon the scene, as if to study an engraving high upon the wall.

Tom's summons brought her, her step proud and light, to his side. She observed that he was scribbling something on the

unwritten margin of a leaf, and waited his pleasure.

But his scribbling ended, Bartmore used his pencil as a vigorous pointer. Annetta understood. She leaned forward to decipher these strong sentences in mixed metaphor.

"Now's your turn. Singe Barney's eyebrows. Sail into him; make him smell blue fire."

The situation was not an unpleasant one for a girl of spirit. Annetta might loftily have forgiven Barney's impudent fiction, but not while Dan Meagher's future was imperiled. At this moment the unfortunate Barney, unconscious of what Bartmore was silently directing, caught Annetta's eye, and giving his whole body an imploring writhe, helped her to a beginning.

"O, indeed, Barney," said she, her accents high and careless, the color growing richer in her young cheeks, "you must know that I'm the last person the world holds likely to speak a syllable in your behalf. I'm sure you owed me nothing but respect. Why"—her tone gradually mellowing—"when you broke your leg and they were all for packing you off to the hospital, who echoed your pleading to stay, promising to help nurse you, and kept her word?"

But was not this expressing more feeling then her brother would care to have her express? She tossed her head, and turned on her heel, resuming her careless indifference. "O, brother, pay the miserable, ungrateful fellow, and let him go."

Bartmore glanced up as Annetta addressed him, but not toward her.

"Dan!"

The moment which Annetta had been dreading, with a dread astounding to her secret self, was come. Her eyes were drawn irresistibly to that dusty countenance, now at its palest and gravest. Even crest-fallen Barney Flynn forgot his own disgrace, in eagerness to note what was going to happen to Dan.

The spasmodic scratch, scratch, scratch of a pen filled a nervous moment. Again the clock over the desk was heard ticking inquiringly.

"Dan"—this is what Bartmore, adapting his back to that of his chair, was at some pains to say very clearly and pleasantly—"my good fellow, you will take charge of the gang in the 'cut' to-morrow. From this date forward, you are put upon under-foreman's wages. Here is a written order which will explain the change to Norris, and save me the trouble of seeing him."

"Misther Bairtmore—"

But Dan, taking the slip of paper, had hardly begun in a deep, earnest voice, when Bartmore interrupted him with the ease of a superior being.

"And, my boy, when I'm—ahem!—obliged to be away from the house, I'll be really beholden to you if you'll stand ready to do anything my sister asks."

"That I will, sir," returned Dan, keeping back none of the zeal for service with which he was inspired.

"Good. Now you may go."

The door closed presently upon his retreating shoulders, but not upon Annetta's sparkling happiness.

This was one of the moments when life—her life—held all that she could wish; when she felt herself young, beautiful, and free.

While rejoiced thus, her brother was hastily concluding his business with Barney.

"Twenty-one days — forty-two dollars. Here it is, you scoundrel, the last coin, by God, you'll ever get out of me. Shake hands with yourself for a lucky dog that you leave this office inside of a whole skin."

This said, Bartmore rose, opened the door, caught Barney as he was passing, and deliberately kicked him into the darkness whence he had lothly emerged.

Annetta welcomed her brother's re-entrance with a remonstrant, "O Tom!" But the delight of her heart danced again in her eyes and bubbled over at her lips.

"Dear old fellow! how proud I am of you. You couldn't have taken my part more effectually. Don't I wish that every woman who is gossiped about might have such a defender!"

"Darn the low-lived beggars!" he muttered retrospectively. Then, as gayly as his

sister, while putting back his thick mustache with thumb and finger, in preparation for a jovial kiss: "Don't trouble your little head, Netta. No dog shall bark at anybody belonging to me."

III.

How and why Barney Flynn had "got the sack," his summary dismissal being thus referred to in "camp," was there exhaustively discussed. With no adverse criticism, however, of Bartmore's conduct: who, having the lesson just taught Barney fresh in his mind, cared to make so bold? But nothing hindered free expression of the emotions excited by McArdle's part in the affair.

"She might 'a' found more fittin' impl'yment than runnin' round o' nights stirrin' up dissinsions betune the boss an' an innicent no-mahn's-nothing like Bairney. She might 'a' found more fittin' impl'yment tendin' Jerry."

This view of the case being advanced with judicial calm in the presence of the said Jerry—otherwise Jerry McArdle—received prompt indorsement.

"An' yez are right there, Terry!" came in accents of exasperation from the tumbled covers of a broken bedstead. "But begorra' the ould woman 'ud rather be tattherin' round, fut an' tongue, than givin' a pore fellow a wet to rise his heart."

The truth is that Jerry McArdle's wretched life, always bibulous, had lately ceased to hold any hope not bibacious. Nay, its bare continuance he conceived to depend upon a swift succession of internal "wets," so styled.

"Whisht now, Jerry b'y!" returned Terry, parenthetically remonstrant. "That reference to shtrong dhrink is foreninst an' beyant the p'int which—" here his high, slow voice rose higher to command general attention—"is this: Whinever the divil shpies a bit o' clane wather, be it in pond or pot, he whispers a wurrud in some womin's ear, an' musha! but the rilin' begins to onct."

A wide grin, displaying two rows of insignificant teeth set in glaring semicircles of red, and pushing up either cheek in a wrinkled bunch of silent laughter, attested that the charge was made in no caustic spirit. None the less did Mrs. McArdle, the sole listener of her sex, burn to give Terry as good as sent.

"Rilin' wather, is it?" she cried, laughing huskily. "Sure, dirthy wather's the laste o' the wurrld's throubles. There's the floods an' fires. Who's at the lightin' an' lettin' loose o' thim but the min?"

What Terry might have replied is not known. At this juncture, a bulky figure, looming into the smoky candle-glare, drew from Mrs McArdle the exclamation:

"Aha! an' its Heavy Weather himsel'!"

"No thanks to yez!" was the matter-of-fact retort from the new-comer.

"No t'anks to her?" shouted Jerry, vindictively, between groans of rising dolor. "Indade, ne'er a one has anny call to t'ank my ould womin!"

His bitterness against his wife, generated as all knew by her desire to hoard rather than freely to dispense her wages, was treated lightly.

"I'll tell yez what it is, thin!" cried a voice, uttered with lively motions of a heavily fringed and simian jaw: "if any faymale alive thried to git me sacked, I'd be aven wid her, or me name's not Patsey Hogan."

This called forth from Mrs. McArdle a rattling reminder, that what the speaker had most to fear was neither male nor female. The allusion may be better understood when Patsey Hogan is recognized as the same individual lately accorded the privilege of picking up his living about the camp. Barney's misfortune had been Patsey's opportunity.

Heavy Weather was now prepared soberly to remark, void of anxiety as to the *apropos*:

"No less wud 'a' been my due, if I'd dhropped e'er a wurrud ag'in Misther Bairtmore's sister."

An incidental reference to Annetta, which was commented upon by Patsey Hogan in phrase more enthusiastic then elegant.

"The purtiest, nicest, bloodiest gurrl I iver lay eye till, an' ivery inch a born lady."

But here groans from the bed became

importunate. There was a starting up, wild-eyed, from among writhing blankets. A want, always gnawingly present with Jerry, had become on a sudden exceeding fierce.

"Och, murther, murther, murther!" he gasped. "O me mout', me mout'!"

Mrs. McArdle shuffled forward to give hasty tendance.

"Arrah, is it there yez are, Jerry asthore?" she said in a perfunctory tone of soothing. "Thin belike it's time fer the docthor's shtuff."

"Shwalley it yersel'!" shouted the sufferer, striking back the filled spoon and scattering the black dose over his wife's greasy gown.

"All right, darlint," continued Ann, in the same tone, but with smoldering eye. "Eddie Gavan's afther goin' to the droog shtore to get somethin' better for yez."

So saying, she winked at Gavan, a burly young fellow present, to humor the figment.

But again Jerry shouted, and more angrily:

"The droog shtore be beggared!—'Charley's' is good enough for me!"

"Charley's," a corner grocery not far distant, had been the undoing of more lives than poor Jerry's.

"Some wan go to Charley's and fetch me tin cints' worth o' what yez know. The old hag's got the money in her pocket, an' me perishin' wid the drought."

Whether with keener disrelish of the epithet bestowed, or of the demand made upon her purse, McArdle's temper now blazed forth in angry declaration. The "docther's stuff" had cost her a dollar: Jerry must take that, or nothing.

The quarrel threatened to become fast and furious; but Eddie Gavan, freer of pocket perhaps than the rest, rose, vowing that Jerry should have what he wanted.

Jerry having what he wanted, and quiet being restored, the talk fell upon Dan Meagher.

"It's no lie to say Dan's the lad to take the missus's eye," McArdle asserted.

"Indade, an' I'd be afther making love to Dan mesel', but I'm promised in the ould counthry."

The last speaker was no other than Maggy, just entering, her work at the Bartmore house over for the day.

Whereupon, many gruff voices and guttural arose in pleading expostulation and complaint.

"Sure, yez don't mane that yez are promised, Maggy," cried Terry, going through his silent exhibition of humor. "If that's the trewt, an' no lie, I'll be afther shtoppin' me useless breath in the bit o' green wather below."

A "fine, freckled," buxom girl, conscious of her power over these observers, Maggy would only la ugh and laugh till tears came into her pleased brown eyes.

McArdle hastily brought the conversation back to Dan.

He would be a "grammarian" yet, she averred. For was ever man seen who 'shtoock so to his books'?"

"Indade, he an' Miss Annetta is pegging away now!" said Maggy, beaming good-humored toleration of everybody's notions. "I wusht to the Howly Virgin yez cud fetch a peep at him standin' wid his toes to a crack in the kitchen flure, an' his two big fishts a grippin' a weeny bit iv a book 's if 'twas a pick-handle, and he wid a hill o' rock foreninst him."

A roar of laughter elicited by this graphic picture had not subsided when Maggy burst out in a tone of championship, "Musha, 'tain't a manny young ladies as fine as Miss Annetta wud waste their precious time a tachin' a poor boy the likes o' Dan."

"An' Dan thinks gould an' di'mon's o' her for it," commented McArdle, with an air betokening her intention of taking warning from Barney's fate, and treating the subject altogether seriously. "He niver cud forgit how she shtood wid Johnny whin he wus tuck. Dan had left him a moment, an' was roon in here for a coop o' tay, whin Miss Annetta murthers out from the shanty, 'O Dan, Dan!' in a voice that said, 'dead, dead.'"

"Aha!" interrupted Terry, interestedly; "so yez were nigh-hand Dahn?"

"That I was," wagging her head mysteriously.

"An' what did he say?"

"Niver a wurrud. But he rose the Irish cry, an' wint leppin' away like a buck-goat."

A mingled groan burst forth, which subsiding, Terry proceeded to improve the solemn opportunity.

"An' no doubt annybody to look at Johnny Meagher wud a belaved he'd outlasht a dozen the build o' me. But death plazes itsel' wid tall or short, fat or lane, rich or ragged, an' no dictation from anny wan. There's the bonanzy kings, now! They live in grand houses wid more rooms nor a cock's tail has feathers, but they must coom down to wan narrer appartment by an' by."

A rising reflection carried Terry's solemn conviction into the regions of the unspeakable.

Mrs. McArdle's ejaculation, expressive of profound enlightenment, defies orthography.

"There was Jack McCarthy," continued Terry. "He was a dumpsman along o' me. He'd shovel away ez virtuous from morning to night. Well, wan avening he wint from supper to the groc'ry fer a cahn o' beer. Whin this was drunk be us all, he wint ez hearty ez me this minute I'm tellin' yez out toward the shtables. We niver missed him that night; an' in the morning we found him tramped dead in a shtall. Begorra, the horses was the lasht human beings that seen him alive!"

"When yez come to depart, it's a short day," said McArdle, solemnly. "An' think o' the long day yez are going to." Then, pausing, she added, reflectively, "Musha, what'll yez do if yez don't git to the good?"

Neither Terry nor any other listener was prepared to answer this pregnant query, save by renewed groaning, which spontaneous indulgence in wordless melancholy was instantly set at naught.

At that clear, joyous peal of laughter, coming from the near distance, every ear was alert, every pulse healthily quickened.

"Glory to God!" cried McArdle, huskily enthusiastic.

She caught up the smoky candle, thus disturbing a sober dance of shadows, and encouraging their wild revel. Standing at the door of her chamber, which was higher than the camp-kitchen and dining-room by a flight of rickety steps, she held the light high, peering downward.

Below, all was shadow. The long, blackened tables already set against the early breakfast; the long, low benches; the bending rafters cobwebbed with mystery.

Darting through this gloom, a ray of light quickly found a flutter of bright drapery. The voice which had laughed came in merry question:

"What *can* be the matter up there? Are you telling ghost stories?" Then, to an unseen attendant: "I'm all right, now—Maggy is here. I will go home with her."

Meanwhile, McArdle was shouting: "Glory to God! its hersel'. The young missus coomin' to see pore Jerry!"

At this, and the confirmatory hurry of footfalls, first one then another arose, until every man present, the invalid excepted, stood waiting in respectful silence.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.

HERBERT SPENCER ON RELAXATION.

HERBERT SPENCER'S parting words were friendly criticism of American character and habits. The epitome of his speech was this:

"With the American, work has become a passion. Eagerly pursuing future good, he almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good. Immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life — the

physique is being undermined. When relaxation becomes imparative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. In taking his pleasures, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment. He takes them hurriedly. There needs a revised ideal of life. Among ancient people, the ideal of life was to be a successful warrior. Among moderns, business has been substituted for war, as the purpose of existence. The spread of the strongest races was the result of the ancient ideal, and the subjection of the powers of nature to human use results from the modern ideal. The future ideal will differ from both of these. It will be directed to complete living, to a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. We have had too much of the gospel of work. It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation, and to reform intemperance in work."

This speech of the profound thinker and philosopher has been adopted by the press throughout the United States as a text for homilies on the evils of too much work and too little play. But is it not Utopian?

It is very easy to preach the gospel of relaxation, and to win converts to the theory; but to the mass of mankind relaxation is a bliss that may be hoped for, but not attained. Social and physical enjoyment alternating with labor of mind or body, and the possession of good health and cheerful spirits, would make the human condition one of supreme happiness.

But how are these things to be attained? To secure happiness is the aim or incentive of all human effort. The degree and quality of the happiness attainable, though greatly influenced by the emotional character of the individual, are mainly dependent upon the present possession, and the expectation of the uninterrupted future possession, of the necessaries, the comforts, and the luxuries of life; those terms having a signification according to the physical, social, and intellectual status of each individual. Therefore, to have present good—that is to say, relaxation—involves the possession of more means than are requisite for immediate wants, and for those of the future when age and declining health make labor impossible.

Moreover, happiness, being a condition of the mind, and subject to the habits, tastes, and character, intellectual and moral, of the individual, is as varied an emotion as is the physical appetite. What brings disgust and misery to one would be luxury and bliss to another. When, therefore, an individual voluntarily follows a business in accord with his habits, taste, and character, shall another man, of different habits, taste, and character, declare that happiness is not to be found in that business or the method of conducting it?

A miser may, from love of accumulation and the happiness it affords him, deny himself the common comforts of life. A religious enthusiast may find happiness in self-denial, in torturing the flesh, and in many methods of self-inflicted suffering.

Philosophy shall vainly expostulate against such action: it cannot control it. What it may do is to teach wisdom. Wisdom is the intelligent use of knowledge. Therefore, to secure wise conduct, and the highest and best quality of happiness, necessitates the acquisition of knowledge, and the cultivation of intelligence. These being accomplished, the best and wisest means of happiness will be sought, and the most blissful happiness will be possible.

Labor—or business, as Spencer terms it—is directed mainly to those ends, and becomes a source of delight under the inspiring influence of hope of success.

Business men, as a class, take rest and relaxation in reasonable amount. They work assiduously in business affairs, but not to a degree inconsiderate nor detrimental to health. Can the same be said of literary men—of Spencer, for instance?

The laboring classes have few other delights than the hope to save enough while young and strong to live upon with comfort when old. Spencer's suggestions, if made to the rich in their own interest, were not appropriate; and if made to the poor, were not practicable.

The people of California from 1850 to

1860 were as prosperous and happy a community as probably existed anywhere among enlightened nations. Facilities for recreation and enjoyment were not so abundant, nor were pleasures of so refined and tasteful a character, as those found in long-settled regions: but such as were to be had were eagerly seized, and were made conducive to that full enjoyment which Spencer regards as the future ideal of life.

The explanation of that condition is found in the fact that unexampled prosperity was universal.

Labor, or industry, or business, whichever it be termed, whether physical or intellectual, was rewarded to a degree unprecedented. The product of one day's business was sufficient to support life for a week, often for a month, sometimes for a year. The present moment was one of dazzling, golden light, that came as from a new sun that had risen never to set. The "future good" gave no anxiety. It was assured by the bountiful present. The people were honest, unselfish, generous, kind-hearted, joyous, and just. Yet they were of the same race and blood and early habits as those of whom and to whom Spencer spoke. But they had no incentive nor temptation to be other than as they were. There was no struggle for the survival of the fittest. They did not need, nor would any people in like situation need, a missionary to preach the gospel of relaxation.

When the cause of this happy condition ceased, so did its effects; and the normal state of toil and trouble, of striving for the present and the future, of luxury for the fortunate and misery for the unfortunate re-appeared, and the ideal of life melted away before its reality.

During the last twenty years, society in the United States has become more manifestly divided into two classes—rich and poor—the two extremes of which are widely separated.

It cannot be said that of these classes the rich do not have all the enjoyment which money can procure or taste and ingenuity devise. The majority of Americans are of the class who toil at daily bodily or mental labor: first, because it is a struggle for existence, and, second, because by reason of education they have learned that life has elysian fields, the path to which, hope tells them, may be shortened by unabated industry. The American loves enjoyment if he can get it without violation of his duty to himself or to those dependent upon him. If he does not take as much relaxation as would be most conducive to his personal good and happiness, the fault lies in the system which has made it impossible; a system which has aggregated too large a part of the fruits of labor into the hands of those who do not labor; which has made it possible for one man to accumulate a hundred millions, while a million men cannot accumulate a hundred dollars.

Had the philosopher preached to these men of millions the gospel of philanthropy for those out of whose toil and tears their millions have been gained, his sermon would have had practical value. When the rich are willing to shorten the hours of labor, to make the reward of industry more proportionate to the profits of capital, to create and encourage industries for the fitting and honorable employment of women, so that they may not be a burden to others, then it will not be necessary to preach the gospel of relaxation.

Man labors from necessity, not from mere love of work. But to urge him to stop and enjoy himself is like advising the man upon the tread-mill that too much exercise is not healthful; or, like Tapley's advice to Chuzzlewit, overwhelmed with despair and disappointment, "Now is the time to be jolly!"

Alfred Wheeler.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

THE SWEETHEART.

Fair, fragile creature, fancy's boyish dream!
Alas! thou art not what thou once didst seem.
Like mists of morning, or the moon's pale rays;
Like sunset tints that vanish while we gaze;
Like shimmering dew-drops on the bending flowers;
Like half-remembered songs of childhood's hours—
How faint, how far, how dim thy image seems,
Unreal as the shapes that haunt our dreams!
How sweet were an existence shared with thee
Could all our voyage be o'er a summer sea!
Had life no duties, human homes no care,
No burdens to be borne, no griefs to share,
No hopes that yearn in vain, no fretting fears,
The heart no sorrows, and the eyes no tears!
Were our brief span from pain and sickness freed,
Were earth the Eden of our childish creed—
Then, with thy shallow heart and careless brow,
O dimpled fairy, what an Eve wert thou!

THE WIFE.

Dearest and best! thy truth, thy worth to tell,
Earth has no language, fancy has no spell.
For help and comfort strong; for counsel wise;
What steadfast soul looks through those candid eyes!
O faithful heart! how dimmed beside thee seems
The cherished image of my earliest dreams!
No bright illusion, no vain phantom thou;
The lines that time has traced upon thy brow
Are dearer to me than thy maiden bloom,
Still dearer with each step toward the tomb,
Most precious in the hour that brings the end,
True wife, brave spirit, and most loyal friend!
If, as we dare to hope with humble trust,
This conscious being springs not from the dust,
How sweet the thought that in that ampler sphere
Each may to each be all we dreamed of here!

James F. Bowman.

WINTER IN PLUMAS.

No howling wind, no groan and creak of trees in the storm, no sound of rain driven against the window-panes; but down over everything sifts the soft snow, as silently as if there were some secret about its coming. Swiftly and more swiftly it falls, flake piling upon flake, until the whole landscape is changed. Fallen logs, scattered stumps of pines, low shrubbery, all the small diversities of surface that we have been familiar with, are hidden; and we see only gentle undulations, with here and there disconnected, irrelevant-looking sticks or clumps, and the tops of diminished fences that measure the depth of the snow. Among the pines you may see, once in a while, a charred stump, with only a weird branch or two, holding in its black embrace a little heap of snow that clings to the forsaken thing with something almost like warmth. The tall pines and firs are loaded to their utmost, and when some branch can hold no more and drops its beautiful burden, springing back relieved, there is a little snow-shower upon the branches below, and they are surprised into doing likewise.

Up the mountain-side, as far as you can see through the storm, the dark, straight trunks of the pines look almost black in sharp outline against the dazzling white of the snow. These pines are glorious things. Whether the dust of summer climbs to their very tops, or the wild storms of winter make them rock and quiver, or the weight of snow drags their boughs down even to breaking, they never lose their majesty. And no matter how dense the forest may be, a pine-tree has a lonely look, seeming to have more concern with the stars of heaven than with the earth. The stars themselves never shine so near as when you look up through the pines to see them.

Here in the town the silence of the mountain seems to have enveloped us. Each cottage is still beneath its snowy roof. If a slow line of smoke curls heavily from the chimney, it is the only sign of life the house presents. There is no rumble of wagons in the street, nor sound of horses' feet: only a faint chirp from the tiny snow-birds in the nearest trees, and perhaps, at intervals, the jolly jingle of sleigh-bells. Then everything is still again. Such silence in a storm has a strange awe in it. One might think that all the forces that make the winds howl and rage over the hills of San Francisco, drive the pitiless rain through the streets, and make the big bay roar and tumble on its beaches must be hidden here, and be working in mysterious, ominous secrecy. What wonder that the mountain peoples, the world over, have such wild legends, and such a spirit of mystery in their superstitions?

If you would see the curious lines the snow takes in falling, look straight up in the air, and watch the flakes in their fluttering descent, tipping and bumping against each other, and joining, two or three together, as they near the ground. They look aimless enough: you would not suspect them of combining to so transform the village that the commonest huts are picturesquely decorated, and there is no dirt nor ugliness to be seen. The back yards all through the town might be taken for beautifully arranged gardens: for who is to know that it is a hen-coop here, or an old barrel there, that the snow is gracefully covering? The bare orchard trees are beautified by the contrast of dark branches and white phantoms of branches, and you half believe that the dark is only a shadow. There is one figure in the streets, however, that no depth of snow can translate into a thing of beauty, and that is the wandering cow. She pulls her aimless body along, jingling a tuneless bell, and lowing drearily. She gives you much the same sensation that you have when an organ-grinder in the city attaches himself to your street and number, for an indefinite period.

Beautiful as these rugged Sierras were in the spring and autumn, there comes an added glory to them when the snow piles deep upon their sides, and turns their crest of stately pines into a delicate fringe of white. So high the mountains look, so cold and awful, that no human approach to them seems possible. And when at night the clouds disappear, and the air is clear and cold, the heavens are deep, dark blue, and the stars and mountains seem very near together. There is nothing that can express the sublimity of a winter night in the mountains after a storm. The snow lights up the night, and far across the valley you can see Mt. Lassen white against the sky, while near it leans Orion. The Feather flows darkly by, reflecting the depths above it. A low echo repeats the roar of the falls, and at intervals comes the bark of a dog from the Indian wigwams far up the river, where you see a faint light glimmer. Everything is cold and white: only the river moves. Yet one must needs be in love with coldness and whiteness, since it is they that have changed the picture from the beautiful to the sublime.

It would seem as if life in such a country must fill the human soul with patience and charity and kindly sympathy. But the inevitable contrast presents itself here, as everywhere else, between inspiring beauty in nature and every form of pettiness in humanity. It appears that wide ideas and their results in character cannot be expected of a small isolated community. We must be contented, instead, with the rougher, perhaps the more fundamental virtues, and try to read the heart under its disguises. And that heart has usually a good deal more gentleness and generosity than its speech expresses. The bonds of human interest are really strong in these isolated towns, shut in by mountain ridges; and perhaps the "How are you?" and "Good morning" of travelers passing each other on the roads has in it the significance of a typical custom.

With December's coming, the oaks have dropped their last forlorn leaves, and of all the bright October foliage on the mountain-sides, and in the deep cañons where the dog wood grows, not any is left. The poplar and balm of Gilead along the river-borders hold on their branches nothing but snow. The willows are the last to lose their leaves, and even now the course of the stream is marked by their dull yellow. Some of them, however, are only bare twigs, and have commenced to bud, poor things.

Not far from the town there is a lake imprisoned, high above the valley, walled in by a circle of mountains. Years ago its outlet was artificially cut off, and all along its shores are spectral trees, killed by the rising of the water. Their blanched forms grow more ghostly every year, and the tragedy they suggest finds a human counterpart in the grave of a murdered miner, marked by a rude railing that just shows above the water. Now, the whole surface of the lake is frozen over, and a bleak wind whistles along the shores. At intervals there comes a low boom, as if some terrible convulsion were going on beneath the water. It is the crunching and cracking of the ice, as the inflowing streams alter the level of the lake. Imagine a cold, frosty morning, thermometer below zero, a dense fog hanging over the water. Now the sun breaks through the fog, and shines on the middle of the lake, and shows the air full of flying flakes of frost. All night a slight breeze has been carrying the moisture down the cañon, and it has frozen upon each separate leaf and twig of the firs and the underbrush there. Now the sun is scattering the fog and lighting up this delicate frost-work, and making such a brilliant scene as one might expect to see but once in a life-time. Near by, everything is glistening, and the small trees and bushes make fairy bowers, as radiant as jewels could be. Then a little farther down the cañon, where the frost has not settled so thickly, are trees that seem powdered, and their deep green foliage forms a background to the whole picture; while down in the bottom of the gulch, where a stream splashes among the rocks, the spray has leaped high, and frozen in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Great sparkling icicles hang from the rocks, and in places you can catch the glimmer of the mad little stream itself.

To all this coldness and weirdness there is a strange contrast. If on a clear night you shout across the lake, facing the south, a wonderfully distinct echo will answer you, and repeat itself again and again, until it gradually dies away in a continuous note. If you call in three notes of a chord, the perfect chord will ring through the air, and die away so gently that you cannot be sure when it has ceased.

But the grandeur of mountain scenery, and the beauty of snow and frost, are not the only attractions of Plumas in the winter. Under these snow-covered roofs are cosy fireplaces and bright faces, that remind us of stories of eastern winters. And I am inclined to think that he cannot know the highest joys of winter who has not lived in a snowy country, ridden behind the sleigh-bells, skimmed over the ice on skates, and gone to sleep watching the flicker from the fireplace making queer shapes upon the wall. Here we appreciate our favorite books and pictures as we never did before; and here the wonderful beauty of nature seems in harmony with every good thought and noble feeling that ever found expression in the world.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE legislature which has just commenced its session is not, at this writing, old enough to disclose its special qualities—if it has any special ones. Apparently, it is of the average caliber of those which have gone before; that is, the mass of the members are fair intentioned but moderately informed men, while here and there are a few really bright, leading minds. As to the rogues, there are undoubtedly enough of them, but perhaps not so many as have been heretofore crying aloud for the rights of the people.

This legislature has important work before it, some of which should have been disposed of by the body in session two years ago. At that time, as will be remembered, the debris bill consumed very nearly the entire session; and, moreover, excited such sharp animosities between different sections of the State, that no common agreement could be arrived at as to other needed laws. Two or three measures may be said to be pressing for settlement. One is a classification of the cities of the State, and the providing of charters for those smaller than San Francisco. The new Constitution enacts that this shall be done by general laws, and existing cities may adopt the proffered charter by a majority vote of its electors. It is probable that every municipality in the State needs a new fundamental law, or at least a remodeling and pruning of its old one.

Again: a general street law must be framed which shall be in harmony with the Constitution, and yet be practicable. It is quite generally feared, however, that no scheme can be devised which will stand the constitutional test, and at the same time be workable. The requirement that the expense of the improvement shall be levied, collected, and paid into the city treasury before the work shall be commenced, or any contract let, interposes an almost insuperable obstacle to an effective law upon the subject. How is it possible to know how much should be collected until contracts have been invited and opened? Human nature is so constituted that men dislike to pay for a thing which lies only in intention. In truth, it is no easy task to collect assessments for work already done; how much more difficult, then, if there is only an expectation that it will be done. The streets of our cities are rapidly going to destruction, but it is highly probable, before we can expect relief, that the present constitutional clause will have to be repealed, and a new and more reasonable one substituted.

There should also be legislation providing a uniform system of township governments; concerning the funding of county and municipial debts, the apportionment of the State into legislative districts, and other matters, to adjust ourselves to the new Constitution. The Germans will insist that the so-called Sunday law shall be abrogated, and the American Democrats will no doubt go with them so far as to render it inoffensive to the foreign element. It is even asserted that the Teutons will propose that a clause be added to the State Constitution prohibiting, in the future, all legislation concerning Sabbath or sumptuary laws. It is doubtful whether the American voters will agree to this, because it is evident that there is still a strong party in the State in favor of putting down by law the continued multiplication of whisky-shops.

One of the points most strongly made in San Francisco in favor of the new Constitution was its supposed inhibition of special legislation with reference to city affairs. Under the old *regime*, local self-government, beyond the election of local officers and the ordering the payment of bills, was practically transferred to Sacramento. Year by year, through laws which increased the number of boards

and officers, and which regulated the expenditure of the revenue, the field of local legislation and control was narrowed, until the board of supervisors was, in effect, pushed almost entirely outside of it.

It was supposed an adequate remedy for this perversion was supplied by the apparently rigid restrictions of the new Constitution. But our Supreme Court, in the case of Staude *v.* the Board of Election Commissioners, has opened the eyes of the people to the melancholy fact that all this bristling hedge about their municipal liberties has, after all, an opening in it, through which the enemy can pour to the assault of the citadel. The court, in deciding that what is known as the Hartson Act applies to San Francisco, held, in substance, that the city, by the terms of the fundamental law itself, is subject to and can be controlled by "*general laws.*"

It can be easily seen that, under the guise of "general" laws, any sort of a measure may be made applicable to San Francisco, because it is easy to make a statute general in its terms bear directly on that city. In this view, the people of the principal city are as much within the power of a hostile legislature as of old. Experience shows that there is always in our legislatures antagonism, more or less open, between the country and San Francisco. This feeling is adroitly acted upon by unscrupulous city members, so that the result often—in fact, generally—is the stripping the city of its most valued rights of self-government.

TWO paragraphs appeared recently in a San Francisco newspaper, which aptly illustrate the difference between a civilized and an uncivilized system of civil service. One announced that Mr. Lane Booker, after a service of a quarter of a century as British consul at the port of San Francisco, had, in consideration of his faithful services, been promoted to the post of consul-general at New York. The other stated that Mr. George Mitchell, for nearly a quarter of a century United States consul at Newcastle, New South Wales, had been removed without previous notice, and without any complaint or charges made against his efficiency or integrity. His sudden removal called forth from the foreign consul at Newcastle and the leading citizens of the place a letter expressing their surprise and regret. The supposed inner history of the removal adds to the disgracefulness of the act.

It appears that the Newcastle consulship is subordinate to that at Sydney, and the new consul at the latter port distinctly informed Mr. Mitchell—so the latter writes—that unless he, Mitchell, gave to him half of the fees he should collect, he would ask the authorities at Washington to vacate Mitchell's place. Mitchell refused, and in due time he was dismissed. Whether it be true or not that an assessment of half the fees was made, this case is a fair illustration of the barbarous methods prevailing in our civil service. The paper from which we quote adds that the case ought to be investigated, and the greedy consul at Sydney removed; but it should rather suggest that the system which makes it possible for a faithful officer to be arbitrarily dismissed in this manner is essentially vicious. Under all civilized governments except our own, twenty-five years of faithful service is a guaranty of permanency in office, and usually of promotion. With us, however, the longer a man is in office, the more irresistible becomes the politicians' argument that there should be rotation; that "the boys should have a chance." The Pendleton bill, which has just passed both houses of Congress, would not prevent such an abuse as this; but it is to be hoped that this excellent measure is the commencement of a reform which will finally embrace all branches of the civil service.

THIS does not seem to be a good year for memorial associations. People do not respond with the alacrity which the promoters expected, and the business seems to languish. The Garfield Memorial Association, whose object was to build something to perpetuate the memory of a murdered President, to which all Americans were expected to contribute, finds a lack of benevolent contributors and of earnest workers. Immediately following the death of the poet, there was formed in Boston the Longfellow Memorial Association, whose object was to cause some erection which should express the reverence and love of the people for the memory of him whose name it bears. The names of people best known in literature and taste were appended as directors. It was conjectured that the contributions in amounts from ten cents upward would be countless. The "Literary World" said that there were 10,000,000 children in the United States, and if one in twenty gave ten cents apiece that would make $50,000 to begin with. As a sum in arithmetic, the solution was correct; but as a problem in logic, the result shows that figures are given to deceiving. The last report is that there have been about $5,000 given thus far, and a large portion of that has been absorbed already in expenses.

Memorial associations are never likely to have great success. They are attempts to guide and control the impulses of people; and impulses are not to be guided so as to be methodical in expression, but they are simply to be taken advantage of. Such impulses come from enthusiasm, and all enthusiasm is temporary. Strike, if you will, while the iron is hot, for it never stays hot long. Enthusiasm over individuals comes from an abnormal condition of the mind. The judgment is soon restored, however, and it is then seen that there is no more reason for being enthusiastic on the present occasion than about other matters and persons, some of which are of more consequence in a rational view. If one must be enthusiastic over everything, there would not be enthusiasm enough to go around. When the shock of the death of a man eminent in politics is

fairly over, we see to what pledges people have half bound themselves; and it isnot strange if they conclude that, if it is a matter of duty to build a monument to the loss, then duty as much would compel monuments to other much greater men who have passed on long before, and they dislike to pay tribute first to the memory of the lesser. And it becomes apparent also, that, for the most part, people strive by monuments to make immortal those who have not really immortalized themselves. The place to lay the foundation for a perpetual memorial is in the mind of mankind. Monuments of stone and bronze crumble, but there is no sign of age or ruin in the perpetual blazon in the human mind of the names of Homer, and Plato, and Dante, and Shakspere, and Goethe. And monuments to perpetuate the memory of such as these are needless. When king Agesilaus was dying, he charged his friends that no fiction or counterfeit (so he called statues) should be made for him. "For if," said he, "I have done any honorable exploit, that is my monument; but if I have done none, all your statues will signify nothing."

It has been said that Mrs. Langtry may come here. If she does, we shall go in crowds to see her, and this, *malgré* the criticisms upon her "Rosalind," the dissent from her method of lacing, or the lack of ardent enthusiasm over her histrionic ability, that have been expressed and sent by mail and telegraph across the continent. The photographs that, bearing her name, were displayed in the shop windows of San Francisco a year before she essayed the experience of an actress, gave us a desire to see a lady of London society, who was courted by the heir of the throne of Great Britain, and the fame of whose beauty was not only national, but world-wide. Those of mortals who have any pre-eminent quality are so few, that every one of them easily gains our favor; and, the endowment of one heavenly favor being bestowed, we are silently grateful for that, and are not disappointed that more than one is not bestowed upon any. An old Latin writer said that "a handsome face is a silent recommendation." It is so rare a gift that every one returns its smile with an eternal friendship. If Mrs. Langtry adopted the stage as her only method of rebuilding fallen fortunes, and had no considerable ability to aid her, the gift that made her famous did not need to be supplemented by other great gifts to insure her the accomplishment of the task she set herself. Had she histrionic genius, she would not need great personal comeliness to win success. Having more than usual beauty, with good intelligence, much natural sweetness, amiability, grace, simplicity, urbanity, and the *savoir-faire* of society, she does not need genius nor even great ability to achieve success. It is an almost universal fact in nature, that the two great endowments of beauty and genius do not go coupled in one. Those who remember the face of the greatest American actress, Charlotte Cushman, did not feel it to be any reproach to her, nor did it apparently detract from her success, that beauty and she were never thought of together. Those who considered themselves critics, *par excellence*, always insisted that Adelaide Neilson was no actress. It does not seem to us of much importance to what quality we attribute the favor that one wins, after it is found that the favor in large degree is won.

A penny is a wonderful instrument of delight to a child at the East. With it he can buy an apple, a pear or peach, a piece of gingerbread, or a stick of candy as large as he ought to eat. It is a coin of so small value that the humblest laborer can afford and does not begrudge to give it to his youngster as a frequent reward of good behavior, or to spend as a sauce to his bread-and-butter lunch at school. Tens of thousands of little hearts are there daily made happy by this insignificant token. If for a single day it were to go out of circulation, barrels of tears would be shed, and the fruit of the old woman's apple-stand on the street corner would go to decay. Here in California we have scorned to take any interest in so humble a coin. In the early flush days of large wages and large profits we thought a quarter of a dollar quite small enough to be of practical value. We had no children here then, and no poor people. After a while we were less proud and more economical, and found that a dime was not to be despised. The introduction of the half-dime was a struggle. The people who had to work and to pay as they go wanted it, but the shop keepers denounced it as a contemptible currency, and tried to keep it in disfavor, and out of use. It came along, nevertheless, and has proved of infinite service and economy. But now we have laboring poor to whom five cents is an object of consideration, and not to be wasted. We have, also, thousands of children who have the same desires as children elsewhere: when they pass the gorgeous piles of fruit seen on every street, or the toothsome sugar-plums that look so sweet behind the plate-glass window, they grow sad instead of joyous, knowing that the only coin which can procure the tempting luxury is not to be got except on holidays. What matter that one can buy three or four apples, or three or four sticks of candy for five cents. The little one has no five cents; besides, one apple or candy is all it wants. Fruit is cheap at wholesale, and all through the season could be retailed with good profit at a penny apiece. Let us have the copper coins, and make the children happy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

John Randolph.[1]

John Randolph, of Roanoke, was a peculiar compound of vanity, political shrewdness, eloquence, brutality, and at last of insanity. He was one of the eccentrics of American politics. He always interests us, because he was original. He cannot be called a genius; he was rather a man of marked, irregular, unbalanced talents. His desultory education and his early surroundings gave a twist to his exceptional character, which kept it always awry, out of joint with the times in which he lived. He was an exaggerated type of the Virginia plantation-bred gentleman and politician.

The latest addition to the American Statesmen Series, by Henry Adams, treats of this remarkable man. The work is somewhat disappointing; it is hardly up to the standard of those which have gone before. We take it that the author is a grandson of John Quincy Adams. If we are correct in this surmise, we can understand why it is that there runs through the book a certain ill-concealed disdain for its hero. It is hardly to be expected that an Adams should feel enthusiasm for a man who characterized the political friendship of his ancestor with Henry Clay as a "coalition of Blifil and Black George—a combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan with the blackleg." There is a lack of distinctness and definiteness in the treatment. The writer attempts to be too much above his subject.

As we have suggested in noticing the previous issues of the series, it is evidently not intended that each of these compact treatises shall be a detailed account of the life of the man who is its subject. The attempt is rather through the lives of certain representative men to present the different phases of our past political life, so that the general reader may receive a vivid impression of the making of the nation. In this view, this work lacks the breadth of treatment necessary to put the reader in possession of the true relation of Randolph and the ideas he represented with our political history between 1800 and the Civil War. The author, however, does bring out, though not with sufficient emphasis, the influence of Randolph in impressing upon the South the necessity of organizing in the interest of slavery. His bitter enmity against Henry Clay arose in part out of his perception of the fact that the great Kentuckian had divided the South upon this all-important slavery issue.

Randolph, however, will be best remembered as the spoiled child of Virginia. His vanity developed into arrogance, his sarcasm into vituperation. His fecundity in invective was inexhaustible. At last, however, his readiness in debate, with its frequent flashes of eloquence, degenerated into twaddle. Our author, speaking of him while in the Senate, says:

"Not once or twice only, but day after day, especially during his short senatorial term, he would take the floor, and leaning or lolling against the railing, which in the old Senate chamber surrounded the outer row of desks, he would talk two or three hours at a time, with no perceptible reference to the business in hand; while Mr. Calhoun sat like a statue in the Vice-President's chair, until the Senators one by one retired, leaving the Senate to adjourn without a quorum—a thing till then unknown to its courteous habits; and the gallery looked down with titters or open laughter at this exhibition of a half-insane, half-intoxicated man, talking a dreary monologue, broken at long intervals by passages beautiful in their construction, direct in their purpose, and not the less amusing from their occasional virulence."

[1] John Randolph. By Henry Adams. American Statesmen Series. Boston: Houghton, Miffiin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co., San Francisco.

Browning's Agamemnon.[2]

As Browning grows older he becomes increasingly the despair of his readers—of the multitude because they cannot understand him, and of the few who follow but cannot reach him. The present volume emphasizes his peculiar strength and his demurrable points. The man who when he writes objectively is a prince of seers, who many years ago crowned the threnodies with the simplicity and fine passion of Evelyn Hope, and who now sings again so exquisitely in Pauline the realism of life turning up to death, can never be mistaken for one less than a hierarch in verse. What a picture is this!—

"Thou wilt remember one warm morn, when winter
Crept aged from the earth, and spring's first breath
Blew soft from the moist hills; the black thorn boughs,
So dark in the bare wood, when glistening
In the sunshine were white with coming buds,
Like the bright side of a sorrow, and the banks
Had violets opening from sleep, like eyes."

Could Browning content himself with the high simplicity in which he sometimes ranges, no man would ever challenge him with complaint. But he will not. He delights to do that almost impossible thing which, perhaps, no man has done absolutely well—versify theological argument and metaphysic

[2] Agamemnon, La Saisiaz, and Dramatic Idyls. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Sold in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

speculation. La Saisiaz is a notable instance. When the reader travels through its elevated thought, and sees how much is thrown out in undue relief or cast into undue shade by following the rhythmic necessities, he is disposed to echo Browning himself, where he exclaims, in the "Two Poets of Croisic":

> "Have people time
> And patience nowadays for thoughts in rhyme?"

But his sin of sins is his obscureness. Much more can be said on both sides of this than shall be written here. But doubtless he is as provoking to the general reader in one way as he is to the rare reader in another. It is not, however, as is often charged, because he is esoteric in his phrase. We find no double or cryptic meanings there. We do find what causes the mistake. The thought is not in flow: it is a collection of dislocations. The opposites are thrown together without being intershaded into apposites. There is a jerkiness in the style, like the steps of one who leaves the highway and walks over lumpy ground. But the ground may be natural, for all that. A closer study of Browning compels one to dismiss all suspicion that his abrupt and discreet interjection of thought-processes is affected. This poet—a maker—is not so poor as that. Then comes the suggestion of the possibility that this is Browning's native movement of mind, which he has not chosen to make artistic. Or rather, that he prefers to write down what comes, and as it comes, in the natural order of creative thought. Let one so experiment upon himself without staying the pen to connect and weld smoothly his mental sequences, and he will find himself another and poorer Browning. Only it will not be obscure to him, simply because every step or leap of thought, seemingly independent, is really not so to him whose mind is conscious of the connections, unformulated into words and invisible to others. To them he must be obscure: to himself he is a point of irradiation. Possibly Browning hints at this in the closing lines of a Dramatic Idyl:

> "I have—O, not sung! but lilted (as—between us—
> Grows my lazy custom) this, its legend. What the lilt?"

So we seem to have, as to order, the moral movements of his mind. Doubtless he fines his words and polishes his phrases in after-elaboration; but he seems to refuse, as if it would be unnatural, to reform and connect the outcoming of his thought. He may well do this, if he cares only to pursue himself, or present their brother to his kindred; but he may not so well do it for those who cannot follow his leaps and would rather walk on smoothed ground. He is not unnatural, if he only prefers not to modify his natural motion in creating. He is not impossible, when he only declines to mark the connection between what are to him possibilities. This may be, though we do not think it is, the highest wave-reach in nature. Certainly it is not the highest result in art.

Bancroft's History of the Pacific States.[1]

This is the first of a series of volumes in which it is proposed to treat of the settlements and later vicissitudes of the Europeans and their descendants on the Pacific coast of North America. It is, moreover, the first contribution that has been made under the name of Mr. Bancroft to American history, as distinguished from American archæology. The history of this western region begins properly with the advent of the Europeans, since it was then brought under the influence of the progressive nations of the world, with which alone history, in its narrower sense, concerns itself.

The writing of history is a work so eminently judicial in its character, that a knowledge of the data involved is only one of the essentials of a trustworthy decision. In the preface of the work under review it is said, "We hear much of the philosophy of history, of the science and signification of history; but there is only one way to write anything, which is, to tell the truth, plainly and concisely." Nobody disputes this proposition, but the old question of debate still remains. By what means may the truth be reached and clearly communicated? The facts may all be told, and yet the truth we seek not appear. The statement that the writer "should lay aside for the time his own religion and patriotism," in order "to recognize the influence and weigh the value of the religion and patriotism of others," can hardly be regarded a wise suggestion as to the attitude to be assumed by the historian: for it would seem to be self-evident that the historian should retain whatever sentiments are essential to a complete and well-balanced mind; and it is scarcely possible for a writer to lay aside so fundamental a part of his mental being as his religion and patriotism without disturbing the balance of his judgments. Judgments rendered from newly assumed positions, even though it is claimed the position is neutral, are notoriously unjust. The rejected party or doctrine is likely to be dealt with unfairly from the new point of view. Something of this bias manifests itself in the general introduction included in the present volume, in which the familiar story of Spanish fanaticism and cruelty is retold. It is impossible not to feel, with the writer, in this case, a burning indignation at the outrages perpetrated by the Spanish invaders; but at the same time, the sober historian should not forget that the barbarities of the Spaniards were the temporarily distorted manifestations of the two forces that have been most powerful in making our civilization: the desire of pecuniary gain, and the desire of spreading Christianity. He should also remember that through the influence of the Spaniards the aboriginal inhabitants were set free from the dominion of ideas and practices—such, for example, as human sacrifices, with their attendant horrors, under

[1] History of the Pacific States of North America. Vol. I. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1882.

which an advance to a higher grade of social life was impossible.

The writer's conception of government is of great consequence, and must form an important factor in determining his views of "the institutionary development" of the States under consideration. Conceiving of government as "the eternal curse" (p. 338), his point of view is not the most favorable for seeing in its true light the growth of institutions, and for interweaving the history of that growth with the general progress of events. On this point, thoughtful men seem disposed to accept the views of Aristotle, that "man is by nature a political being," and that government is the outgrowth of his nature and the necessary condition of his existence; rather than the view of Nordhoff, that "governments may be said to be necessary evils, their necessity arising out of the selfishness and stupidity of mankind."

Besides the "glance at European society, particularly Spanish civilization at about the close of the fifteenth century," and a description of the early Spanish voyages, together with their bibliography, the present volume covers the events of discovery and colonization in Central America between the years 1501 and 1530. Of the account given of these expeditions and settlements, it will be time to speak when the narrative shall have been extended in later volumes. A word, however, regarding the style may be ventured on the basis of the volume before us. Turning from a careful reading of Bancroft's "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States," one is not in a frame of mind to speak favorably of the literary execution of the "History of the Pacific States." The former work has been pruned by a scholar, until every word has its place, and the whole is strong in its simplicity; the latter is not without passages of genuine excellence, but much of it is crude and verbose.

Yet in spite of certain imperfections of the present volume, an equally successful execution of the whole scheme will entitle Mr. Bancroft to the distinction of a public benefactor. Though his work may not be the last word on the subject, it will be a stimulus and guide to future scholars, especially if the sources from which it is drawn shall have become the valuable possession of one of our great public institutions.

The Early Days of Christianity.[1]

Give a first-rate author twelve years in which to make a book, and the result will inevitably be a good one. This good book of Farrar's is really the third of a series on the New Testament. In 1870 the author began to arrange for publication the result of those critical studies of the New Testament, which he had pursued in fulfillment of his ordination vow—"to show diligence in such studies as help to the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures." The first of the series, "The Life of Christ" (1874), was intended mainly as a commentary on the Gospels. The second, "The Life of St. Paul" (1879), deals with the purpose, peculiarities, and details of the Pauline epistles. The third, the present volume (1882), is, says the author, "an attempt to set forth, in their distinctive characteristics, the work and the writings of St. Peter, St. James, St. Jude, St. John, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. If my effort has been in any degree successful, the reader should carry away from these pages some conceptions of the varieties of religious thought which prevailed in the schools of Jerusalem and of Alexandria, and also of those phases of theology which are represented by the writings of the two greatest of the twelve Apostles." The work is divided into five books. The various books treat of the following subjects: The Conditions of the World before the Christian Era; St. Peter and the Church Catholic; Apollos, Alexandrian Christianity, and the Epistle of the Hebrews; Judaic Christianity; and the Earlier Life and Works of St. John, including the Apocalypse. The plan of the author is to paint against the black background of pagan corruption the illuminated figures of the Apostles and early Christians. The first book is all gloom, but the line of light begins at the first sentence of the second book—"When we turn from the annals of the world at this epoch (first century) to the annals of the church, we pass at once from an atmosphere heavy with misery and corruption into pure and pellucid air." He then goes on to paint the portraits of the men, and to detail the peculiarities of religious thought and life, in that foreground of pure and pellucid air. The whole is a picture worthy the close study of every man who seeks to know more of that part of religious history and of the word of God here treated.

[1] The Early Days of Christianity. By Canon Farrar. New York: Cassel, Petter, Galpin & Co. For sale by Bancroft. Price, $2.

How to Succeed.[2]

Young men do not often fail in life from the lack of good advice, nor because they do not know, when they stop to consider the matter seriously, what they must do to attain success; and yet such a book as the one under consideration may not be entirely useless. It may come into the hands of some usually thoughtless youth, and make him think; it may warn some usually thoughtful youth of some unnoticed pitfall. Considering this, we are content to pronounce no severer judgment on this collection of letters—written by men of more or less eminence in their several vocations, written evidently as the result of earnest solicitation on the part of the editor, and therefore

[2] How to Succeed: In public life, as a minister, as a physician, as a musician, as an engineer, as an artist; in mercantile life, as a farmer, as an inventor, and in literature: A series of essays by Senators Bayard and Edmunds, Dr. John Hall, William Hamilton Gibson, Thomas Edison, E. P. Roe, Lyman Abbott, and others. Edited by the Rev. Lyman Abbott. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

without spontaneity, and without enthusiasm—than is contained in the following excerpt from Senator Bayard's letter, when called upon to testify whether a man can succeed in American political life and still maintain a good character (*O tempora, O mores*):

"My delay has been caused not merely by abundant and pressing duties, but from a distrust in the efficacy and value of such didactic essays in relation to a subject so difficult of definition, and in which action and example must speak so much louder than words, and in relation to which it is so much more easy to lay down doctrines than to adjust their application to the affairs of daily life."

Recent Books of Verse.

Starflowers[1] is a collection of very fair second-rate verses: second-rate in every respect, literary, social, and intellectual. They are pleasant exponents of that gentle middle-class life that is, after all, a good element in society; full of honest sentimentality, family affection, intimate friendships, religious devotion—all on the same middle-class plane. In this little collection there is, in addition, genuine feeling for nature, visible through the somewhat opaque medium of second-rate verse; Bible stories pleasantly told with something of the ballad spirit; there are many poems of compliment, congratulation, and condolence, written to personal friends on the occasion of birthday, loss of children, and the like; and there is a good deal touching upon the commoner phases of spiritual religious experience. The critic need have no quarrel with such books as this, any more than with the chromos, destitute of art, and full of simple, humane sentimentality that make happy the Philistine heart.——*Songs of Lake Geneva, and Other Poems*,[2] by John Brayshaw Kaye, has about it a certain frank, whole-souled unpretentiousness that makes the critic good natured toward even two hundred pages of very mediocre verse, not free from weaknesses of versification and grammar. There are spirit and feeling in the verses, and one feels sure that the author took a great deal of pleasure in writing them; the thoroughly uncritical will take pleasure in reading them.——Of much higher quality is a smaller volume, *The Hill of Stones*,[3] which contains graceful and intelligent verse; some of the poems have a good deal of lyric spirit, and suggest good ballad writing; others, especially the brief ones, are picturesquely descriptive; but there is nothing in the whole collection that touches the higher regions of poetry, and nothing of much originality.——Better yet is *Monte Rosa*,[4] which is readable, in spite of being a hundred and fifty pages of almost purely descriptive and reflective blank verse—and that is saying a good deal for its excellence of workmanship. The whole "epic" (unaccountably so-called) is devoted to the region about Monte Rosa. The only narration in it is an account of the ascent and descent of the peak. The verse is thoughtful and well handled, and has passages of so much poetic beauty as to suggest that by ruthless condensation and elision the rather long-drawn and dilute poem might have been made something really important. The section devoted to "The Glacier" is quite the best of the ten.

[1] Starflowers. By Urania Locke Bailey. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. 1882.

[2] Songs of Lake Geneva, and Other Poems. By John Brayshaw Kaye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[3] The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Some Recent Novels.

A Transplanted Rose[5] is the story of a young woman of the West who enters the most exclusive New York society, eating with her knife, and the like; and who emerges in a few years as a finished model of grace, and the bride of an English nobleman. The plot includes a murder, an abduction, an elopement, and more of the same sort. The book, however, is not as bad as one would expect, and manages to be somewhat entertaining.——Mr. Morrow's new novel, *Blood-Money*,[6] deals with the Mussel Slough affair, and is a very bitter indictment of the railroad company. Regarded as a novel with a purpose, it overshoots its mark, by making out a case too bad to win credence; from a literary point of view, it is not equal to the author's average.——Harlan & Co.'s Kaaterskill Series, which opened so well with a "A Fair Philosopher," now goes on with *The Modern Hagar*,[7] a curious, two-volume medley of sensational incident, and of really interesting study of southern points of view and political history before the war. With much sharp defining of persons by superficial traits, there is no study of character; and in this, as well as in the moral tone of a Sabbath-school book, joined to the wild romance in incident of a dime-novel, is illustrated the old-fashioned quality of the southern mind and literary taste, even when much northernized.——*The Benefit of the Doubt*,[8] is a pointless novelette, pleasantly enough written, but for the silly vulgarity of the young woman whom the author poses as a charming specimen of the unconventional, piquant belle.

[4] Monte Rosa. The Epic of an Alp. By Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[5] A Transplanted Rose. A Story of New York Society. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[6] Blood-Money. By W. C. Morrow. San Francisco: F. J. Walker & Co. 1882.

[7] The Modern Hagar. By Charles M. Clay. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[8] The Benefit of the Doubt. By Mary Clare Spenser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Juveniles.

Mrs. Lillie, the clever author of "Prudence," appears now in a little collection of three or four stories for girls[1]—pleasant and easy reading, but about as devoid of originality as stories well could be.——Four ornate books[2] that, while certainly not among the best, do not count among the worst of the holiday juveniles, are *Po-peep*, *Papa's Little Daughters*, *Fred Bradford's Debt*, and *Little Folks*. The four are from the same publisher, and many of the pictures are made to do varied service in all four.——*The Building of the Nation*[3] follows upon Carleton's "Boys of '76," and brings the history of the United States down to the Civil War. It is profusely illustrated, and pleasant reading for an intelligent boy or girl. The nominal intention of the book is to expound the constitutional, social, and industrial growth of the nation; but, in fact, the details of the wars occupy space disproportionate to the rest. As to the constitutional questions involved in his subject, Mr. Carleton is superficial, but, in the main and in a rough way, fair enough. His standpoint is intensely northern, of course.——The sixth volume of George M. Towle's "Young Folks' Heroes of History," *Voyages and Adventures of Drake the Sea-King*,[4] is as entertaining a recital as any boy need want, and will probably be to Californian boys more interesting than any of the preceding volumes, on account of the visit of Drake to this coast.——Mary D. Brine has both written and illustrated one of the most delightful holiday books[5] for children that has appeared this year. From cover to cover it is filled with the charming children's fancies that have served to make her name familiar, and the rhymes are of no mean merit. It is doubtful, however, whether the children will find the black and white of the engravings as attractive as the brilliant prints of Beard's "*Boots at the Holy-Tree Inn*.[6] Nothing need be said further in favor of this well-known story. It speaks for itself, and probably no child will dissent from this opinion.

[1] Mildred's Bargain, and Other Stories. By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Po-peep. Papa's Little Daughters. Fred Bradford's Debt. Little Folks. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] The Building of the Nation. By Charles Carleton Coffin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[4] Voyages and Adventures of Drake, the Sea-King. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

[5] Christmas Rhymes and New-Year Chimes. By Mary D. Brine. New York: George W. Harlan & Co. 1883. San Francisco: Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[6] Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn. By J. C. Beard. New York: Cassell, Petters & Galpin. 1883. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Miscellaneous.

Everything in Dr. Williams's *Eras and Characters of History*[7] is polished, compact, and vigorous. Some of the passages—where Paul and Nero are contrasted; where the Emperor Titus and the Apostle John are compared; where the deeds and characters of Knox, Calvin, and Luther are described—are heroic and magnificent. The work is keen in analysis of character and searching in diction; it is the clean *philosophy* of history, tracing the causes and results of events and character. The subjects of the twelve chapters are as follows: Nero and Paul; The Emperor Titus and the Apostle John; Monasticism; Augustine and Chrysostom; Buddhism; Wyckliffe, Savonarola, and Huss; Mahometanism; The Crusades; Luther and his Times; John Calvin; John Knox; The Puritan and the Mystic.——No. V. of G. P. Putnam's "Science Ladders" series is *Lowest Forms of Water-Animals*.[8] With judicious teaching, the series can be made of much use in the lower grammar schools.——*The American Government Founded in the Christian Religion*[9] is a treatise based on an address delivered by Chief Justice Shea of the Marine Court of the city of New York, on the occasion of his appointment as trustee of the general Theological Seminary of New York in place of the deceased Samuel B. Ruggles. As the title indicates, its object is to show that the plan of our government is based on Christianity.——*The Problem of the Poor*[10] would call for more than passing notice, both because of the tremendous importance of the subject and the general good sense of the author's positions, were not the whole problem in so different a condition on this coast that it receives little light from New York studies.——A new edition of the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*[11] becomes specially interesting by the addition of a new preface and notes by the author.——The illustrated poems published from year to year as holiday books by Lee & Shepard are this year issued in adorned card-covers, and sold in a set, under the name of *The Golden Floral*.[12] In this form they will be very much more appropriate and desirable than before to a large class of holiday demand. The eight poems are "Rock of Ages," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "The Landing of the

[7] Eras and Characters in History. By William R. Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[8] Science Ladders, No. V. Lowest Forms of Water Animals. By N. D'Anvers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

[9] The Nature and Form of the American Government Founded in the Christian Religion. By the Honorable George Shea. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

[10] The Problem of the Poor. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[11] The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[12] The Golden Floral. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

Pilgrims," "Ring Out, Wild Bells," "He giveth his Beloved Sleep," "Home, Sweet Home," "O why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," and "Abide with Me."——*The House that Jill Built*[1] is a rather successful attempt to give advice on planning and arranging a house. This is done both by pointing out failures in Jack's house, and by suggesting ideas for Jill's. On the whole, entertaining and useful to any one who wants to build, and has a $10,000 check among her wedding presents.——Lydia Maria Child's letters[2] form another very interesting contribution to the biographical material that is accumulating toward a complete understanding of the anti-slavery period in New England. Though the book is not without interest as the story of an exceptional woman's life, the greatest for most readers will be in her relation to natural history.

EAST AND WEST.

A MAY sun was shining over San Francisco the December day we left, and the city was looking lovely in the spring-like light. How is it that no one has yet done full justice to the beauty of San Francisco scenery, or the suave charm of the California winter? Lay aside your ideas of the seasons, eastern reader: imagine December's front with the blandness of on-coming spring, the foot-hills and Coast Range taking on the tenderest green, the north-west trade-winds that cooled the summer laid to rest, and the balmiest sunshine bringing out the tall heliotropes and Marshal Neil roses; while blue hyacinth shadows hover in the clefts of the hills with the delicacy of early spring-time. It is pleasant to sit on the south piazza all day till the sun goes in; the plumbago vine and jasmine which hang in masses over garden walls and trellis are breaking into fresh bloom; the laburnum is golden, the Forsythia hangs out its fringes, the acacias their great canary-colored tassels; the huge magnolia tree in the garden, one of the finest in San Francisco, has a score of swelling buds to open by Christmas, and for farewell token friends bring the first huge blossom, cut from the top of the tree—a flower which is a very lamp for its whiteness, a vase of odor filling the whole car with its myrrh-like sweetness. From the old Luning garden, the millionaire's home, clinging to the slope of Nob Hill, under the lee of the Stanford mansion and terraces, one takes a last look at the scene which the season has made dear; the broad, light streets falling away from the heights of California Street, filling the broad Mission Valley, where the blue haze softens the view exquisitely, and losing themselves up the steep flanks of the Coast Hills beyond. The bay runs southward miles like a huge river, guarded on the other side by tawny sierras with intense violet shadows. North, Mount Tamalpais and his peers—bald, rugged, imperious—watch the strait between the forts, where the golden mists roll in at evening, shapeless, gleaming, gorgeous as when they hid the bay from the eyes of Drake and Vizcaino, sailing in search of harbor nearly three hundred years ago. How will it seem to lift one's eyes without meeting a sierra, a grand water-way, or sun-swept valley at every turn, I have wondered to myself over and over this year, during which such large, bright pictures have been framed continually before me. To the last, one cannot be rid of a sense of alien beauty and brilliance about the city. The light streets, and pale square-topped houses swarming over steep hills in a desert setting, have a southern, semi-tropic air; and the public buildings in view are striking in their copy of foreign models. The synagogue, with its twin bulb-shaped towers, is purely oriental, as if it rose from the soil of Ispahan; the city hall, with its rotundas, colonnades, and triple porches, has a size and dignity which renders red brick and pale brown-stone classic. Still unfinished, with its arcades in perspective, and the *debris* of building about it, by moonlight it makes a very pretty Roman ruin, worth a visit from sight-seeing tourists. The long, blank walls of St. Ignatius, probably the most extensive church in the country, are continental and conventual as a Spanish cloister. San Francisco has been fortunate in her public buildings, which are at least imposing in size and consistent in style—a fact, doubtless, largely due the taste of her foreign citizens: observing the Californian distinction which classes population as "old settlers, people from the States, foreigners, and Irish." A friend who has lived long abroad never wearies of comparing the views of San Francisco with those of Naples, as one looks over the lower city and shipping into the bay, with its clinging blue gauzes of haze, and crests of volcanic red-brown, "hills soft and far, just to look off to and to dream."

"My favorite amusement all season has been," writes a summer sojourner in the city, "riding on

[1] The House that Jill Built, after Jack's had Proved a Failure. A Book on Home Architecture, with illustrations. By E. C. Gardner. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulburt. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Letters of L. Maria Child. With a biographical introduction by John G. Whittier, and an appendix by Wendell Phillips. Honghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

the cable road, in the open cars, drawn up and down the endless series of hills by unseen power. After a hard day's work with dictionaries and old histories, it was a luxury to take the front seat on one of the neat, well-managed cars—a seat that just holds two persons—and start off in the smoothest, easiest motion, sweeping up the long ascents with the sunshine full on one, the pure, delightful rush of Pacific air in one's face, and the great, glowing views, to right, to left, before one, changing at every slope—here the millionaire mansions and terraces of velvet turf, like hanging gardens; next the sight of the Golden Gate, the blue water, the forts, and Alcatraz; the other side the deep, bright valley surging against the Coast Hills, alive with the wreathing sorcery of the Pacific mists, a Niebelungen lay of sun and shadow—till the quiet heights of the cemeteries were reached, kept by white tombs and Monterey cypresses. Beyond Lone Mountain lies Golden Gate Park, the city pleasure ground, fit pride of a wealthy and luxurious city as it was intended to be, where tropic palms and agaves and Australian acacias look on rugged fells and tors, and you pass in an hour from most luxurious and perfect gardening to lonely, lovely recesses of Scottish pine and bloom and heather, wild as a ducal game preserve. The park was my study many a day in the long summer, when dictionary and translations were transplanted there early in the morning, and the work done on the dry turf in the mild sunshine, beguiled with blissful wafts of cypress, bay, and the wild aromatics of the coast. Did one ever work in such elysium before? Coming home at nightfall, the ride was a reverse of morning scenes, descending one high terrace after another swiftly; with views down the great valley, blushing and moon-silvered; the eastern hills purple to blackness, filleted with mist white as wool; the harbor at one's feet full of strange gleams and shadows. Why do artists complain of the lack of color in Californian views, which are full of the most subtle and captivating atmospheric changes, that challenge the most susceptible art to reflect them?"

Mr. Harry Sandham's pictures of southern California—and indeed most illustrations of the Californian articles in the magazines this year—are open to the criticism of looking like anything else as much as the scenery they are intended to represent. The picture of Santa Barbara Mission, in the exhibition just spoken of, would have passed as well for a cloister in Catalonia or Judea. There was no verity which would recall Santa Barbara, and nothing else, though you saw a hazy likeness when the name was found in the catalogue. The Colorado Cactus Desert is not much better, with its caked golden sand, harsh green pillars of the pitahaya, and lilac-purple mountains in the background. I speak not from any wish to disparage the artist, but from desire to see the intense, strange beauty of the desert and the south fitly portrayed. The soil dun-gold, not golden, tawny without gleams; the herbage, dull to the common eye, interwoven of olive, metallic, and tea-green, flecked with light emerald as you look close; the fluted columns of the giant cactus relieving the low tones about it with fine, soft turquoise green; the subtle changes of air, which is ether on mountains which vary in color as if they were amethysts in more than color;—this is what artists have to paint in the bare desert; what Gerome would find, or Regnault, or Fortüny. The mountains glow as if translucent; the air is a luster; the vegetation dull in effect, woven of vivid, delicate hues. Could an artist have seen the cactus desert as we saw it in Arizona, the pale green pillars tipped with flowers of flame, the blood-red sunset dyeing all the wastes, he would have gone no farther after a subject for a great picture. But to paint Californian or south-west scenery, one must know how to paint atmosphere—the transparent folds of indigo, amethyst, hyacinth, mauve, which change upon the hills; to give the sharp clearness of the desert morning, the wavering afternoon light, the palpable air of summer, whose haze actually takes shape between the eye and the roadside, and softens the view of the nearest object; Sicilian hazes, or Mediterranean ones, such as Hamon paints in his villa at Capri, which ordinary spectators pronounce unreal, but which hang over the Pacific coast like the air of dreams.

With fewer great pictures in the exhibitions yearly, we may console ourselves that there are fewer bad ones, which shows that the artistic sense is being educated to a better standard. Impressionist pictures are conspicuous chiefly by their absence; the school of smudge, after long contemplation of their own work, fleeing to form and finish as a relief from the distraction of their pigmentary creed. Paintings yet appear which can be comprehended only from one point of view, in cases of which kind it would be thoughtful for picture committees to blacken the exact spot on the floor in front of each, from which it should be seen. But there is nothing quite as bad as the exhibitions of a New York society three or four winters ago, which imagined itself at the root of art, whose members only attempted to paint things as they saw them, and give the value of Nature's tones in a style of animated thumb-marks—from which, or its like, may the future deliver us. Even the taste for black and white oils is satisfied with the indulgence of a few seasons, and decides that an exhibition in black and white is the better for the admission of some color. The artistic world is divided by as many caprices as English floral amateurs, with their picotee growers, and bouvardia growers, pelargonium societies, primrose societies, lily, aster, zonale, and hydrangea societies, each devoted to its favorite cult, as if it were the only flower in nature. So with a little more art culture we will have our monochrome and pastel clubs, as well as the black

and white clubs and etching clubs, Kate Greenaway Walter Crane, Angelica Kaufmann, and Reynolds sketching clubs; possibly, also, classes for that interesting branch of art etched by our grandmothers with a cambric needle on smoked glass, or imprinted on spiders' webs. A Hot Poker Club might be expected to produce work of a certain force and warmth. Yet every way is something learned of art, even through failure and disgust. A healthy eye corrects its own misreading in time, and there is no better test of a bad idea than giving it its run, and letting people find out how tiresome it becomes. The public is tired of impression pictures, of black and white exhibitions, and it soon will be of wooly wood-engravings that look like lithographs, and the general smeary illustration favored in magazines of the day.

In union there is strength, as some of us may have heard; and artists in association are finding it pleasant for gentlemen of like tastes to work together, and also find themselves better able to make terms with the picture dealer, or to reach the public without him. The number of small, friendly clubs and associations forming in art is a good sign for the quality of pictures to come, and for the future interests of artists. In a very unpretending way, a coterie of artists in Boston this winter gave an exhibition of pictures containing as many good ones for its size as any to which our readers are likely to be invited for some time. Literally under the roof of a narrow business building, up five flights of stairs, where careless or uninterested foot will hardly come, in rooms little better than a loft, the Paint and Clay Club has its red-lined den. Walls painted Venetian red, probably the artists themselves taking hand in the job, a colossal mask and trophy in red clay at either end of the room, are the limits of decoration, save the ninety odd pictures, nearly all of which show the artistic instinct for a subject and conscientious work. The memorable picture is Mr. W. F. Halsall's "Drifting," a windy green sea lying in heaps, a sky just breaking into watery light, and a vessel, with stumps for masts, lying on her side helplessly in the offing. Seldom does a picture so simply and legitimately tell its story, or appeal so successfully to the imagination. The vague, luminous green of the billows, their weight and rush against the brave, beaten thing that lies at their mercy, not a human figure visible, the sunlight sifting out of a sky growing placid after hard storm, are painted as sky, dim cloud, and waves seldom are, and convey the full sense of the tragic, inexorable loneliness of the sea. Next in good and literal painting is a study of "Beeches and Maples," tall, bare, and slender, against a leaf-strewn bank, with the late sunshine striking across their boles. Such an effect one would delight to meet in autumn walks, and is glad to see as clearly, simply painted as Mr. Marcus Waterman has done it. Mr. Selinger has tried to convey the splendor of "The Comet," in an odd, forcible, and very successful way, on a panel highly polished as a glazed tile; the view taken above the horizon of sky, shaded from depth to depth of midnight blue, powdered with moon and stars, and the flaming aigrette of the comet throwing the heavens into gloom behind it. This is the work of a true impressionist, who can not only make memoranda of the likeness of things on canvas, but will make others see it, too, even at cost of such study and finish as are found on this fine canvas. Now comes our quarrel with the artists, in the little scenes from Winchester, a picturesque village ten miles out of Boston, which caught the eye of no less an artist than Mr. Foxcroft Cole. Now I know Winchester, and have wished over and again some artist would sketch the lovely reaches of its rivers flowing through the town, here under garden trellises, and there under festoons of wild grapevine, in the soft, bright tints of June. But Mr. Cole has seen in it a bit of English scenery, and has so composed and toned it to suit his ideal from Birket Foster, that it is no longer Winchester, or true to nature at all. Those grays and cold greens might be Holland or Normandy or Warwickshire, but not the tender, susceptible tintings of our sweet summer. Just so some artists never see the beauty of things as they are, but only the possibilities of some model in their minds. For the readiest example, take an artist who frequently drew horses in illustrations for "Scribner," and never was satisfied unless he could transform the New York cab-horse into an angular, high-shouldered beast from one of Schreyer's Arab scenes. You can verify the comparison, if you like, by turning over back numbers of the magazines.

It is gratifying to see literary men, who as a class are credited with even less business talent than artists, moved by any consideration to join interests as a profession. Writers have hardly outgrown the "clerkly" stigma put upon them in feudal ages. And it is a pitiful fact, known to all who see anything of the inside of literary work, that the traditions of Grub Street are not extinct in the trade of to-day. The Authors' Club of New York, started last November, numbers on its list of founders men of such literary and social standing as Thorndike Rice, editor of the "North American Review," E. C. Stedman, Richard Grant White, Vincenzo Botta, George William Curtis, S. S. Conant, Noah Brooks, Clarence King, Parke Godwin, E. L. Godkin, and a score more of well-known and creditable names. The object, as stated, is to bring together the best literary men of New York and other cities in friendly interest; to give authorship something of the dignity and protection due, considering its place and influence in society. This is a great move in advance for the literary guild, if it carries the impulse which founded it to its legitimate end. The Authors' Club will pardon us for saying that the very first thing it needs to do, before attending to international copy-

right even, is to put authorship on the same business footing as any other trade. As things are, its results, which are considered the most valuable productions of humanity, certainly the costliest, as spending vitality in its very essence to produce, have no more certain rate than goods at sheriff's auction. They are considered worth what any one chooses to pay. In the majority of cases in American literature to-day, the author receives less for his time than the compositor who sets up his article, and is not half so sure of his pay. This is wholly irrespective of the intrinsic worth of the article, as most of the gentlemen of the Authors' Club will agree from experience. Will Mr. Stedman say what he was paid for his poem on the "Diamond Wedding" twenty years ago, which was the talk of the town the week it was published? Will Mr. Stoddard say what he received for some of his early poems, which are among the sweetest, most spontaneous songs of the time? If the price equals that paid Milton for his "Hymn on the Nativity" it does not follow that either they or Milton were justly dealt with, or that the publishers distinguished themselves either by fairness or sharp business sense, for they might have had more such poems by making it worth while to write them. If these gentlemen of the Authors' Club can get one hundred dollars for any sort of an article to-day, it behooves them as well to look after the interests of younger authors; for in a sense they are identical. In the laudable purpose of making money, publishers will take the cheap work in place of the higher quality, with the assuring remark that the public don't know the difference. There is a stated price for turkey wings in the market: there is none whatever for literary work. The timid author must take what the publisher chooses to give, without question. The Authors' Club or the Authors' Association which we hope to see formed can resist degrading terms with some sort of spirit. The Authors' Club very possibly does not contemplate any chivalrous ventures of protection for authors in general; but it has done something in giving the profession order and shape, and may gain courage by contemplation of its own size and influence. Trades-unions with right ends and right spirit are excellent things; and no trade is in so much need of organization as the scattered journeymen of literature.

"Is Mrs. Langtry beautiful?" Very; uncommonly so: I answer, after seeing her in a dozen views. She is of the old-fashioned English, high-bred type of beauty, neck and arms like statuary, shapely, warm marble, bright rose coming and going on a Parian cheek, violet eyes, and thick, glossy chestnut hair—one of Charles Reade's beauties; a woman who illustrates old English love poetry, and a host of by-gone similes, with her "breast of snow," "her cheek of rose and lily blent," and eyes "like violets dipped in dew." With all this, many women in society have as good features, possibly as attractive coloring in another way. The piquant modern style of waxen complexion, wild-rose tinting, *retrousse* nose, and dark eyes, with blonde hair—a sort of lost-angel beauty—has prepared this serene, complete sweetness, this gracious blending of the high-bred woman with the Greek goddess, to strike us with the force of novelty. Her manner—kind, serious, and simple—is full of lasting charm; it is not what she does, so much as what she does not do, that attracts one. The absence of flutter, of effect, of self-consciousness—this very air as simple as a milk-maid—irresistibly attracts because it is genuine. You need not study it, madame, with a view to add it to your repertoire. You can no more adopt it than you can wear a Greek costume. It takes a life and a lineage to produce such a women. The free, protected, happy life of the Dean of St. Hilier's family sent his daughter forth with that brave, steady brow, and frank, friendly manner which distinguished her in a drawing-room of critical, nervous London beauties. The Prince of Wales did himself credit as a man of taste by his admiration of this woman. Good women—good at heart and pure of sense—will find much to admire, much to sympathize with, in Mrs. Langtry, the actress, whose worst fault seems to have been that she was too much admired, and whose sharp experiences have not yet won the girlish simplicity from her face and manners. For the woman set aside as the caprice of London society, who has taken up the arduous career of the stage, most toilsome of professions, unprotected by those who should stand by her closest in this trial, in the hands of bad friends, false friends, neither whose moral sense or good taste fit them to guide such a career, the woman of safe reputation, in a sheltered home, should have, could have, were she truly of her sex, nothing but sympathy and good-will. Mrs. Langtry is not to be held responsible for the taste of her manager and theatrical friends. To avoid the mistakes made, she needed to have the experience, the foresight, of a lifetime on the stage, or else some friend whose interest was not more concerned in making social capital out of her than for her best reputation.

Is Mrs. Langtry an actress? Not yet—certainly not one by nature. Yet she is a woman so gifted by nature that hard study may develop unexpected talent in this art. What she does by rote might be done more agreeably; but in certain passages of deep feeling she has tones of rare and sincere pathos, which seem torn from the heart—attitudes worthy of the highest drama. There is more brain in this woman than the public gives her credit for; it is a mistake to put her in hoydenish casts like Juliana in the "Honeymoon," or in comedy at all. I will hazard the opinion that, educated in classic drama, for which her matchless form suits her, or in old tragedy like Massinger's, she would surprise her teachers with exquisite, heart-moving power, dignity,

sweetness, pathos—not supreme passion, but the record of deep, womanly experience, as few actresses have ever played it yet.

THE experiment of bringing a party of Eastern people out to winter among the rose arches and flower beds of the Del Monte, at Monterey, was a bold one; but it must convince a great many visitors that California is the superlative of winter resorts. With the resources of the most tasteful hotel on the continent at their disposal, including every variety of amusement, from a bowling cottage overrun with roses, shuffle board in a glass piazza inclosed from the weather, and a ladies' billiard-room opening from the main parlor, to inlaid chess-tables and silver cribbage pins; with a physician to watch the health of the party; with the loveliest walks and drives for miles along the coast, varied by frequent visits to the gayeties of San Francisco—it would seem as if such a programme must banish the shade of *ennui* from the most dependent spirits. Such an inviting season is the plan of a Boston man, carried out with a completeness which seldom falls to plans which promise so much. Its success supposes rare tact and fidelity in the conductor of such a party; the terms provide that people of easy means and a certain social standing will be brought together—the good taste and tempers of all are responsible for the rest. Brought by special train of palace cars, their arrival made the signal for little *fetes* at way stations, and the best attentions of railroad people a great part of the way—above all, with experienced, vigilant hands to take charge of the thousand details of baggage, meals, and routes—the privileged visitors find the overland journey quite another thing from what it is to those who travel alone. Truth to tell, travel over controlling roads, through newly opened countries, but partially provided with civilized comforts, is no holiday experience for any but the most vigorous. There are excursions and excursions. The hordes who come out in cheap trains to see all they can in a fortnight are one thing; a Raymond party of well-to-do, educated people who travel at their ease is another. What matter if they appear on the street in traveling cloaks and hats, offending the sense of the dressy San Franciscan woman; or if they can stay a whole month at the seaside without taking out their good clothes? To put it coarsely, those plainly dressed people can most likely buy up the showy women who criticise them, plush dresses, big plumes, diamond ear-rings and all, without thinking twice of the matter. They are taking our choicest carvings, curios, and specimens home for their collections; they will be tempted to come again, if they have a pleasant time; having a discerning eye for the beauties of our scenery, and the frankness of California society. Rich or poor, one would suggest the wisdom of preserving a tradesman's civility toward new-comers; for some who come to look will return to buy, or at least carry a good report of the country to others who will come.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A February Day after Rain.

THE breath of violets is in the air,
The warmth of summer sunshine on the hills;
In wealth of verdure lie the valleys fair,
In gladness leap the rivulets and rills.

The lark soars high in ecstasy of song,
While downward floats the liquid rippling strain;
Blackbird and linnet, thrush and oriole,
All join in chorus in the glad refrain.

All nature feels her quickening pulses stir,
The trees are decked with swelling leaf and bud;
And overhead are blue skies bending down,
While underneath—we wade through seas of mud.

B. E. Wood.

Plantation Memories.

AN OLD-TIME NEGRO REVIVAL.

DID you ever attend a "big revival meetin'," held by the negroes in the South, before the war? No? Then number it among the opportunities lost, never to return; for

"The darkies are not now, love,
What our childhood's darkies were!"

Much of the quaintness and simplicity of the old times are gone forever. Dinah no longer ties up her head in a bright bandana kerchief, but (as I have myself known her to do) wears a false front of long blonde or brown hair, as her fancy may dictate, with supreme disregard to the contrast presented between it and rest of her sable locks: whilst to further enhance her beauty, she chalks her ebon face with pearl powder, "jes' like the white folks does." She is no longer "Aunty," with the love and respect that so often accompanied that good old title, but Mrs. —— "a light lady of color," or a "dark" one, as the case may be.

In those old days a big Methodist revival (and the negroes were almost all Methodists) was the one great delight and dissipation of a people held in bondage; and when they sang with all their souls,

"Canaan, bright Canaan!
I'm bound for the land of Canaan,"

a pathetic thrill ran through the heart, as one heard their plaintive voices lifted in longing for a land of

freedom and rest, which hope in her wildest prophecies could only promise to them as lying beyond the Jordan of death. This sentimental view of affairs was, however, often dispelled by the many ludicrous things that would occur on such occasions; and though pitying the ignorance that gave rise to them, it was not in human nature sometimes to resist giving way to the merriment they occasioned.

Never shall I forget the last big revival I attended before the war. It was held by the "cullud" Methodists in the town of B—— G—— and had progressed for some time, attended with great success, under the eloquence of "Brother Jonas," a colored preacher noted for his love of big words, by the use of which he won great honors among his unlearned and admiring congregations, who could not be critical as to their oftentimes absurd misapplication.

It was Saturday night—always the gala time of these meetings. "Old mawster and mistess" slept late on a Sunday; and the services at church could hold on until twelve o'clock, and after, and the darkies still get home in time to take a little rest, and be up with their work in the morning before the white folks were out of bed.

The church was packed to its furtherest back seat below with its crowd of sable worshipers; whilst the small gallery above, reserved, as was customary on great occasions, for the accommodation of any of the white "bredderin" and sisters who chose to attend the services, was filled to overflowing by the crowds who came to hear the negroes' singing. This, indeed, was well worth hearing at any time; but in a revival like the present, where the whole congregation were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, music was the safety-valve through which they worked it off. Their full, melodious voices rose in one immense volume, as all, without exception, joined heart and soul in the songs. The fact that they could not read the words was overcome by the universal practice of reading two lines at a time, and letting the congregation sing it, by sections, as it were, whilst the "lining" itself was intoned in a musical sing-song, that was far from unpleasant to the ear. If any one failed to catch the words as the preacher gave them out, it mattered little; they made up others as they went along, which answered every purpose, but the time and the rhythm were always perfect; they all sang, and the result was simply glorious.

On such occasions as this, Brother Jonas usually "spread hisself," declaring that he "cum thar 'thout knowin' what he was gwine fur to say, and let the Lawd put de words into his mouf'," thereby relieving himself, at once and forever, of all responsibility as to his misuse of the English language. The excitement this evening was intense: "Brud' Jonas had outdone hisself" in his sermon, as with fervid, natural eloquence he had protrayed the terrors of hell and the joys of heaven, earnestly persuading all who wished to escape the one or inherit the other to come forward to the "mourners' bench," and make their wishes known. The congregation sing, with all their souls, that old hymn of invitation—

> "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,
> A thousand thoughts revolve;
> Come, with your guilt and sin opprest,
> And make this last resolve."

Crowds from all parts of the house go forward to be prayed for; it seems that pandemonium itself is let loose. The shouting of the "members," as they see their friends going up to the altar; the groaning and howling of the "sinners," as they kneel around the mourners' bench, where brothers and sisters "gifted in pra'r" arrange themselves around them, each praying at the top of his voice for the special "mourner" he has in charge. Sometimes two or three "members" would be gathered around one sinner, each trying to outdo the others by the loudness of his supplications; whilst above them all and the grand old hymn, which is still going on, Brother Jonas is heard calling on those in the congregation, still unmoved: "Come along, sinners! Now is de accepted time, and de day of *salivation!* Confess de Lawd befo' men, and he'll confess you befo' his Fader! Hell's right behin' you, an' de Debil's got his grab hook ready fur to pull you down!"

Crowds of "little niggers" in the far back seats now rush forward, with one accord, afraid to stay longer in the semi-darkness under the gallery, for fear a veritable "Debil" will grab them then and there. The evening's excitement is at its height. One sister has already fallen in a "trance," and is seeing visions; another has the "jerks," and with leaps and bounds, and wonderful contortions of body, gives vent to sharp shrieks, that ring through the house above all the din; whilst shouts of "Bress de Lawd!" "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" resound from every side.

It is nearly twelve o'clock. At last, in a sort of lull in the storm, Brother Jonas mounts his pulpit, which he had left for a time as he went up and down the aisles exhorting the people to "choose dis day whom ye will serbe!" "Own de Lawd, and shame de Debil!" He now proceeded to close the meeting for the night, by giving out the appointments for the ensuing Sunday. After announcing the usual morning service, he adds triumphantly, "In de afternoon, at two o'clock, I will baptize in de riber, Providence permitting, of dem dat has cum out on de Lawd's side—*twenty adults and twenty-five adulteresses!*"

These meetings usually continued for a week or two, with preaching every night and three times on Sunday, and with the interest and excitement increasing toward the end. We attended the services on another evening during this same revival, when an old gray-haired "Uncle" got up towards the last, to exhort the meeting.

"Brudders and sisters," he commenced, "our Lawd an' Marster said, one time, 'In my Fader's house dar's many *mentions*. If it war' not so, I would 'a' told you.' But *hit was so;* an' he done tole us all, befo'han'. Bress de Lawd fur dat! We knows now what we's got fur to 'spect. We can't any ob us git 'roun' de jedgment ob dat day by swearin' 'fo' de Lawd dat we didn't know what was a-comin'. De word's been passed down de line, an' hit's got to us at las'. 'In my Fader's house dar's many mentions!' Dars a mention ob you dar, brudder! *What 'ill dey say?*" he asked, in a startling whisper. "Dars a mention ob you dar, sister. Is yer ready fur to heah it? An' O-h, dars a mention ob me! May de Lawd a marcy grant, dat dat mention will declare dat we'd washed our robes in de blood of de Lamb, an' ar' fitted fur to walk in de golden streets, to strike de heabenly harp, an' w'ar de glory crown!

"An' sinner—poo' sinner—dar's a mention ob you!" and the pitifulness of the old man's voice was wonderful to hear. "O-h, poo' soul! *Whar* will yer hide in de light ob dat day, when he dat lobed you, an' gabe his life to sabe you, comes to dat mention ob you? When he p'ints to de holes in his han's an' his side, an' declar's it was jes' fur de lost lambs like you dat he lef' his home in glory and died upon de cross, *whar* will your 'scuse be den fur serbin' ob de Debil, and disownin' ob your Lawd? O, sinner, kin you *dar'* fur to meet dat day, widout de blood-washed robe fur to kiver up yo' sins? You kin hab it fur de axin', widout money, widout price. De offer still is open. De Lawd is still a-callin' to yer, 'Why will ye die?' O, make up yo' mind, brudder! Choose ye de Lawd! De day ob grace is passin' an' de time's gittin' short!

"You needn't dodge, poo' sinner! I see yer, ober dar, a-sittin' in de back seat, a-slightin' ob his call. You kin, may be, hide from my ole eyes (dey's gittin' mighty dim), but de eyes ob de Lawd dey's a-gwine to search yer out, and de day of reckonin's comin', when yo' dodgin' will be done.

"O, yes! poo' sinner! 'In my Fader's house dar's many mentions.' An' dar's gwine to be anoder one ob you, ef you keep on a-slightin' de offer ob his grace. At de las', yo' name'll be called, but de Debil will be de spokesman, and de day ob mercy will be done! When Gabriel blows his trumpet, an de ransomed ob de Lawd shall be caught up in de ar', *de Debil takes de leabin's,*" said the old man with impressive solemnity, "an' sinner, *you'll be left!*"

An awed silence rested upon the whole congregation as the last words of the speaker fell slowly upon their ears. It seemed as if the doom of fate had been pronounced against them. At length Brother Jonas rose, and after inviting all who wished to escape this everlasting death, and join "de ransomed in de ar'," to come forward whilst the congregation sang:

"Sinner, turn! Why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
He who did your souls retrieve
Died himself that you might live,
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
Will ye slight his grace and die?"

The singing which followed was beyond anything I had ever heard for its wonderful power and pathos. Crowds of the "sinners settin' in de back seats" left their places at once, and joined the throng around the altar, where the scenes of the previous nights were repeated, and every effort made for their conversion.

I was so affected myself, by the old man's earnest exhortation, that I could not join the laugh, as we went home, at the mistake in his text; and I could only reiterate his prayer, that when the Lord came to his final "mention" of us, "dat dat mention might declar' dat we'd washed our robes in de blood of de Lamb, and war' fitted fur to walk in de goldon streets, to strike de heabenly harps, an' w'ar de glory crown!"

"Nary Ole Goose."

Old Aunt Sally was a "free woman of color," living "way down South in Dixie." She was an excellent cook—her reputation in this regard far exceeding that which she had established concerning her honesty. Whilst serving in this capacity in the family of Mrs. Fanny G——, Aunt Sally was arrested upon the charge of stealing a goose from one of the neighbors; and notwithstanding her indignant denial of the charge, she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or go to the county jail for ten days.

The fine was promptly paid by Mrs. G——, as, in spite of her peccadilloes, Aunt Sally was an indispensable member of the family, from which she had been carried off by the minions of the law; and Aunt Sally, proud of her importance in her mistress's eyes, came home in triumph.

The Sunday following this affair was "communion day" in the church of which Aunt Sally was a bright and shining light. The usual hurry and scurry were going on in the kitchen, betokening her haste to get through her work, and be off to the meeting-house in time to have a gossip with the "bredderin and sisterin" on the church steps, before the service began; and pretty soon Mrs. G—— beheld her, in gorgeous array, starting out for the church.

Not wishing to hurt Aunt Sally's feelings by bringing up unpleasant truths to her remembrance, Mrs. G—— mildly suggested, "This is communion day in your church, is it not, Aunt Sally?"

"Yaas, Miss Fanny, dat it is! Dat's jes' de reason I'se been flyin' round in sech a hurry, so as to be dar in plenty ob time."

"But, Aunt Sally," she hesitatingly explained,

"I'm afraid you have not thought enough about it. It seems to me you ought not to take communion to-day,—on account of that goose, you know."

"Humph!" cried Aunt Sally, with an indignant snort, as she sailed out of the front gate, and on toward the negro church; "neber you mind 'bout dat ole goose, honey! *I ain't a-gwine to let nary ole goose stand between me and my Jesus!*"

L. U. McCann.

A Pasteboard Cupid.

A PASTEBOARD Love, rough-cut and small,
Hangs at her window, in the wall
Of Buffin's Block across the way;
The thing grows dingy day by day,
But there it hangs, a clumsy sprawl.

Is it a hint to those who call,
That if they set their minds to fall
In love with her, they'll get for pay
A pasteboard Love?]

Or has she set it for the tall
Young chap she captured at the ball?
Or does she mean, may be, to say
The only love that's come to stay
In her dull life is—counting all—
A pasteboard Love?

E. C. Sanford.

A Belated Butterfly.

YOU little tarnished bit of spring,
That flutter down the gusty wind
About dead stocks
Of holly-hocks,
And leaf-strewn beds, where not a thing
Of any sweetness you can find—

You yellowing leaf on Ygdrasil—
This is no time for butterflies!
O desolate one,
Your part was done
Before the summer left the hill;
Men, only, live 'neath hostile skies.

E. C. Sanford.

COMMUNICATION.—TREATMENT OF DEPENDENT AND DELINQUENT CHILDREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND.

Sir: To strike at the root of crime we must protect the children. California has penitentiaries, jails, and almshouses, but, with the exception of the misnamed Industrial School of San Francisco, not a single public institution for the redemption of juvenile wrong-doers.

The State makes provision to a certain extent for the maintenance of merely dependent children, but takes cognizance of delinquents only to incarcerate and punish, and convert into criminals. The attention it gives to the dependent class, in its appropriation of money for the support of "orphan, half orphan, and abandoned children" in institutions that the public has no voice in managing, no knowledge of as to condition, workings, or results, may or may not be effective; and the great prevalence of criminality among the young—the very large number of children in public and private institutions—indicate pretty strongly that it is not.

Experience in successful work among the young, the world over, is solidly against the "institutionizing" idea. Only here and there may a depot be needed (let us name it a developing school) for diagnosis and preliminary treatment. Of such a place this State is in the very greatest need; an establishment for both sexes (the buildings of the two departments properly separated), conducted on nature's principle—the home or family plan—to which all convicted offenders under thirteen years of age might be sent (who were not otherwise disposed of by an agency of which I will speak later), and all under seventeen whose offense was the first and not a felony.

This developing school might consist (like nearly every successful reformatory in the world) of a series of plain, substantial cottages, an administration building, and the necessary out-buildings. It should be situated within a few miles of a railway, on a fertile tract of three hundred acres or so of land, in the heart of the State. Each house should accommodate a family of twenty-five boys or girls and their officers—a master, matron, and teacher. The last-named officer, as well as the master, would supervise the children while at work. The main building would contain

the office and living apartments of the superintendent, his family, and officers not regularly attached to a particular family group; also the chapel or general assembly room, the shops, bakery, storerooms, shoe-making, and sewing department. In this building might also be accommodations for twenty-five or thirty boys. The principal work of the place should be agriculture. There would be the shops, housework, etc., for a part of the pupils.

Each child, on arriving at the superintendent's office, would be examined by the superintendent in person, and assigned to one of the family houses, somewhat according to his age, but mainly in consideration of his mental and moral caliber and antecedents. It should be remembered that any arbitrary rule in the matter of classification strikes at the fundamental idea of the enterprise: *the individualization of the pupil* and the process of restitution to society should begin at once.

Of the more difficult characters, the very few whom it might be thought unwise to place at once in a cottage group could be retained in the main building, where their character would be under the immediate observation and personal influence of the superintendent; and when mutual confidence was established, and upward progress begun, they could soon pass into the family circle.

There is no sense in thinking of retaining a boy or girl long enough to acquire "a trade." That is the talk of inexperience and antiquity. Keep them long enough to be *understood*, to get the kinks untwisted, to acquire some self-respect and regularity of habits, to have started in their minds correct views of life, its possibilities for themselves, and the nobility and practical value of labor. When the process has fairly begun, when the disposition is in tune, then send them out to acquire the particular fitness for a life pursuit, amid the surroundings of actual life. I do not advocate "throwing them on their own resources"—not that. Their subsequent care I will speak of.

Not five in a hundred of the boys and girls who get into the courts have good home surroundings—if they have homes at all; and the purpose of such an institution should be to supply the restraints and helps and influences which have been wanting, and which are imperatively essential to the child-life and its normal unfolding into self-respecting, self-reliant, productive citizenship. To be successful, it must have at its head a man by nature, by special education, and by experience adapted to the work—the greatest that man ever has to do—the starting aright of young lives. He must be a man with a large heart, an unconquerable love for the young and lowly, with a practical head and a keen eye; for after all, more depends on the way a thing is administered than upon its form.

The best kind of institution life is unnatural—only to be tolerated rather than something worse. This, all recognized philanthropic workers agree to. If the children are to be saved, you must, so far as possible, replace, by family care and discipline, the institutional methods of dealing with juvenile delinquents. It is seldom one sees a boy or girl emerging from any institution fitter for the realities of life. Normal development the family circle alone can effect in a child; the promotion of the family principle of existence is at the root of almost every species of charity, and is the end of the maintenance of civil government itself.

It is a wrong of the most cruel nature, and a source of incalculable danger, morally and politically, to society—especially under our form of government—to treat as a criminal any person, young or old, where the antecedents were such that there exists no reason why he should not be a criminal. Merely homeless or neglected children should never be sent to any institution, public or private, save when proper provision otherwise could not be made at once; and then only for detention and care until the agent could procure a suitable place outside.

This agent (an appointee of the Governor, or acting under an unsalaried Board of State Charities) should be authorized and required to act in all cases of juvenile offenders, as in Massachusetts. When a complaint before a judge or court against any boy or girl under seventeen years of age, for

any offense, is made or pending, notice thereof, in writing, should be required to be given to said agent, who by himself or assistant should have an opportunity to investigate the case, attend the trial, and protect the interests of, or otherwise provide for, such child. Such children should have the complaints against them heard and determined apart, separate from the general and ordinary business of the courts. The judge should be empowered to authorize said agent, or the Board of State Charities whose executive officer he should be, upon request of said agent, to take and indenture, or place in charge of any person, or send to the State Developing School (which I have outlined), until such child became of age, or for a shorter period, according to the discretion of said board, and upon the recommendation of the agent.

This plan of caring for the children would of course include, not only their immediate placing out when practicable, but their systematic visitation and careful supervision after being so placed out. This paid agent and his assistants would find no difficulty in securing, as in Massachusetts, the active, systematic and efficient co-operation of local auxiliary visitors, whose services would be without pay.

The results of the Massachusetts juvenile-offender law are, briefly: There are not one-half as many children in the reform and industrial schools as when the agency was established, although, meanwhile, the population of the State has been forging ahead. The decrease began with the work of the agency, and has not been accompanied by an increase of commitments to jails or other public or private institutions. Only one-fifth of the children convicted were sent to institutions, and between eighty and ninety per cent. of the children do well. The economy of the work may be seen in the fact that it costs less than four dollars and fifty cents per annum, per capita, to appear for the children at the courts and to care for them in families thereafter. The results of probation in the cases of the young proved so good, that a statute was enacted permitting a probation officer for adults in every city and town in the State, which is now working grandly, and I would advocate a similar law for the benefit of adults in this State.

Children properly treated may, in almost every case, be turned into the path of rectitude; adults, in many cases, only need the encouragement and oversight, for a time, of a good man or woman to pursue right lives afterwards. The motto, "Not alms, but a friend," represents advanced thought throughout the world, on the treatment of the poor: "Not punishment, but prevention and restoration," the idea of work for juveniles.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of San Francisco is endeavoring to do just this work, but on a limited scale, and only needs funds to enlarge its sphere to cover the entire State. It rescues homeless, neglected, or abused children; provides for such in its own quarters until a suitable home or employment is found for them, and continues to look after their condition and treatment; maintains reading-rooms, libraries, baths, a gymnasium, savings banks, sewing school, a class in music, and classes for instruction in other branches; also lectures, entertainments, and a temperance organization. Lodgings are furnished at a nominal cost to working boys and girls who have neither homes nor suitable guardianship in the city. The work is free from sectarianism, and depends upon voluntary contributions for its support. Between May 1st and December 9th, 1882—thirty-two weeks—the Society furnished 2,640 lodgings and 6,811 meals to friendless boys and girls; distributed to these children 1,345 pieces of clothing; found employment for 175 boys and girls in this city, and placed in good homes or otherwise started on more hopeful careers 186 children, of whom upwards of a hundred were taken directly from the courts or prisons. The settled policy of its work appears in the truth that it is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals. Its motto is, "Homes *versus* Institutions."

The legislature could make this work,

already well established, a State enterprise, by making an annual appropriation to it, the Governor appointing the board of trustees, and requiring them to report to the Governor or legislature annually.

No one can question that there is absolutely no charity—nor employment of any sort in which citizens can engage—which can compare in importance to the State and to the wider commonwealth of humanity with that which has for its end the saving of the children. If we care to maintain the government which was founded on the principle of personal liberty, designed to foster a nation of men, trusting for its value and perpetuity to the degree of virtue and intelligence which lies behind an unrestricted ballot in the possession of the masses, we cannot afford to neglect, or institutionize, or pursue a temporizing and mechanical policy with, the children of the masses.

The results of a study in criminal heredity made by Dr. Harris and Mr. R. L. Dugdale, published in the thirteenth annual report of the New York Prison Association, well illustrate the importance to the State of properly caring for the vagrant children of even a single family.

I quote from Mr. Charles L. Brace's reference to the matter:

"About one hundred years ago, there lived on the borders of two or three forest lakes in Ulster County, New York, a little vagrant girl called Margaret, and four sisters, some of whom were of illegitimate birth. They seem to have been in no respect different from hundreds of little girls in and around this city who yearly come under the care of this society. Their parents were poor, roving people, who made their living partly by hunting and fishing, and partly by stealing. They lived, like our poor city children, crowded in shanties, where old and young, male and female, slept in the same rooms. Like our street children, they never went to school or attended church. They grew up almost untouched by the morality and religion of the day. In the winter they were aided by the out-door relief of the authorities or by kind-hearted persons, and in the summer they lived on game and on their plunder from farms and barn-yards. Probably as most people passed little Margaret, the future 'mother of criminals,' they looked on her as people do now on the little ragged street-sweepers they meet on our streets—either with utter indifference or with hopelessness, as on an irreclaimable vagabond, or with disgust, as one with whom the decent and virtuous should have nothing to do. The little Margaret grew up thus to a wicked womanhood.

"In a recent visit to the Kingston jail, the able official of the association, Mr. Dugdale, came upon the following criminals, all of whom he found to belong to the same family: The oldest, a man fifty-five years of age, awaiting trial for receiving stolen goods; his daughter, aged eighteen, subsequently arrested as a prostitute, held as a witness against him; her uncle, aged forty-two, for burglary in the first degree; the illegitimate daughter of the latter's wife, aged twelve years, upon which child he had attempted violence, and who was awaiting sentence for vagrancy; and two brothers, aged nineteen and fourteen, accused of an assault with intent to kill, they having pushed a child over a cliff forty feet high, and nearly killed him by the fall. He traced back the genealogy of these criminals, and discovered that the ancestor of them all was the little vagrant girl of whom we have spoken, or her sisters.

"This stimulated his efforts, and after immense labor he finally brought to light the following striking facts as to this unhappy family:

"Seven hundred and nine (709) descendants of Margaret and her sisters are accurately tabulated, whose names are mainly taken from public records. Of these, 91 are known to be illegitimate, and 368 legitimate, leaving 250 unknown as to birth.

"One hundred and twenty-eight (128) are known to be prostitutes, 18 kept houses of bad repute, and 67 were diseased, and therefore cared for by the public. Only 22 ever acquired property, and eight of these lost what they had gained. One hun-

dred and forty-two (142) received out-door relief during an aggregate number of 734 years; 64 were in the almshouses of the county, and spent there an aggregate number of 96 years; 76 were publicly recorded as criminals, having committed 115 offenses, and been 116 years in jails and prisons. The crimes of the females were licentiousness, and those of the males violence and theft. But the record we have quoted is merely their public history of criminality, which is necessarily very imperfect. Great numbers of the offenses of this wretched family were never entered on any court records, and hundreds were never even brought to trial. It is well known that this young 'mother of criminals' and her sisters have poured a stream of disease, licentiousness, insanity, idiocy, pauperism, and crime over the county now for a hundred years. This fearful current has not yet ceased to flow, as some of the descendants in the sixth generation survive in our own House of Refuge.

"Fifty per cent. of all direct female descendants of Margaret became prostitutes, and of the whole stock, from the age of twelve upward, fifty per cent. are found to to be of disreputable character. Murder or attempts to murder appear among the males in every generation except the sixth, where the children are not older than seven years. Forgery is found but once on their records. Theft appears everywhere.

"Another appalling feature in this history of criminal inheritance is the disease spread through the county by these vagrant children, and the consequent lunacy, idiocy, epilepsy, and final weakness of body and mind which belong to inherited pauperism, transmitted to so many human beings.

"Mr. Dugdale has traced still further the line, and makes it probable that the aggregate of the descendants of these vagrant children reaches the large amount of 1,200 persons, living and dead. The cost of their almshouse relief he estimates at $15,000, and their out-door relief at $32,250, to Ulster County; the maintenance of the prisoners of this family, at $100 per annum, as $14,000; the cost of arrest and trial, at $100 for each case, as $25,000; the amount of property stolen and destroyed by them as $15,000; and so on in various items, until he reaches the sum of $1,023,600 as the cost to Ulster County and the State of New York for neglecting one vagrant child and her miserable little sisters."

In no country or in any age has there been a single charitable enterprise productive of so much practical, permanent, far-reaching good — moral, financial and political — as the Children's Aid Society of New York, the great prototype of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of San Francisco.

The power of *preventive work* among the young in that great metropolis may be seen in the fact that while the population increased from a little more than half a million in 1855 to 1,200,000 in 1880, juvenile commitments have not increased in number, which is equivalent to an actual shrinkage of about 60 per cent. from the proportion of twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society of New York, says in relation to the work of 1879:

"The average number in daily attendance in our twenty-one industrial schools was 3,632, and the annual cost for each child, $19.69. The cost in 1878 for each child in the city schools of New York, not including rent, food, or clothing, was $38.41. In our 'lodging-houses,' 13,652 boys and girls were fed, sheltered, and taught during the past year (1879), at an average cost to the public for each child for the year of $42.67. *The total number placed out during last year, mainly in western homes, was 3,713.* The average cost for railroad fares, clothing, food, salaries, etc., for each person, was $7.99+." [Any one of these children placed in the San Francisco Industrial School—the two years of preparation for the State Prison and a subsequent criminal career—would cost, according to the actual figures of the school, $601.10.] 2,912 children enjoyed the benefits of the New York Society's summer home, at an

average cost of $1.89. Since 1853, the Aid Society of New York has sent into homes, principally in the West, about 70,000 children, rescued from the streets, from the poverty which goes hand in hand with vice, and from crime itself—saved to themselves and society.

It is certain that very few of these children have since gone wrong. Two or three of the western members of the National Prison Congress, held in New York, 1876, asserted that the homeless children sent West by the Children's Aid Society of New York "were filling western prisons and reformatories." The Society's experienced western agent was at once set to thoroughly examine the prisons, houses of refuge, and reformatories of the three States indicated—Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana. After thorough investigation in Illinois and Michigan, where over 10,000 children were sent, not a single boy or girl, nor any record of one, sent out from the New York Society could be found in all their prisons and reformatories. In Indiana, where some 6,000 had gone, *one girl* was found in a reformatory, and *four boys*, the latter only sentenced for vagrancy, and not considered very bad boys. Several of the western members afterwards wrote to Mr. Brace that their assertions were on mistaken information, and expressed their entire approval of the society's plan.

The Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is seeking to prosecute this great work on a basis proportioned to its veritable breadth and importance. If the State will take the work in hand, and render the existence of such a private charity unnecessary, of course the friends of the society can wish for nothing better—the end of their ambition will be happily reached. In the absence of this, the enterprise should be given either State aid, or such liberal private endowment as will insure it a *certain* and more adequate income. Grant it this essential to stability, breadth, and permanency, and there will be seen at once achievements which will gladden the hearts of all good people (taxpayers and philanthropists alike) in a steady and marked diminution of juvenile criminality, and of the rampant "hoodlumism" which is our peculiar curse, giving us a criminal population of extraordinary magnitude—an element of the greatest danger to society and to the material welfare of the State.

E. T. Dooley,
Supt. Boys' and Girls' Aid Society.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE OVERLAND DINNER.

THE revival of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY was made the occasion of the first purely literary dinner on the Pacific coast. To the thoughtfulness and generosity of Mr. Irving M. Scott of this city, the contributors to the magazine are indebted for the exceptionally pleasant entertainment of December 22nd. The fifty or sixty invitations issued were to those who, both as contributors and as helpers in other ways, constituted the body-guard of the magazine; the majority were active contributors. Some of these were at a distance, and the whole gathering was the impromptu work of a few days; nevertheless, some forty guests were present on a drizzling and disagreeable evening. The invitations read as follows:



Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott,
desiring to celebrate the revival of the
Overland Monthly,
request your presence at Dinner
at their residence,
507 Harrison Street,
Friday, December twenty-second, 1882,
at half-past five o'clock.

The dinner, it may be confidently said, was one of the pleasantest things of the kind—if not altogether the pleasantest—that has ever taken place on the coast. The geniality and delightful tact of the host; the mutual liking of the guests, some of whom had never met before, and others of whom were old companions in arms; the remarkable good management, by which, in spite of the impromptu nature of the affair, everything "went off" as comfortably and easily as if after extended drill;—all this combined to make it fairly an occasion without flaw, save only the absence of a few of the stanchest friends of the magazine; and almost every one of these was represented by letter.

The arrangement of the table was as follows:



A grizzly and railroad track, copied in flowers from the OVERLAND vignette, formed a most noticeable center-piece to the tables, which were set in Mr. Scott's picture gallery.

REMARKS OF MR. IRVING M. SCOTT.

It is only a few days since the idea of having the contributors to the OVERLAND

magazine meet on an occasion like this originated, and since that time what you see here to-night has been accomplished by the energy of its editor; and I think the fact that forty-two contributors have responded in less than one week shows the interest that the people of California take in the magazine. This dinner is a fraud: it is only a pretext to get you together in intellectual companionship, rather than to eat. There is nothing in it except what California has produced: everything at this table is truly Californian. We have met here to-night that the contributors might meet each other, and if possible place that magazine where it belongs—in the front rank of our local literature. If there is a big pumpkin or a large crop of oranges, or a new strike in the mines, to be celebrated, or if some of the corporations of the country are to be attacked, we are always ready to respond, especially if it is a big dinner and a rich man giving it. Now, I think the time has come when we in California should place something else upon the pedestal to be worshiped besides gold, big pumpkins, and large crops of grain; that we should worship the intelligence which enables us to raise big pumpkins rather than the pumpkins. With this sentiment we meet here to-night; and I hope that every year may find us together, making our very best efforts to lift up this magazine, and make it the representative of the ideas of the people of the Pacific coast. I want you all to feel, as contributors to the magazine, that the place belongs to you now; and to take part in these exercises with the view of what it is to bring forth in the future.

The first regular toast of the evening is "THE OVERLAND MONTHLY," to be responded to by Mr. Bartlett.

REMARKS OF W. C. BARTLETT.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I am reminded, by this early call, of an anecdote related in "Punch." An English parson, catechising some boys, put the question, "What is your duty to your neighbor?" One of the boys answered, "To keep your eye on him." While I was keeping my eye on Judge Boalt, my nearest neighbor, the other eye should have been kept on my neighbor opposite, who, behind a barricade of flowers, crowned by this bear, which was the symbol of old-time prosperity, has brought me to my feet for picket duty in advance of the "regulars." The occasion which has brought us together reminds some of us of another, eight or ten years ago, when President Gilman invited friends and contributors to the OVERLAND to an informal meeting at his house, to consider ways and means for perpetuating the magazine. He took a deep interest in its prosperity, regarding it as an exponent of the best thought and literary life of this coast. His judgment was concurrent with that of others, that the OVERLAND should not cease because its early editor had gone to the other side of the country. The contributors who had done so much for it were still here. Not underrating what the first editor had done, these also had given it that distinctive literary character which gained for the monthly a reputation at home and abroad. It needed a foundation of capital. I am free to say that it never would have been discontinued had there been an endowment equal to the price of one race-horse in California! And the cost of a single race-horse would be sufficient to carry the OVERLAND on now for at least five years more. Horse literature is well enough in its way; but we need another kind of literature for dessert, at least. I take a languid interest in hearing that a ten-thousand-dollar horse has reduced the time on the turf by half a second. I should take an absorbing interest in the fact that ten thousand dollars had been contributed to make the OVERLAND run a little faster. No agency or instrument on this coast has ever done more for its honor. If some have been slow to recognize that fact, it is no less a fact for all that. We need some perpetual influence to mellow the hard materialism incident to the development of a new country. There is something more to be done than the slashing down of forests, the washing down of hills for gold, or the furrowing of the valleys

for wheat. It is well that the grapes turn to purple on the hill-side. It is even better that there should be a ripening of intellectual fruit, quickening influences, a noble inspiration, and high endeavor. Our gardens under sunny skies never cease to bud and blossom, neither ought this new garden of literature. Away up on the flanks of the Sierra, seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, one may find the snow-plant, in the early summer, coming out of a cold and barren soil close by the melting snow drift. When the mountains begin to put off their robes of white and take on those of emerald and purple, the snow-plant puts on its royal crimson—so rich in its local color, with such a poor environment, it never ceases to be an object of wonder and absorbing interest.

The OVERLAND has sprung, as it were, out of a new soil. It took on a local color and flavor, and it has never lost these. It won success in earlier and later times, because it maintained these characteristics. It took the unoccupied field in the commonwealth of letters. Men and women thought and wrote with the inspiration of a new environment—and the new was better than the old. Its literature was fresh, original, and vigorous. It went into books. It was the medium by which one man at least made a national reputation in literature. There are some here who were present nearly fifteen years ago at the birth of the OVERLAND. They know the pledges that were made, the plans, hopes, and steadfastness of its early friends. They could tell some tales of pioneer literature if they would. These sponsors redeemed the pledge. They saw that child of literature grow in the grace of comeliness and good behavior; and they are here to salute it as one on the threshold of maturity.

I see here a number of gentlemen connected with the University, an institution which from the first has had much to do in behalf of literature on this coast. There has at all times been a clear sympathy on the part of members of the faculty with the OVERLAND; it has, therefore, an honorable association with the University, not only because a former president, whom we would but could not retain, planned and wrought for it, but because, from time to time, professors have contributed valuable papers, and have never ceased to be interested in its fortune. It was fitting that these two instrumentalities should thus be associated. It was most fitting that the literature and scholarship of the University should be represented here. The century plant blossoms here once in ten years. This century plant of ours ought to bloom, fruit, and renew its life, with increased vitality, every year. To this end we have met together. It is an occasion for congratulation. What has been done is rather the earnest of what may be done in the coming years. The south wind brings the fragrance of orange blossoms, and the north wind the balsam of the fir-tree. Let all breezes bring fragrance and prosperity for the OVERLAND. It has more than once been demonstrated in this State that the best honey is made from wild flowers. But whether from wild or tame, let the best, with strong, local flavors, be gathered for this magazine.

I ought, ladies and gentlemen, to congratulate you that our host has brought us together to enjoy his hospitality on so auspicious an occasion. It is the tribute of affluence and honorable citizenship to literature. It is a sign of the good time coming, when wealth shall be more freely enlisted in behalf of literature and art. There are great things to be done for both: the fortunes of both advance or recede together. We have not seen our best days in this respect. Every great fortune here which bestows nothing for the advancement of literature and art is a *mis*fortune. The men of wealth have been slow to make their acknowledgments to the commonwealth which has so greatly enriched them. Here and there one has begun to plan munificently. When one sees in the desert on our southern border the palm-tree lifting up its fronded head amid the wastes of sand, he knows that water is not far off. The solitary palm is better than all the desert besides. Amid all the barrenness of its

environments, it is in some sense the prophet of fertility—of fructifying life amid the wastes, and of abundance just beyond. And in this new land, where there is so much waste, the man of fortune who plans liberally for literature and art is lifted up above his fellows. He is the herald and prophet of better things to come. We are growing out of a pioneer condition. We shall reap what we have planted. The OVERLAND has already matured many harvests. This meeting to-night gives assurance that it is good for many more. We have salutations for all friends present, and warm greetings to send to the absent in all parts of the land. Our friend has suggested that everything which has been placed on this board to-night is of Californian origin—these tropical fruits, this pyramid of flowers crowned by this bear, these wines of many vintages, are of local color, flavor, and association. Yet because of it, they are the symbols of what is best in all lands under the sun. When you have given to the OVERLAND the best local flavor and color, the qualities and conditions are assured which will not only make its literature accepted as the best at home, but will make it current in all the commonwealth of letters.

Mr. Scott: When the great overland railroad was being built across the continent, they passed through some sections of the country yet controlled by the savages. It was a common incident for the laboring men to use their picks and barrows as weapons of defense. In our day and generation we have *our* Barrows to fill the breach against the invasions of savagery. The next regular toast will be "The Place and Influence of the Magazine," responded to by the Rev. Mr. Barrows.

REMARKS OF REV. MR. BARROWS.

When King James the First of Scotland regained his liberty and took possession of his kingdom, he determined to restore to its pristine glory the realm which for many a year had been in the trough of a sea which could not much longer have been endured. He won his fair Joan of Somerset—his "nightingale," as he called her—and announced his future purpose in the characteristic utterance: "I will make the key keep the castle, and the braken bush keep the cow, though I have to live the life of a dog to bring it about." There is no doubt that the sequel of his reign proves that he did veritably live the life of a dog in order to the accomplishing of his purpose, and that his motives were unstained and pure; but he was not perfect, and the exact line of duty he not always struck; and when at the hand of the relentless Graham he fell never to rise, that 20th of February bore witness to the triumph of brute force over moral appeals. In that hour, when the king's life hung quivering before the menace of the sword, it was the brave Stratton who threw his own body between the king and his assassins, and the queenly Catherine who thrust her own arm "through the empty staples to serve as a living bolt" to save the royal life.

The venture of 1868, in magazine history upon the Pacific coast, essayed the reclamation of the public mind from the merely outward rush of business and the splendor of quickly acquired wealth, and the directing of their attention to the necessities of that cultivation which might he induced within the covers of the now historic OVERLAND MONTHLY. . . . . The guidance given the magazine during the immediate years succeeding Bret Harte's departure fell into honored hands, and we cannot accord too great praise to Bartlett and Avery and their able coadjutors. At a later stage, when all seemed well nigh given up, when to the magazine its 20th of February seemed to come as it did to King James the First, it was our honored host, Mr. Irving M. Scott, who, despairing of sufficient co-operation to render the life of the monthly secure, threw himself and his substance into the breach to ward off impending ruin; and it is the present able editor who has acted the part of Queen Catherine, and thrust her own hand and pen into the vacant staples, and has now bolted "The Californian" to the historic name

of other days, and presents for this city and coast THE OVERLAND MONTHLY in its pristine hopefulness—the covers slightly different, the bear upon the track looking a trifle older than in 1868, as if he had been the patient witness of the lengthening of the Central Pacific across the continent, and as if he could suggest new and valuable thoughts from his experience of fifteen years.

Magazine influence is twofold. It is the cultivator of the people. It brings into their families each month ideas and discussions, thoughtfully evolved solutions of important problems, which flit through the mind oftentimes as swallows fly through a building—in at the window, and then out again through a broken pane. . . . . "The modern Quarterlies," writes President Porter of Yale College, "when they came into being, were an inevitable necessity. The 'Edinburgh Review' appeared as the organ of a progressive literary party, and it fitly ushered in the present century. The influence of these reviews upon the intellectual habits of their readers, especially of those who have read them from their youth, has been not inconsiderable. It must be acknowledged," he continues, "that periodicals (magazines) are in many respects a great intellectual convenience. They abbreviate labor, and place the results of the research of a few at the service and disposal of the many. They sometimes facilitate the research of the student, by directing him to the original sources of which he may desire to avail himself. Oftentimes an article is better than a book—especially is this the case when the subject is out of our line, and we have time neither to look up authorities nor to study them." Many of the most intelligent of readers are remote from libraries, and are unable to borrow or to purchase the books which furnish the information or the estimates which they desire. In all this is found a strong and indisputable argument for the magazine, and every word has added weight when applied to the OVERLAND.

But the magazine has another power. It stimulates expression of thought in minds it reaches. Some will not be content to be merely receptive. An article, an idea, dropped into the mind of some reader, becomes the crystallizing center for all possibilities of thought that are slumbering in the brain. Magazine life stimulates to literary production, therefore. It suggests not only production, but a type of composition that is "trenchant and antithetic; eloquent, able, condensed, guarded in assertion; with qualified inductions, yet with bold and pithy declarations." It instructs the mind to be positive of its evidence. . . . .

The magazine thus becomes a source of culture in the State, of unparalleled importance. It is not to be denied that when the term "culture" is used, it suggests to the general public offensive memories. No war between labor and capital was ever fiercer than that which has existed and still exists between the individualism which tends to limit one's vision to one's self, and center it upon material occupations and material substance, and the rising force of those who believe that the outward, the material, the merely individual, can only be rightly estimated and assigned its true value by the inward development of the grander faculties of our being. Individualism, blind zeal for the outward thing we call wealth or power, the purely objective side of possession, overtops, and is by no means patient with, that evolution of mind-substance, that subjective process, which locates value and acquirements *within*, not *without*, and which, though poor in purse, rules the ages, controls dynasties, shapes diplomacy, founds peoples, not on the skeleton alphabet of dollars and cents, but upon the constructive literature of thought, expressed in poetry or prose. It reduces the one-sidedness of a community to a minimum. It counteracts material absorption. It teaches men to regard the latter as a means, not an end, and to learn the true rule, and to practice it, that

> "By the soul
> Only the nations shall be great and free."

Arnold puts into the mouth of culture the following diatribe concerning the materialistic conception of possessions and welfare: "Consider these people, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of

their voice. Look at them attentively, observe the literature they read (if they read any), the things that give them pleasure, the words which come forth from their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds—would any amount of wealth be worth having with condition that one was to be like this? Thus," he continues, "culture begets dissatisfaction, which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in a wealthy and industrious community, and which saves the future, as one may hope, from being wholly materialized and vulgarized, if it cannot save the present." Such words as these are a full illustration of our theme. On the Pacific coast we have possibilities and resources which no extravagance of expression can overstate. We have rare men and women of ability and enterprise. We have wealth and material power, which is to make this city the New York of the West, and which will challenge comparison with any other section of the civilized world. We could hardly be blamed did we worship even more than we do our material opportunities, our enterprise, our achievements. Indeed, on this continent it can be said of us, as it is remarked of England, and with greater emphasis, that "we are too largely idol worshipers without knowing it. We worship freedom, the right to do every man as he chooses, careless oftentimes whether the thing we choose to do be good or not. We worship railroads, steam, coal, our liberty, our bodily vigor, our population—as if these make a nation's greatness. In hot pursuit of these things, we rush on as if they were synonymous with national strength and individual prosperity." Wordsworth declared against this outward value, regardless of the inward cultivation and worth, in his poetic line—

"Plain living and high thinking are no more."

We would not be misunderstood in these utterances. We have no contention with wealth and material power. Far from it. The true, honest business man is to us an object of ever-increasing admiration. Something akin to adoration fills our mind as we witness his career or lament his too early departure from earthly accomplishment. But it is the *man*, not the outward possession, we admire. . . . .

We hail, therefore, with unmixed delight the beginning of the new era, the advancing culture, which the reproduction of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY introduces for the year 1883. May its success be equal to the palmiest days of other eras, and yet more abundant. It will sail through the narrow passage of criticism, with Scylla and Charybdis threatening. . . . . Letting it alone will be worse than the greatest denunciation, and that condition it should be ours to avoid. Through good report and evil report it should be the purpose of all men who have the welfare of their children and the State in view to give it personal encouragement, sympathy, and material aid as it may require; to open advances for its entrance into the families and communities of this commonwealth; to feel the necessity for its growth and power for the future of our coast; to help to guide it in its literary and its more miscellaneous attempts; to speak well of it as it commends itself to their regard (for if we do not think well of our own, we may be sure the stranger will not feel disposed to value it); to put it and keep it on a basis where it can command the best talent, the highest cultivation, the widest experience in the field of letters, the most attractive and healthful articles for its columns. In point of literary merit in its contributions, we should see to it that no magazine surpasses it: and what of money or personal influence is needed, the people of California can well afford to furnish; for the interest from such an investment is untold in the education of the present and coming generations, and in the preservation and protection of all material industries within our border. Proper success will not perch upon the banners of the OVERLAND, nor will the best type of co-operation be secured, by glorification meetings or glowing pictures of what might and ought to be. It will come only by resolute and wise push of the whole

enterprise along the entire line; a union and persistence that quails at no obstacles, and is satisfied with no minimum success; a holding to the purpose of maintaining the quality of the magazine at the highest notch, and of recommending it to public favor by the breadth and wisdom of its productions and the entire unanimity of its patrons. To this accomplishment we shall need the patience which is born of love, the foresight which is the inheritor of experience —the wisdom which is, according to Solomon, "the principal thing." Though we may accept the statement of Carlyle, that "sunrise is often lovelier than noon," and that "the first stage is not fulfillment, but is enhanced by the colors of hope," yet we may, with the greatest confidence, welcome sunrise and the noon in the OVERLAND journey, fully believing that its sunset, when its work is done, will find no equal radiance to that which shall stream in from the western sea and through the Golden Gate upon an empire it has helped to found and the generations it has helped to train.

"The Magazine as a Social Force."

REMARKS OF HON. W. W. CRANE.

Our worthy host has expressed surprise at the possibility of getting together so many persons interested in the magazine upon such short notice. I must say, however, that even on this short notice, so far as eating a good dinner is concerned, in that particular we appear to be great social forces. What I had hoped to say in a feeble way on the subject upon which I am requested to speak has been so eloquently expressed by Dr. Barrows, that I really feel there is nothing more to say. When we are speaking of social questions, when we are discussing these profound problems, we are apt to think of general causes operating on society; but I discover, the older I get, that, after all, the question comes back to the individual himself—everything must be evolved at the first from himself. What is it, after all, that is the most potent force in human nature? It is the desire for expression. I recollect many years ago attempting to read a system of German philosophy, in which, as is usually the case, the author commenced at the very foundation of things. He said that the irresistible impulse of man was to master the forces of nature, and also to master his fellows; but the limitations on his action were so great that he could accomplish but little individually, and therefore he was compelled to supplement himself with the forces of society. But it seems to me that a still greater force operating in human nature is the desire of expression. It is not expression simply in words, but it is expression in some form—in deeds, in stone, in wood, in art, in music, as well as in words. Literature is but one form of expression. You recollect, perhaps, the story that is told in Gil Blas, where the three students were journeying to Salamanca, and stopping by the wayside, they saw a stone with this legend engraved on it: "Here lies the soul of Gil Perez." They went on to the inn and stayed there all night. But one of them thought over this, and said to himself, "What does this mean?" And so, during the night, he went back and turned over the stone, and there he found a purse of money. This was the soul of Gil Perez. There was the expression of that man. We put our souls into the work that we do, whether that work is in words alone, or whether it is in action: through one or the other we must shape our expression. There is our individuality. When we look at the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, we see the soul of Michael Angelo; and when we gaze at the lofty spires and the infinite intricacies and richness of the cathedral at Cologne, we see the expression of that man whose name is now unknown, but whose idea has been built upon and followed for six hundred years. I have heard it suggested—but when I speak of it I hope my geological friends will not criticise it too closely—that the gold in our mountain streams came first from the vapors of the sea, which ascended to heaven, were wafted to the Sierras, condensed, and finally penetrated into fissures and down into the depths. It is dug up by the miners, and becomes the riches of the world. Now, in this commu-

nity of California, we may say that the thoughts that are scattered here and there among various individuals—the poet, the artist, the thinker, the philosopher—are like the vapors referred to. These are wafted together, as it were; they are lodged in the magazine—that is the great fissure; there we find the intellectual gold of the coast. It cannot be considered in itself so much a social force as a concentrator, a conduit, as it were, for the intellectual forces of the community. And so we may look on this magazine as a fissure in the intellectual strata, if I may use the expression, wherein is lodged now, and will be in the future, the intellectual treasures that we hope may always richly abound in this community.

"Science and Literature."

PROF. JOSEPH LE CONTE'S REMARKS.

It seems to me that we, the friends and well-wishers of this new enterprise, here together assembled, are the representatives of the tendency of the present age, and much more so of the good age which is coming. We are representatives of many pursuits and many kinds of intellectual activity, especially those strongly contrasted kinds, science and literature; but we come together with one common object. Now, science and literature are the twin daughters of culture—twin sisters long estranged from one another, but gradually coming nearer and nearer together with a common object in view, namely, the elevation of our humanity. Now, this has not always been so. Only a few years ago these two sisters were far apart, distrustful and even contemptuous of one another. Only a few years ago—a century or so—the literature of the world, like that of Johnson or Addison, bore no mark of the scientific tendency of the age. The science of that time also, like that of Newton or Dalton, bears no mark of sympathy with the literary developments of the period. How is it now? At the present time the best literature, the poetry of Tennyson and of Longfellow, is freighted with the best scientific thought. Not obtruded, indeed, but underlying and informing. So also the best science of the period—the science of Tyndall, of Helmholtz, of Newcombe, and of Gray—is all aglow with imagination, all sparkling with the splendor of diction—again not obtruded—kept in abeyance to scientific thought, but transfiguring, beautifying, glorifying. It must be so. It is the necessary result of general education. There was a time when there was no generally educated public to which science and literature appealed. Science appealed to scientific men, comparatively few in number; literature also appealed to literary men, comparatively few in number; but now there is an educated public that both must appeal to, and this educated public cares little about details, but it wants only the best results. But there is another reason for this. It has come to be more and more understood and appreciated that a general culture is necessary, not only for the sake of intellectual symmetry, but also on account of the mutual help which each faculty receives from all others. We would cultivate science on the one hand, and on the other imagination, not only because both are good, and therefore we would like to have both, and thus make our natures symmetrical, but also because it is impossible to reach the highest scientific thought unless we cultivate the imagination; it is impossible to reach the most effective results of imagination except through the discipline of scientific method. Imagination quickens scientific thought; science, on the contrary, checks the too great extravagance of unbridled imagination, and these must be united if we would reach the best results of culture.

I said a little while ago that this gradual coming together of science and literature is comparatively a modern thing; but if we look away back to the Greek times, we find the very ideal toward which we now look actually realized among them. In the best Greek cultured society the whole thought and taste of the age was embodied in each cultured man, and it seems to me that the splendid results of Greek culture are due to this fact. Sophocles was not only a drama-

tist, but knew all the science of his time; Aristotle was not only a scientist, but he was also a philosopher and a critic of art. It would seem, therefore, that this plant of culture grew rapidly, reached one stage of its progress, flowered and fruited, but alas! because it was so quick in its growth, it exhausted itself in fruiting, and died. But its seed remained. It again sprung up, and has been growing for the last two thousand years. It has been growing in all directions; pushing its branches in the most diverse ways, and is even now making ready again for flowering and fruiting. And may we not believe that this time it will be like a perennial tree, fruiting and flowering every year, unexhausted and inexhaustible? As in the one case, rapid growth and simple structure was followed quickly by decay, so in the other, in proportion as its growth has been long, in proportion as its elements are more various, in the same proportion, evidently, will be the length of its life; and if it only unite within itself all the elements of humanity, then its life will be co-extensive with the life of humanity itself.

Only last night I heard a gentleman now present say, that if a subject was proposed to a man with whom he was well acquainted, he readily anticipated how he would treat it. I suspect, therefore, that a good many here present already suspect the direction in which I am drifting. I am sure that the gentleman to whom I refer already anticipates that I see in all this an illustration of the law of evolution. For what is evolution? Evolution is a process of successive differentiations and integrations; and every differentiation is for the purpose of gathering and preparing material for integration upon a higher and nobler plane. Now in the most perfect type of evolution these two processes go constantly together, and the growth is steadily progressive. But in the higher kinds of evolution and in the progress of man there are periods of differentiation and gathering of materials, and periods of integration and unification on a higher plane—periods of growth and periods of fruitage. I can make myself clearer by some examples. The human race, commencing from a common origin, was soon scattered, each tribe separated and isolated; and yet not too much isolated, so as to be cut off from the influence of others. In these cradles of civilization the development of the races and the formation of national character took place, some in one direction and some in another, until these different characters were developed to their highest degree; and then comes the process of integration. Every nation now brings its precious matter into the common fund, and thus only can the highest type of humanity be reached. The ideal nation must combine everything that is valuable in any race and in any nation. Another illustration: All individuals also commence alike. It is possible that the eye of the mother may detect a difference between babies, but we who are not mothers cannot see any difference. They are all alike. Then from this common original, isolated within the walls of the sanctuary of the household, inclosed as it were in an egg-shell, necessary for intellectual embryonic development, isolated and separate, the process of intellectual growth goes on, some in one direction and some in another; the individuality is developed to the highest degree; but at a certain point, not too early, not prematurely, all of these perfected results must be brought in contact and put into the common fund of society, and thus only the highest society can be formed. So it is, it seems to me, with culture. Commencing with Greek unity, it differentiated first into science, literature, and art, then into all the different departments of each of these in order to perfect details. And now at last must come the union of all these in a common culture. It is impossible that the best results of culture can be attained in any other way.

Or I might put it still another way. This is sometimes called a hard-working age. It is a hard-working age. It is an age in which the struggle for life becomes greater and greater, until it is hard to see what will be the final result. But it seems to me that the solution of the prob-

lem is in the direction in which we have been looking. Life is not only a season of work, it is also a season of noble enjoyment and worship. We never can attain this until all departments of intellectual activity are combined; until the law of mutual help that I spoke of shall prevail—help between nations, mutual help between individuals, men and women, mutual help between all departments of intellectual activity. Our race was put here on this earth naked, houseless, exposed to what seems an unfriendly environment. It must make its own environment. The race has made its own environment—customs, habits, laws, government, political institutions, science, art, religion: it has made these its most important environment. In other words, it cannot live beastlike in the open air: it must build a house, not only for protecting, but also in which to enjoy life, and to worship the author of our being.

Now, the Greeks built such a house, and in it they enjoyed life; in it they also worshiped the God of Nature in their own way; but the house became soon too small for the rapidly growing humanity. It must be pulled down; it has been pulled down and destroyed. And now we are scattered abroad in all directions, gathering material and finishing details, and in the mean time living in shanties. But now at last it seems to me we are bringing together these details with the purpose of building up a great and glorious temple. Already has commenced the laying of the foundations of that temple. Already I see in the air its glittering dome and its splendid spires. Alas! it is only in the air. But remember, *never temple was built on solid ground until first it was built in the air.* Clear conception must precede true execution.

Now, I am sure that this which I have given is the tendency of the intellectual movement of the age. I believe that the true mission of such an enterprise as that we inaugurate to-night is to help on this consummation. I am not so foolish as to imagine that we, assembled here together, are to bring on the golden age—that we shall indeed build this glorious temple. But at least we may add our mite—we may at least bring a few bricks for the building.

"Our Readers."

REMARKS BY JUDGE BOALT.

I learn from what our kind host has said, and from the toast to which he has requested me to respond, that I am the only reader present; all the rest are contributors. I had hoped that the contributors read each other's articles. The reflection that I am the only reader among so many contributors is not calculated to inspire any particular courage. I hope, therefore, that I, standing here alone among you, will be tenderly treated. But outside, I am not alone There are plenty of readers who are not here. The constituency which I represent is large and it is rapidly growing, and I hope the next time the magazine's friends meet that that constituency will require more than one to make response for it. I think it is a good plan to have a toast to the readers of the magazine. It strikes me that it is a good omen that the readers should be consulted. I think I have known in my experience quite a number of magazines that have departed this life too early because they followed the cranks of their conductors rather than the wishes of their readers. It is a good plan to look to the readers as well as to the contributors. I do not sympathize with that view which takes the editor and the editorial sanctum as comprising the magazine. You must take the readers into account, upon whom ultimately must depend the success or welfare of your magazine. I do not pretend to be aware of the thoughts of my constituency; I cannot tell you how they will behave, but I am sure they will behave pretty nearly as well as you will. But I say it seems to me to be wise to consider the readers. The fact is, when you get down to the bottom, the readers make the magazine. We have you write; we tell you to write, and we don't care to read you if you don't write what we want. It is a great mistake not to consider the readers.

Contributors put too much on themselves; there is too much said in favor of the creative faculty, and too little in favor of the receptive faculty. It is as good to be able to understand a good thing and to know a good thing, a fine thing, or a beautiful thing, as it is to create it; and it requires the same faculty which enables the author to create it. You might say, perhaps, that there was more labor to the man who created a thing that was worthy of appreciation, but I assure you it is a good deal of labor to hunt up something that is worthy of appreciation and applause. I was just saying that the readers make the magazine—they make all art. Now here is a painting by Crayon; he handles colors as if he had squeezed a rainbow into vials, and understood their inmost nature, and as if he were entitled to play with sunbeams. He has a faculty of drawing a sprig or a leaf in such fashion that they look like the escaped toys of some vagrant breeze. Well, what makes Crayon paint so deliciously? It is because he has my warm sympathy and appreciation. Just so with Viola: he never would pour out such delicious sounds unless it were for my urging him and appreciating him into sudden enthusiasm, when melody runs from him like a brook. So it is with all art. I want to say right here, You need not be afraid that if you appreciate your readers they will fail to appreciate you. One great error is in the fear of overshooting. I have heard a great many men in California speaking of overshooting their audiences, but in my brief experience I have never discovered that these unlucky marksmen were too numerous. The reason why these overshooters do not hit is because there is not force enough in their balls to cause them to ricochet after they first strike the ground. We are going to read other magazines; we are going to compare one with the other; we are going to keep you up as well as we can to your work. But do not be afraid. Appreciation is like art; it is like everything else worth having; it takes a long time to get it. One brave endeavor must follow another brave endeavor; it is long and sometimes tedious work. A man's successes may be said to consist of his casualties—a poem, or an essay, or a piece of music; every time you shoot well you wing somebody, and by and by your wounded will make a roomful. That is the way appreciation comes; it is the only way it ought to come. But only being a reader, I ought not to spend so much time. I can only say, on behalf of the readers, I wish you all success. I wish you the brightest welfare, and I hope you will deserve the brightest welfare. I wish to thank you for being, as it were, invited in here as a sort of a masculine midwife at the new birth of the magazine that is to wear a crown that is already famous; and if pluck and that undying bravery that is not afraid of obstacles will win, I know you will have success.

"The Publishers of the OVERLAND."

REMARKS OF HON. J. H. CARMANY.

It is just seven years since the publication of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY ceased. It was published for a period of seven and a half years—from July, 1868, to the close of 1875—the whole series numbering fifteen volumes, of which Mr. Roman published the first two. Of its inception, Mr. Roman can fully acquaint you, but it remains for me to give you a brief history of its rise and fall. This will necessarily lead me to speak more particularly of Mr. Harte, around whom, I must admit, centered all the phenomenal success that was attained by this literary undertaking. At the time I purchased this periodical from Mr. Roman, some little difficulty was experienced about the retention of Mr. Harte as editor. Why he was disposed to hold off or be somewhat indifferent I could never learn; but it was finally satisfactorily adjusted by the mediation of Mr. George B. Merrill, a most intimate friend of Mr. Harte's at that time. As the publication of the third volume proceeded, I became fully aware of the controlling literary position Mr. Harte occupied towards the magazine, which finally so strongly developed itself through his sudden

popularity that the importance of his remaining with the magazine was a constant subject of anxious thought on my part. The production of those unique and truly wonderful Californian sketches, commencing with "The Luck of Roaring Camp," attracted marked attention in the literary world; but it was not until "Plain Language from Truthful James" made its appearance that he advanced to the foremost rank of literary fame. In this connection it may be stated that those remarkable sketches, which all pronounce the best work of his life so far — viz., "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "The Idyl of Red Gulch," "Brown of Calaveras," and "Tennessee's Partner," and the poems of "San Francisco from the Sea," "Her Letter," "The Mountain Heart's-ease," "Dow's Flat," "Chiquita," "Jim," and others—all appeared before "The Heathen Chinee," and the latter, under one impulsive public movement, carried him up with the tide. It was published in the fifth volume, which was the last under his editorial care. When the halls of Congress resounded with the apt words of the poem; when the literary world deluged the author and publisher with the most complimentary letters; when the news agents in the East doubled their orders for the magazine—it was then that the most serious notes of alarm reached the ears of the publisher. While the wave of popularity was rising higher and higher, Bancroft & Co. were desirous of purchasing the magazine, for which I did not and would not name a price, being so well satisfied with the property: all of which received Mr. Harte's indorsement, though he would not at that time give me any assurance of remaining; and while Mr. Roman was constantly inquiring about its rapidly increasing circulation, and regretting that he had sold it to me, the East was becoming more and more clamorous to acquire this new and rising literary star. Letters from all the prominent publishers sought his services. I remember an offer from Horace Greeley of fifty dollars per letter, no matter as to length or subject. I was cognizant of the telegraphic arrangement to dramatize "The Luck" for Mr Barrett. The negotiation was closed by his asking me, "Shall I ask $2,500?" to which I answered, "Yes"; which he did, but the work remains to be done to this very day. As admiring visitors reached our city, Harte was sought after and lionized; among them came one Colonel Head, of Chicago, who became warmly attached to him, and was most anxious to "locate" him in that city. I am satisfied that, when Mr. Harte finally left, he had no settled convictions where he would make his abiding place in the East, though Chicago was the ostensible locality; for shortly before leaving he asked me what I would take for the OVERLAND (I naming $13,000 as the price); and the subsequent action of prominent citizens of Chicago, under the guidance of Colonel Head, upon Mr. Harte's arrival in that city, fully convinces me that he was delegated to ascertain what the publication could be bought for, with a view to its removal to Chicago. Further proof of this is found in the fact that at that famous dinner projected in his honor, at which he did not appear, the sum of $15,000 was distributed in checks of $500 apiece, under thirty covers, as a surprise to the distinguished guest, as the sum requisite to accomplish this removal.

Harte was always a slow producer of "copy," as we printers coldly and unartistically term it. When he announced the fact that he wanted space for a sketch in the next issue, I plied him early and late, so as to make it possible to complete the magazine at the stated monthly date for its issuance. As an example of the great attention he gave to his productions, particularly in closing them, I submit some "proof" of his which I came across the other day.

It is a fine point to decide whether the critical transition period of the magazine from Mr. Roman into my hands—for I question whether another number would have been issued after the close of the first year of its existence if I had not purchased it—did or did not give Mr. Harte the full measure of his opportunity for literary fame. The opportunity would at least have been delayed, and

perhaps have passed forever. It has been often asserted that I did not appreciate Mr. Harte, and that I, more than any one, was the cause of his leaving. When the wave of popularity was mounting higher and higher, I suggested to him that we take a trip East on a lecture tour, the financial management to be in my hands. He was quite pleased with the idea, and I have no doubt we would have returned with increased fame for him and greater prosperity for the magazine. I would have given but one opportunity to each community to see and hear him, thus undoubtedly making a grand success. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Williams, and several others kindly consented to manage the magazine in the mean time. But the plan failed; and as a final proposition, being so well assured of the success of the publication under his editorial care, I offered him a salary of $5,000 per annum, payable monthly; $100 for every story, and $100 for every poem he contributed, together with a quarter interest in the magazine.

It has been asserted, with a great deal of truth, that the OVERLAND evolved a new literature of this western world; to the establishment of which, from a less artistic point of view, though quite solid in its nature, I contributed no less a sum than $25,000 over and above all receipts of its publication; and the entire right, title, and interest of which—for a not quite corresponding sum of money!—I now vest in the brilliant and persevering young editor, who, I hope, will be able to bring it to its full standard of excellence and consequent financial success.

"Our Poets."

MISS COOLBRITH'S POEM.

To worthier hands this task should fall
Than mine—the least among you all.

In Eastern lands, to the great kings
Of old, the precious offerings,
The frankincense, and balm, and myrrh,
Were borne by th' noblest messenger.
Greater the kings of Thought's domain;
Than royal blood, the royal brain—
Which rules no single, feeble clime,
Unbound of place, or tongue, or time,
The world yet swaying, when the clay
Which shrined it here has passed away!
Then to these loftier monarchs still,
How proud indeed the hand to fill
And bear the cup should be—to raise
And bind upon their brows the bays!

"Our poets." Do we claim alone
What time and country make our own?
Hear but the echoes, faint and few,
Struck from our western lyre?—too new
And strange, as yet, with voice and word
To sound the full, harmonious chord.
Not so: from the far past, else dumb
And sealed to us, their voices come.
Beyond the mystic veil of death
They sound the words of hope and faith.
About our daily pathways, clear
And sweet, their living tones we hear;
They lend our groping fancy wings
To soar aloft with nobler things;
They lift the lonely heart; they give
The sinking soul new strength to live.

Beneath these golden western skies,
Who knows what later bard may rise—
What king of Song, to which our own
Is but the feeble undertone,
The faint bird-twitterings of morn,
Ere melody's full burst is born;
Is as the tender, slender shoot
Pushed upward from the buried root,
To that which in its crowning hour
Unfolds the full and perfect flower.

Hail to the Master! In what far,
Dim hour may rise his natal star!
Within whose sleeping brain lies furled
The epic of our fair New World.
His be our unwon laurels; his
The perfect music which we miss,
Set to the onward march sublime
Of Progress with the steps of Time.
O, master touch! O, master voice!
How shall thy world in thee rejoice—
Worthy by Homer's self to stand
And clasp divinest Shakspere's hand.

Prof. Kellogg, in a very happy speech, responded to the toast, "The Friends of the OVERLAND," recalling the chief names that had been associated with the magazine as benefactors—Mr. Roman and Mr. Carmany as publishers; Mr. Harte, Mr. Avery, and Mr. Bartlett as editors; Gov. Stanford, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Baker, and others who had given financial help; and concluded with a warm expression of gratitude to the host of

the evening, saying that he should like to be able to ask for three cheers for Irving M. Scott, but would confine himself to moving a vote of thanks, which was immediately given with great enthusiasm.

TELEGRAM FROM PRESIDENT GILMAN.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 21st, 1882.

IRVING M. SCOTT, San Francisco.

May the OVERLAND live a thousand years and prosper.

D. C. GILMAN.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR PERKINS.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Dec. 22nd, 1882.

IRVING M. SCOTT, ESQ., San Francisco.

Dear Sir: Your kind invitation to attend a dinner on the 21st inst., for the purpose of celebrating the revival of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, reached me this morning. It certainly must have been sent overland; and as our to-morrows never come, so our yesterdays never return; therefore, to-day leaves me with regrets. I have not only lost a feast that elevates the mind, but that higher, nobler flow of soul which springs therefrom.

What compensation is left me? The knowledge that our OVERLAND MONTHLY still exists. It has witnessed the departure to "a land beyond the skies" of many a loved contributor; its pages have told in words of sorrow the pain and grief their absence has produced: but we would continue its existence as an old, tried, and true friend, always welcome, and ever certain of a Californian greeting, and you know what that is—it is the strong clasp of an earnest man, tempered with the constancy and devotion which are the attributes of a true woman. Success to THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

Yours truly,

GEO. C. PERKINS.

LETTER FROM HON. HORACE DAVIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 21st, 1882.

IRVING M. SCOTT, ESQ.

My Dear Sir: I am sorry I must decline your kind invitation to dinner, on Friday evening, to celebrate the revival of the OVERLAND. A previous engagement will absolutely forbid my being present. The magazine has my most hearty wishes for its success. There is ample field for a publication of this sort, which shall express the best thought of this coast, and there is every reason why it ought to succeed. It will bring out the best literary talent of this community; its columns will be a medium for the discussion of the great interests, social and national, of our people. It should rank with the Academy of Sciences and public libraries, our Mechanics' Institute and our School of Art, as among the elevating, humanizing influences of a new community; and as such, it deserves a hearty support. Regretting that I cannot be with you, I am, with a renewal of my best wishes for the OVERLAND,

Yours very truly,

HORACE DAVIS.

DR. STILLMAN'S LETTER.

LUGONIA, SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY, Dec. 22nd, 1882.

MR. IRVING M. SCOTT AND WIFE.

Dear Friends: Your kind invitation to me to join you in celebrating the revival of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY reached me last evening, too late to enable me to meet you this afternoon, or even to reach you with my regrets; but it is not too late to serve as a harbinger of spring to our old favorite, THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. May its luck in the future be better than that of "Roaring Camp."

Yours,

J. D. B. STILLMAN.

PROF. HILGARD'S LETTER.

BERKELEY, Dec. 21st, 1882.

HON. IRVING M. SCOTT.

Dear Sir: I sincerely regret that the state of my health will not permit me to be present at the dinner in honor of the revival of the OVERLAND. I cannot, however, allow the opportunity to pass without expressing the pleasure it gives me to see that honored name about to take its place once more in the galaxy of American magazines. Having been one of a group of mourners,

who, in 1875, met at the old editorial rooms in the hope of devising means to prevent the then impending suspension of the OVERLAND, I would have been particularly pleased to join its friends on the present occasion, when the rising tide wave of general prosperity promises a brighter future. I have high hopes that under its new management the magazine will again take its accustomed honorable place, not only as the exponent of the best literary culture of the Pacific coast, but as filling a place not now occupied by any other periodical on the great highway between the West and Orient.

Very truly yours,

E. W. HILGARD.

DR. GALLY'S LETTER.

The following is part of a letter of regret received from Dr. J. W. Gally, of Watsonville, author of "Big Jack Small," etc.:

THURSDAY, Dec. 21st, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OVERLAND.

. . . . I am on a lead that brings me particularly to regret that I shall not see and meet what I never have seen or met, viz., a company of literary people assembled to enjoy the fruits of the mind with the food of the body. As an author—if, indeed, I may so call myself—I have been always a solitary "prospector," climbing among the ragged foothills in search of the "float" that endless years have shifted, inch at a move, from the far-off summits of purely original thought. I have been endowed or damned (as the estimate may be) with some part of the unflagging faith of the prospector, which, while it looks at the surface soil, believes in the depths of great riches; and climbs, hopefully if often slowly and wearily, toward the height which no mortal among the dead majority or living constituencies has yet reached. . . . .

Speaking of marbles reminds me of rocks, and that brings me somehow to remark that the distinctive tone, or flavor, of what may be called Californian literature was born among the rocks; in other words, evolved among the bowlders. No matter who truly writes it, our literature—if we may so call it—grew from gulch to gulch, from cabin to cabin, from camp to camp, and has made its impression upon our minds and manners forever. We need not deny that it is a wild youth, deserving, in some measure, the dignified big-dog scorn of the "trooly eddicated"; but such as it is, it is our own. Its wild-oats—and what land has wild-oats tall as grow in California?—its wild-oats may yet be sown, grown, and plowed under as a fertilizer to a better crop; but in doing away with the wild-oats, we should have a care to avoid planting, or trying to plant, seed not suited to our environment. We never can make the art in our pictures, either of pen, pencil, or paint, seem like the art of other cities or countries outside of our environment. Our earth, air, sky, fog, water, and woodland have little resemblance in any other country; while our climate, as a whole, does not even resemble itself. We have more snow, more rain, more drouth, more dust, more mud, all at once and separately, than any other country in all civilization. We have deeper, darker forests, side by side with plains more hopelessly bleak and barren, than are yet found in any healthy habitable part of the globe; and valleys of fat fertility as lasting in productive soils as the tomb-haunted borders of the Nile. It is our straight duty to paint our own scenery and say our own say. "It's no use putting on," is a wise maxim. Let us try not to "put on." Let us not seek to hide our origin—I mean our literary origin. Let us acknowledge the bowlders, also the slickens. In fact, let us as writers, particularly as Overlanders, if we ever write again, try to say in word and spirit what our peculiar environment would if it had possession of words and voices. Inside of any life lease of environment, each honest original person—and as no two people are alike, all persons truly honest should be original—has a way of his own. It is the *way* of it, more than the quotable parts of it, that shows the art in literature. As with persons, so it is with critics or countries. Each has a *way* of its own.

The genesis of this way, in Anglo-Ameri-

can and New World localities, is a curious combination of arrival, survival, and environment. The initial people of Boston, Mass., Charleston, S. C., and Richmond, Va., were of the same era, and all from England; but how widely different is the *way* of each of the cities from the other! Cleveland is not like Chicago, though both were settled originally by what we call "northern people." St. Louis is not like New Orleans, though both were at first French. None of these cities now have or ever will have the same *ways*. The earliest permanent settler of an American center of population has much to answer for. His power is pre-potent. From him is the hereditary element in the environment. His mark is indelible. There is no way of wiping it out. San Francisco, California, and the whole Pacific slope south of Oregon, has the air of the Argonaut, the manner of the miner, and no power on earth will ever educate us out of it. In this matter the church is hopeless, the University helpless, and "eastern" advice unheeded. We are to fight it out on our own line.

When an ancient and honorable Overlander, earlier in our little literary career, before he became famous, built us a poetic, pathetic story upon a soiled foundation, we were slow to applaud, because we somehow felt, as one of our mining ancestors said of a pathetic sermon, that "our parson was pumping for salt"; but our author says that he found the same story promptly applauded by our eastern brothers, and hence our author set us down as "lacking." Yet when he changed his tune, and sang to us about the painful disagreement in the scientific society on the Stanislaus, we not only showed an instant interest in scientific matters, but we opened our hearts to the suffering official, who, under a sickly smile, ceased to be interested in the subsequent proceedings; and when, at last, he exhorted to us about our friend Mr. William Nye and the Heathen Chinee, we shouted like the gods in the gallery. All of which goes to show that we know an original work when we see it. Time will indorse our estimate of Mr. Bret Harte. We put him up for a serio-comico-satirical poet, of a very rare and excellent fancy; and whatever else he is not, that is what he is. None of this is to detract from the merits of Mr. Harte's romantic sketches. But those sketches are imitable—he himself could imitate them; but neither he nor any one else can imitate some parts of his "Truthful James." In his poems, Mr. Harte is the mouthpiece of his environment, and unless other OVERLAND authors will aim to be the voice of *their* surroundings, then there is no need for an OVERLAND magazine, and, consequently, no need of any OVERLAND dinner, nor of this laborious (to the reader) letter of regrets.

Yours truly,
J. W. GALLY.

MR. WILLIAM H. RIDEING'S LETTER.

BOSTON, Dec. 26th, 1882.

My dear Sir: Many thanks for your kind invitation to the dinner celebrating the "revival." It would have been a pleasure to have attended, but in modern phrase, it is "quite a little journey" from this pivotal city to the jumping-off place; and I like not the country between Ogden and Reno, though one may have supper at Humboldt. However, I hope the OVERLAND will be all over the land, and that its circulation will be limited neither by numbers nor by geographical boundaries.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

No one was more missed than Mr. Roman, the founder of the OVERLAND, whose own regrets for his unavoidable absence were most earnest. Mr. John Muir also was one whose absence was felt as a serious deprivation—the more, as the guests had expected to meet him until a telegram at the last moment reversed his previous letter of acceptance and congratulation.

Regrets were also received from Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Frances Fuller Victor, C. T. Hopkins, R. E. C. Stearns, Sam Davis, T. H. Rearden, Y. H. Addis, Josephine Clifford, W. C. Morrow, Seddie E. Anderson, Henry Liddell, Evelyn Ludlum, and others.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1883.—No. 3.

OUR WEST.

OUR country has but one true West, and it is with us. Other Wests there have been, notably the great valley of the Mississippi; but the color has faded out of them, and now the sunset glory rests only on the Pacific side of the continent; the evening clouds also, for the Golden Gate is not always golden. What was the West is now the great Interior, as its own inhabitants already call it. Journals published at Chicago are named "Interior," "Inter-Ocean," and the like. An Ohio poet a few years ago entitled his book "Western Windows." It was the last remnant of an expiring terminology, allowable only by poetic license. Chicago and St. Louis, Omaha and even Denver, are as much east as west: west to men on the Atlantic coast, east to those on the Pacific. Beyond us the name cannot go; we are the permanent West.

The antithesis from position and distance is greatest here. The East is more curious about this farthest region than about any intervening one. Illinois with its broad prairies, Louisiana with its sugar plantations, Lake Superior with its copper mines, have become an old story. Even the cattle ranges of Texas and the buffalo plains of Wyoming are growing stale. If eastern travelers set out for a good round American trip, they must see the sage plains and the silver ledges of Nevada; in California, the gold mines and the orange groves, the Yosemite Fall and the Golden Gate; in Oregon, the broad Columbia; and farther north, the sky-piercing peaks of Washington, not to speak of the mighty icebergs of Alaska. Colorado, nearer at hand, has awakened a special interest; but it was that of a State of belated birth, whose mines and mountains were but copies of those on the Pacific coast. Utah is a region by itself, of alien religion and un-American characteristics.

With this largest curiosity concerning us comes also the freest criticism, a sharpness of judgment as of a foreign land. Nay, more: some Atlantic Americans, who affect English manners and feelings, seem to regard San Francisco as much more distant than London, and Californians as fairer critical game than even the Highlanders or the Corkonians. To them, the three thousand miles across their own country are much longer and more dissevering than the same distance measured over the *oceanus dissociabilis*. It is interesting to note some points of this eastern criticism.

1. Our *scenery* is criticised. Our moun-

tains are grand, but not so delicate in outline as the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc, and sadly deficient in glaciers. Our lakes are less beautiful than Leman and Como. The Columbia River is impressive, but not so large as the Mississippi and the Missouri. San Francisco Bay is not so perfect a gem as the Bay of Naples. Our Californian hillsides grow painfully brown in the long, dry summer, and the dust is deep on our highways.

To which California, like her sister Pacific States, modestly answers: "I did not make myself, and do not feel to blame for any little or great defects in my appearance. In the short time that has elapsed since I was made known to your world, painters and poets have found something in me to admire and commemorate; but I do not set myself up for the greatest beauty or the most majestic figure in all the continents. If you like my mountain cañons, stay in them a while, long enough to appreciate them; do not, like most of the Yosemite visitors, run in one day and out the next. Camp in my redwood forests long enough to test the wholesome breezes from the sea. Go to the sea itself, and drink in the salty air that comes purified by ten thousand miles of ocean alchemy. Think, as you look on the ever-breaking waves, of the empires and continents that lie across the expanse. If these things have no interest or charm, if they stir your pulses to no quicker or healthier rhythm, do not, O good critic, heap blame on me for furnishing no more to your jaded curiosity; depart in peace, and sate your longings with the grandeur and beauty you may find elsewhere. Some friendly steps will still turn hither. I have no fear of being left again unknown; through the centuries to come I shall have enough and to spare of true and ardent lovers." And the sister States quietly respond, "So say we all of us."

2. Our *climate* is criticised. Various reports long ago went abroad that here on the western side of the continent eastern cold was mitigated; that the snow did not lie, on the level, two feet deep in San Francisco, nor in Astoria and Portland. Throughout our State we can grow the Australian eucalyptus, in many places even the Norfolk Island pine. Roses bloom here in the winter, and cattle are not prisoners in the barn. In our south, tropical fruits flourish as in the eastern Florida. Many men with impaired health found this a sanitarium, even when they slept under the open sky. Such things were written by residents of more or less permanence, sent to eastern friends, printed in eastern journals. They were true records of actual facts. That too much was made of these reports was not the fault of the writers nor of the Californian climate. Especially should California not be blamed for the exaggerations of eastern tourists. Men who were bound to make a good story put an extra touch on ascertained facts. All the grapes were very delicious, all the pears of monstrous size, all the beets and the squashes phenomenal. Every month was balmy, every town salubrious. San Francisco had only wholesome sea breezes; the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys only an invigorating dry heat. Toward the south lay an immense paradise; from Santa Cruz to San Diego the sea-coast and coast hills were all one sanitarium. The foot-hills of the Sierras, and much of the year the summits themselves, were fragrant, exhilarating bowers of bliss.

Now, if harm was done by such overdrawn representations, whose fault was it? Certainly, not that of the climate, not that of the people who lived here and went on minding their own business. More than one hotel register has the names of those who wrote themselves "Nordhoff's fools." Mr. Nordhoff may or may not have deserved their anathemas. Certainly, he was not the only or the chief offender in intemperate coloring. The more fools they who could not read between the lines of the tourists' eulogies; who supposed that a veritable Elysium was to be found on this withered old planet. California has done her best in climatic hospitality. She has braced up many a wavering constitution, and wrought some changes that resembled miracles. But her appliances

are limited, her own disabilities serious. She cannot prevent the cold winds coming in from the boundless ocean upon her long, exposed sea-board. She cannot have her magnificent Sierras and her varied Coast Range without hot valleys between. The dry air of her summers must sometimes be laden with dust; the needful rains of winter must make dampness and discomfort. She feeds her friends with her grapes and oranges and olives; but here, as elsewhere, the earth responds only to careful cultivation. Hundreds of eastern guests have gladly accepted her generous hospitality; a few have scoffed and scorned because every breeze was not a zephyr, every acre a Gan-Eden. She has not one climate, but many; and while all are endurable to the pliant human constitution, some are of attested sanitary value. But no old Californian claims that the State is one great paradise. Few came hither for the climate. They did not think it the great end of life to find the balmiest spot on the great round globe. They came for serious and active business: if the sky were propitious, so much the better; but sky and air and temperature need not be the very choicest in all the world. Strangers must suit themselves. Those who are too tender for the common winds that blow the world over, for the alternations of heat and cold, and the belts of sterility that are found in every temperate region, may pass on, if they will, to the lazy and listless lagoons of the tropic isles. They are too exacting for the sympathies of our work-a-day people.

3. The sharpest criticism, as is natural, falls on our *people*. Sometimes it is indirect, sometimes direct. That which is indirect finds on this coast the best type of the rough, saucy, lawless American. It is not always a note of disparagement. Story-tellers have needed a foil to their more staid and conventional characters. Satirists must have a raw frontiersman on whom to show their wit. There used to be a type of westerner peculiar to Ohio and Kentucky; later came the trappers and hunters of the plains, with a dash of fun from Pike County and Ar-kan-saw. Western peculiarities have thus been a variable factor of American life. The type was hardly fixed on one frontier before it was gone by; the character must be located and painted anew. Now, at length, a resting place is found, and the typical westerner is perforce a Californian. We furnish rude heroines as well as heroes: Mrs. Burnett's "Fair Barbarian," who shocked so much the proprieties of an English town, was a belle from the Pacific. Henry James's latest story has these sentences: "She was a genuine product of the Far West—a flower of the Pacific slope; ignorant, audacious, crude, but full of pluck and spirit, of natural intelligence, and of a certain intermittent, hap-hazard good taste." "When he first met her in California, she called herself Mrs. Grenville." "At San Diego she was staying with her sister, whose actual spouse (she, too, had been divorced), the principal man of the place, kept a bank (with the aid of a six-shooter)." "She used to say that she only wanted a chance—apparently she had found one now." "Some of those western women are wonderful, Littlemore said: like her, they only want a chance." Henry James is more than half English; and the full English novelist often throws in a dash of Californian life to make American experience piquant. See, for example, the trim little Marquis of Millefleurs, in one of the late charming stories in Blackwood. Because *our* "Maga" happens to be published in San Francisco, instead of Edinburgh or Boston, we need not resent this trick of the novelists. They must have their effects of light and shade. The typical westerner—that is to say, the typical Californian—is just to their hand. His imputed coarseness is the needful spice. The loud, dashing young woman from the Pacific coast is presumed to be entertaining to the average reader. We would not spoil the story-teller's best preserve; let him keep his rough heroes and audacious heroines here, to draw upon at need. They are as conventional and harmless, perhaps as necessary, as the *other* James's solitary horseman. Sooth to say, our "Maga" has done a little herself, under the brilliant touch of her first editor, to establish a new type of

westerner—racy, lawless, interesting and impossible.

When we turn to direct criticism of our people, we can afford to be still imperturbable. Of its general quality and reasonableness we have a sample in a bright, sketchy book, published in 1881, and written by a lady of ability. She is lavish in her praise of the friends she met, and speaks handsomely of certain beautiful views. But few things please her in the natural scenery, in the climate, in the products of the soil, in the people. In entering the State, "Cape Horn" is "not very impressive." No one who has never seen San Francisco "can imagine its bleak aspect." "Anything drearier" than the ride to the Cliff House "it would be impossible to conceive." There are beautiful suburbs of San Francisco, but all "too far away." Up among the Sierras "the forest seemed tame." The Pacific itself is not spared: "I do not like this clumsy ocean. It has no salt air, no fine fish, no lively motion." Worse still, it never allows its shells and pebbles to be accessible; "a low tide I have never yet found in California." The climate, like the Turk, is simply unspeakable. "Travelers should know, in advance, that what is called the uniform climate of California is simply a uniformity of change; that each day gives variations greater than any Atlantic town can show, and that this is true all along the coast." The fog closed over San Francisco for two months. "In a clear day": "it is what they all say in California, and never yet has there been a clear day!" "I do not think there is a place on this coast fit for people who are sensitive to changes of temperature." Fruits are a failure. Melons are "cool, but neither sweet nor rich." Wagon-loads of watermelons are fed to Santa Barbara cattle, but "if not sweeter than those 'fed out' to us, the milk would be none the better." Fresh figs "have no decided flavor." "I have seen no strawberries from market that I considered eatable." "They are sweet and they are sour, but they are not fragrant." "I did not see, nor have I yet tasted, one ripe tomato among thousands." "I was sent out here to eat grapes, but I have not yet eaten any: they are sour and watery, and do not tempt me." "We wandered up and down, tasting very sour grapes!" "Do all these things *taste* good? Not a bit of it. They bewilder the eye with their lovely colors; but one northern peach is worth them all." "The fruit which goes to market seems made for the eye only." There is a wealth of flowers, but flowers "would never reconcile me to the absence of grass." In one place there was "a quarter of an acre of lawn as green as possible"; "but, alas, the lawn was wet!" "Why have green grass, at the cost of a fortune, if you cannot walk on it or sit on it?" The eschscholtzia "stares boldly at the dry sky."

Somehow, all this disappointment in the products of the soil is connected with the shortcomings of the people. At a single dinner at the Big Trees there were "four different roasts, and three sorts of vegetables, no one well cooked!" That is a fair complaint, if one's needed pabulum is spoiled in the preparation. But what shall we say of the claim that one's hidden desires be gratified? "I have missed ice greatly in San Francisco. It has only been offered to me once; and the wealthiest persons seem to prefer to do without it." At a small party in her honor, there was, she laments, an "entire absence of fruit from our entertainment of ices and cake. There were a few grapes, but they served for decoration only." "My physician ordered me here that I might eat fruit freely, especially grapes." The author was asked to lunch, with still worse success; for there came to light the inferior caliber of the Californian mind, the lower refinement of Californian manners. "At these lunches, of course, I have seen only ladies, and they have talked in a way which can be found in all cities, but which in Boston or Washington would not be used by ladies with whom I should be thrown." "A New England woman said to me, the day after I arrived, that she had never lived anywhere where it seemed to her the women were so intelligent, and took such pains to

cultivate themselves, as in California. She lived in San José; and as I thought it hardly likely that this town would be very superior, I took occasion later to inquire where she she had lived previous to her marriage. I found it was one of the small interior towns in Maine. When an opinion is very positively pronounced, it is well to find out how wide an experience goes to its make-up." No New England country standard of intelligence and refinement for us! Let us get the best Washington tea-pot and "live up to it." At present, "in California, civilization has little to say about anything." "Better fifty years of Europe" is quoted on us without qualification. At a learned professor's house, "there was no general conversation of interest." We are consoled by the admission that "Cambridge parties used to present the same extraordinary spectacle; .... but *we* considered it a trace of provincial barbarism, and set ourselves to correct it." In California, "I seem to have lived for months without any proper social opportunities." Something might be hoped from the Academy of Sciences; but at its public meeting, in a building "dirty, dreary, and forlorn," "every member apparently spoke with the greatest reluctance, and without the slightest interest in what he was saying." This side of the Rocky Mountains "there was an entire absence of those thoughtful courtesies [in traveling] which make a woman comfortable at the East." "One thing I *am* sure of, and must say, and that is, that I never was in a country where the law makes such victims of women as in California." The whole region from Santa Barbara is condemned, as the boys say, "unsight, unseen"; for if the author had made the journey by stage, "it is not probable" she would "have seen a woman on the whole road!" "Certainly the 'Father of Lies' must have settled California, for no one can speak the truth here, even by accident." In San Francisco "it is clear that drunkenness is considered no disgrace." But this is getting beyond manners, into morals; and in this dangerous region the author leads where we do not care to follow, and prints assertions that decent Californians know to be as wide of the mark as the statements about so many things of less importance. We cover all with the mantle of a good-natured charity. In citing these hasty impeachments, we have, to use one of our author's expressions, "*dall*-ied longer than we had any excuse." But it is well to know the worst that is said of us; and this book, which should be entitled, A Traveler's Travails, is one of the sharpest, groutiest, most dyspeptic, most amusingly egotistic and egregious arraignments of this land of the West. For all who live here, or have become really acquainted with us, comment on its statements is needless, and argument against them would be absurd.

If there are any good people elsewhere, who are in danger of taking for truth the fictions of the novelist, or the crude impressions of an every way uncomfortable traveler, we suggest to them a few points of inquiry, to be wrought out at their leisure:

First. Who settled this Pacific coast? Were they not chiefly from the civilized and refined Eastern States—from Maine down to the Carolinas? If some came from the Interior, was not the Interior settled chiefly from the aforesaid East?

Second. Is it likely that a community under such leadership would so soon fall far below its first standard? Especially when we remember the constant and large reinforcements from "the sisters and the cousins and the aunts"—nay, even the daughters—of the critics themselves.

Third. Have we, or have we not, the usual appliances of a civilized, cultivated, well-ordered community—such as schools and colleges, churches, books, magazine and newspaper reading? Do we get any reading from the East? And how much?

Fourth. Would it not be well to take the word of those who live here, and *know* whereof they affirm?

Martin Kellogg.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Here is no cruel lord with murderous blade,
No woven web of bloody heraldries,
But mossy dells for roving comrades made,
Warm valleys where the tired student lies
With half-shut book, and many a winding walk,
Where rustic lovers stray at eve in happy, simple talk."

It was one of God's best days.

I had thrown myself down behind a tumble of hay, the yellow luxuriance of which fitted the tired back more comfortably than the softest and cosiest of lounging chairs; and fragrant, withal, as nothing but fresh, clean hay ever is. At the right of the field was a clump of trees forming a miniature grove. Below me stretched the short and seared grass; beyond, a winding road white with dust, then the river, and after that, in the distance, scattered houses; and farther still, and above, pine forest and purple, hazy hills; while over all glowed the October sunlight, warm and glorious, stealing into one's being, and through every nerve and fiber, as though it was the spirit of that rare old Tuscany wine so aptly termed "bottled sunshine."

I had forgotten to think, I believe; perhaps my eyes had closed: at least, I was unconscious of all sound, except, it may be, the chirping of crickets and the occasional twitter of some solitary bird—sounds too much a part of the day to be particularly noticeable; until close beside me I heard the shrillness of a child's petulant exclamation:

"You're a fool!"

Silence for a moment, and then, mingled with sobbing, came the weaker sound of a younger child's words.

"I with it thaid—boo-hoo, boo-hoo—in the Bible—boo-hoo—he who callth hith *thithter* a fool!" And smothering, as best I could, my amusement at this indignant outburst of oppressed femininity, I peered out from my ambush at the youngsters.

There stood the boy, calm and indifferent, all his anger expended in the one emphatic declaration I had heard; but the little girl was fairly trembling with rage, and between her sobs stamped the tiny foot with spasmodic uncertainty upon the ground.

"Well, well, little ones; but you might be doing a great deal better than to quarrel such a beautiful day as this is; come here and have a roll in the hay, and you will feel altogether different, I am sure." And in a few minutes I had first one and then the other half buried in the fragrant mass. Then they covered me with the sweet dry wisps, and we were well tired out and much better acquainted when we sat down for a chat.

"And now, what are your names, little ones?"

"Mine's Neil Barras, and hers is May—she's my sister. Her whole name's Mabel, but we call her May, for short," was the answer from the mimic man.

"Neil Barras!" I exclaimed—"Neil Barras? but your father's name is not Neil, too?"

"No: papa'th name ith Maurith, but Uncle Neil'th name ith Neil," said the lisping little maiden.

"Yes, and I was named for him"; and the boy straightened himself up with an air of pride that showed decidedly his affection for Uncle Neil.

"Where is Uncle Neil now?" I asked.

"O, he and papa have gone gunning, but auntie's home, so he'll come back to-night, sure," was the young Neil's reply.

In the mean while I had taken a card from my pocket, and scribbled a few words below the name upon it.

"Will you give this to Uncle Neil for me, please, when he and papa come back, and be sure of not losing it?" Of course each had an especial desire to be the favored messenger, so I was forced to give a duplicate copy to the one who was "called May,

for short," and saw them trudge off amicably, hand in hand, while I smiled with a confident feeling that only one of the cards would reach its destination.

Then I went back to my nestling place in the hay, and thought. Six years had passed since Neil Barras and I had started on our separate life-walks. We had gone through college and graduated together—good, true friends always. But Neil went to Europe, trouble in various ways came to me, sickness and death into my family. I neglected answering my friend's letters, and we drifted apart after that pitiful fashion men commonly have, even when loving each other warmly.

A year earlier than my chance meeting with these two children I had run across an old college acquaintance, who, in the midst of reminiscent gossip, suddenly asked, "Have you heard from King Cophetua lately?"

"King Cophetua! How in the world should I hear from King Cophetua? His beggar-maid was no kith nor kin of mine, and besides, I have a vague sort of an idea that the good monarch departed this life some time before I entered upon my share in it, if he ever had a more than simple poetical existence, which fact I am not at all certain about."

The fellow looked at me through clouds of smoke for a while, and then—

"But you and Neil used to be great friends. I supposed of course that the intimacy had been kept up."

"Neil—Neil Barras, do you mean? What in the name of all that's good—or bad—suggested the title of King Cophetua for him?" And I tried vainly to remember a college scrape that might have thrown the nickname to Neil's share.

"Why, haven't you heard of his marriage?"

"No; I was too much occupied with care and anxiety to write him at one time, and later did not have his address. I have lived very quietly, very much out of the world of society for some years, and hear little of what goes on in it—nothing, in fact, that is not brought to me, so I have carelessly let Neil's present whereabouts go uninquired for. But what is it? With whom did he marry, and how and when?"

"Here, try one of my cigars (prime Manila, if you enjoy that flavor), and I'll tell you all the little I know about the affair. A light? Ah! you have one.

"Well, it seems that Neil came across some poor girl in London—you know he went there to settle for a time after 'doing' Germany and France—she was rather pretty, I have been told, and the dear old boy pitied her, helped her and her mother—he being one of those fortunate few with money enough and to spare to satisfy any whim, however extravagant—buried the elder lady when she died, for she was but a wearying invalid at her best; and then, as the finishing touch to a small story, married the young woman. I know little enough about him, but it is hard for me to understand how Neil Barras, with fine tastes and habits, born of constant association with all that cultured society brings before one, formed in and fitted to its highest ranks, could just fancy an uneducated woman of the lower order, however beautiful she might be. Yet the fact is there—he married her, and the boys unanimously speak of him now as 'King Cophetua.' But he is still abroad, and we must wait to see what charm hangs about the maid he lifted to his level."

This incident came up freshly to my recollection again, and I felt a strong curiosity about seeing Neil's wife. Not alone his wife either, for the old love I bore Neil, that had lain quiescent so long, began to flow up stronger than ever from my heart, and made me yearn to greet him, to feel the hearty warmth of his hand-clasp, and to look into the clear, honest eyes. It is a truth that men are better friends than women. No matter how great a period of time may elapse, how vast a space of distance and silence lies between their meetings, one is sure of finding the same firm strength and trust, knows that at the call of need the other will hasten to him and take up the thread of companionship again just where it was dropped. It is not often so between women.

I was lying in bed the morning after my meeting with the children, watching the sun-made shadows of the lattice on the wall of my room, the slight, slow movement of the leaves, and was almost away off in sleep again, when I heard the sounds of voices below, a light foot-fall on the stairs, and then a shower of knocks against my door. I called out a "Come in!" and the noisy intruder flung the door wide open, and Neil Barras was at the bedside. The same breezy, manly man, with his blue eyes flashing, and the wavy light hair tossed back on his small, clean-shaped head, just as of old.

In a moment I was shaken well nigh breathless, and after the glad and boisterous greetings were ended, "King Cophetua"—for I could not rid my thought of the appellation—sat on the bed beside me.

"Now listen. There is not to be a word of refusal. You are to pack up and leave this boarding-house at once, and come over to my brother's, where we can have you as one of ourselves, and you are to stay there, mind, until it is time to go back to the city."

"But I—"

"No 'buts' at all, man. I have not lost a particle of my muscle in these years—feel!"

And he doubled up the great arm that I remembered so well, and bent for me to lay my hand upon the biceps.

"And my stubborn love of rule is as strong as ever; so, in spite of all the varied and doubtless potent reasons you may have to advance for wishing to, and the necessity of your staying here, you are coming to the house to-day. My wife—whom you have never met, but who knows you as my 'heart's brother'—sent a special and urgent message, which would take up too much time if delivered, and her invitation and mine are both but postscripts to my brother's commands; so, 'Arise, take up your bed,' etc." And in an instant he had landed me on the straw-matted floor, with no alternative but to bathe and dress as quickly as possible, which I proceeded to do.

In the afternoon I arrived at the summer cottage belonging to Maurice Barras. Neil, Jr., and Mabel were making sand pies in the yard, and sprung to greet me as I entered the gate.

"M-M-May lost the card you gave her," began the boy, stuttering in his eagerness to be the first to tell me of it; "b-b-but I gave mine to Uncle Neil, and he said, 'G-G-God bless the boy, he hasn't forgotten me, after all!'"

I had time only to smile and pat the child's head before a beautiful girl came out upon the piazza, and stood at the top of the steps toward which I walked. She spoke, with an outstretching of the hand, before I reached her.

"You are Mr. Eldridge, I am sure; we are most glad to welcome you; I speak for Neil and myself, since he has been called away for an hour."

This, then, was Mrs. Barras, the poor girl I had been told of. I believe the astonishment showed in my face, for she was very beautiful.

A sweet, pure, yet womanly face, and her eyes and hair of a rich, deep shade of brown; while even my masculine eye was struck by the easy grace with which she wore her dainty costume of blue muslin, with its trimmings of white lace and black velvet, and the pink coral carved into a spray of wild roses that lay at her throat.

This was my introduction to Madge Barras, my friend's "Wild Rose," and "King Cophetua's" wife.

CHAPTER II.

"For me, wild thoughts I dare not tell,
Desires that never cease;
For you, the calm, the angel's breast,
Whose dim foreknowledge is at rest;
For me, the beat of broken wings,
The old unanswered questionings."

After a happy resting time, I went home. Home, I called it, when I left Ellenwood and the Barras family. I thought of it as home during the few hours of my railroad ride; I talked with myself about home as I drove up from the Boston station; and when

I sprung from the carriage, and the house door was opened, the varicolored rays of light from the stained-glass lantern in the entry striking out over the threshold into the night, and Mrs. Norton, my faithful housekeeper, stood by the staircase welcoming me, I responded warmly to the greetings she and my man-servant Peter met me with, and said to them and to my heart, "I am glad to be at home."

But *was* it home? As I washed away the stains of travel, and put on a loose lounging dress, I had a feeling of lonesomeness. I walked slowly down the stairs and into my library. Everything was as I had left it. The books on the low shelves about the room, the scattered papers on the long, green-covered table, the pens and ink-bottles, the busts and casts from antique statues—not a thing different from what I had been accustomed to for the past few years. Yet there was *one* thing lacking, and my heart beat very quietly, my eyes grew moist, as I said, with an almost unconscious sigh, "No, it is *not* home; it will never be home to me again!"

I had grown somewhat used, in the year and a half that had passed, to seeing my mother's empty chair in her favorite corner; used to have unaccustomed hands do for me the small things so needful to one's comfort; but I remembered now, as scarcely ever before, how every now and then some one thing would be left undone, some tiny care neglected that once was so tenderly attended to almost before I could have thought to wish it done.

Surely, a new breeze had blown over me—a strong self-willed blast from the land of Discontent: and I, often called self-sufficient, felt fully at last what it was to be alone. And the feeling clung to me for many days.

Then I would—must—shake off the creeping horror, and I gathered up, one by one, the disintegrated particles of my life; arranged my plans, drew together the loosened threads of daily routine, and went on, but with that new feeling springing up again and again—the feeling that freedom had somehow lost its sweetness, and that it was better to be held in trammels than to be at liberty to wander as I would, unaccountable to any one for my goings and comings.

Neil and his wife followed my travel-tracks at last, and came to make their home in Boston. It was pleasant to drop in upon them, when and as I would, for I had become almost as one of themselves during our close association at Ellenwood.

I had learned that Margaret Barras, when Neil first met her, was singing upon the concert stage. She had traveled with her mother from shire to shire in England, and finally going to London, had sung there for a while. As with so many others to whom the good God has given a special gift, her many efforts ended in failure at last, and they were very poor when her mother died. It was something, it was much more than she had ever known in her life, to have a warm, generous heart and strong, protective arms to turn to in her desolation, and I believed that she loved her husband with all the impulsive ardor and trust of a first love. Much of the love might have come from her respect for his honest manhood, his sturdy truth, but she loved him truly.

I remember how through all the wild college days, Neil had held virtue the highest token of manliness, and how, with a pride none could cavil at, he gloried in the blamelessness of his life. After that came his delight in his own magnificent physique. The "little speck within the garnered fruit" was still visible in my friend: egotism—an egotism that would, unless carefully watched, degenerate into a disease that should ruin all; for while this affection for one's own merits may be raised, perhaps, by proper pruning and guidance into an elevating honor, it may as easily, by idle exercise, bring a man to his own just contempt.

Among my friends was a young organist of marvelous talent. I had a genuine love for the motherless boy, Harry Ascot. He lived in Boston with a married sister, Mrs. Beldon, who, with her superb, commanding figure, formed a great contrast to her slender etherialized brother.

I have wondered if they who are "gifted and specially dowered in all men's sight"

do not live in a higher world day by day than we know of—we, upon whom the wearing worry of duty and strife, unassisted by the relief talent brings, tells in a gross and sordid sort of way.

At any rate, Ascot was so constituted that his great gift was an unfailing solace to him, a relaxation in all the stress of worldly storms, of which, however, thank the gods, few had as yet been suffered to beat upon his head. He had never known Neil, and one evening I took him to see my friends. It was a stormy night, had been a disagreeably wet and foggy day, and the bright room, made brighter by the sweet face of Mrs. Barras, seemed very attractive as we entered it.

"Neil was saying before you rang that 'Frank ought to come to-night,'" said Madge. "The day has been so uncomfortable, and we could not drive away a shiver of dissatisfaction when the wind blew the rain against the windows. We are comparing this weather with the sunshiny hours at Ellenwood, you see."

The remark was scarcely addressed to me alone, for the little woman included her husband and Harry in the comprehensive look and slow movement of her head.

"You are fond of the country, then?" Ascot said.

"Yes, fonder than I can ever be of the city. I cannot like the endless lines of streets, the pent up yards, the closely built houses. I wish always that I were a tree, a grand old oak tree, with great gnarled roots that would grow upward and outward and topple the houses over, and leave me an immensity of sunlight and sky and air."

"There, there, my Wild Rose! You are showing how well you deserve my pet name. Your world is wide enough here for one small woman, and you should find it sufficiently hard to struggle with the faults of your big husband. But go now and sing to us, it will be like oil on the troubled waters of the storm; and who knows but that you might charm the stars out before the boys go again into the night."

"'*Boys*' sounds well," I laughed. "That might be reduced to the singular, one having seen nearly as many years of life as yourself."

"Sure enough, Frank, we *are* growing old, you and I, are we not? But Madge!" —she had been sitting very quietly, thinking apparently, while we talked—"but Madge! you *will* sing, will you not?"

"Certainly"; and she rose to go to the piano, but turning quickly came back to Neil, and put one hand upon his shoulder.

"Yes, love, my world *is* wide; but never forget that it is you who make it so; you withdrawn, it would be so narrow that it would grow about and crush me." Then she went to the piano and began to sing:

"The odor of pine trees blows spicily over,
The brooklet below me goes singing along.
Across it, beyond, are the cows in the clover,
And I o'er a letter am singing my song.

"Letter, my letter, you're better, far better,
Than gold-dust or jewels or sweet-scented wood.
Ah, yes; it is true that I prize you, my letter,
My letter that cheers me as nothing else could.

"For here do I read, and believe it most truly,
There is love, there is faith in a great heart for me;
And therefore my own heart is growing unruly,
And therefore the world is o'er-glorious to see.

"Then blow, spicy odors, around and above me,
And brooklet below me, sing loud and sing strong,
For here do I read that a great heart does love me,
And out of my soul bursts the joy of a song."

She lent to the words an intensity I had never known her to put into any song she had sung in my hearing. I do not know why everything that occurred that night seemed unusual to me. The plain, trailing black silk that Mrs. Barras wore, and the amber ornaments about her neck and in her hair, were strange to my eyes. The air of the room was such as that which accompanies a thunder-storm, filled, as it were, with electricity. Neil's usually alert figure was limp and unstrung; he lounged like a tired-out man, with an irresoluteness in his pose that I had never noticed before. And Harry's cheeks had a hectic flush and his eyes a brilliancy that I did not like. The boy—he was only twenty; remember this through the

story wherein his young life has a part—went over to Madge, who had risen and stood by the mantel.

"How can I thank you, Mrs. Barras? I have no *words* in which to do so, but"—and he looked eagerly into her face—"will you go into the country with me?"

"The country?" she repeated, and moved a step towards me.

"Yes. Ah, I had forgotten that I am a stranger to you!" And he seated himself at the piano. They had never heard him play, and, as I afterwards knew, were not aware that he was the young musician who had won his laurels at Berlin and London while they, too, were in Europe.

For a minute his fingers trembled lightly on the keys of the piano, then— The early morning birds were chirping and twittering in the trees; the dew fell now and then in infrequent drops upon the grass from the wet branches; the flowers, one would have thought, lifted up their faces to the sun. Afar off the sea just murmured on the shore. Life began its stir for the day.

Then he took us down to a brook that flowed slowly along over the pebbles in its bed. The mowers sharpened their scythes and cut the grain in the meadows. And after, a storm rose up in the distance; it came rapidly over the land; thunder and lightning and swift sheets of rain hushed all the other sounds of nature.

The storm passed over; one by one the birds began again to sing; the reapers were at work once more; the brook rippled with a stronger, fuller sound than it had done; the heavy drops fell from the shrubbery. And then, off in a far field, a farmer sang as he came across the meadows from the barn. The song died away, and the hands of the improvisator rested motionless on the instrument.

Did you dream then, laddie, that you had played the gamut of your life? the sunshine, the song, the storm, and the peace and beauty after the tempest? Nay, it could not have been given you to see, but yet you would play no more that evening.

Madge was deeply moved; and Neil, going up to Harry, looked at him for a moment, and then lifting him in his strong arms, brought him, as he might have brought a baby, over to the sofa.

"Rest, young man; having created a bit of summer for us in the midst of autumn, you have done enough. How, *how* can a man do such wonderful things with a piano?"

"My dear Mr. Barras, there is surely nothing wonderful in such a bit of improvisation as that. Think for a while of all that the dead and gone masters of my art have brought forth from instruments like this! There is everything, everything that may be expressed in poetry, in painting, concealed among the keys and wires of a piano, and it needs only the right hand to find and bring forth the melodies to the world. You remember Buonarotti said that every block of marble held the slumbering statue; one had but to find it and free it from the stone. So with music, it is all there in that wooden case, and my poor hands find but a small part of it after all."

"Nevertheless," said Madge, "you have given us a great pleasure, a great surprise; for I had not supposed one could so control my imagination by the ear as to lead me into distant places and—"

"By the ear, love," interrupted the incorrigible Neil. "I have lead you by the ear a great many times, and shall proceed to do so in the presence of 'all these here assembled' if you do not leave the mantle and that crackling fire and be seated."

We had a few games of cards after that, drank a glass of wine apiece, and ate a bit of cake, for it was a fancy Neil had that all friends who came to see him must "break bread," as he called it, with him under his roof. And then Harry and I went from the bright room into the darkness of the street, where the yellow gas-light flared, and here and there overhead the white cold stars were slowly coming out in the sky, from which the clouds rolled heavily down into the horizon.

As we crossed the Public Gardens, Ascot stopped, standing still to inhale the air with deep-drawn breaths.

"Why, Hal, boy, what is it? are you ill?"

"No; I was simply trying to get a little fragrance from these late autumn flowers here around us. A month ago the air was heavy with perfume during and after a shower; now one would not know by the sense of smell that there is a blossom in the place. Why doesn't the mighty God give to the flowers that come last before winter a richer sweetness than we have in those of summer? Surely, the better part ought to come just before the coldness and the storm."

"Yes; but there must be a middle ground between the two, my lad; we pass from the brilliancy of summer through gradual decadence to the winter's frosts and snows. Think how absurd and fatal a transition we should find it, if we went to sleep at night with flowers blossoming, the fountains playing, birds in song, and every other deliciousness of warm weather alive, and awoke at morning to find the snow piled in drifts over the land, a cold wind blowing, and all nature calling for ulsters and wraps of seal-skin, while we were in the linen and white flannel—"

"I know, I know"; and he grasped my arm and hurried me on, while he spoke impetuously and strongly: "but pray God I may never know mortal decay! I would wish to go out of life in all the glory and beauty of my summer, and not have my physicality sifted through sieve after sieve of weakness, until nothing but the strained and barren husks are left to be put in the grave, and for those who loved me once to remember of me. Ugh! This storm has upset me. I have no thought or hope for the present; only fears and forebodings of the future. Good night, Frank; don't ever let your sensitiveness get the upper hand of your wisdom; be a Godwin rather than a Chatterton; for, believe me, the philosopher, even if he be a blind egotist, has the better of the poet, who is like a flower, and loses beauty, fragrance, everything he has to give the world, when a cold wind strikes him. Good night again; I shall play for an hour before going to bed, and get all of this sentimental rubbish out of me. My piano is a delightful companion and sedative; but you —you will go to bed at once, and let my grim ravings lie heavy on your mind, and disturb you as though they were a sort of undigested mental mince pie. Addio!"

James Berry Bensel.

WHEN MY SHIP CAME IN.

The days and the years went into the past
While ever I watched the sea;
And into the harbor she sailed at last—
The ship that was coming to me.

Where was the shining of pearl and of gold,
Riches from land and from sea,
Wealth I had looked for and longed for of old
That my ship was to bring to me?

Ah, gracious was fortune, never to send
The wealth I had waited to see!
Instead of it all, it was thou, dear friend,
That my happy ship brought to me.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

THE WINGED PHYLLOXERA IN CALIFORNIA.

In August, 1873, the subject of phylloxera was first discussed in Sonoma. While it was generally known, for a few years previous to this time, that the vines in some localities were "sick," yet the true cause of the decay was unknown; and it was not until a year later that the Sonoma Vinicultural Club proved, beyond a doubt, that the dreaded phylloxera had already a strong foothold on this coast.

Various theories were immediately proposed regarding the manner and time of their introduction, but none up to the present time can be relied upon with certainty. European vines were introduced in 1860 and 1862, and without doubt a portion of the trouble may be traced to these importations. The native vines shipped from the Mississippi Valley may likewise have been infested. The exact manner of their introduction still remains a mystery. Still more mysterious, however, is the non-appearance of the form which increased the rapidity of the spread in France and other European countries, and makes the pest far more destructive than we find it in this State. With the assistance of the winged form, a distance of a few miles between districts offers apparently no barrier to their progress. Not only was this form necessary to the rapid spread of the insect, but has long been considered a necessary stage in the complete cycle of its life history. This most dreaded form, found in all other countries, has escaped the closest search upon the part of California vineyardists until recently, and its appearance at so late a date, leaves a doubt as to whether it may not, at any time, develop into all forms common to the insect, and be as destructive to our vineyards as to those in France.

In order that we may understand more clearly the position which this new form holds in the life history of the fully developed insect, a short sketch of its changes, during metamorphosis, will be necessary.

The French recognize four distinct forms, as will be noticed in the following synopsis: Beginning with the form as it exists in winter, we will find a small, dormant, dark brown *aphis*, somewhat flattened, having no wings, and quite unlike the usual mother of the summer season. With approaching spring, this insect becomes active, and either ascends to the upper part of the vine and becomes the gall insect, or descends to the roots and forms the root type, either direction of movement depending upon the surrounding atmospheric conditions.

The gall insect is not found in California, and therefore does not interest us. It is the insect which descends to the roots that will finally produce the winged form. After passing through three changes, or sheddings of the skin, the mother insect is developed. Several generations will thus be produced during the summer, and the increase will continue until the last mother louse dies, in the early part of winter; the younger insects are destined to become hibernants. If instead of three changes the insect passes through five, another form, called the *pupa*, is the result. This is the first indication of the winged form, and is easily distinguished by the small black pads on each side of its back; these contain the infolding rudimentary wings. The next change produces the fully developed winged form, which presents, with its beautifully colored body and four delicate wings, a striking contrast to the dull appearance of the winter form. The winged form lays the eggs for the development of the true sexual individuals, which are again wingless, destitute of suckers and digestive organs, and seem to have but one mission in life—to produce the winter egg for the rejuvenation of species in the following summer.

It must not be understood that the insect passes through just three or five changes, or moltings, but this seems to be the average number under ordinary circumstances. The

different number of changes produce two cycles of life—one incomplete—which the insect may pass through during a single summer. In California, the incomplete cycle is probably the prevailing one, and it would appear that they can go on indefinitely without developing further than the three changes which produce the mother form. The production of the sexual individuals seems unnecessary. With the two different cycles there arise two different forms, larvæ and eggs, which may pass the winter in a dormant state. The eggs, in a warm country like the southern part of France, are frequently hatched at the beginning of winter, into a form of insect similar, if not identical, to the hibernating form of the mother louse; more frequently, however, they are not hatched until spring. Here, then, at the beginning of spring, the forms from both cycles are the same. It may be well to notice that in California no winter eggs, and only comparatively few winged insects, have been found.

A very peculiar phase in the development of the incomplete cycle was noticed by Balbiani while observing the *Phylloxera quercus*, a species closely allied to *Phylloxera vastatrix*, or grape phylloxera. He has since observed the same change to take place among the grape phylloxera. It had long been held that the last stages of the winged form of *P. vastatrix* alone produced true sexual individuals. By Balbiani's observations it was clearly shown that during the latter part of the season the wingless form *sometimes* performs the same function as the winged form in producing the sexual individuals. This offers an excellent explanation for the continued prolificacy, for so many years, of the Californian phylloxera without the intervention of the winged form. The number of eggs laid are the same in either case, their characteristics are similar, and both forms end in the production of a single winter egg.

In 1879 Dr. Hyde of Santa Rosa first succeeded in producing the winged form in this State, from root samples taken from Sonoma district. Seven insects were developed into the complete winged form, showing clearly that, under proper conditions, our phylloxera would pass through that stage, which up to this time seemed to be missing. But strangely enough, they were all, or nearly all, of the infertile variety—a variety not abundantly found in European vineyards.

Since the above were developed, I believe none have been positively identified until last summer (1882) when they were found in very small numbers, in the *pupa* form, on the roots; and in one case a fully developed one on the vine itself. In only one or two cases was the winged form developed during the summer in bottles. Apparently, when all conditions are favorable they develop abundantly; for, while making some observations at the State University, I have taken at least fifty insects, in the *pupa* state, from a single small bottle. Soon after removing them, they developed into mature winged insects. All the insects, as far as noticed, were fertile; and very soon after they obtained their wings, each laid a solitary egg, and died. They were taken from the bottle one day, and in less than twenty-four hours some of the eggs were laid. Each of these insects should have laid from six to eight eggs, judging from the number laid by the corresponding form in France; but the conditions under which they were placed were so unfavorable, that no doubt their lives were much shortened by the treatment. However, they have been frequently kept some time on a plate of glass without apparently suffering from the change from the roots.

The exact time required in passing from the *pupa* state to the laying of the egg is uncertain; but it is presumably small, as the winged insects were removed from the "trap" as soon as discovered. They were supposed to have been entrapped by the moisture on the inside of the bottle soon after they became winged; and if this be so, the life of the winged insect must be short indeed.

I have said that there seemed to be "special conditions" necessary for their development. I was led to believe this from the

fact that out of twenty-five bottled specimens of roots, only two had the slightest indications of developing this form; and of these two, upon one was found the partly developed form as soon as the root was taken from the vineyard. As the specimens were taken from all parts of the vineyard, it is quite natural to conclude that only one or two vines had the special conditions necessary. A thick bunch of young, tender, fibrous roots produce the form in greatest abundance. The first supposition is again supported by the fact that the form has been found in the vineyards in only four different places, and upon about as many different vines. A single vine will produce this form, while none will be found on the surrounding vines. Diligent search was made last summer for this variety on a large number of vines, while looking for the common form of the insect, with results as stated above.

The *pupæ* are found near the surface of the ground, and also to a depth of five or six inches. It is still doubtful whether they become fully developed winged insects before leaving the roots; but as the form has never been found on the roots, it is presumable that the transformation does not take place until they come to the surface of the ground. This may account for the unusual activity of the *pupæ*, for their existence in this form, at best, is short; so their upward movements must be as rapid as possible.

At the time I took the winged specimen from the trunk of the vine, I also bottled an active *pupa*, taken three to four inches below the surface of the ground. In less than twenty-four hours this also became a winged insect. Possibly the removing hastened the development; if not, it shows that their rate of locomotion is quite rapid, considering the obstacles they meet in the way of hard soil and other impediments.

Keeping in mind the small number of places in which the winged form has been found, we may consider the vineyards as nearly exempt from this form, although there are spots which seem to show, by the more rapid spread, its existence in appreciable numbers. But such examples have been very few; and many cases of rapid spreading have been attributed to this form because they could be accounted for in no other manner. Yet the sudden decaying of several acres of vines, all possibly infested from the same spot, and on the leeward side of the decaying district, forces the conclusion that the infection must be carried by the winds, and if so, the winged form must have prevailed to a considerable extent. There are notable cases in which narrow strips, extending in the direction of the prevailing winds, have become infested and completely and rapidly destroyed, while adjoining portions of the vineyard remained untouched. In other cases, the whole vineyard seems to collapse in the course of one or two years. Happily, these cases of such rapid destruction are few, and are the exceptions rather than the general rule. If the winged form prevailed in all the vineyards, the spread would be more sweeping, leaving fewer vines in a healthy condition, as we now find them.

Probably the most peculiar phase of the insect's workings is shown in some of the vineyards of Napa County. In these places the manner of spreading is entirely different from any thus far noticed; and if a typical spread by the winged form is possible, and is to be found anywhere in California, it would seem that it is developing here. No other vineyards of the State have the appearance of being similiarly infested. Several vineyards are included in the group. In two notable cases only two or three vines in a group have the characteristic short growth. Surrounding these spots are from one to two acres, dotted here and there with single infested vines. The only indication of disease was a slight change in color; otherwise, the foliage and fruitage was fully equal to that of any other part of the vineyard. It seems impossible that the vines could have become infested in any other way than by the winged form. The sickly vines were scattered in all directions from the original spot, mainly toward the valley; cultivation could not have distributed the pest so impartially; moreover, they were all in the same stage of

decay. Both vineyards were affected in precisely the same manner, and had the same appearance throughout. It is also a notable fact that surrounding vineyards were more or less similarly dotted with yellow vines, significant of phylloxera, although no original source could be located as a starting point. Vineyards two years old were affected equally with older ones. In several acres of a two-year-old vineyard single vines could be "spotted" as infested. Cultivation in so young a vineyard could scarcely have brought the pest from a distance. The choice, then, lies between infested cuttings and winged form.

The greater ease with which the winged form is found of late, and the peculiar phase of its movements, naturally suggests the question, Is not the original form developing into the more dreaded winged form? and may not the insect, in time, accommodate itself to the surrounding circumstances, and develop winged form as readily as in its native country? I believe when the insect was first discovered in California no instances of rapid, sweeping spread are recorded. The spread was slow in all directions. Each separate locality where the root insect is found shows that several years have passed since their introduction. Among these are the two districts in the eastern extremity of the infested part of the State. There has been sufficient time since they became infested to enable the pest to nearly destroy the original vineyards. In one case, where French vines were freely imported, the vineyard has been almost entirely uprooted, with the exception of occasional solitary vines, which still remain, showing too plainly, with their scanty growth, the cause of their decay. Slow but very destructive inroads are being made into the immediately surrounding vineyards. Still no signs of rapid spreading are visible, The other case spoken of is represented by a single vineyard nearly destroyed, while all the surrounding vineyards are in a healthy condition. Traveling westward through several districts, one or more vineyards in each will be found to contain well-developed spots, yet no signs of rapid spread. In the older and more noted phylloxera districts, instances of rapid spreading are becoming more numerous, and anomalous cases are occurring more frequently, indicating a possible development of the new form.

In studying the different phases in which this insect is found, one cannot but notice the striking changes which may be produced by accustoming the insect to varying conditions. The gall louse may be entirely driven from a vineyard by replacing the vines with other varieties; the common root form may, after several generations, be persuaded to live above ground upon the leaves, without assuming the characteristics of the gall louse; surrounding circumstances will, too, determine the length of the life cycles. If the changes can be produced artificially, is there not a possibility of the different forms being reproduced in the open field?

In order to compare the rapidity of production of the winged form of California with that of other countries, I would note what Professor Riley says of their production in the Mississippi Valley, and compare it with the numbers found in California. He says: "An ordinary quart preserve jar filled with such roots (rootlets from vines in proper season), and tightly closed, will furnish daily, for two weeks, a dozen or more of the winged females." If every vine in a vineyard bears the winged form at this rate, it is easy to form an opinion of the vast numbers that would thus be produced, and to see the ease with which they could be carried into the air.

Observation has not yet shown that California produces vineyards in which all the vines are infested with winged form, but rather that the vines thus affected are very few indeed. If this be the case, vineyards at a distance are not apt to become infested by the blowing of the form, for the number which could be taken into the air must be exceedingly few, and the possibility that any one of these will ever find suitable condition for future action in a distant vineyard is almost beyond calculation.

F. W. Morse.

PLATO.

Not the renowned philosopher, though no doubt it might be pleasant and profitable to consider him and his wisdom, unrivaled while millenniums have rolled by. The Plato of my tale is by no means so notable a personage; yet he, too, had more than his share of wit and wisdom, was quite a philosopher after his fashion, and well deserves such attention as his present biographer can win for him.

A small, bright-eyed, quick-eared dog is my hero. Come forward and be introduced, O Plato! Hold up your head in your alert, bold, little-dog style. Now, up on your hind legs and salute the good folks who, according to certain *savants*, are themselves only just getting well used to that ticklish position. Now give us your paw in token of good-fellowship. There, that will do; now back to your warm corner—nay, alas! to the land of shades, the unknown country where all good dogs go; for Plato is gone from hearth and home. His biography must be written in the past tense. "*Ille fuit.*"

It was in the quiet old Dutch town of Schenectady, on the famous Mohawk River, that life first dawned upon Plato—unless, indeed, as was taught by the illustrious ancient Plato, he had pre-existed, and so did but migrate into a new shape on this occasion. It was the drowsy month of August, and Schenectady is not remote from Sleepy Hollow; but Plato inherited no somnolent tendencies from birthplace or birthday. Very early in life he was taken from his native place back into a little country town ten miles distant, where he found good friends and good fare, and never changed homes again—great luck for dog or man!

He was the property, nominally, of a country doctor, whose ministrations stretched over a wide circuit of country, and who consequently lived so perpetually in his "sulky," that, as the "Autocrat" quaintly remarks, "if he had been telescopically observed from some neighboring planet, he would undoubtedly have been set down by a scientist as a curious specimen of wheeled animalcula." The doctor was a bachelor, and had lived for a score of years with a family who, though not akin to him, yet made in every sense of the word a home for the homeless man. Hither he brought his new canine responsibility, who speedily so ingratiated himself with the family, and was so thoroughly adopted by them, that the question of ownership was merged in common friendship. It was a home so still, so peaceful, so well ordered, yet so kindly and cheerful, that Plato found its atmosphere wonderfully congenial—a veritable dogs' paradise.

Out of this pleasant home the little children had gone one by one with shut eyelids and folded palms. There was not one left to be a playmate for the bright little dog. The great, solitary house held only the master and mistress, the doctor, and "Aunt Judy"—"auntie" always and to all, though the sweet young voices which had named her so were mute forever. It might have seemed a lonely spot to the lively little dog, if he had lived there in its days of merry, romping, childish play, and then felt the solemn shadow and silence creep over it all; but as it was, he only knew it in its present stillness and serenity, and was the happy recipient of such loving kindness that to him there never was an aching void.

He was a little fellow, weighing only ten or a dozen pounds, swift of foot and motion, and showing plainly his terrier blood, though not of the usual black-and-tan color. He was of a soft, bright chestnut hue, with a single white spot on his breast. His ears were short and alert, his eyes clear and penetrating, and his tail—ah, what tales that tail could tell! That which his beautiful, speaking eyes, his quivering ears, and his

somewhat limited vocal organs failed to express, his tail was quite sufficient to explain. As he sat on the floor in the midst of the family group, though always nearest to the master, his quick ear catching every word that was said, his brilliant brown eye flashing with intelligence, his sharp voice joining ever and anon in the conversation, what force and emphasis did those vigorous thumps of his long, slender tail lend to his wishes or his opinions.

"Plato," his master would say, in a mild tone of expostulation, "what is the use of your making such an ado with that tail of yours?"

Thump, thump, was Plato's unconcerned reply.

"See here, doggie, I think we shall have to cut off that tail."

A low growl from Plato, and a more emphatic thump.

"Plato, listen: the way I shall do will be to take an ax—and—put—your—tail—on—a—stick—of—wood—and—"

At this culminating point of description, Plato's indignation always got the better of his manners, and with hair and tail erect in scornful defiance, he would make a sudden and disgusted exit.

Yet a very gentlemanly dog was Plato. Frank, easy, courteous, not over familiar with "unfledged acquaintance," yet by no means surly or shy. He was not fond of his own species, greatly preferring the society of ladies and gentlemen to that of ordinary dogs; while "curs of low degree" he held in utter scorn. With this the master used to twit him a little sometimes, when they were conversing together, Plato being seated in his favorite position on the master's knee.

"Plato, do you like little dogs?"

A decided growl of dissent was his invariable answer.

"Well, how is it about big dogs?"

A loud bark of displeasure.

"Now, Plato, if a great big dog should come along, what would you say to him?"

Such growls and barks and bristlings and thumps of his tail would ensue, that the mistress would beg to have these exciting topics avoided, or the conversation discontinued.

Plato was never trained, in the usual sense of the term, but simply talked to and noticed, till he seemed more like a child than an animal, and brightened many an otherwise lonely hour with his quick, sympathizing, affectionate intelligence.

When he had been but three years a member of the household, his real owner, the good doctor, was summoned away to the invisible country, and Plato was left as a most precious legacy to the master. Rarely has a dog been admitted to such a friendly companionship. The master was a man of quiet voice and manner, with only the slightest emphasis of word or gesture; but his little friend was alert to catch the lowest tones of the kind, even voice, his eye quick to perceive the smallest movement of the hand he loved so well. The mistress and auntie were duly regarded and obeyed, but the master was Plato's divinity. On him he lavished the worship of his poor, dumb soul, followed his footsteps whenever he was permitted to do so, watched him in mute, wistful adoration as he read or wrote, sat on his knee like a petted child whenever he could win that position by the most delicate and insinuating entreaty, rode proudly beside him on the carriage seat when allowed that crowning privilege, and kept faithful guard over whatever his liege lord intrusted to his keeping. As was said, he had not been trained to perform many tricks, though this could easily have been done. His chief and most remarkable characteristic, the one that entitles him to this biography, was his ability to understand ordinary conversation. It was this which made him seem half human.

The life of the family moved on in the most regular fashion. In the morning the master looked after the details of his farm and garden, always accompanied by Plato, who had all a terrier's mania for chasing stray cats, and was a most enthusiastic and successful hunter of rats, mice, squirrels, and other small game.

Then came usually an hour of quiet reading in the library, which was rather a dull

time for the little dog, though much mitigated by frequent naps. He never lost himself, however, sufficiently to let the master rise unobserved.

The early family dinner was a much livelier affair, though Plato had a delicate and fastidious appetite, and was far more of an epicure than a gourmand. He never touched food that was not given to him, but would take his position on the floor near the master's place at the table, with his head a little on one side, his eye and ear keenly expressive, and his tail signaling his readiness for a bill of fare.

"Plato, would you like some roast beef?"

An affirmative "ugh," not a bark, was the ready answer.

"Would you like pepper on it?"

An indignant growl.

"Will you have plenty of gravy?"

"Ugh," with emphasis.

"Will you have some pie or cake?"

A still more emphatic "ugh" from the little dog, who had a decided sweet tooth.

"Well, go and ask the mistress for some."

Instantly Plato would trot around to the mistress's end of the table and make known his desire. If she said, "Wait a little," he would sit pleading so eloquently but silently that a plate of dainties would soon be provided for him. No child could be more sensitive to rebuke. A word, a look, a gesture, would send him out of the room crestfallen and wretched.

After dinner came a siesta for both master and dog, when they retired together to a quiet upper room, where Plato was allowed the high honor of curling up on the couch at the feet of his beloved master—a privilege neither sought for nor granted at any other hour.

When the midday nap was over, the master drove over to the village post-office for his afternoon's mail, and was usually gone for an hour or two. The question as to whether the little dog might go too was generally discussed and settled before the horse was harnessed: Plato often bringing up the subject, and growing eloquent over his desire to go before any one else had discovered that mail-time had arrived—whining, barking, standing up, rushing to the door and back in a most distracted fashion.

"Why, Plato, what's the matter? Is it time to go to town?"

Yelp, yelp.

"Do *you* want to go?"

A tremendous demonstration of assent from the dog.

"O, I think you'd better not."

Ah, the woe-begone look that would come into the dancing eyes!

"No," finally decided the master, "on the whole, you may go," and back leaps the tumultuous joy into the little breast.

It was indeed a sight to see him riding beside the master in the carriage. Such an air of dignity, of self-congratulation, of lofty superiority to other dogs whom they met trotting along on foot! Sometimes the master would say, "You may stand up and drive if you wish to, Plato." Instantly he was down in front, his fore-paws resting on the dash-board, and his small, shapely head held erect with an air of authority. When in this position he seemed to feel a general supervision of the horse, and assumed as nearly as possible the master's manners. Every one who was met on the road was greeted with a brief but cordial salute in the shape of a bark, which was generally pleasantly recognized by bow and smile; for Plato was widely known and respected.

But if the master had another companion, or for other good reasons refused to take Plato on this diurnal trip, and told him he must stay at home and "keep house," he would meekly abandon his bright anticipations and retire to his own special nook—a little nest in a back room—curl up in a sort of resigned fashion, and court oblivion. Yet so accurate was his sense of time, that he invariably reappeared after an hour and took up his post of observation on the piazza overlooking the road along which he knew the object of his affections would presently be coming. What bright expectation shone in his far-seeing eye! What acoustic power quivered in his sharp, forward-bent ear! What faithful love—O

rarest, noblest gift of all!—throbbed beneath the white star on his breast! Far away, before any other eye could discern aught but a moving speck, impossible to be distinguished from any other vehicle, Plato's clairvoyant eye discovered the master, and he was off with a mad hurry-scurry down the lane, over the gate, along the road till the goal was reached, and he found his heaven in a kind smile of greeting and a word of permission to climb in and ride to the house.

There was a certain easy-chair in the library which was the special property of the master. Of this right Plato was jealously regardful. He did not like to see any inferior being occupy that sacred position, and to prevent this, he generally took possession of it himself when his deity chanced to take another seat, and only left it when he again approached. Let any common mortal, even the gentle mistress, presume to show an inclination to eject him, and wrathful indignation fairly blazed from those loyal brown eyes.

Sunday was a day of severe discipline to him. He came forth as usual in the morning from his cozy bed, but with an unmistakably subdued and sabbatical air. How he knew the sacred time, no one could tell; but directly after breakfast, and before any preparation for church-going was begun, he went back dejectedly to his nest, and spent the day there—in repose apparently, but perhaps in profound meditation on abstruse questions: who knows? The family was of the Scotch Presbyterian faith, and Plato was presumably a strict Calvinist—for the master was. Perhaps he was able to think out satisfactorily the vexed questions of "fate, free-will, foreordination absolute." But at no time did he feel such a sense of hopeless inferiority to the rest of the family as on Sunday. The truth was, that once he was allowed to attend church, but from his seat in the family pew he had ventured to express a loud Methodistic assent to some theological statement of the dominie, and was thenceforth bidden to stay at home and keep the house. Once or twice he attempted to follow the family, and as a punishment was shut up for the day in the carriage-house—a perfectly humiliating affair, any allusion to which in subsequent years sent Plato with drooping ears and tail into the most sequestered spot in the room. After this question of church-going was settled, Plato never asked to accompany his friends, but he could not fail to show that he felt the edict both cruel and degrading.

Right joyfully, however, did he sally forth from his "dumb meditations and confusions" at the proper time, to look for the return of the family carriage. He never mistook the hour, but about three in the afternoon (there were two services in the day-time in the old-fashioned kirk) he took up his sentinelship on the piazza, and then rushed forth like a young whirlwind to welcome the returning household.

"Plato," the master would say, as they sat together after tea, "I think I'll take off my boots now"; and no trained *valet de chambre* ever rushed more eagerly to the service of royalty. Seizing the boot by the heel, he brought all his tremendous energies to the struggle, and never abandoned his grip till he came off conqueror.

"Now get my slippers, doggie"; and off scampered Plato for the slippers, bringing them one at a time, and placing them at the beloved feet.

Time would fail to tell of his numberless performances of this sort. He would bring in wood, holding it in his firm white teeth, and pursue the business with far more zeal than the average small boy. He would carry a parcel or basket with great care and faithfulness, and indeed was always overflowing with the beautiful instinct of service. He had a quick sense of fun also, and was only too willing, at the mischievous instigation of the master, to whirl the mistress's knitting out of her lap when she incautiously dropped it there to indulge in her nap of "forty winks." Or, knowing her exquisite neatness, he would take the slightest signal of permission from the head of the house to make a bed of the soft folds of her gown as it lay on the carpet beside her low rocking-chair, and then retire from it in affected re-

pentance when she discovered the trespass, but return to it again the moment her attention was diverted by his more guilty confederate.

Perhaps the feat over which visitors, both small and great, expressed the most astonishment was his skill at climbing trees. Just let the master throw some article up so that it would lodge in the branches, and bid Plato go for it, and an acrobatic performance would at once begin. First would come the perilous ascent, with much wary eyeing of the best points to obtain a foothold; then such scrambling over slippery places, such artistic balancing and poising, as must surely have placed him in the front rank of canine Ravels and Blondins. Very seldom did he abandon the pursuit till the object was reached; and, with triumph shining in his eye, the even more dangerous descent began. Plato's loyalty to his master shone out when any stranger asked him to perform some of his well-known feats. Never would he yield to persuasion until he had first run to his dictator and inquired with eye and ear what was his sovereign pleasure. If he said, "Yes, you may do it," there was no more hesitation or delay.

A decade of happy years goes by quickly. It is a dog's life-time—at least, of active, enjoyable life; after that come old age and decrepitude. But Plato's usual good fortune attended him to the last. A disease of the throat, which no care could arrest, attacked him when about ten years old, and a few days of suffering brought the release. The pain to him must have been unaccountable, but it was brief, and his dear master was never far away—there could be nothing very much amiss. Ah, wonderful mystery of animal life and death! Let no one pronounce upon it rashly or with irreverence.

A stiller life settled down upon the household out of which this blithe little creature had passed, but Plato will never wholly vanish from his accustomed haunts while his friends are there. His *eidolon* still lingers by the winter hearth-stone or on the vine-shaded summer porch; and they who loved him will see him still in the familiar places, invested with all his old-time traits, alert, affectionate, beautiful, faithful unto death.

Mary H. Field.

LITERARY CONTENTMENT.

THE Alpine heights from whose drear solitude
Genius looks down upon mankind below—
That dismal region where sad Dante stood,
Where Homer wandered, and where Angelo
Saw at his feet the pigmy world's vain show—
Who, who, those dim, mysterious heights to know,
And o'er the wide earth's shifting scenes to brood,
Would leave the peaceful vale where, in kind mood,
Nature has taught the lowly flower to blow,
And with delights that Genius may not know
Strewn the broad path of human brotherhood!

F. L. Foster.

MAUMA PHILLIS.

AFTER the bustle and excitement that followed Aunt Venus's flight had somewhat subsided, an old colored "aunty," Phillis by name, who had endeared herself to the household by her unfailing good nature and unsparing, affectionate devotion, was appointed to fill her place, as being the most efficient substitute available. Her qualifications, however, might be summed up in the fact that, on occasions when many guests were visiting at the house, she had been accustomed to help in the kitchen, and thus serving under Venus, had gained some superficial knowledge of the duties now demanded of her.

About these days many a mysterious-looking dish was set before us; for to tell the truth, although the mistress spent most of her time trying to drill this new hand into something like the skill and perfection Venus had attained in the culinary art, she could boast of no great attainments herself in her new line of labor—in fact, was nearly as ignorant as the raw recruit serving under her.

Herein was an opportunity too favorable to be slighted for making a practical demonstration of the usefulness of the domestic education which nearly every New England girl acquires in a greater or less degree. I gladly came to the front in several emergencies, thankful for the store of knowledge acquired under the supervision of an efficient housekeeper in my northern home. For my mother in the training of her girls had put into vigorous practice her pet theory, that, for their future comfort and well-being, girls in all classes of life should be taught to perform every kind of labor necessary in a well-regulated kitchen.

But between New England cookery and southern a wide gulf is set; hence, many a wordy battle I had with Phillis before I could induce her to roast the turkey or beef for dinner without first boiling all the nutriment out of it.

Flourishing about the great wooden spoon with which she was mixing dressing, she would exclaim:

"Now yo' jus' cl'ar right outen hyar, Miss Kate! I reckon I'se done roasted tu'keys afore yo' was bo'n; and I tells yo', chile, it's unpossible to make dat ar fit fo' to eat 'dout I biles him fus'!"

"But, mauma, it is young and tender. Uncle Lamb told me so. Do please, Mauma Phillis, try just this one my way."

"Don' car', honey, nuffin' 'bout what Lamb sez! It don' make no kind ob diff'rence how tender dat tu'key am, I'se gwine fo' to put him inter dis hyar pot an' bile him till he am done; an' den I'll jus' hang him afore de fire an' brown him b'u'ful. Dat ar am de way my ole mudder usen to do up in old Virginny; an' dey knows what good eatin' am up dar whar I cum from."

"It may look beautiful, but it will be tasteless enough, I can tell you; and what is more, I know that Aunt Venus did not cook her meats in that senseless fashion; and her roasts were delicious!" I said, trying to excite her envy, being vexed at her obstinacy.

"Don' car' nuffin' 'bout Venus, nudder, honey! Dis am a p'int ez her an' I neber 'greed on, no time. Howsomeber, chile, she's dun cl'ar'd out and lef' no 'structions behind; an' 'tween yo' an' me, I reckon she am de on'y one ez know'd how to gib 'em; fo' I neber seed her do nuffin else on dis hyar place 'cept bilin' an' bakin' an' fryin' an' de likes—'less 'twas cuttin' up ole Sam. Now jus' look at dem han's ob yourn, an' den look at dese hyar! Dat tells de story—'tis 'sperience ez knows. Now jus' cl'ar right out, honey, like I dun tol' yo' afore, 'dout mo' argifyin'. O, Lor'! it makes me larf, it do, to see yo' an' missus comin' inter dis hyar smoky kitchen wif yo' white gowns on, an' yo' soft white fingers all sparklin', for to tell me, wif dese hyar fists like horn, how to work! I tells yo' bofe, it am onsuitable, yo'

bein' in dis brack, greasy place—'sides, I needs all de room I kin git fo' myse'f, don' yo' see? Now, I'se brack ez de pots an' kittles dersel's; an' I 'spec' de Lord had an eye to dis hyar suitability ob t'ings when he made me."

Thus would she stand, wasting many a half-hour, arguing with the good-humored obstinacy and assurance of an indulged and trusted servant. That she was somewhat opinionated when her methods were questioned need not be wondered at, so entirely had she been left, hitherto, to follow her own ways in her faithfully performed duties. If said ways had not always been the best, they had at least proved efficient, and thereby fully satisfied her as to her own wisdom.

I remember that the first meal she prepared for us without assistance consisted, in part, of a pair of roasted fowls, done, as she proudly remarked, "to a mos' lubly brown."

As mine host proceeded to carve and dissect them, suddenly out flew a volley of corn, peppering him well. Our sable *cuisiniere* had actually cooked and served the fowls without removing their crops; thus proving to us in the outstart that, however *au fait* Mauma Phillis might have been in her former sphere of dressing babies, as a dresser of fowls she was equally *au pis aller.*

One day, not long after the above little episode, we received a present of some very fine fish, an article of diet sufficiently scarce in that inland region, remote from large or clear water-courses, to make it esteemed a rare luxury. Buffalo and cat-fish, of a coarse quality and decidedly muddy flavor, were sometimes attainable, but very seldom, and their unpalatableness made them little sought for. But here was a feast fit for the gods.

"Let us have a chowder," said the head of the house. "Here comes Brother Rose, on his way to Bethel; I will ask him to stop and dine with us."

My hostess turned quickly towards me with an anxious, inquiring look.

"Never!" I said.

"Nor I either!" she dolefully added.

"Tut, tut! You don't mean to say, Miss Kate, that a chowder is not one of your accomplishments—not embraced in your knowledge of kitchen chemistry?" called out the retreating parson, looking back from the doorway.

For answer I shook my head, feeling quite crest-fallen, while his wife folded her hands, the picture of dismay. I knew that she was secretly sighing after the old-time tyranny of Venus, feeling that one of her tantrums would be less formidable to encounter than this same chowder, off which her reverend husband was evidently determined to dine, in company with his fellow-parson.

"Send for Phillis," he continued, "and I'll wager you'll find that, after all, she knows one thing you two can't improve on, and that is, how to make a chowder. Don't let the dinner be late, for Brother Rose must reach Bethel in time for an evening service, and I think I will ride over with him; but I don't want to be hurried, and thus miss a full enjoyment of my dinner"—with which parting remarks off walked the dominie to chat with his Christian brother on affairs of church and state, while his wife and I took our way to the kitchen.

"Phillis, can you make a chowder? Your master wants the fish served in that way."

"O, Lor'! yes, Mis' Lucy."

"Are you quite sure, Phillis? If not, pray don't undertake it, for there will be company to dinner—perhaps you would better send for Lamb, anyway, and have him prepare the fish for you."

"O, dey is dun repaired a'ready, Mis' Lucy, afore dey come. I 'lows marse won't fin' no crops in dem hyar. Lamb sez dis kin' ob fish hain't to be skinned like Venus usen to do de cat-fish, so I spec' I jus' cook 'em 'dout ondressin' 'em, mus'n' I? Save lots ob trouble dat ar way."

"I do hope you are not overestimating your skill, Mauma, for your master has his heart set on this dish, and a mistake would be—"

"Now don' yo' fret, Mis' Lucy, honey! 'Pears like yo' don' membrance de heaps ob times I'se helped Venus in dis hyar kitchen,

gittin' up big dinners ob all sorts in Marse Jesse's time. Lor! but dem was de gay times, Miss Kate! Company comin' an' goin' de year roun'; an' Mis' Lucy, hyar, full ob larf an' sing; dancin' an' musickin' an' lookin' ebery bit ez purty an lubsome ez Miss Nell an' May, her chil'en! Pore lambs! de Lord tuk' em' bofe, an' good Marse Jesse, too; an' 'pears like our hearts mus' hab went long wif 'em clean to de bressed kingdom, times am so changed on dis hyar place eber sence. An' now comes 'long dis mis'ble wah fo' de cap-sheaf, 'ticin my young Marse Dick off sojerin'. Sakes alive! Miss Kate, ef yo' hadn't been hyar wif yo' chipperin' ways, 'spec' Mis' Lucy's heart clean bruk dat day, shore. An' dat ar onrageous Venus fo' to go cuttin' up so, an' kitin' off when she knowed Mis' Lucy was full ob trouble an' couldn't noways spar' her! My ole man sez he 'spec's mo' times 'n one Venus hab wished she 'haved herse'f mo' 'spectful afore de new marse. She might 'a' knowed dey warn't all like our bressed Marse Jesse, wif he humorin' ways."

This rambling talk of the garrulous old darkey reached tender chords in her mistress's heart, and quickened memories too deeply fraught with sorrow and regret to bear as yet the gentlest touch without a sensitive quiver of pain. To this dusky guardian of her children's childhood as well as of own, all the joys and sorrows of my friend's life had been ever known; but just how deep the wounds left by the latter on the tender heart, and how slow their healing, the old favorite had evidently not divined.

With a face of yearning and anguish, the mistress turned quickly towards the beautiful garden spot, where, beneath a luxuriance of bloom and softly drooping trees, slept the household dead—two lovely girls and the husband of her youth—and reaching forth her arms with the passionate cry: "Oh! my lost darlings!" clasped to her longing heart —what, alas! save phantom memories? Then covering her face with her hands, as if to repress the thoughts swelling from heart to lip, she sank down on a rude bench beside the kitchen door, where Venus had been wont to sit beneath the vines of Lamb's planting, and wept unrestrainedly.

Old Phillis, dismayed at the effect of her words, soothingly approached, and sitting down beside her said:

"Dar now, honey! I didn't mean fo' to hurt yo', but 'pears like I'se dun trod on yo' heart-strings somehow. Neber min'; jus' lay yo' head hyar on ole mammy's shoulder an' cry away all de mis'ry an' trouble. Dreffle times kin't las' allus, honey! Don' yo' know dat? Marse Dick 'll come home 'gin all safe, neber yo' fear; den how peart yo'll be!—not cryin' in ole mammy's arms; ki! I reckon not, but walking 'bout de place on fine mornin's an' eben's wif yo' arm locked in his'n, jus' like yo' usen to do afore he went to de wah. Dar, honey! Sho, honey! don' yo' cry so hard. O, Lor'! don' yo min' how many times when yo' was a peart little young one yo' cried yo'se'f to sleep 'gin dis hyar ole heart ob mine, in dese hyar ole brack arms? I 'clare ef it don' seem like you's mammy's baby 'gin fo' to see yo' dis way. Now don' yo' never fear but what mammy 'll stay by yo' allus—no whippin', no nuffin' 'll eber make me leab yo'. I dun promise ole missy when she sent me to yo', jus' afore Marse Dick was bo'n, neber, neber to leave yo' till de bref ob life leab me. Now don' fret no mo', honey, 'bout de way t'ings am gwine; an' ez fo' Venus, she'll get 'long, I knows, kase she am dat spunky an' onrageous dey'll all be feared on her; an' den she am dat unhandsome nobody would look twice at her ez could help hese'f; an' ez fo' odder troublements, dey'll w'ar deir rough edges off atter a while. Now, honey, don' yo' t'ink you's dun cried 'nuff? for I 'clare mammy kin't stan' dis no longer—it jus' breaks her ole heart, it do."

Under old mauma's crooning and soothing, the sobs grew less violent, and gradually ceased, to the great relief of the faithful comforter, who, stroking back the tumbled hair from the tear-stained face, continued:

"Lor', child! how 'stressful yo' do look. But now, bein' ez yo's better, ole Phillis mus' start de dinner gwine, an' yo' mus' go an' make dese hyar purty braids all

smoove and shiny afore marse sees yo'; an' don' yo' go fo' to show no red eyes to nobody, no time, but ole mammy—an' p'rhaps Miss Kate dar—now min' what I tells yo'!"

My hostess rose, murmuring an apology for her display of weakness, and returned to the house; but I tarried to ask a few more questions of Phillis about dinner, for I had serious doubts as to her ability to concoct that chowder.

"Why, it am jus' de easiest t'ing in de worl' to do!" said she. "I'se dun helped Venus make 'em mo' times 'n one. Yo'll see how appertizing I'll have it!"

And great was her glorification when she found out how ignorant I was of its make-up.

"Now, dese hyar am de ingrudgents," she soliloquized, counting them off on her fingers. "All dem t'ings goes inter de pot, fo' sartin, I knows—wonder ef Miss Kate dar'll len' a han' to de makin' ob de puddin' an' sarce? I neber was no han' at 'fectionry and flummediddles—but biled vittles!—Good Lor'! it comes jus' ez nat'ral, it do, fo' me to cook ez ole missty usen to say it' peared to fo' me to nuss her chil'en when I was nuffin' mo'n a young wench up dar in Virginny—an' a heap sight less wexatious it am, I kin tell yo'! Miss Kate, hyar's a nice clean apron fo' yo'. I knows you'll help ole aunty, honey. Now, ef you'll on'y make one ob dem b'u'ful Charlotty Rooshers ez yo' made las' week, I'll sen' Ca'line fo' to pick a basketful ob nice strawberries, an' dat'll do fo' de cap-sheaf, eben ef it was de king hese'f was coming to dine hyar."

Yielding to the old darkey's solicitation, I donned the proffered apron, and together we worked for an hour or more with all the hum and earnestness of two busy bees in clover-time, and that dinner, at least, promised to be a success. As soon as it was under way, and my share in its preparation completed, glad to escape from the heat and odors, I wandered off to my favorite lounging place in the orchard, where, lazily swinging in a hammock there suspended, I whiled away the time with the help of a book until the dinner hour arrived.

Being somewhat tardy in taking my place at the table, the family were all served before I sat down, save the dominie.

"Ah, Miss Kate! just in time," he exclaimed, "for a share of the tid-bit. I was about to appropriate the last morsel, myself, as a punishment for your seeming indifference."

Meanwhile, glancing about, I observed that every knife and fork was suspended, while a peculiar expression of distaste rested on each face. Things did not seem to be so "appertizing" as Phillis had prophesied. But this state of affairs was apparently unnoticed by mine host; for, having served me, he helped himself plentifully from the coveted dish, took one hasty mouthful, and had another half-way to his lips, when, suddenly springing up like a rocket, and sputtering prodigiously, he cried out, in an angry, disgusted tone:

"That abominable, black humbug didn't scale these fish! Ugh! my mouth is full of the diabolical things! Call her here!"

To the scene that followed I cannot do justice: I leave you to imagine. My friend at the head of the table, flushing crimson with mortification; her husband at the foot, in a very unclerical state of mind, giving utterance to language certainly not found in the "Church Discipline"; at his side his guest, his reverend brother, gravely trying to suppress the mirth which, in spite of himself, twinkled in his eyes as they met mine, and by some magnetic influence drew forth from me the peal of laughter his sides ached in repressing. The waitress giggled behind her master's chair, and rolled up her eyes until the whites alone were visible; alternating the performance with grimaces at Phillis, who now stood in the doorway with uplifted hands and a face actually gray with terror.

"Scales!" she gasped forth. "Neber heerd o' sech a t'ing ez b'longin' to fishes in all my bo'n days afore! Scales! Why, fishes hain't no kin' o' use fo' 'em no mo'n I hab fo' wings an' fedders; an' I kin't fo' de life ob me see de reasonableness ob de Lawd's gibin' 'em any!"

"Take that dish away, you prating fool!"

roared the irate master. "I have a mind to order you skinned from head to foot!"

"O Lawd, Marse George! What use dat ar be to yo' nor me? Heap sight better forgib ole Phillis dis time, an' afore night see ef she don' fin' out de heft ob dis hyar disagreeability ob t'ings; an' ef she fin's any sech ez yo' speaks on, yo' kin jus' trust her atter dis to cut 'em smack, smoodge, clean off ebery time!"

With furtive glances at her master she approached the table, and with trembling hands removed the obnoxious dish, which she replaced with a nice roast of lamb and asparagus; these latter being the first of the season and really well prepared, the unlucky chowder was not so much regretted, and before the meal was done was fully discussed and laughed over. The hostess explained to her guest that Phillis was unaccustomed to cooking, having been all her life employed about the house, either as nurse or seamstress. And in the days of which I write, a southern servant's duties were not so multifarious as is the case now in northern homes. The labor which in the latter often devolves on one or two, making necessary a diversity of attainments, was in the South distributed among a great number. Hence, beyond the occasional help she had given Venus at odd times in the kitchen, Phillis had never even prepared a meal for herself until called upon to serve in her present capacity of cook; and fish, for reasons already given, were a scarce article of diet in her home. When her master spoke of scales, incredible though it may seem, she had no idea beyond Venus's huge steelyards for measuring proportions.

As soon as I could slip away from the house unobserved, I flew to the kitchen to give a comforting and encouraging word to the kind old soul, who, I felt sure, was utterly overcome with shame at her failure, and fear for its possible consequences. Judge of my surprise, when, peeping in at the door, I saw her sitting on a low stool by the window, smoking a cob pipe, which every now and then she removed from her mouth to indulge in a low, chuckling laugh, prolonged until the tears streamed down her shining cheeks, and her fat sides shook with merriment. She was watching Uncle Lamb, who stood before her, holding a fish in one hand, while, with a knife in the other, he sent from off its sides a perfect shower of scales right into her face, where they stuck fast, and glistened against its ebon hue. Between her bursts of laughter she gave vent to her thoughts, and as I entered was exclaiming:

"What a 'goramus dey mus' t'ink I ar! Well it all cums 'long o' bein' kep' doin' jus' one t'ing all yo' bo'n days. Now, I'se jus' bin kep' nussin' babies all my life, fus' fo' ole missty, an' den fo' Mis' Lucy, till 'pears like I neber had no chance fo' to fin' out how any-t'ing else in God's worl' do grow! But O Lor', Lamb! ef yo' could on'y hab seen de marse's face! I jus' tells yo' now it was skeerful. Got dese hyar t'ings in he mouf, did he?" she said, rubbing one between her thumb and finger; "got he t'roat full ob 'em, hey? Dey mus' be tough an' hard to swallow, dat am a fac'; but I 'lows dar am suffin' harder in he inside dan dat ar mou'ful ob my chowder!"

Then catching sight of me:

"'Spec', Miss Kate, I'se made de awful mess dis time. I wor dat feared de marse'd make me eat de hull ob it right dar on de spot, dat I couldn't git out hyar quick 'nuff, so I t'row'd it to de dogs ez I cum 'long. I'se seen dem as wor made to eat deir own cookin' afore now, when it wor s'pic'us lookin to deir marse. But I'se bound dat ar shouldn't go down my t'roat when I seed how jus' one mou'ful on't made marse look. 'Spec' I'se dun cooked my las' dinner—start me off to de corn field an' cotton rows tomorrer—'spec' he t'inks 'tis all I'se good fo'. But I'se getting ole fo' dat ar work, an' I knows 'twould mighty nigh break Mis' Lucy's heart to hev me hoein' in de sun all de day long; but she don' hab her will on dis hyar place no mo'—times am changed hyar, Miss Kate, fo' fac'."

"Not so bad as that, though, Aunty. To be sure, the chowder was a dreadful mistake, but as the rest of the dinner was splendid,

and your blunder was the result of ignorance, I am sure you will be forgiven. And this is not the first time I have had that same dish set before me, let me tell you for your comfort. When I was a little girl, living with my mother in our northern home, we had a colored woman for cook, who did just what you have done to-day; not through ignorance, either. She disliked to handle fish, and was always ill tempered when they were ordered, and so made up the dish in a fit of ugliness."

"Heaps of runaway niggers up whar yo' cum from, I reckon, Miss Kate?"

"Quite a number, Mauma, but a larger number of blacks who were born there, free men and women. The woman Sarah, of whom I just now told you, was born free. On the outskirts of the large seaport town where we lived there was a settlement composed entirely of colored people. They had a church and school-house all to themselves, and seemed to be very contented. Their preacher, who was also a colored man, taught the school. The village was called Snooksville, and fairly swarmed with little Snooksvillians, who used to scour about the neighboring woods and fields, picking all the blackberries, huckleberries, and wintergreen berries; scarcely leaving a solitary dozen for the white children's pails and baskets, when on a Saturday's holiday they went in search of them. The fathers and sons were mostly sailors or fishermen; for this was in the days when the town fitted out large ships for long whaling voyages, of which I will tell you some other day."

"But I'se allus heerd, Miss Kate, free niggers warn't no 'count; dat dey am lazy an' shif'less and dre'ful pore—'dat dey goes off an' lives by dersel's dat ar way 'kase nobody wants to see 'em roun'—nobody makes any 'count ob 'em atter dey gits up Norf. Now down hyar a cullud pussun ez am worf, say, a t'ousan' dollars to he marse—ki! he kin hol' up he head mos' anywhars. Nobody in deir eberyday senses won't trample on him no mo'n on so many gold dollars. Dey don' call him *nigger*, nudder. Hump! I reckon not. Dey p'ints him out, an say: 'Yo' see dat ar *boy* ob mine?' Else it am: 'Dat ar am my *man* Bob.' But a darkey ez hain't got no price on him—don't b'long to nobody but hese'f, nor wouldn't fotch nuffin' ef he did—who cares wha' 'cums ob him? Why, honey, de Debbil hese'f am on'y an' *or'nary* nigger! An' I'se hearn, too, Miss Kate, dat up Norf de white folks, atter all, do jus' 'spise a nigger—dat's wha' dey mos'ly call us all—wuss nor pisen. Dey fight fo' de brack man an' spen' a heap ob money fo' him, an' quarrel ober him jus' like dem two dogs yender ober dat bone; but de dog ez am like to git de bone hain't no kind o' use fo' it 'cep' to bury it. Dey kin't 'bide a brack skin nigh 'em, nohow, an' hain't no use fo' we uns, 'pears like, 'slong ez dar am low-down white trash 'nuff fo' to do deir dirty work. Derfore, chile, I'se allers been contented right hyar, an' neber had no hankerin' atter freedom. I 'spec' it cums long ob bein' allus tuk good care on. Mabby ef I had been fotched up way down in Alabam' or Mississip', whar, dey say, mos' dre'ful t'ings—sech ez would make yo' ha'r stan' up—am done, in dat case I might feel oneasy in my mind; but bein' ez 'tis, I hain't no hankerin' atter Snooksville, nor any sech low 'sociates.

"Now, dar am Lamb, Miss Kate, wha' yo' t'ink Mis' Lucy take fo' him? Don't b'leeve all de gold in de kentry could buy him; an' he knows it too, honey, and all de folks roun' hyar knows it. Why, he am worf a t'ousan' dollars a year to he marse, wheneber he sen' him to Memphis to work at he trade, which am a mason; but he am worf mo'n dat now to Mis' Lucy on dis bery place. An' dar am Hope de blacksmif', an' Bob de carpenter, each one of 'em worf a t'ousan' mo' apiece; leastways, dey usen to be befo' de wah. Yo' see, honey, Marse Jesse usen to hire out all he smart uns to larn trades; an' I'se hearn dat when he died he lef' deir freedom-papers wif Mis' Lucy, makin' 'em free atter she dies."

"But, Aunty, such workmen as Lamb and Hope would make a great deal of money North as well as here—with this difference, however: they would there be worth that much in their own interest, and not solely in

another's. But such people as Uncle Jake, who, you know, is too lazy to even brush the flies off his bowl of buttermilk and bit of bacon and hoe-cake—such as he would be good-for-nothing, shiftless, worthless creatures anywhere, and it is a merciful thing there are those who feel it to be their duty to clothe and feed them."

"Yes, chile, Jake am a lazy coot, fo' fac'. My ole man say he neber take off de suit ob clo'es marse gib him in de fall, till he creeps outen it in de spring fo' to get inter de new shirt and trousers he gets fo' de summer. But jus' s'posen de brack man be smart up dar whar yo' cum from, honey, an' make a heap ob money fo' hese'f, whar am he gwine fo' to spen' it? Wha' comfort am dar in gwine anywhars ef yo' mus' keep in de dark corners all de time? De darkey like plenty ob sunshine—neber get too much—neber quite happy 'dout it. No, honey, I 'pinionate dat fo' a cullud pusson to hab money in he own pocket don' count like it do when he am money in somebody else's pocket; an' I knows fo' sartin dat dar hain't dat feelin' 'gin us down hyar dat the norferns hab and kin't seem to get ober, de bery bes' ob 'em. It all cums, I 'low, from deir not bein' fotched up 'long side ob us. Dey kin't seem to forgib us fo' habin' brack skins an' kinky ha'r. Ef dey had been rocked to sleep ebery night ob deir libes when dey was babies and little chil'ens on some brack mammy's lap, been sung to sleep, cuddled close to some fond ole brack heart, in arms ez was allus open fo' 'em night an' day, an' dun grow'd up playin' 'long wif dat mammy's own little brack babies an' chil'ens, an' fed from de same breas', been watched ober an' waited on all deir days, jus' ez I hab dun ober Mis' Lucy and her chil'en, and her mudder's afore her, dey wouldn't act so much like dey smelt pisen in de air ebery time a brack pussun cum a nigh 'em. O, I'se hearn tell ob de airs dey gibs dersel's. Dey's got a nat'ral verjuice agin us. You's lived so much among us down hyar, comin' an' goin' eber sence yo' was a little un, dat de verjuice am not so deep wif yo', mebbe; but dey mos'ly all has it mo' nor less."

"You mean prejudice, Aunty. But don't bother your simple old heart any more over that matter. There are bad people and good, consistent and inconsistent, everywhere, and will be to the end. You know what the Bible says about the wheat and tares growing together until the harvest-time don't you, Mauma? Wiser heads than yours and mine are puzzling over the prolific question of what is to be done with you and your race. But let them ponder and plan as they will, it is, after all, only God's purpose concerning you that will prevail; and you can trust him, can't you, Aunty, to do that for you and yours which is best and wisest? He will permit and he will restrain until out of all this confusion of blood and strife good shall be wrought. O, how we should despair in these dark, sorrowful days, when the whole land is full of aching, bleeding hearts, if we could not feel that, high over all, he reigns unchangeable and just. The result to which all eyes are now looking, all hearts seeking to foreshadow; the pregnant future from which so many are eager to lift the veil, but which is mystery all, to us—has been known to God from the foundation of the world; and in some way, in the midst of much present sorrow and darkness, his work is going on, making all ready for the eternal morning."

Wondering why I had been permitted to make so long a speech without interruption from the garrulous old soul within, I leaned back from my seat on the door-step, and peeping inside the door, beheld Lamb standing just behind me, leaning against the doorway, his face wearing a serious, thoughtful expression. His eyes were fixed on the blue heavens above with an intentness of expression almost startling; so full were they of prayer, that the earnest soul looking forth from them seemed to have entered the very presence of his Maker, and there stood pleading his cause with impassioned importunity.

But Phillis, with her head laid back on the window-sill, her apron thrown over her face, her pipe dropped to the floor, and her arms hanging down each side of her, was fast

asleep, and giving utterance to an unmistakable snore. Like all of her race I ever knew in their southern homes, be they young or old, recognizing no present necessity for either physical or mental activity, she had let fall her eyelids, and sleep that had no haunting care or responsibility for the morrow to baffle its invitings spread its wing above the weary form and wrapped it in its oblivion.

I stole quietly away, leaving her to rest undisturbed, remembering that she was old, and her strength broken, and hardly equal to the labor her present position in the household entailed.

A few hours later, just as the sun was sinking from sight, Lamb appeared at the veranda where the family were gathered, and with some hesitation and uneasy glances at his mistress, said he would like to speak about Phillis. "Something strange," he said, "has come to her, Miss Lucy, an' I'se feared it is death."

With a grievous cry my friend sprung up, and together we hurried to the kitchen. Phillis lay just as I had left her hours before, and appeared to have passed from sleep to death without pain or consciousness. She had, indeed, as she foreboded, performed her last service for us. She had left us, but not, as she predicted, for the weary toil of the cotton field; but of the new life upon which she had entered, who that has passed beyond has ever returned to tell?

A more devoted heart was never buried from out this eager, striving, selfish world than the one we the next day laid in its grave, in the grove of oaks where the burying place of the blacks had been set apart.

All through the years of my friend's married life, Phillis had thus far been her faithful attendant, seldom beyond call night or day, and always ready with affectionate zeal to serve and wait, proving herself in all times of sickness or sorrow a soothing minister and unfailing dependence. In her arms the two lovely daughters of the household, just as they reached early womanhood, had breathed their last, being lovingly tended as far into the dark valley as human love might make itself felt by this true friend, while the mother lay prostrate with grief. Through all her deep sorrow over the death of her husband, which quickly followed that of her children, this same true heart had been a full and overflowing fountain of sympathy and watchful care for the stricken one. No wonder, then, that my friend was loth to believe that death had stilled forever its generous throbbings; that no cry from her sad life for comfort would ever again reach it. With her own hand she planted the turf above the grave with flowers; and at its head and foot Lamb placed a crape myrtle, whose beautiful pink clusters were in life Phillis's special delight, and whose rich blossoms every summer after fell thickly upon the green turf above her, as the breezes whispered and swept among the branches of the grand old oaks, whose steadfast hearts were fit emblems of the one moldering to dust beneath their shade.

Sara D. Halsted.

ON CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF ORIENTAL THOUGHT.

The East and West are enigmas to each other. To the native of the Orient the sound that comes from the Occident is like the note of a pibroch; that which comes from the East is like those tones which Hermes awoke upon his tortoise lyre, when he swept its chords and evoked strains of wonderful sweetness as he "sang of the loves of Zeus, in the beautiful home of his mother, Maia, the daughter of Atlas, and of the olden time when the gods were born and the world was young."

This is intended to be but a sketch—an attempt to grasp merely some of the salient points of the operations of the Oriental mind; and will, therefore, perhaps lack that

unity of design which it would possess if devoted merely to the consideration of some particular school of eastern philosophy.

The two principal opposing characteristics of the Oriental and Occidental mind are most compendiously summed up in the terms "subjective" and "objective." The western mind is pre-eminently objective, energetic, and direct in its operations. The poetry of Wordsworth, who was a true Oriental in sentiment, is perhaps the nearest approach that is made in English verse to an expression of the eastern quality. We may look on every side for a competent expression of its opposite, but hardly anywhere more successfully than in the trumpet-tones of Scott. Pick out a stanza anywhere, and it will exemplify this fact; for example:

> "Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
> Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
> While loud the harness rung,
> As to their seats, with clamor dread,
> The ready horseman sprung;
> And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
> And leaders' voices, mingled notes;
> And out, and out, in hasty rout,
> The horsemen galloped forth;
> Dispersing to the south to scout,
> And east, and west, and north,
> To view their coming enemies
> And warn their vassals and allies."[1]

But the Oriental mind is intensely subjective, introspective, contemplative, complex, and delighting in indirection. The climate has much to do with this. Where the heat of the sun and the abundant luxuriance of tropical harvests combine, the first to drive man indoors and the latter to keep him there, from the lack of the sharp goad of necessity to spur him to labor, the mind quite naturally will turn inward and feed upon itself. The influence of climate is best known by physiologists and comparative philologists. The Aryan race, before it migrated to India, is well known to have been of a much lighter color than at present. It was undoubtedly white; it is not even necessary to go into the details of the proof. So with the technicalities of language: the milder climes have produced the harmonious tongues of the South, while contact with nature in her harsher moods has fostered a more emphatic and less euphonious utterance in the vigorous dialects of the North.

We may first advert to philological peculiarities as illustrative of the complexity of which we have spoken.

By the European a grammar is considered a necessary evil, to be mastered as quickly as possible, so that one may enter the harvest fields of the literature to which it is a key; but it is characteristic of the Hindu that he regards the complexity of the Sanskrit, the most elaborate and artificial language in the world, as a positive recommendation. "He views in it an evidence and a pledge of the sacred and unapproachable character of the tongue which he venerates as divine. To him the study of its intricate grammar is an end, complete and satisfying in itself. He wanders with delight in its perplexing mazes, and values that grammar most which enters most minutely into an abstract analysis of the construction of the language, apart from its practical bearing on the literature, or even on the formation of his own vernacular dialect."[2]

From the same grammarian we quote the following regarding the grammatical system of the greatest native writer upon this subject, Panini: "That the reader may judge for himself of the almost incredible brevity and hopeless obscurity of these grammatical aphorisms, we here present him with the closing Sutra at the end of the eighth lecture, as follows: '*a, a.*' Will it be believed that this is interpreted to mean, 'Let short *a* be held to have its organ of utterance contracted,' now that we have reached the end of the work, in which it was necessary to regard it as being otherwise?"

The rules for the combination and permutation of letters form a mountain of difficulty; but this once passed, the grammatical system of Sanskrit is comparatively simple. Another illustration of the Hindu penchant for obscurity, when clearness would better subserve one's purpose, is to be ob-

[1] Lay of the Last Minstrel, III., XXVIII.

[2] Monier Williams's preface to Sanskrit Grammar.

served in the junction of all, or nearly all, the words on a line into what is apparently one word; this, taken together with the exceedingly artificial euphonic rules just adverted to, causes the student many years of labor to enable him to pick out the separate words. The Latin phrase, "Rara avis in terris," if Sanksrit, would appear as, "Rar-avir ins terrih," and would undoubtedly be thus joined, "Raravirinsterrih."

The literature shares in the same tendency. The translation of the first sentence (an invocation or prayer to Siva) of that charming drama, Kalidasa's Sakuntala, reads thus: "(That visible form) which (was) the first creation of the Creator [i. e., water]; (that) which bears the oblation offered-according-to-scriptural-rule [i. e., fire]; and (that) which (is) the offerer [i. e., the officiating priest who offers the oblation]; (those) two (visible forms) which define the time [i. e., the sun and moon which cause day and night]; (that) which perpetually pervades all space, having (conveying) the quality [sound] perceptible by the ear [i. e., ether]; (that) which they call the birthplace [the proximate cause] of all created things [i. e., the earth]; (that) by which living beings are furnished with breath [i. e., the air]; endowed with [manifested in, known by] these eight visible forms Isa [the supreme lord] preserve thee." This, of course, seems much more simple to the Hindu than to us, who do not think in Sanskrit, and who are unacquainted with the local and religious allusions; but the involved character of the composition presents an additional charm to the Indian mind.

There is much that is interesting in an examination of the peculiarities of the Semitic dialects. So hyper-æsthetic is the Oriental mind, that we find the consonants considered in the alphabetical representation of these languages, the body of a word, the vowels the spirit; spirit being something that is intangible and imperceptible, it would plainly be a monstrous solecism to attempt an alphabetical representation of it; consequently it is not in accord with the true Semitic theory to admit vowel signs into the alphabet. Their introduction in any form into the written text is the work of a latter day; the devices to imply or supply them are numerous and ingenious. They are attached, for example, to the Ethiopic or Abyssinian consonants in such grotesque forms and shapes, that to acquire familiarity with the alphabet is a labor of the greatest difficulty, for some of the signs actually turn a somersault in the attempt to indicate the inherency of a vowel. The general rule in the Semitic dialects is not to represent the vowels at all, or to indicate them by means of accompanying dots and dashes, precisely as in our phonography.

The fundamental distinction between present, past, and future in the Aryan tongues does not exist in the Semitic; there are but two tenses in the inflection of the verb, one answering to the idea of the action done and the other to that of the action not done. The process of reasoning, in brief, is this: There is great *inexactness in the notion of present time*, for the moment one says, "I do this thing," that action has taken its place in the irrevocable past: there is no middle ground; all is past or to come. The idea is analogous to the reason for the virtual abolition of a neuter gender from the Romanic tongues of the south of Europe, where the existence of a neuter gender is considered a manifest absurdity—a contradiction in terms.

But let us pursue these hair-splitting technicalities no farther. It is in his treatment of the great problem of existence and destiny that we behold the Oriental "on his native heath." The West has developed no forms of religion; they all deduce their origin from the East. It is the congenial soil of religious, philosophical, and metaphysical speculation. There also have originated those beautiful myths, the unraveling of which is the glory of the modern science of comparative mythology. There is something indescribably touching in the view that we obtain from those myths of the childhood of the human race; its joy in the presence of the radiant sun, the giver of life and health and strength, and its unutterable sorrow when the bright being dies in the evening, "when life

to man was an alternation of joy and sorrow, of terror and relief"; but this vast and charming theme lies beyond the scope of the present discussion.

Oriental subjectivity found in the pure monotheism of the Jews its loftiest expression. Their system, which became so interwoven with the very being of the state, differentiated them *toto cœlo* from every other class of men, and consequently tended inevitably to unite them together as a compact community, to the utter exclusion of all polytheistic nations. The semi-idolatry of the Samaritans, who "feared the Lord, but served their graven images," would admit of no harmony between them and the Jews. This pure monotheism is characteristic of the older books of the law. The influence of Persian ideas is manifest in the later books, when the Jews had been thrown into contact with the dualism of the Iranian creed; and they thereafter exhibited a tendency to adopt the Zoroastrian demonology, Satan appearing in the character of Ahriman, the arch-enemy of God, and not (as in the earlier Book of Job) as one of his ministers. Indeed, as Sir G. W. Cox has said, in his Mythology of the Aryan Nations, the notion of a being whose duty it was to tempt and try the hearts of men was that he was one of the sons of God, which is in strict consonance with the Hebrew philosophy, which regarded God as the author both of good and evil. The culminating exhibition of the physical attributes of Ahriman appearing as Satan is found in the Apocalypse, where he is called "the Dragon, the old Serpent who fights against God and his angels." The distinguishing trait of the ancient Persian system was a dualism "which divided the world between two opposing, self-existent deities (of good and evil), while it professedly left to men the power of choosing whom they should obey."

Mohammedanism is merely another form of that intense monotheism so characteristic of certain members of the Semitic stock; and we can but regard as correct the tenet of Rénan, that monotheism is the distinguishing type of nomadic, i. e., desert-dwelling, man, or of man dwelling in the midst of sterility; for it has stood the test of experience. The intense monotony of the desert —*one* desert, *one* man, *one* sun; the universal sameness and uniformity of nature—must with unerring certainty point to *one* infinite Father, who fails not to regard with favor his creature wandering on the trackless wastes of sand. It is a remarkable fact that all the members of the Semitic stock located in the midst of luxuries, and in wealthy lands where nature manifests herself in myriad forms have personified those varied shapes and forms, and lapsed into the grossest polytheism. Though the five principal commandments of Islamism are prayer, almsgiving, fasting, pilgrimage, and war against the infidel, the influence of all but the first has waned, and Mohammedanism has become, like the religious system of the Jews, one whose divine service consists of prayer alone. "It is a creed without a priesthood or a church."

We find no such cosmopolitanism in any oriental nation as in ours; for we, as Prof. Max Muller has said, "are Semitic in our religion, Greek in our philosophy, Roman in our politics, and Saxon in our morality." For *homogeneity* is another eastern trait. The attempt to impose religious uniformity in the West went down in the fire and smoke of dire and awful catastrophe. There is not a language of the Orient into which the phrase "constitutional liberty" can be properly translated. One has not to go far to seek the cause. There can only be liberty and the appreciation of it in lands of mighty activities. Quietism and passivity do not seek it, do not require it. Despotism is the very breath of their life.

If we turn to India, we behold a land where man has more deeply pondered on the dread problems of life, death, fate, and destiny than elsewhere on this sphere. In the cloisters of the Himalayas, marvelous systems of religious philosophy have been evolved. The Brahminical system avers the existence of a great Soul of the World, an ocean of spirit; man it regards as merely an atom of animated matter, to which a small portion of this inexhaustible fountain

of spirit was loaned at his birth; when he ceases to exist, that spirit returns to the vast reservoir of intellectual and spiritual being. Reduced to these simple elements, such a system, as a philosophical one, seems absolutely flawless. However, in the attempt to reconcile the existence of suffering with the idea of a merciful God, the doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, originated. The same doctrine existed in the Greek philosophy. Thales early taught it, but those to whom it owed its greatest development were Perecides, Pythagoras, and Plato. By some means or other it migrated from the East into Christendom, where it was taught by Porphyry and Origen.

The grievous burdens laid upon man in Hindoostan by the awful doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and all the other ingenious devices of an overbearing and self-seeking priesthood, made possible and necessary some reformation, and it came at last in a system of religious philosophy destined to embrace two-fifths of the human race. Buddhism is stretched much on the same last as the Sankhya system of Kapila, and its tenets are well epitomized by Mr. Harris, an American writer on mental philosophy: "The world is represented as an emanation; individuality is regarded as the result of the limitation of the abstract essence or being of the deity; hence the individuality of material things, and also of souls, is a negation of true being and must perish. That which distinguishes one being from another is an addition from without, involves externality, and is a fetter and hindrance, preventing the attainment of the divine. Emancipation, 'liberation' of the soul, is therefore the great object of Indian philosophy."

The *karika*—memorial verses—of Kapila commence thus: "Our inquiry is into the means of avoiding the three sorts of pain; for pain is embarrassment." The possibility of attaining this desirable end is said to be through the study of the twenty-five principles, "whereby the conclusive, incontrovertible, one only knowledge is attained, that neither I am, nor is aught mine, nor do I exist." Buddhism in the doctrine of quietism does not depart from the old faith; it retains also, most unaccountably for a reforming system, the doctrine of transmigration; but as a whole is a denial, the infidelity of the elder system. Mr. Draper has keenly said that it "does not deny that there is a supreme *power*, but there is no supreme *being;* it has no religion, for there can be none without a God"; and alludes to the godlessness and awful immorality into which it has led the Chinese Buddhists.

Such, then, is the lame and impotent conclusion reached by the efforts of the most majestic human intellect. Such is the Gospel of Despair preached to the captives of the spirit! Wisely has it been said that Poe did well when he placed the Raven of Despair on the pallid bust of Pallas—of Reason! More wisely spoke the beautiful religion of the North-lands, when it said that Odin placed a magic ring upon the bosom of his son, the bright, the beautiful Balder, when he laid his corpse upon the funeral pile, and whispered a secret in his ear—one that was known to the All-Father alone. What was that mysterious message? It was the wondrous secret of immortality: and so, in the midst of ceaseless activities, our hardy kinsmen of the North believed that, in reference to this inscrutable mystery, the sublimest philosophy is that which has been summed up in the words of the illustrious Count of Monte Christo, "Wait and Hope."

Adley H. Cummins.

AFOOT UP EEL RIVER.

THE agricultural region of Humboldt County, to which access is furnished by Humboldt Bay, is lodged in a recess of the mountains that line our Pacific coast to the Oregon boundary. Isolated on the ocean edge of northern California, this region is bounded upon the south by a hundred miles of comparatively unopened redwood; and on the east and north by the redwood forest stretching past in its rear. Still behind, and to the eastward, lies the solitude of the Bald Hills, broken only by an occasional shepherd's cabin, or the solitary mail station upon the overland mail route.

From this slight foothold of civilization and commerce, the Eel River extends back into and through the depths of the redwood forest, emerging into its still unopened interior with its wilderness of open slopes, bare hills, and wooded ravines, occupied only by scattered flocks of sheep that graze upon the grassy hillside, scarcely discoverable in its great extent. Up this river lies almost the only opening into the heart of the redwood forest, and in the moist, deep soil of its sheltered valleys are found the redwoods in their greatest size and vigor. It was up this river, therefore, that I started on a pleasant afternoon in October, intent on seeing the most huge of the redwoods in their most favorable habitat.

The Eel, after passing for twelve miles from the ocean through a level valley four or five miles in width, bounded on one side by wooded mountains and on the other by an elevated table-land known as Table Bluff, reaches its cañon proper, where it enters its long course through the Coast Range. This cañon is not like the jagged river cañons of the Sierra Nevada—a deep gorge with precipitous sides and a sharp, rocky bottom. It is a winding trough through the Coast Range, some five hundred feet in depth from the top of the ridges, and from half a mile in width where the mountains close in on either side, to two miles where they separate. At the bottom of this the river flows, now hugging one mountain side, leaving a narrow bottom on the opposite shore, then shooting across to the opposite cliff, throwing the bottom to the other side of the stream. The segments of the bottom, thus thrown to one side and then to the other, are known in the vernacular of the country as prairies; and in the order of their appearance from below they are called Sandy, Van Dozen, McDiamid, and Eagle; until, when the upper limit of extensive clearing is reached, the flats lying between the river edge and the mountain sides are styled by the names of those who have lodged a dwelling on the edge of the redwoods and established a garden in an accidental opening.

Where the river hugs the lateral mountain sides, it has undermined and exposed clayey cliffs, in which appear the folded strata of clay or gravel which make the country rock. This clay is full of marine shells, which, coming out of the disintegrating cliffs, appear to have been slightly compressed, and when handled themselves crumble into fragments. The folding and pitching of the strata is very great. While the composition indicates that the country rock has been produced at no distant period by a marginal deposition on the sea-board, this folding indicates an extensive elevation. But this elevation and its comparative recency is evidenced by other phenomena, to be found in the shelves in the valley and on the limiting mountain sides. In the bottoms, although from one-half to two miles in width only, there appear from two to three marked pitches, where the gently sloping surface goes sharply down for from fifteen to thirty feet to another level. On the adjoining mountain sides, themselves in places hardly sloping enough to be climbed, and commencing at the very top, three hundred or four hundred feet

above the valley bottom, appear a distinct succession of narrow shelves from ten to thirty feet in width and full twenty-five feet to thirty-five feet apart. These mark the successive levels of the river, as in the gradual elevation it has maintained a constant grade to the ocean. The distinctness with which these appear indicates the comparative recency of the elevation; for otherwise, in the soft composition of the country rock, they would long since have been weathered away and obliterated. The river is now completing the process. It has a high bank, the final pitch it has placed in the country rock.

The prairies contain each from five hundred to several thousand acres. Originally, they were covered by a heavy growth of laurel, maple, willow, and alder, and by scattering pines, firs, and redwoods, with underbrush of elder, salmon berries, and vines, and bushes of unnumbered varieties. About 1860 they began to be settled, and the process of clearing commenced, but it is not yet completed. The hardy settler or purchaser of such lands cuts down the trees in the spring, and in the fall makes a burn. Even then his land is not cleared. The trunks and large limbs encumber the ground, but these he piles up about the stumps, and each fall engages in a periodical burn, that gradually clears away the rubbish of the forest. When he has cleared his farm he has a homestead and a fortune that may be bequeathed from son to son, in undiminished richness, for unnumbered generations. The only drawback is the sixteen miles to Hookton, their shipping point on Humboldt Bay; it adds two dollars and fifty cents per ton to the five dollars per ton they have to pay for freight to San Francisco. The soil is a black river loam, and will yield large crops of grain or vegetables.

The road up the valley passes by small grain fields, patches of peas, and at every house an orchard, where the apples and pears hang red and yellow amidst the green foliage of the trees; and then through remnants of the forest along most entrancing avenues. The laurels grow up tall and ungainly, yet they make slender, beautiful trees, as they rise above the dense growth of maples and alders. Their brown trunks show no foliage until their tops are reached, forty to sixty feet from the ground, where they break into a number of branches that extend away in exquisite uncertainty and confusion, bearing glistening, olive-green leaves. On a breezy day these rustle steadily to the fresh breeze, tempered of its ocean harshness by its travels up the valley; and the sunlight glistens on the leaves and dances down in dazzling brightness to the brush and moist ground beneath.

The people of the upper prairies are on the very edge of civilization. The weekly newspapers keep them comparatively abreast with events. In the summer they get out to parties and entertainments and to Fourth-of-July celebrations in the little towns; but in the winter the steady rains and mists make the ground a mire, while the Eel becomes a boiling current, littered on its surface by trunks and logs it has gathered in its long journey through the redwoods. The fords then are swimming full, and even the ferries cease to ply upon the swollen currents. But there are compensating pleasures. The hunting grounds of the Coast Range are right at hand; a tramp of one or two miles from the river will take the hunter into the haunts of the deer and elk, and even of the black bear; while in the autumn, if he watches, he can catch the adventurous bucks as they come down into the pea and oat fields of the valley, in the dusk of the evening, and make sad ravages in the grain.

The fences in the valley are of redwood rails split from logs in the woods of the adjacent mountains. They are often old zig-zag fences, that carry the mind back to the days when the Mississippi Valley was new.

Where the mountains upon either side are comparatively bare of good timber, the brush is being cut down and burned to clear the ground and convert it into pasture. Planted in mesquite, a grass that grows somewhat like the oat, it makes the best of pasture.

Leaving Eagle Prairie, the uppermost of the

cleared prairies, the road starts into the wilderness with no definite objective point except Camp Grant, twenty-five miles above, somewhere in the redwoods upon the Eel. The road at once plunges into the woods. For half a dozen miles it skirts the edge of the mountains; now in the dank forest from which the river is hidden, now appearing on a grade where again the view is open. Above are seen the ranks of trees, fir and redwood, filled in by the dense but huge undergrowth of willows and alders. Late in the afternoon, as the sun gets towards the west, it is seen shining down the mountain side through the long vistas of foliage of every shade of glistening green. From the grade, the river lying in the long stretch of the valley in view is a succession of pools glistening or rippling in the sun, connected by narrow rapids, the whole set in a strip of gray gravel and sand. On the opposite shore the redwoods come down to the water's edge and break off there, a huge wall of living green. The ascending mountain side beyond is covered by the seemingly limitless and unbroken forest, which gives an element of majesty to the placid scenery below.

At length, after a half-dozen miles, we have reached the forest in its greatest luxuriance. The road is now half of the time through the gloom of the woods on the little flats between the river's edge and the mountain. We wind around and among the huge fluted columns of the redwoods, that rise in bare trunks to the tops, which a hundred and fifty feet above form a canopy shutting out the sunlight. They are like massive pillars thickly scattered around, among which man feels himself dwindling into insignificance. The ground is moist, with the fresh, damp, black look of soil in continual shade. The ground is reddish brown with fallen leaves, or covered with tufts of pale green ferns. Scattered about are huge fallen trunks, occasionally hollowed and charred by fire, their sides covered with moss. The somber twilight is now and then broken by filmy floods of sunlight streaming down through some break in the green roof, lighting up the gray columns with a touch of animation, and sparkling upon the dewy ferns and mossy trunks.

It was here that I got a practical test of the accuracy of the statement that from a single tree seventy-five thousand feet of lumber are repeatedly taken; while twenty thousand feet from all the trees of one acre would have been an astonishing yield in Maine. Across the road had fallen a gigantic tree; or perhaps it had been lying there for years when the road was first opened by white men. At the butt the interior had been burned out, but the shell was still there, overgrown on the outside with moss and redwood sorrel. Its upper part had been sawed into sections, and with the aid of oxen a part rolled out of the way, yet the butt and extreme top lay where they had fallen. At its butt, it was at least fifteen feet in diameter. Standing by the section, as cut off two hundred feet towards the top, it still rose above my head. Assuming the proportions to be fifteen feet at the butt, five feet at the top, and two hundred feet of clear length, the contents would be 19,624 cubic feet. Reducing this to board measure, we have the number of feet, board measure, in that trunk to be 235,488. There is left room for over two hundred per cent. of waste, and still remains the required seventy-five thousand feet of lumber.

Half-way up to Camp Grant we come to an extended prairie from one-half a mile to a mile in width, mostly covered with laurels—or pepper-woods, as they are called—maple, and ash. A number of settlers have claims here, and have made small clearings, on which they raise corn, peas, and potatoes, and produce vegetables, bacon, butter, and eggs—the dainties backwoodsmen may be most lavish in enjoying. There is little inducement to clear the land and cultivate, as there is no market. It is true, a light boat, or rather a large skiff, plies up and down the river at moderate stages of the water, driven by the breeze that blows up the valley in the summer, and propelled over the rapids or riffles by the aid of poles. This brings up supplies and carries down butter and eggs, or berries, that will not stand the rough

wagon trip down. But there is and can be no extensive navigation. So far as the people here and at Camp Grant sell anything, it is fruit. Wagon-load after wagon-load of apples, pears, and peaches, of superior size and quality, go down in the autumn to Eureka and Ferndale. Quite a business is done in cutting down laurel, hewing the sound trunks into square timbers a foot in diameter, and then rafting them at a moderate stage of water down the river to the coast. The lumber is susceptible of a high polish, and when landed in San Francisco brings $50 a thousand for use in making furniture.

Profitable employment is also found in making redwood shakes, especially in the winter, when it is too wet to get about. A suitable tree is felled, sawed into cuts of proper length, and by means of a peculiar wedge-like knife, and of mauls, split into shakes. In summer these shakes are made into immense rafts, bound together by a frame of hewn timber, and rafted down the river, under the superintendence of two men. Near the mouth they are taken out and hauled to Hookton. The ordinary day's work is from one thousand to twelve hundred shakes. It costs fifty-five cents to tie, and one dollar to haul from the river to Hookton. The shakes bring about six dollars and a half a thousand, so that a good workman may make about four dollars a day. The work is attractive to many men, because of the freedom they enjoy by being their own masters; but full wages are not generally made, as the shake splitters do not apply themselves as steadily as if they were working for an employer. They make it a season of indulgence and jollity.

Camp Grant, when reached, proves to be but another "pepper-wood bottom," partially cleared, with a couple of orchards occupying almost all the cleared land, and two houses only. The name alone gives character to the place, and its situation as the terminus of the wagon road gives significance. It was once, as its name indicates, a military station. In the early days, fifteen years or so ago, when the Indians were plentiful and "ugly," the United States soldiers stopped here to awe them by the majesty of the military arm of the Government. They did good service in impressing the Indians, but the solid fighting, or at least the killing, was done by the settlers. The climate here is delightful. There are no extremes, and there are no harsh ocean winds. Fogs may overcast the sky in the morning, but they never descend, and are soon dissipated; while a balmy breeze blows all day through the orchard trees and corn.

From Camp Grant the road is but a trail, and now winds up the ridge which separates the north from the south fork of the Eel. For seven miles it goes up a narrow grade, trodden hard by the trains of pack-mules. The scenery, looked upon from a greater height, is more placid, and yet more majestic. In the whole reach of the river valley, and upon the distant mountain side, there is no motion and no abruptness. Not a sound comes up from the seemingly immovable river below, or from the mountain side beyond, hidden by the green blanket of the forest. Everywhere is felt and seen the majesty of repose and space. There is in the scenery of the Eel River none of the variety or grandeur of the Sierra Nevada. There are no dizzy grades, no precipices, and no huge rocks; no deep gorges, and no distant snow-capped summits glistening in the sunlight; yet a ride up the river will give a glimpse of scenery unique in its solemnity and its majesty. Seven miles brought me to Elk Prairie, on the top of the ridge. The extreme tops of the ridges in the back part of the redwoods are for the most part bare. Here there was a prairie of several thousand acres.

It was near night-fall, and I applied at the last of the two houses upon the prairie for a drink and lodging, and found a Swede living with but one man as an assistant and companion. He set before me a pan of milk, cream and all. This Swede had purchased a thousand acres the year before for $4,000, with the intention of raising sheep; but as the sheep did not do well, he proposed now, during the succeeding season, to go into dairying. He had an orchard, and raised such oats and

hay as he needed for his own use. He could raise vegetables, but he had no time or inclination to cook them; therefore his garden was neglected. He said he ran away from Holstein in 1865, when it was annexed to Prussia, in order that he might escape impressment into the Prussian army; he had lived during the subsequent fifteen years upon sheep ranges, in the solitude at the back of the redwoods. From the placid routine of this isolated existence he viewed the harsh and hasty life of civilization through the glimpse furnished him by his long-time companions and friends, the "New York Ledger" and the "Fireside Companion," brought to him by almost his only visitor, the weekly mail-man.

The trail descended from Elk River to the south fork of the Eel, and for twelve miles it was through a wild without a sign of civilization except the foot path. The general features of the scenery in this part of the Eel are about the same as in the lower course of the river. Here is found a similar limitless wealth of natural resources in soil and woods. Accessibility, however, is wanting. All the redwood lands along each side of the Eel have been taken up for from one to two miles into the interior. The purchasers were prompted to this move by the consideration that the heaviest of the redwood timber was found in the bottoms of Eel River, and by the hope that they might thus keep out others from the redwoods in the rear, and so practically control the timber supply in this quarter. Until the last year no mills had been built upon the upper Eel; but two are now being put up, one upon the south fork and another upon the north fork, with the view of cutting logs up into cants or square timbers of a foot thickness, and rafting them down the river to the coast, to be cut into lumber at or near Ferndale. The calculation is, also, that the coast railroad will soon come down the Eel River, and furnish them facilities for getting their lumber to market; while by building now it is thought they will be able to secure the inside hold upon the market to be thus opened up. Down the Eel River the railroad must come. Building will be comparatively easy. Timber of the best quality will be cheap and at hand. Little tunneling and heavy cutting will have to be done; and the only difficulty will consist in securing the road-beds against the floods of the river, which tear everything away that comes in their course.

About twenty-five miles from Camp Grant the Eel River leaves the redwoods, and the aspect of the country is changed; the hills are no longer blanketed by a green redwood forest. Their unwooded flanks are covered with dry grasses, while the red and yellow foliage of the scattered maples, the red trunks of the madroños, and the green of the straggling firs give variety and vivacity to the landscape, doubly pleasant after the sameness and somberness of the redwood hills. At intervals are met cottages, rough it may be, but attractive in their sunny nooks amid maples and poplars. They are the residences of Indians, and now and then a dusky beauty appears in the doorway.

The road is now to Garberville, the great resort of this whole sheep country, and a rough place. Knives are universally worn by all frequenters of its saloons and hotels. Such villainous whisky is sold, that even Irishmen to whom its virulence is unexpected are disgusted. As I came within five miles of it, walking along a sunny trail on the pleasant hillside, I ran upon a son of Erin with his damp boot (cut in numberless slits on the top) taken off, nursing a swollen "fut." He saluted me with: "Och, that's murderous whisky back there; it'll kill a man"; and proceeded to narrate how that he was bound on foot from Napa to the lumbering woods; that he had taken a drink or two yesterday, lost his way, been out all night, waded the river three or four times; but was now thoroughly sober. He asked about the prospect of work and the distance to a wagon road, (evidently calculating upon a lift; I did not tell him I had met but one wagon in the twenty-five miles of the wagon road coming up); but he constantly recurred to that whisky, and moralized upon the lamentable consequences in case it should

be drank by a man with a family. Evidently he was chagrined that two or three drinks had upset him so shamefully.

Society about Garberville and Blocksburg, a town somewhat farther down, is peculiarly constituted. Many of the substantial residents have for better halves Indian squaws. These were acquired when the country was new and the men poor. But now many of the husbands are rich. The wives dress in silks, but they still have to ride their *bronchos*, as the roads are too limited about Garberville for carriage outfits. On the Fourth it is customary to have two balls, one for the white women, and on the succeeding night one for the dusky belles. On the latter night appear this dusky aristocracy in all the brilliancy of silk and satins and flaming scarfs. The squaws will not dance with anything less than white partners. The Fourths at these places are revels that draw spectators from fifty miles down the river, at the bay. Indian wives were numerous in times past, but they are becoming fewer. Some of the men after acquiring property have peaceably separated, giving their quondam wives handsome portions, and have taken wives of their own race. But it is told of one wealthy cattleman that he has been outdone by his sharper squaw. He gave her a good round sum of money, horses, and cattle, went off and married a wife in the East. Returning, however, he finds an extensive farm in the hills, with full outfit of cattle and horses, appropriated by his former wife as her suburban residence, while not in the city of Garberville. Here she has established herself, and dresses, receives guests, and enjoys the riches of the property she seems to think her natural perquisite. Meanwhile, her former husband is in a perplexity that seems to have no solution. Domestic felicity seems to require that he abandon all hope of enjoying that piece of property during the lifetime of the strong-minded squaw.

Before Garberville is reached I have to turn out from the pleasing valley of the Eel, now something of a gorge, with sides of brighter, sprightlier colors, flooded by the excess of sunlight that glistens upon the rippling water of the riffles and upon the great blue rocks that line the gorge. For the country rock is changed. Although the upper parts of the mountains are still composed of strata of gravel and clay, the upheaval has been greater than below. The tops are now full three thousand feet above the ocean, and the Eel has cut down to the rock core where aqueo-igneous fusion has converted the strata into stone.

Garberville, out on a low, sheltered ridge in the Bald Hills, proved to be but a cluster of rough-looking wooden houses, and I started across the bare hills, brown with the dry grass, for the overland stage road at Spruce Grove. Spruce Grove I recognized, but the only house I found was a sheep cabin; and at dusk I was still adrift in the wilderness, but experiencing a queer feeling of satisfaction at finding a familiar, smooth road after the rough trail I had pursued for nearly two days. It was dusk, but I pressed on, and at eight, through the dense darkness of a little wood, saw a light gleaming ahead. I found a cordial welcome, and after warming before the blaze of a great fireplace, sat down to bread and milk, bacon, potatoes, and pie.

John H. Durst.

ANNETTA.

IV.

As Mrs. McArdle, her countenance gaping admiration, stepped backward, Annetta appeared, attired with a dainty gayety suited to her youth and emblematic of her disposition. The folds of her crisp organdie gown exhaled a chill freshness. A mild, dewy radiance, brought from open air and moonlight, was in her eyes. Her glance, sweeping that attentive circle, was so alive with good will, that each man felt himself the enviable object of her special favor.

Relieved of the candlestick, Mrs. McArdle's long bony hands were flung up at arm's length in wavings of zest unspeakable, and then rested her bared elbows, sharply crooked, upon her hips.

"It's no lie to say, lads, but she's dhrew out."

"Drew out," thus amazedly uttered, was doubtless a dash at words fitly to convey an impression of artistic finish.

Annetta accepted this praise on behalf of her pretty costume.

"So you like my new dress," she said, and turned herself slowly about, the better to display the latest arrangement of draperies.

"A waxsh doll!" exclaimed McArdle.

But for Annetta, that moment of artless pleasure was ended. Her eyes, flashing through the dimness beyond Mrs. McArdle's doorway, had found a face there.

Standing on the rude stairs, Dan had paused, smitten with a sudden, overwhelming self-consciousness. He longed for the first time in his experience to be quit of his tall, wry cone of a hat, of his weather-beaten, work-worn clothing—of whatever helped to stamp him with an individuality grotesque. His place must be forever among shadows. The girl yonder belonged to the light. Her way through life, opening before his newly dazzled vision, seemed to slant upward on a broad beam of sunshine. Something of awed distance was in his manner; yet an ardor never kindled by inanimate fineries burned in his steadfast gaze.

Annetta's cheek paled. She stepped immediately and with business-like decision of movement to Jerry's bedside.

The sick man had been moaning and tossing about. That nearer and commiserating presence took instant effect, heightening these signs of distress. Annetta knit her brows anxiously. She appealed to Mrs. McArdle, now hastily approaching.

"Poor, poor fellow! Does he always suffer so?"

"Be sphells an' turrns, day an' night. An' jist look at thim elbows, Miss Bairtmore, dear"—seizing first one then another of the invalid's wasted arms, and pushing back from either a coarse flannel sleeve. "They're like the handles iv a plow in me ribs o' nights. An' his knees—thim is ready-jinted for the coffin."

This said, taking no pains whatever to soften her tones, or to guard against the patient's overhearing, Mrs. McArdle added dolorously, "Arrah, don't yez have to go away awful afore yez die?"

The inevitable inference was promptly resented by Jerry.

"List to her!" he shouted. "Begorra, she'd be after buryin' me wid the breath thrimblin' yet in me t'roat. But, ould woman, I'll not die to plaze yez. I'll be wan day atin' the goose that nibbles the grass aff your grave, so I will."

A "Whist, now!" accompanied with a toss of her chin, was Mrs. McArdle's sole comment. Annetta asking whether Jerry ought not to have his medicine, nothing loth, Mrs. McArdle produced bottle and spoon.

But not even from Annetta's hand would Jerry consent to be dosed. The wonted cry excitedly broke forth:

"Whusky, quick! or I'm a dead man!"

Silently, and in greater anxiety, Annetta questioned the stolid faces around her. The shifting play of those eyes under Mrs. McArdle's long, heavy eyelids was not guiltless of craft.

"Coom, Jerry, lad," she mumbled, soothingly. "Sure the yoong missus 'll be glad to give yez tin cints for a wet—indade, an' it'll salve him, Miss Bairtmore."

"I'll give him whatever is good for him," returned Annetta, with a sparkle of indignation, "and nothing else; should you say, Mr. Terry, that he needs a stimulant?"

Exalted in his own opinion by this direct appeal, Terry cleared his throat, and, a hand on either knee, answered in thin, high tones judicially free from eagerness:

"Anny wan bein' subjugated to the care iv a physician should, accordin' to my opinion, abide be his ordhers."

Terry's fondness for polysyllables had betrayed him into an error, of which a self-satisfied nod showed him entirely unconscious.

A hint of inner smiling ran dimpling about Annetta's folded lips. Her eyes twinkled as she turned toward McArdle to inquire what Dr. Portmeath's orders might be.

But Mrs. McArdle, bridling because of Annetta's refusal to act out her recent suggestion, tossed her head and hitched her shoulders with visible effect upon her loose attire. She then shambled off and seated herself, her back toward the questioner.

From this distance and in this posture, anger bristling through an assumption of high indifference, she rattled off the following sentences:

"Arrah, how am I to tell the docthor's ordhers? In he cooms wan day all iv a puff wid the knowin' o' folkses insides, an' me at the shpider a-fryin' the mate for the min's supper.

"'An' how is the patient?' says he.

"'Musha,' says I, 'there's ne'er a patient here. If it's Jerry McArdle yez mane, yez'll find him lashin' away like a cat's tail on a fince, with three dogs tattherin' round below.'

"Well; the docthor up the shtairs he goes, me behind him.

"'Who's that?' says Jerry.

"'Me an' a frind o' the grave-digger's,' says I.

"Wid that the docthor pulls aff his two gig lamps to see can Jerry shtick out his tongue. Thin he takes aff a glove to measure Jerry's pult—or whatsomever yez call the little clock tickin' the time o' life in a man's wrisht. Thin the docthor brings forth a shmall gould pencil an' schribbles a bit iv a scrowl. How was I to know what's on it? I sint it to the droog shtore, along iv a dollar, an' that's the lasht I see of wan or tother. If the docthor's ordhers be writ on the bottle, it's for the likes o' thim to shpell as is always settin' wid the two eyes o' thim stoock till a book."

In no wise ruffled by this exhibition of temper, Annetta considered a moment, and said:

"I wish Dr. Portmeath might call this evening while I am here."

Dan was leaning with folded arms against the door-post. He stepped forward. But Annetta murmured:

"Not you, this time," without looking his way.

Encouraged by Annetta's smiling, Eddie Gavan was awkwardly rising.

"You will go, Eddie?"

Oozing perspiration and scorching with blushes, the boy listened, not seeming to listen, to her hasty directions, and shuffled away.

It was quite ten o'clock before he returned to announce the doctor close at hand. By that hour the sick room was well nigh deserted. Maggy's prodigious yawns told how she longed for her bed. Mrs. McArdle moved about uneasily, nursing a wrath which, communicating itself in thrills and jerks to certain lower portions of her dress, dimly shadowed forth the feline mode of expressing a similar emotion. Jerry flung himself frantically from side to side, threatening to get up in search of liquor; but forbearing, because of Dan sturdily seated upon the bed's edge. Annetta paced

to and fro, secretly fretting lest her brother should reach home during her absence.

What would he say should he find the house deserted?

As chance sometimes wills it, Bartmore did reach home during Annetta's absence, and earlier than usual for him when he missed the supper hour. He found the house deserted. He was ready to greet the chill, tired girl with a cold stare. Yet he was so far indulgent, seeing that Maggy accompanied her, as to invite explanation by a curt "Well?"

Annetta eagerly embraced her brother and his indulgence, giving frank account of herself whilst portraying Jerry's condition.

"He's very badly off indeed, Tom, the doctor says. And he must have plenty of nourishing food, but no liquor except what his medicines contain. I wouldn't have been so late, dear, but Dan had to go to the drug store with the prescription. I waited to administer the first dose, leaving strict orders for Mrs. McArdle to repeat every hour."

"She'll stay awake a heap, Netta," ejaculated Bartmore, with a touch of scorn. He found no contagion in his sister's zeal for Jerry's recovery. "But, darn it all! the fellow must be helped to hang on somehow, until after election day."

"O Tom!"—in liquid remonstrance.

"We'll need every vote we can muster. For see here, sis," his matter-of-fact tone infused with exultation, "if matters and things turn out as I hope, you'll be the belle of the next governor's inaugural ball. What do you say to that?"

Annetta said nothing; but her glowing countenance and the quickened grace of her attitude showed that she was quaffing an intoxicating draught of fuller life. The moment's weariness, and that large, vague weariness sometimes clouding her existence, were forgotten. A pulsing heat drove forth the chill from her veins. Her eyes danced as if forestalling that contingent terpsichorean promise.

Bartmore threw back his head and enjoyed her silent excitement in his richest, heartiest fashion. He thought he knew how to put the finishing touch to her anticipatory delight.

"And you shall wear," he said—"O, whatever you please."

"Really, Tom?"

"Really."

Then he laughed again, making her an exaggerated bow. Whereupon, gayly catching his conceit, Annetta went floating about the room, her dainty nose higher in air than its wont, until a rush of gathering mirth undid the supercilious curves of her dewy lips, and sent her flying to hug Tom's thick arm, and to press her hot cheek against his breast.

Annetta was child enough to lie awake dazzled by the visions of her busy brain. No gaunt figure stealing across open fields and back yards to "Charley's" threw any shadow along the changing vistas of fancy. No husky voice, uttering itself in broken sentences, struck discord into her harmonious imaginings. Yet such a figure was abroad, and such a voice was muttering over that sick man whom Annetta now considered under her special care.

"Now, Jerry, lad, if yez or anny wan thinks it's for the likes o' me to shtay shtarin' the clock out o' countenance the night—Here, dhrink, man, an' rise your heart. What does the young missus know iv the cravin's o' a workin'-man's insides? Dhrink, an' I'll be afther takin' a soop to keep yez company."

But Mrs. McArdle's anger against Annetta was merely of that sort which expends itself in covert disobedience of orders.

A few evenings later, the camp supper over, the camp did not subside into its usual humdrum of guttural gossip and beer-drinking. A hilarious excitement, made audible in ejaculations, and visible in a general donning of Sunday clothes, was carried to the Bartmore house by Mrs. McArdle.

"Arrah, what's on yez, lass?" she cried, foregoing her tale at beholding Maggy's overcast countenance. Maggie pointed to the shining range about which in pot and pan the juices of a well-cooked meal were slowly drying.

"An' Miss Annetta settin' dressed this

hour, waitin' for the boss to come an' take her to some sort iv singin'—a consairt, or whatsomever she calls it."

So explaining the situation, Maggy did her frank, open brows up into wrinkles as knotty as the unwritten problems of every-day experience.

The juncture was one singularly fit, McArdle thought, for the telling of her news. Maggy listened, the wrinkles disappeared, she let forth a great rollicking laugh, and ran to ask the evening's freedom of Annetta.

From a window commanding a glimpse of the street, Annetta had watched until past the usual dinner hour. Then, to scatter gathering conviction of impending disappointment, she had seated herself at the piano. The impatient pulses of youth beat through those thundering *morceaux* from *Zampa;* but there was an inner core of heartache, which neither found, nor indeed sought, any overt expression, musical or other. Only Annetta's thoughts were running as busily as her fingers. What if Tom were to succeed in all his money-making and political schemes? That meant nothing—no happiness—to her, unless he came really to care whether she was grieved or glad. Should he reach the goal of his present ambition, she would be a State senator's sister; but would she be a happier girl, sitting alone night after night, month after month? This concert, now: why had he not been willing she should attend with Mr. and Mrs. Barstead, who had asked her to go, or even with young Mr. Bell, who was dying to ask? But no; when the matter was mentioned, Tom must exclaim crisply, "I'll take you myself, Netta." And to-morrow, when reminded of it, he would cry, "Last night? Good gracious! it never once entered my head."

Then Maggy, followed hard by Mrs. McArdle, burst into the parlor, crying:

"Guess who's goin' to be marr'ed the night, Miss Annetta?"

"But Heavyweather!" shouted McArdle.

"At the ould church, Miss Annetta."

"An' sure"—here McArdle rushed excitedly to the front window—"the vespers is coomin' out now. We'll be afther bein' late. An' his wife not dead four weeks till Chewsdy, wid five murnin' afther."

Annetta wove a soft improvisation of delicate runs and plaintive chords between herself and this blatant interruption. Keenly alive to whatever made for joy or sorrow in the humble life of the camp, she shrank from this rude mirth.

Grady's hasty second marriage presented itself to her thought as a fact coarse and ugly as the man concerned.

She asked, lifting her brows and with an air of mental remoteness, if the Widow O'Donovan was to be the bride.

"Who else, indade?" queried McArdle, her words escaping half strangled by husky chuckles.

And she fairly dragged Maggy away.

Left alone, Annetta played on a while with growing melancholy. Gradually a sense of the deserted house stole in upon her. She rose, lowered the gas to a spark, and went to stand, a shadowy figure, at the window again. Not, she told herself, to watch for Tom. She had given him up.

Dark and grim enough in the garden stood the clipped and compact cypresses, trees of Bartmore's conventional choice; dark and grim enough, refusing any silvering touch of moonlight. Falling upon the ground between those blurred masses, the moonbeams seemed to lose their riches, lying cold and melancholy. The clustering flowers, bereft of gay day-time tints, stirred as shadows only, in the chill, empty air.

Gazing so into the garden, all at once Annetta's outlook into life was one with that half-hearted dimness, that colorless desolation. Her yearning hopes, reaching forth toward the future, found nothing to grasp.

She would always live with Tom, and Tom would be forever disappointing her.

Dreaming thus, her forehead gradually sinking against the cold, irresponsive pane, Annetta's listlessness was suddenly dissipated. Not by the rush of belated wheels, which, despite her judgment, she could not give over painfully hoping to hear; but by a far, faint dissonance that sent her flying

to the front door, and thence to the front gate.

None too soon for whatever was afoot. The harsh medley of sounds broke forth anew in the direction of the old church. A tin drum beat a sharp rat-tat-tat. Fish-horns answered one another, and then brayed furiously in chorus. Human lungs contributed to the din with jeering shouts and strident laughter, sounding louder, coming nearer. Instantly, dark forms were darting by, now two, now one, now three, now a tumultuous stream of shadows pursuing the first pair, not noiselessly.

Annetta had shrunk back out of the revealing moonlight. Her mind, too, shrunk from the scene. She knew what it meant, and how it would end; the disapproval of Heavyweather's hasty marriage, that would soon, by potations liberally provided, be turned into hoarse approval.

A question flashed into her brain, and stood there unanswered. Dan was an integral part of the life thus coarsely expressing itself; what if his voice mingled with those voices stunning her ears?

If so, the romantic measure of tolerance which she was gradually coming to feel for his uncouthness must inevitably sicken into disgust. She recollected Johnny's "wake," how it had shocked her, and how she had endeavored to argue Dan out of permitting it.

One may influence these natures as to the minor details of behavior; but when some unusual event appeals to rooted instincts, they can move only in the old ruts. Such was the conclusion Annetta reached. How easy to span the world's impossible chasms, social and other, by "ifs" as airy as a spider's thread. Annetta had been busy, it seems, with some idle bridge-building of this sort.

"I blush for myself," she said, stamping her foot impetuously. "I despise myself."

Just beyond the corner dominated by the Bartmore house, —— Street quits the grade with an abruptness dangerous to unwary teams. The descending block, gullied by rains and scored by trickling rills of sewage, is closely built upon one side with poor hovels, a few of many then owned by one landlord. They were occupied by such of Bartmore's hands as were married, and had children growing up about their work-stiffened knees. So humble a class of tenants is apt to prove troublesome to property holders. Tom Bartmore never lost a dollar of rent. He very promptly deducted the amounts due him from wages due.

Where —— Street quitted the grade, those frantic shadows, pursued and pursuers, scurried downward. From her shy post of observation, Annetta caught a flitting glimpse of new-made husband and wife in a doorway outlined against a dimly lighted interior.

She recalled the faithful little creature lately dead of care and pain under that roof. Had there been any real scorn quivering through the clamor redoubling below, she must needs have added one note. But the empty noise, the mere animal excitement, sickened her.

"Much they care for poor Mrs. Grady's memory!" she mused, her lip curling.

And she walked slowly through the melancholy, scented moonlight, awakened for the first time to a sympathetic apprehension of what Tom's wife—poor Carrie!—must have suffered before she grew glad to die.

Tom spoke of his wife sometimes—"She's happy now," he often said; but with no thought of reflecting upon his behavior as a husband. Getting back into the silent parlor and the deserted house with its feeble glimmer of light, Annetta felt her throat swell. The possible—nay, probable—discipline of life affrighted her.

"Must I grow glad to die?" she asked herself, shivering.

Then her young blood stirred to throw off that nightmare. She turned on the gas, full blaze. Every ray, reflected from every bright object in the brightly furnished room, took part with her in her resistance to suffering as yet purely conjectural. She laughed aloud.

"I know what ails me," she said: "I haven't eaten a morsel of supper."

The kitchen fire was gone out. Those pots and pans, with all they held, were stone cold. But Annetta picked about, ate, and grew as cheery as a bird. When Mrs. McArdle and Maggy returned, much later, she was ready to lay aside her book and find entertainment in their excited gossip.

"'Grady,' says the priesht," so Mrs. McArdle began, lapping forth her tongue, and swallowing as if disposing of a choice morsel, "'God bless yez, and may yez ne'er be bringin' e'er a wan here ag'in.'"

"I wusht to the saints"—so Maggy, with a great laugh and a twist of her strong body expressive of shyness engendered by her particular item of news—"I wusht to the saints, Miss Annetta, yez cud 'a' seen him kissin' her foreninst thim all."

And Annetta must needs be glibly informed how the bride was arrayed in a "weeny dimple iv a bonnet" and a "long thrail iv a shawl"; while the bridegroom wore "a striped soart o' pants, a gould watch, an' bootens."

"An' Heavyweather, he axes ivery lasht wan iv us in," cried McArdle, "an' thr'ated us all. Some tuck cider, more tuck beer, an' more ag'in whusky."

The important event exhaustively discussed, as it had been enjoyed, Mrs. McArdle saw fit to remember Jerry.

"Dan's settin' wid him," she explained.

"O," murmured Annetta, "I fancied I heard Dan screaming among the rest."

Mrs. McArdle gone, Maggy went to her hard cot, and Annetta to her soft couch. Strong breathings from Maggy's deep, full chest soon announced how serenely she could sleep, forgetting a far-off country, and oblivious of servitude. Annetta breathed softly. Her eyes were wide and watchful.

The shades drawn high, a flood of moonlight poured in through her windows, making the most of her white coverlet, the white drapery of her dressing-stand, and showing the gray ghosts of flowers in two or three tall vases.

Away from that silent house with its one waking occupant, before the long blackened stable, were many carts tilted on end, their shafts stretched stiffly toward the broad moon and narrowed stars, and heavier dump-wagons, their tongues forlornly aground. Now, a clanging hoof rang in the stalls. Now, Jerry McArdle cried out sharply from the haggard nightmare which stood him these late nights in sleep's stead. Again, a rooster crowed drowsily from the stable-yard, dreaming, perhaps, of a worm successfully gobbled, with a disappointed pullet looking on or running after.

Farther away stretched the valley, still and dark at the foot of its mountains, hills no longer. For, by an overlying mystery of white, high-piled vapors, the Twin Peaks were builded into majestic cloud-alps. Above those lifted and airy domes, glorifying them, the full moon swung slowly to its setting. In the amazement of gloom which followed that setting, Annetta's senses were caught back from the border-land of dreams by the clash of the garden gate. Her heart fluttered at every footfall crunching the gravel, stamping on the front stairs, muffled in the carpeted hall. Then there came a stumble, and the crash of falling chairs. That loud, raw oath ensuing made the girl shrink and shiver.

"Again? O Tom, Tom!"

But the query, the remonstrance, the sighs deepening into sobs, were smothered from any possible overhearing.

V.

There were signs of mental disturbance in Tom Bartmore's visage when, nearly noon next day, he condescended to seat himself at the long-standing breakfast table. Dissatisfaction was there manifested by a shadowy eversion of the lips. Two vertical wrinkles fixed between his heavy brows might mean concentrated thought, but taken in connection with a lowering heaviness of glance, suggested moroseness.

Under a more favorable domestic sky Annetta had surely made much of her disappointment about the concert. But now, had she been the cause of Tom's bad temper, she could not have been more devoted

in her efforts to dissipate it. Pouring and sweetening his tea, (for which beverage Bartmore had a Johnsonian fondness), Heavyweather's wedding presented itself to her mind as of all available subjects the one most likely to arouse good-humored interest. Her sole end being to provoke a smile, she found herself reviewing the affair with a gayety quite apart from her sad and scornful mood of the evening before. Was she disingenuous in this? Taxed with disingenuousness, Annetta had surely disarmed criticism by a wistful glance of her clear eyes. Indeed, the sweetest hope of her life was some day to be loved by some one to whom she could open her heart.

"If ever I come to think seriously of anybody"—so she told herself—"I shall ask myself this one question, Dare I tell him everything?"

What a range of ideas, present and possible, a girl's "everything" is meant to cover!

Annetta described the *charivari* with flagging spirits under her brother's cool, unawakened attention. When she had finished, he vouchsafed no word, no change of expression; but taking his second cup of tea, retired behind the morning paper.

Finding all her dutiful cheeriness set at naught—nay, her very presence ignored—Annetta bethought herself of the tempting pages of a new book.

"Why shouldn't I read, too?" she asked herself, and by way of answer fetched the volume—a copy of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"—and was straightway in Rome with Miriam. Disturbed by some malign influence, she glanced up.

How long Tom had been staring so over the edge of his newspaper, she could only surmise; but long enough for disgust to grow glassy in his eyes.

"O Tom!" she exclaimed with a burst of misguided merriment, seeing how queer he looked, "I asked you three distinct questions after you began reading, and you didn't hear one of them."

Making this countercharge archly, she reached for the cup thrust toward her she knew not when. But Bartmore seized it, drawing it back again. Rage flamed into his face. His teeth gleamed through his lips.

"Damn me! You haven't very much to do. You might wait upon me, I think."

"O Tom"—very contritely now.

"But if I can't get waited on here, I'll go elsewhere!"

"O Tom!"—in a half frightened voice of appealing.

But no contrition, no entreaty, could touch Bartmore. He had found what he longed to find—a grievance. He tossed aside the paper furiously, and rushed from the house.

His horse and buggy had been standing at the side gate since nine o'clock. Annetta ran hurriedly, but her brother would not so much as look at her. His reckless wheels were presently whirling the dust into her face.

Annetta could bear anything better than she could bear making Tom angry. How dreadful for him to leave home in such a desperate mood! She bitterly blamed herself.

"I needn't have laughed," she said. "That stung him. He is so sensitive."

But since he was really gone, she permitted herself to hope that he would be on hand for supper. Then she would beg his pardon, and make sweet peace between them.

The day went by. A long night. The second evening came, and the second supper cooked since Bartmore's impetuous departure had spoiled undished, when Dan knocked at the kitchen door.

Annetta was sitting near the kitchen stove, sipping some tea. She had been crying. The sight of that humble and faithful creature sent a darting ray of comfort into the dullness and aching.

"Let the table stand a while yet, Maggy," she ordered, after nodding to Dan.

So Maggy put some coal on the fire, and went singing and swinging out into the cool starlight.

The kitchen was warm and still. Annetta's spoon made a clinking now and again against the edge of her cup.

"Perhaps you don't feel well, Miss Bairtmore," Dan began tentatively, but without seeming once to have glanced her way.

"I shall like to hear your lessons," said Annetta, a trifle incisively.

"There's no hurry, Miss Bairtmore"—with a gesture disproportionately imploring, meaning that she must please go on sipping her tea. "Only I thought I'd betther l'ave you quiet. You don't look well at all, Miss."

"How do you know that?" queried Annetta, in crisp, rallying notes.

Dan nursed first one big hand then the other uneasily, his head turned more resolutely aside. When he tried to answer, Annetta barely caught something about quicksilver "knowin' hot and cold widout seein'."

Emptying her cup, Annetta produced books and writing materials. The warm silence was given over to the monotonous rumble of a deep-chested voice. When Dan had read and spelled: "Now you are to write me a letter," said Annetta.

"To write you a letther?"—aghast at the contemplation of so great an undertaking.

"Am I a severe critic?"—engagingly.

"The holy angels forbid Dan Meagher thinking you severe in annything!" cried Dan, while unrestrained fervor flushed his cheeks. He could not help it. The delicate redness of those eyelids touched him to the quick.

Annetta flushed, too. She leaned an elbow on the table, shading her eyes, to which the too ready tears were springing. But she controlled herself so far as to say cheerily:

"How nicely you are learning to pronounce, Dan!" Then, after a pause, reverting to the subject of the letter:

"I am tired of the copy-book; and surely you must be too."

"I'm never tired of doing aught that you set me at."

"O yes, you plod well, Dan"—a trifle impatient of his unfailing patience. "But now," flashing a spirited glance at him, "I want you to venture something. You have thoughts of your own—good thoughts, which go to make up your individuality. Put them on paper."

"My thoughts, Miss, seems a mighty harrd sort to work into words."

Dan said this musingly, not dissentingly, for he had the pen sturdily in hand.

"Try," urged Annetta, nodding at him eagerly.

When Dan, troubling himself seriously about the slant of his sheet of paper, had labored through the "Honored Miss," he lifted his straight brows, weighted with observation, steadily, to meet Annetta's encouraging glance.

"May I shpake me heart out a bit?" he asked.

"You may speak your heart out fully, Dan."

Was the permission fraught with danger? Annetta had no fear that Dan would ever forget his place. Yet leaning back in her chair, with her book before her face, she could not read a syllable. Her interest in the forthcoming epistle was tremulously awakened. Had she discerned the pathos of difficult resolve in Dan's tone?

"Shall I fold it, Miss Bairtmore?"

Annetta started at this query; she had been dreaming.

"Yes—no; I will read it now," she returned confusedly.

Then she started to her feet. There were stamping announcements of arrival on the front porch. Could that be Tom rushing impetuously through the house? Tom, all alive with gay haste. Annetta sprung to greet him. But he would not kiss her, for staring at Dan's broad back.

"Who is that *hombre?*" he asked, peremptorily under his breath.

Annetta answered aloud and cheerily:

"So you don't recognize Dan in his new suit of clothes? I have been giving him a writing lesson."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bartmore, enlightened but not enthusiastic.

Then, with a short nod, as Dan rose and turned himself about: "How are you? How goes everything in camp?"

No leisure was allowed for any response. Resuming his brisk manner, Bartmore next addressed his sister.

"I've brought some friends home with me, Netta. They're standing all this while at the front door. I'll light up. See what you and Maggy can do in the way of supper—where is Maggy?"

Maggy answered to her name. She came singing and swinging into the kitchen, fresh from a chat with Terry at the side gate.

"Ugh!" she said, with an exaggerated shiver; "it's turnin' foggy an' could."

But Annetta was asking, "Supper for you, Tom?"

"For seven of us, all as hungry as wolves," he answered, rushing away.

And immediately male voices were heard laughing and talking in the hall, Bartmore's louder than any. To his thinking, the expression of hospitable welcome was only possible in a high key and with force of lung.

Such seasons of unexpected entertaining were by no means unknown in the Bartmore house. Annetta did not mind, so long as she was able to provide well for her brother's guests. And to-night, seeing how relieved she felt to have Tom home again, and how much pleasanter company is than loneliness, she threw herself into the thick of the hasty preparations with even greater zeal than ordinary. Fortunately the cupboards were well stored, and she could count upon Maggy's cheerful assistance. Moreover, there stood Dan, his continuing presence a silent offer of service.

Maggy having rekindled the fire, Annetta rolled up her sleeves, and put her light heart into the daintiest of tea-biscuit. A little later she set the table, laying plates for eight, and bringing forth her best and brightest in damask, cut-glass, and majolica. Besides, there were two or three large pieces of silver, presents to her brother from as many lodges, and duly engraved. While the steaks broiled under Maggy's earnest supervision, Annetta ran to her room to put a few hasty touches to her toilet; then, roused by work and excitement, presented herself in the parlor.

It was quite nine o'clock when they all gathered with the gayest informality about the table. Annetta sat opposite her brother, doing her little part with so becoming an anxiety to please, that Bartmore made no attempt to conceal his exultation.

"What do you think of my housekeeper, boys?" he asked more than once.

No need for any such invitations to admiration.

"She wouldn't be your housekeeper, Tom, if I could have coaxed her to be mine."

Ned Burwent said this. He was always "Ned" Burwent to his friends. A man grown mellow in experience—fifty, if a day; but wearing his gray worldliness as gayly as he wore his gray curled mustache.

Next him sat Tony Shaw, a rosy and engaging blonde youth of forty-five or so. He had deserted his eighteen-year-old bride, their honey-moon not yet over, for this convivial evening.

"A reg'lar ol'-timer, Miss Netta," he reiterated again and again, with thick-tongued jollity, during the progress of the meal. "Tom didn't shake me when he was married, an' I ain't goin' t'shake Tom!"

And as often as this declaration was made, Shaw's *vis-a-vis* would say glibly, "O no; Tony never shakes anything."

Why everybody should laugh at this—Shaw even to tears—Annetta could not imagine, although she smiled contagiously.

Mr. Shaw's *vis-a-vis* was named Leavitt, also a blonde, but spare and wrinkled; a deep drinker, yet never seen of mortal eyes the worse for liquor. Frequently addressing women in language highly poetical, his manner was ever the briskest of prose.

Young Bell, her brother's clerk, or agent, sat upon Annetta's right; aged twenty-two, half delirious with the old wine of life drunk in his employer's jolly company, and madly in love with Annetta, whenever chance gave him an hour of her presence.

Opposite Bell, Dr. Bernard. Of a time when this name had not been familiar in her ears, Annetta had no recollection. Pale as a delicate girl was he, with a drooping head, a low voice, large, fair, professional hands, and unobtrusive ways of making himself agreeable. There was the most touching gallantry, Annetta thought, in his fashion of passing tea-cups and the sugar-bowl, and of

seeing that her plate was well supplied, while all the rest were eagerly talking and eating.

The sixth guest Annetta had never before met. "My friend, Frank Treston"—so ran Bartmore's introduction, warmly fraternal in tone and in manner. Was he interesting? Perhaps, merely as a stranger whom Annetta wished to see at his ease. He was as pale, perhaps, as Dr. Bernard, but with a clearer pallor, and with a bolder cast of features. Were his eyes blue? Annetta found them turbid after studying those marvelously liquid orbs of Dan's.

This mental comparison occurred to her just as young Bell, taking the cream-pitcher from her hand, was silently imploring some interchange of sentiment. Her hand trembled. Bell acknowledged this show of feeling with adoring visual promptitude. Annetta smiled absently. Rodney Bell's love-making always amused her so. She turned her head away. She trembled still. She asked herself, "What is the matter?" That sharp sense of uneasiness had surely come with Dan's name. A pause of reflection; then enlightenment. The letter—Dan's letter. Had he not begged permission to speak out what was in his heart?

Annetta remembered nothing but work and bustle after Tom's entrance. Where was Dan's letter now, exposed to whose eye, to what sure misinterpretation? Should Maggy find and read—Maggy could read—the camp would be mad with gossip to-morrow. That might mean another and inconceivably more trying scene with Tom.

But now Tom was robustly claiming her immediate attention, calling:

"Sis, these are, without exception, the finest thing in biscuits I ever ate."

And Tony Shaw, oozing smiling assent from every pore, was crying:

"I won' go home t'night, Miss Netta, till you write out the rec'pe for my wife, Mrs. Tony Shaw!"

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

BEAUTY.

I THOUGHT I knew what beauty was,
When I had watched it in the withering rose,
And seen a sunset; and, betimes, I'd oft
Passed comment on a face—"'tis beautiful!"
And painted roses with a vain presumption,
Daring to revel in their glowing color.
When we are young we're apt to be presumptuous,
And think ourselves born with the laurel-wreath
The sage is crowned with when his work is done.
I thought that beauty meant a pleasing form,
Blue, red, and yellow in a combination;
And strove for tones and shades upon my palette.

One day, while leaning o'er a garden wall,
To study the nasturtiums in the shadow,
I heard a song—two voices joined—
A passionate farewell to life and love,
That made the glowing flowers pale and dim,
And all the air aquiver with the cry.

At night, upon the darkened, silent hills,
I saw a mother clasp her dying babe,
And sing a little nursery rhyme, the while
Her heart was breaking, and the blinding tears
Rolled from her swollen eyelids as she smiled.

I walked upon the tide-swept, sandy shore,
And saw them draw up from the ocean depths
A draggled corpse, and watched its cold pale face,
Studying the expression fading from its lips.

And when the red sun set, and the wracked clouds,
Torn by the wind, shadowed across the waters,
I raised my head, and silent gazed around me;
Crushed at my insignificance of passion,
Wondering that I'd never heard before
Nature's great heart-throb in the vast expanse,
And ne'er before knew what was beautiful.
I read a lesson from those pallid faces—
I, who shunned sorrow when I searched for beauty.
And when again returned unto my labor,
Each color glowed with new-found, subtle meaning.
I sought no more for unique combination;
Longed but for sympathy with human nature;
Now feeling with that ancient spirit painter
Who prayed and painted kneeling at his canvas.

All that comes from the heart is beautiful,
Though for expression many different tones
It speaks in to the reverent, kneeling student:
Sorrow and joy, art, tragedy, and song,
Depend not on a superabundant color.
The flower that's passion-crushed, the faded wreath
Withered by kisses in the silent night,
Outvie the rose, the queen of the rose-garden.
The beauty that for us is unattainable,
And but the striving for the beautiful,
Defies the sapient world's analysis,
And draws our heart-beats—while we, awe-struck,
Stand shuddering on the threshold of a temple.

Edmund Warren Russell.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AND THE HUMANIST MOVEMENT OF 1498.

THE central fact of Mediæval history is the ecclesiastical dominion of Rome, and the consequences, social, scholastic, and political, of that varied and fluctuating supremacy. About this fact, many sided and perpetually interesting, all we can discover regarding politics, literature, and sociology must be clustered. The dark soil of the Middle Ages will reveal precious gems and living roots to the patient seeker. These preparatory centuries were of vital importance, in their crusades, chivalries, and feudalisms, their asceticisms and superstitions, their plagues from the pilgrim hordes of Asia, their peasant uprisings under *bundschuh* banners, their burgher cities leagued for defense and commerce, their inarticulate aspirations given form in solemn cathedrals and in saintly Madonnas looking down on still worshipers; not least of all in their renaissances, like sun-bursts, of the ancient but deathless classic spirit, long trampled in its birthlands, but finding new homes in Italy, England, and Germany.

Through all these years there has been but one Vatican, as there can be but one Athens, one Venice. But it is not least among the gifts of England to the world that her oldest university has for nearly a thousand years represented, formulated, and expressed great religious thoughts. Next to the ecclesiastical influence of Rome, there is nothing at all comparable to the ecclesiastical influence of Oxford. It is not merely that since the revolt from Rome, and the establishment of the Anglican church, Oxford has produced famous divines and theologians. Unlike Rome, she has done more than to be merely the forefront of one tidal wave. Long before the days of Wyclif, and in each century since, some of the greatest religious movements of England grew from seeds sown in the halls of Oxford; an Oxonian became the statesman of the society of Friends, and founded Pennsylvania; three other Oxonians were organizers and guiding spirits of the Methodist Church; in the early part of the century the Evangelical movement spread largely from Oxford; there Keble Pusey and Newman's Tractarian and High Church revival began; from thence came much of the inspiration of the later Broad Church doctrines of Arnold, Maurice, Jowett, and Dean Stanley. Viewed from any aspect we choose, stately and reverend Oxford fills a place in history that no other university has kept, and one feels tempted to add, no other university has deserved. The disputants of Paris, Louvain, and Cologne perished with the sacredness of Scotus, Occam, and Aquinas; but Oxford owes its strongest influence to causes entirely disconnected from the "church and state doctrine," and must gain in spiritual dominion as she loses in temporal power. Oxford, Westminster, and the English Parliament are hereditary forces in the lives of the descendants of Englishmen. One represents religion, one law, one the triumph of the people.

It is foolish and useless to consider the aims, methods, and results of the Oxford Humanists of 1498, without understanding the university in which their labors began. Then we shall be prepared to trace to its sources their inspiration, and follow to its culmination their influence. It is a noble story, eloquent with the eloquence of thought and action. English history has no more characteristic and truly national episodes than those connected with the intellectual and religious movements under consideration.

At Oxford Grocyn and Latimer taught Greek, and Wyclif theology, Colet lectured, More and Erasmus found their dearest friends. Let us examine a few leaves from its early history, so as to realize plainly why and how it happened that, though the Pope ruled everywhere, his rule in England at the close of the fifteenth century allowed re-

formers to preach in Oxford with greater impunity than elsewhere. Oxford then had been a part of the national life for over six hundred years. It was in 1872 that University College celebrated its millennial anniversary, representing, as there seems considerable reason to believe, a school founded by King Alfred. Saxon Oxford may have drawn students from the continent even before the Norman Conquest. Its prosperity is mentioned in documents of the year 1149. In 1201 a statute of King John calls it a "University." Titled ladies, princes, prelates, and royalty itself assisted the growth of Oxford, and established one after another its famous colleges. Beautifully situated in a broad plain of southern England, and protected by streams and extensive marshes, Oxford soon epitomized every national impulse; it was the island-heart of England's island world. It became a vital organism, it breathed and moved, and had a sturdy life from the first. It early showed a reaction from the Paris system, and decidedly led the age in its support of realism and tendencies towards science. By the year 1250 there were, it is said, thirty thousand students there, but this number probably includes the servitors. This sank to fifteen thousand in the reign of Henry III., and to four thousand about the year 1450. After the Reformation five thousand students were enrolled at Oxford.

During the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the records of the colleges of Oxford show that the atmosphere was one of almost continual riot and tumult. Corporate rights were gained by the sheer pluck and desperate hand-to-hand fighting of an academic mob. School fought school, college fought college, Scots and English were literally at swords' points, the students were always ready to unite against the townsmen. But this ferocity (for often men were killed) had a deep political significance. The controversies at work in the University were at work throughout England. Oxford, by force of circumstances, had become a battle ground, and it was so recognized. An old monkish rhyme says:

"Chronica si penses
Cum pugnant Oxonienses
Post paucos menses
Volat ira per Anglienses."

This may be turned into idiomatic English, as follows:

"If you mark what is writ—
When Oxonians 'fit'
Through the land in a bit
Would the violence flit."

The rival parties at Oxford in the days of King John, and for almost two centuries afterwards, nominally represented the North and the South. Sturdy Scot and brawny Northumbrian were the chief strength of the one, as the gentry of Kent and Devon were of the other. The party of the North was finally driven out, and established Edinburgh University. Numbers of times before this, however, it exercised control at Oxford. Of these great parties in Oxford University, one, judging from its acts and leaders, might perhaps be taken as a type of the German or the Saxon mind, the other as a type of the classic, or the Norman mind. The first adopted realism, was inclined towards religious reform, became in after days Lollards, Puritans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Dissenters of every sort; in politics they sided with the people; they were to become Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, and Free-thinkers. The second were nominalistic and aristocratic, conservative in matters of religion, Catholic till the days of Henry VIII., and Anglican thereafter; in war they were to be cavaliers, in politics tories, conservatists. Of course the line was not sharply drawn. Catholics were in the North, as Dissenters were in the South; but as the resultant of a number of forces, temperament, early training, and associates, nearly every student at Oxford took sides, and carried his alliances and antipathies into his after life, to a degree that is hard for modern graduates of universities to realize. From all these causes the doings of the Oxonians often had a national significance.

In 1209 a Papal interdict was laid on the University, because of the uprising of that year, and thousands of students removed to

Cambridge; but a large number remained and continued their studies in Oxford. "All evil comes from the North," said a south English monk, in allusion to these events.

Next came the days of that famous English bishop, Grossetete, a teacher at Oxford, afterwards Chancellor of the University and Bishop of Lincoln. A friend to Roger Bacon, and of the "New Learning" of his time, he led the crusade against church abuses. Grossetete effectually protected the Oxonians from the consequences of a disturbance, in 1238,[1] in which they had resisted with temporary success the appointment of foreigners to benefices. The "good Robert of Lincoln" became famous in song and story, for he sided with the nation in this struggle; and when, after his death, strenuous appeals for his canonization were sent to Rome, the Pope stigmatized him as a heretic. The far-sighted and patriotic Earl, Simon de Montfort, was supported by Bishop Grossetete. The important part Oxford played in this movement is shown by the assemblage of Montfort's noted parliament of 1258 at that place. And the "Provisions of Oxford" were the result. At both Oxford and Cambridge the Northern men opposed the king, and many of them fought in Montfort's army, aided to gain the victory of Lewes, and laid down their lives for the cause of popular rights by the fatal Evesham bridge, where their leader perished.

There were dreadful "town and gown" struggles in 1296, and again in 1355, on the latter occasion several hundred persons being killed. Royal authority had to be invoked to restore confidence. The permanent ascendency of the University dates from this time. But there were countless frays which are merely mentioned in chroniclers. Sometimes one element, sometimes another, predominated. Banners were displayed, and pitched battles fought. In 1389 the Northern men conquered the Southerns, and driving them down the slope, shouted, "Kill the Italians," so several of their foes were then and there slaughtered. We must bear in mind the fact that Oxford was the focus of English religious and intellectual life; the monks were better supported, and were more strongly opposed at Oxford than elsewhere. The thoughts of the nation converged thither. In the actions of Grossetete, Earl Simon, and the Oxonians lie foreshadowings of the time when nobles and bishops would aid weavers, shop-keepers, and farmers to "break the bonds of Rome." See what brave words Shakspere has put into the mouth of King John (as a message to Innocent III):

> "Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
> Add this much more, that no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominion."

And in Grosstete's day many who were not weak nor ignoble believed this doctrine, and added to it the vow, "nor appoint foreigners to fill our benefices." On such selfish hinges the doors of reform begin to move. When it comes to Marston Moors, Sieges of Leyden, and Vaudois Martyrdoms, men of another style take the lead.

For many years after the accession of Edward I., Oxford, despite the outbreaks noted in the previous paragraph, enjoyed comparative quiet, and laid the foundation of the great religious and literary movements of the fourteenth century. Three men were eminent in this epoch—Robert Langland, priest and Fellow of Oriel College, author of "Piers Plowman's" fierce attack on corrupt ecclesiastics; John Wyclif, Fellow of Merton College, teacher of theology, translator of the Bible; and Geoffrey Chaucer, "first singer of our English Isle," whom both Oxford and Cambridge claim. The nation grew every day more at enmity with the monasteries, four hundred of which held a fifth of the kingdom, and with the mendicant friars, who had lost their pristine virtues. The people were ready, and Wyclif of Oxford was the only man in England fit to lead religious reform. John of Gaunt and other nobles were persuaded into temporary support of

[1] When the leader of the students shot the brother of the Papal Legate with a "cloth-yard arrow" and killed him, and the Legate fled and concealed himself.—Huber's Hist. Eng. U. Vol. 1.

any doctrines that should clip the wings of certain bishops. Lollardism grew, and took deep root in secret places: John Ball, the priest, and Wat Tyler, with his rude-weaponed yeomanry singing their communistic songs, marched to London; everywhere bitter proverbs, gibes, and ballads showed the public feeling. But Wyclif's movement had not unified the conflicting elements sufficiently to make it at once successful. It became stored-up force for the next great struggle, a century later.

The political side of the case is interesting. A long dispute between the crown and Rome began in 1306, in the famous "Limiting Act," intended to prevent superiors residing abroad from taxing English ecclesiastical houses. This was followed by stronger acts, till the great council of 1389 was called; but even this failed, and the Pope excommunicated the bishops who had supported the crown. The parliament of 1392–93 stubbornly took up the venerable dispute, and the three estates, Lords, Bishops, and Commons, successfully resisted the wave of foreign ecclesiastical encroachment. The key-notes to this complicated story are the facts that the Pope was dependent on France, and France was the enemy of England.

This era was many-sided. You must think of Chaucer, representing the fine and eloquent enthusiasm of the newly awakened genius of English literature, scorning the musty traditions, and breaking the rusted fetters of the past; healthily human, prophetic, throbbing with faint fore-knowledge, even in that hour of dawn, of the full noondays of the Elizabethan age. From the religious standpoint, austere John Wyclif is the central human figure of this fierce and seemingly futile endeavor. Broadcast over the fields he sowed the seeds of free and independent thought, and England's yeomanry kept faithful watch over each sprouting germ. The Catholics said he was the Devil sowing tares in their corn, so they called his followers Lollards (*lolium*). The term has also been derived from the German *lollen* or *lullen* (singers), referring to the dirge singing of the earlier Antwerp Lollards. Vainly their enemies tried to root them out of the land and silence their voices. When the persecution began one-third[1] of the English people were followers of Wyclif. Gray-bearded, bare-footed, clad in russet mantle, preaching from the pulpit of Oxford, hope of English hearts, championing the cause of the University he loved against the exactions of the mendicant monks, denouncing auricular confession and the transubstantiation doctrine, calling the Pope "Antichrist," and "the most accursed of clippers and purse kervers"; ambassador of England to negotiate the Bruges convention with the Papal legate; sending out preachers to put torches of Bible texts and tracts into the dry thickets and weed-grown wildernesses—John Wyclif is no mere shadowy abstraction, but an impetuous reformer, doing noble work. After his death the leaderless Lollards listened to evil counsels, and too often sought temporal weapons. They should have remembered that a doctrine better than the old, at once more human and more divine, needs no image-breaking, takes no sword in its hands, but is content to wait for recognition, even as nature required unnumbered ages of selection to evolve the marvelous *espiritu el santo* flower, and as for ages more, undiscovered, it bloomed on in the solitudes of Darien.

The first martyr of the Lollards was John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a man of much talent and influence. Condemned in 1412, he escaped, but was recaptured, and burned in 1416. It was in the previous year that the Council of Constance had, at its eighth session, pronounced anathema against the works of Wyclif. At a later period, about forty years after Wyclif's death, a strange scene occurred. The forerunners of the English Humanists of the Colet school were turning their faces towards Italy. Grocyn was a child, playing in the streets of Bristol, and Thomas Linacre was an infant in the stately minster town of Canterbury. Old men at Oxford yet told with love or with hate how Wyclif had preached from that historic pulpit. Ancient and toil-bowed

[1] According to Knight.

peasants at Lutterworth still remembered their rector's "large and comfortable words" and daily ministrations among the hovels of the squalid town.

One sunlit morning, a procession of priests, monks, and friars, armed with the decrees of Constance and the parchments of Rome, violated with their futile vengeance the precincts of the quiet yew-shaded churchyard, bore the bones of the reformer to the brook that flows into Avon, burned them to ashes, sowed them broadcast over the world, whereever waters move, or winds blow, or dramatic events strike deep root in the universal heart of humanity.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to more than indicate the forces which in England and on the continent began to shape things for the revival of Greek learning at Oxford and the age of Colet. In many places scholarly men were asking troublesome questions about the earlier ages of the church, and growing ready to oppose the cast-iron tenets of the schoolmen. The council of Pisa, in 1409, in its attempt to end the schism, marked a turn in the tide of ecclesiastical authority, for it declared that a Council could be higher than the Pope. The Councils of Constance and of Basle further developed this essential limitation.

Then grew up that system of independent ecclesiastical communities not vowed to monasticism, which took many forms, such as the Alexiani, but found their saintliest expression in the famous "Fratres Vitæ Communis" of Windesheim, which grew from the work of Gerard Groot of Deventer, and is chiefly of interest to the Christian world because of gentle and holy Thomas à Kempis, who was a brother of this order from 1400 to 1471, and wrote, besides his "Imitation of Christ," a life of Gerard.

Another important movement was the reaction towards speculative, mystic theology. In its extreme forms it became dreamy, unreal, fantastic, and overwrought, adopting theories of Paracelsus, and organizing brotherhoods of Rosicrucians. But its nobler views have had a quiet, mighty, and growing influence on humanity ever since Plato, the great mystic, taught in the academe. Christian mysticism marked a revolt against the supreme authority of Augustine; it upheld the spiritual, the communion of the soul with God; it became a living and beautiful faith. Henry Eckart (1329) was a forerunner of the Mediæval Mystics, and John Tauler, leader of a sect called "Friends of God," became their greatest preacher. Nicholas of Basle, and Martin of Mayence, near the close of the fourteenth century, were among their martyrs. A century later, the childlike and war-hating Mennonites found refuge in Holland, under the wise toleration of William of Orange; and theosophic Weigel, and meditative Böhme wrote and taught. The point to remember is that in many ways the Humanists and the Mystics wrought side by side in assaulting the dead forms and barren scholasticisms.

Before the close of the fourteenth century, the Albigenses had been nearly destroyed, the Waldenses were scattered over Germany and Switzerland, the ancient Manichean doctrines, so long surviving in Bosnia, had been annihilated by the Turkish cimeter. John Huss, teacher of theology at Prague, who had been won to Augustinianism about the year 1400 by the writings of Wyclif, forms the link between Wyclif and Luther. He wrote his famous appeal from the Pope to Christ, "*Tractatus de Ecclesia*," and went the way of stubborn heretics in those days. John Ziska and his Taborites, and the religious wars in Bohemia and Moravia, followed. Meanwhile, in nooks and corners of Europe, in deep forests where peasants lived like rugged beasts, in crowded cities where fanatics preached, defying scourge and prison, the "signs of the times" took frightful forms. Between 1374 and 1414, the dancing mania swept over Europe, and kept breaking out for a century or more; convulsionists appeared, with their strange indifference to pain; the Adamites, Luciferians, and Turlupines held naked assemblies and midnight saturnalia; the flagellants marched in long procession across the Alps into Italy, across the Pyrenees into Spain, using their lead-weighted whips on their own half-naked

bodies; prophets and prophetesses pealed forth incoherent lamentations—fierce, insane predictions, hideous and horrible doctrines, born of the overstrained and bursting hearts of mortals. All this time, let us not forget, Europe was a great and curiously fashioned whispering gallery, and at its center sat ecclesiastical Rome. Throughout Christendom, silent, watchful sleepless, pitiless, greater than kings, the ignorant monks, mumbling over their crucifixes, flitted like ghosts, and learned the secrets of every fireside.

Just on the verge of the Oxford movement of the fifteenth century, some individual reformers deserve mention. In Flanders, a Carmelite friar, Thomas Conecte, preached such daring and prophetic reform that, being inveigled to Rome, he was burned there in 1432. The Carthusian, James of Erfurt, and John Laillier, master of the Sorbonne about 1484, also John Vitrarius of Tournay, at the same period denounced church abuses. Richrath Oberwesel, Prior John of Goch, and John Wessel, a professor at Heidelburg, taught doctrines much like Luther's. Ullmann's book, "*Reformatoren vor der Reformation*" deals in a philosophic way with this era. To sum it all up in a few words: Long before the close of the fifteenth century there were signs of change throughout Europe; the spirit of the laity was asserting itself against the claims of the clergy; anti-sacerdotal sects were organized; Conservatist reformers, such as Gerson of Paris, had helped to shatter the outer walls; more radical reformers, such as Militz, Conrad, Mathias of Janow, Savonarola, had dealt stronger blows than they were aware; the mystics of the school of St. Victor, St. Bernard, Bonaventura, choosing intuition instead of logic, and teaching the "indwelling of the divine," had poured living streams down long-dry channels. All eyes, all hopes, were turned to the Italy of Petrarch, of Dante, and of reviving classic art and literature. Of this George Eliot says, in her "Spanish Gypsy":

> "Other futures stir the world's great heart,
> Europe is come to her majority,
> And enters on the vast inheritance
> Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors."

Mournful Petrarch had stood by while an irate father burned his precious books; a few years later the youth's ardent intellect began to assault the rubbish heaps of scholasticism and unbolt its dreary prison-houses. It was time that the spirit of a new gospel for men moved on the stagnant waste of waters; that new storms purified with new struggles all the miasma-breeding swamps. Modern criticism has found much of interest, even in Occam's nominalism and the Averroist follies; but they had become worn-out creeds, cast-off garments, empty bottles thrown into the street, ashes of old fires trampled under foot. The whirlwinds were abroad to smite what Petrarch called "the nests of gloomy ignorance," and shatter, though he guessed it not, the decaying tree of hierarchical dominion. Meanwhile, what of Oxford? How drew the English humanists their inspiration from the Italian Renaissance? It is one of the most interesting pages of history.

Englishmen were among the earliest worshipers of the star of knowledge new-risen in the east. When the restless and many-sided genius of the Florentines was flung into the Renaissance, and the despair of liberty became the hope of letters, Englishmen from Oxford and Cambridge sat at the feet of the stately Grecian exiles who taught the tongue of Homer in the land of Virgil. Such noted men as John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Robert Fleming, the Papal prothonary, John Free, an eloquent London lawyer, and William Gray, Bishop of Ely, were students in Italy before the days of Colet and Grocyn. Gray took many valuable manuscripts with him to England, and gave them to Balliol College, Oxford. At the same time the fame of Aretino drew such men as Beaufort's great rival, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who, in 1439–43, enriched Oxford with priceless manuscripts. The great teachers of Bologna, Padua, Florence, attracted the brightest minds of England. It is an entire mistake to suppose that Grocyn, Linacre, and Colet transplanted humanism to Oxford. They gave it more vigorous growth, but forty years

before their time Oxonians were students in brilliant Italy.

The last quarter of the century began. John Argyropulos, trained under the patriotic and eloquent Bessarion, became teacher of young Lorenzo de Medici; Chalcondylas and Politian were also famous teachers. In 1482 John Reuchlin, who led the humanists in Germany and won in 1516 a memorable victory over the monks of Cologne, visited Italy. Two years later appeared that unanswerable book of Agricola, "De Formando Studio," which repudiated scholastic models, appealed to literary standards, and announced the rights of the individual thinker. Cornelius Vitelli was already teaching Greek at Oxford. In 1485 Thomas Linacre, a Fellow at All Souls College, visited Italy in the train of William Selling, Prior of Canterbury, found favor with the Medicean princes, and studied under Politian. In 1488, the same year that the antique splendor of the famous Florence Homer appeared, William Grocyn, also an Oxford Fellow, followed the rising tide to Italy, studying under Chalcondylas and Politian. Five years later John Colet of Magdalen College followed Linacre and Grocyn. The three leaders of the English humanists had appeared.

The battle ground was rapidly being transferred from Florentine lecture rooms to the halls of every university of Europe. Valla of Pavia led the attack on such forgeries as the "Donation of Constantine," and Poggio exposed the fraudulent character of the "decretals." At the great northern universities the struggle was long and doubtful. Gabriel Biel of Tübingen was the last of the noted schoolmen (1495). All progressive thinkers joined the humanist schools, though even fifty years later Melancthon met the ancient prejudices almost intact at Wittenberg. The great weapon of the humanists was comparative and enlightened criticism. It had plenty of material to work upon. But the key-note of three centuries of history will be found in a consideration of the different objects pursued by the Italian humanists on the one hand, and by the German and English humanists on the other. The first were joyous revelers in enchanted gardens, following beauty, art, glowing forms, sensuous ideals, urbane manners, culture of body and mind; the last were trying to change the accepted theory of education, and open a new field of theology, using their culture as a means, not as an end. Viewed in this light, the true significance of the less imaginative but more practical Oxford movement of 1498 bursts upon us. The long-struggling spirit of the turbulent islanders, epitomized so often in Oxford frays, seized this "new learning" as an ax to hew down unbearable evils, and lifted up the culture of Italy as a torch to light her onward path.

It is time for a few words about the outward lives of Linacre, Grocyn, and Colet. Thomas Linacre was born in 1460, educated by William Selling, and at Oxford. Cardinal de Medici, afterwards Leo X., was his companion in his classic studies in Italy. Among his friends were Aldus the Venetian printer, Leonicenus of Vicenza, and Hermolaus Barbarus. He took a degree at Padua, and returned to Oxford to shine in a brilliant circle. In 1501 he was called to Court as tutor of Prince Arthur. He became Court physician, aided to found the Royal College of Physicians, held several benefices, devoted much time to literary work, translated the "De Sphæra" of Proclus and Galen's most important treatises. Linacre was a delicate, fastidious, minutely accurate, scholarly man, whose personal influence was of the highest order. Though almost unknown by his writings, his wit, culture, wisdom, and religion won the ardent admiration of Colet, More, and Erasmus.

William Grocyn was born at Bristol in 1442, sent to Winchester College, elected to an Oxford fellowship, chosen reader in Divinity in Magdalen College, and publicly disputed before King Richard with John Taylor, then professor of theology, greatly pleasing the king. On his return from Italy he lectured on theology in Exeter College, and soon became professor of Greek. His lectures on Greek, in 1491, marked the inaugural of an era. More and Erasmus were among his scholars. Grocyn kept himself

poor by his charities. Though he wrote no books, his influence on the time was manifold. His teaching was fine, earnest, and characteristic, and he often lectured on theological subjects in his friend Colet's pulpit.

John Colet, the eldest son of Sir Henry Colet, who was several times Lord Mayor of London, suffered the loss of his twenty-one brothers and sisters before he reached his majority. He entered Oxford in 1483, and studied logic and philosophy for seven years. Plato, Plotinus, and Cicero were his favorite authors. While in Italy he studied the early Christian Fathers. Origen and Gerome suited him better than did St. Augustine. Since Colet became the leader of the Oxford school of theology, and, through Erasmus, influenced European thought at a most important crisis, it would seem desirable to somewhat extend this view of his studies. Dean Colet's greatest claim upon the modern thinker is that he inaugurated an era of biblical study and criticism. Unlike Grocyn and Linacre, he hardly entered the gay circles of Florence, nor glanced at the newly unearthed statues of Rome, nor joined in the rapture of the Italian scholars over Sophocles. Greek was to him the master key to unlock the records of an earlier Christianity. To Thomas Colet, as he studied thus, came the simple purity of a faith that had almost perished from earth, and he grew to have a vivid sense of the personality of "Christ the Mediator."

Just here one may, perhaps, venture upon a suggestion. It has been noticed that Colet's theology, as regards his views of grace and free will, resembles that of Savonarola. Now, in 1495–96, when Colet was in Italy, and the scandals of the Borgias were unconcealed, the great Dominican monk was in his purest and most suggestive era of inspired and spiritual leadership, before his star had entered its clouds. Colet could not have failed to hear, day after day, the fiery utterances of the prior of San Marco, at whose confessional penitent profligates and heart-broken Romolas knelt. It may well have chanced that on the very day of Savonarola's martyrdom Colet preached a sermon to his students. The Prophet of Florence died in the year of the Oxford Reform, and the truths Florence denied became elements in England's greatness.

It was in 1496 that lonely Colet returned to assault the corruptions of the schoolmen. Frank, earnest, quick-tempered he was, simple in manners, plain in dress, gifted with an eloquent and happy art of expression beyond anything known at Oxford for many years; his free lectures on St. Paul, begun that year, were the work of a new-school theologian. The full significance of the movement cannot be understood unless we know clearly the state into which scripture study had fallen at the universities. There was full belief in verbal and plenary inspiration. Each text was held to have manifold literal meanings, and also a threefold spiritual sense. The plain and literal meaning of a text was worthless and evil. The schoolman's theology had become to religion as the conventionalized sculpture of the Egyptians was to the free classic forms. Repetition and accretion had become a duty; the concept of religious criticism was lost; they propounded their propositions, absurd, puerile, or blasphemous to modern ears, with precisely the same calmness that the dogmatic science of the day used in arranging the "Primum Mobile," and the epicycloidal system. "They indulge in day-dreams," said Colet's greater disciple, a few years later, "when they render a reason for things as though they had come down from the council of the Gods. At whom and whose conjectures nature is mightily amused."

Among the students who heard Colet's St. Paul lectures were William Tyndale, and Lily, the teacher. Fragments of a student's note-book have been preserved, and show clearly how modern and scientific were Colet's methods of exposition. He began with St. Paul as a heroic but entirely human personage, who had lived, toiled, suffered, conquered, and left his burning words, addressed to "men of like passions." He poured out upon his enchanted hearers all attainable contemporary evidence upon his history, character, and environments. He sighed for

better maps, clearer accounts of travelers, he loved the soil the apostle trod, the seas he sailed. Each epistle was treated separately, and its direct meaning brought out as far as possible. In 1498, Colet took up the early church fathers and studied the Pseudo-Dionysian writings, which both he and Grocyn believed authentic. The only point worthy of note is that Grocyn began a course of lectures on these writings, but as he proceeded became convinced of his error, made public acknowedgment, and so put an end to Dionysian study.

Meanwhile, in 1497, lean, restless, dyspeptic, timid, and vigil-wasted, Erasmus brought his poverty and his genius to Oxford, and was heartily welcomed by the humanists there. Colet's doctrines spread far and wide. Monks stole by night from their prison-like cells to talk with him. Class-feeling was aroused at the universities, the parties being called Trojans and Greeks. The strife grew exceedingly bitter, the ill-will exceedingly cruel. Yet it was only four or five years later that the Countess of Richmond, in full sympathy with the "New Learning," made provision for free theological instruction at Oxford and at Cambridge.

As Colet went on, his peculiar fitness for exegetical work was recognized. With perfect simplicity he acknowledged his errors and ignorance: "If we had the Hebrew of this, as Origen did, we should do better," he once exclaimed. The simple New Testament, the Apostles' Creed, and the writings of the early church fathers were what Colet studied. The words of Christ, however, outweighed in his estimation all the rest put together. We have a great many glimpses of his fruitful life about this time; of table-talks, discussions, and long walks with Erasmus and noted members of the University; of lectures and characteristic letters. One is constantly reminded of modern thought, he is so critical and abounding in common sense. Poor, pompous schoolmen! In a few years that fascinating youth, Thomas More, was to write his "Utopia," and Erasmus his "Praise of Folly," and his "Enchiridion," and to bring out his "New Testament"; satires countless from invincible printing-presses were to snow their follies out of sight.

There will always be room for a difference of opinion as to the relations of Colet and Erasmus. The former had stronger faith and courage but less genius than the latter. Till Colet's dying day he influenced Erasmus, and largely shaped his views. In 1499, to Colet's bitter grief, the man who he hoped would carry on his work left Oxford and England. The truth was, as nearly as is discernible through obscure records, that Erasmus hesitated to come out boldly in aid of Colet's attempted restoration of a purer theology. The struggle was too hard for the vacillating humanist. "I am not yet ready to help you," he wrote to Colet; and again, "How shall I kindle the warmth of others when I am altogether trembling and shivering myself?" This was perhaps the crucial test of Erasmus's life. He never was quite ready, though towering like a Saul above the literary men of his time. So he folds his cloak about him, slips furtively out of England, meets with many misadventures, and with indignities that torture his sensitive soul. He learns, too, that his best friends were in that austere isle, visits them again, sends them copies of his books, fits himself for the work of fifteen years later. Tired, lonely, brave, Colet plods along for six years more at Oxford. It was not easy work. He had bitter ecclesiastical enemies, and the results of his toil seemed meager. Linacre had removed to London. Grocyn only was left.

But in 1505 Henry VII. appointed Colet Dean of St. Paul's, successor of Robert Shelbourne. The field widens. We shall discover whether or not our simple, kindly lecturer is able to confront kings and preach wisdom to ecclesiastical councils. For times political and times religious are equally out of joint. We shall see, too, whether, like Wyclif at Lutterworth, Colet could preach crisp, homely English to marketwomen, tradesmen, and artisans. For all classes of people assembled in that noble cathedral. Several things he did that caused comment:

he resigned several benefices he had held; he still wore his plain black garments; he gave most of his revenues to the poor. Descendants of Lollards came to hear his sermons, and called him "Good Dean Colet."

Grocyn followed his friends to London, and had no worthy successor till Latimer took the Greek chair at Oxford. The brilliant young lawyer, Thomas More, was persuaded to deliver a series of lectures on Augustine's great work, "De Civitate Dei." We may be sure that all the Oxonians within reach hastened thither. About this time the hero-worshiping More translated the works of Pico della Mirandola, the generous, beautiful humanist, devout Christian, and famous scholar. Gleams of the daily life of these Oxonians are difficult to obtain, but they met often, and worked in perfect harmony. In 1510 More writes to Colet and tells him that he "hath great regard for his wise counsel, his sweet fellowship, his weighty sermons, and his example." They dine together, and discuss the wars in Italy, the political tumults, the news from the great universities, the progress of knowledge, the betterment of humanity. They were genuine in all they did. In 1510 Erasmus, while on his third visit, full of hope that the new reign would advance learning, wrote his "Praise of Folly" at More's house. Then the friends had to call others into council: they sent for Colet, and afterwards for Linacre and Grocyn, and read the brilliant satire many times. Is it not agreeable to have a sight of this cultivated circle? They are all earnest men, but they have caught somehow the spirit of a later age. In the matter of toleration they are years ahead of noisier reformers. In the matter of refusing absolute dominion to Augustinianism they are doing equal service. Perhaps the most remarkable features, characteristic of the entire group, are their fearless faith in science, their profound faith in religion. The Oxford reformers believed in the essential harmony of all truth. But, aside from their doctrines, so far in advance of their times, let us observe with pleasure the light, genial, delicate, and finished air of their intercourse. They take themselves as easily as possible; one is sure they do not impose their personal affairs on each other; but Plotinus, Marcus Aurelius, and St. Chrysostom would have been at home in their circle.

Colet had found popularity in London, and his father's death brought him wealth. He decided to give all his patrimony to found St. Paul's school for 153 children. The whole endowment was equivalent to between $150,000 and $200,000 in money of to-day. The statutes of the school express vigorously his resolve that "all that abusion which may rather be called blotterature than literature should be utterly banished and excluded." The good Dean's love for children was proverbial, and he wrote easy books to help them. The passage in which he asks them to "lift their little white hands" in prayer for him is often quoted; one almost as beautiful is less known: "I pray you, all little babes," he says, "learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at the last to be great clerks." He persuaded Linacre to write a Latin grammar for the school, but it proved too scholarly. Colet said, "Latin speech was made before the rules," and Erasmus and Lily revised the book for use by older pupils. William Lily, an Oxonian, godson of Grocyn, was head master. Colet's "school of 153 children" forms one of the prettiest episodes in English history.

A crisis was approaching in religion and politics. Heresies were springing up everywhere. Men and women met in forests and caves to read the Bible. In 1511, two Lollards were burned in Smithfield. February 12th, 1512, a great convocation assembled in St. Paul's cathedral, and Dean Colet preached the sermon. It was a scene worthy of remembrance by all who honor courage. The Dean Stanley of his day stood up on that famous morning to speak plain truths to haughty bishops. His sermon is one of the landmarks of the time. The first words were like a thunderbolt. The convocation had practically assembled,

under ambitious Wolsey's direction, to levy a tax on the clergy for the French war, and to suppress heresy. They only wanted some platitudes and compliments from Colet before the serious business of the session. Ignoring the ostensible purposes of the convocation, he said it was "their duty to consider church reform, never more necessary."

"The church has become foul and deformed. The faithful city is like unto a harlot. Its priests and ministers are lost in the lusts of the world."

After a flaming denunciation of the pride, simony, and licentiousness everywhere prevalent, Colet cried out: "Woe unto them that do these things. They are raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever." "Priests were ordained to be the servants of God; but now . . . . this royal dignity is dishonored."

Colet then took up the subject of heresy. There were plenty of men, he said, who had strange follies; but it was the vicious and depraved lives of the clergy that called for instant reform. It must begin with the bishops, and it must be radical. The church laws were broken; wicked and ignorant men were given holy orders; offices were openly sold; "wine, cards, and women," he more than hinted, were the besetting sins of the priesthood. "Return to the true priestly life; consider the miserable state of the church." Last of all, he prayed them to pardon his severity for the sake of his sorrow, and so made an end of speaking. Neither Wyclif nor Luther ever uttered braver words. There sat Fox, bishop of Winchester, Fitzjames, bishop of London, and Colet's relentless persecutor, Audley, bishop of Salisbury, stately Wolsey, Dean of Lincoln, in the midst of the rapid preferment that made him Cardinal and Autocrat. The protection of the king, and of the archbishop of Canterbury, was extended over Colet, or the hatred of his foes might have wrought his ruin.

The continental wars of the ambitious king began, and Colet preached vehemently against them. The Oxford reformers, who hoped for an age of peace and progress, had fallen on sorry times. The warlike Pope Julius was intriguing and campaigning. The diplomacy that Machiavelli codified ruled the princes, archdukes, kings, emperors, and ecclesiastics of Europe. It was not till More published his "Utopia," and Erasmus his "Christian Prince," that another view found expression. A century later Hugo Grotius, the great Netherlander, contemporary of wise John Barneveld, was able to teach a better doctrine of international law and diplomacy. The political events of the times of Henry VIII. are difficult to understand, but these clews help our study: the rulers are recognizing the usefulness of the middle and lower classes; the people are painfully and slowly limiting the powers of life, death, and damnation held over them; men have learned how to put stinging truths into song, satire, and pasquinade.

When, in 1512, Colet by preaching against war had virtually denounced the unholiness of Julius's "holy league," the imperious and much-married monarch sent for the Dean, and told him to preach fearlessly. But the following year there came another dramatic scene in this great man's life. The Pope died; Ferdinand of Spain was a treacherous ally; the king, stubborn and aroused, redoubled his preparations to invade France. The war had national support. March 27th, 1513, while the fate of Henry's fleet was still doubtful, Colet preached in the royal chapel before the passionate Tudor, whose kindness had won his heart, whose favor might soon be his only protection. As before the bishops he had preached of the sins of bishops, so now before the king he chose his text for royal ears, and discoursing of "The Victory of Christ," denounced wars and hatred among princes. Colet's enemies thought their hour had come, when soon after the king sent for him; but after a friendly talk on religious subjects for an hour and a half, the king dismissed him, and told his courtiers: "This man is the doctor for me."

Always feeble in health, Colet was near the close of his life. He felt very sad over the condition of the church and the state.

The people were burdened beyond endurance, and the dregs of the war beyond seas infested England so that even the highways and waterways were unsafe. Attendance at the universities lessened. Literary, educational, and religious projects seemed useless. Very far off seemed the day he had toiled for, when all creeds should have freedom, the Bible should be in every cottage, and the ancient church, inspired with the new spirit of inquiry, renew its long-forgotten reign of justice and tolerance. His enemies denounced his "heretic nursery," and the "idolatrous Greek" taught there, and his relatives rebuked him for wasting so much money on the school. About 1514, Erasmus and Colet made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, an account of which will be found in the former's biting colloquial sarcasm, "A Religious Pilgrimage."

Erasmus, who owed the best part of his religion to Colet's teaching, was by this time the sole hope of the Oxford humanists, because he had obtained the hearing of Europe. He allied himself with Froben, the famous Basle printer, with Amerbach, Beatus Rhenanus, the noted scholar, Gerard, Lystrius, Reuchlin, and the choicer circle of the German humanists. His "St. Jerome" and "New Testament" were in the printer's hands; the earlier tracts, treatises, and satires were everywhere. The five years that followed were the crown and flower of the literary fame of Erasmus. But behind him, holding up his hands, urging, warning, advising, admiring, stood the venerable and dying Colet, the mainspring of the whole movement. Harassed, persecuted, feeble, and poor, he knew his work was done, but loving and inspiring were the letters he wrote, not only to Erasmus, but also to Melancthon, and the young men at Zürich who were helping reform. To show the spirit that prevailed in England, it may be noted here, that in 1517 seven poor gospelers were burned in Coventry, where the Franciscans then ruled, for teaching their children the *paternoster*, and the ten commandments in English.

Colet completed the statutes of his school, organizing it in the largest, most liberal, and Christian spirit, leaving ample power for future changes. In 1519, the same year that Charles V. was chosen emperor, Colet died. His fittest epitaph was in the words of More: "For centuries there hath not been among us any one man more learned or holy." The same year Grocyn also died, and in 1524, Linacre.

But in 1517, an utterance from Italy had made mild Coletian reforms impossible. Pope Leo X. developed on a vast scale his sales of indulgences. Tetzel plied his trade in Germany and Samson in Switzerland. Luther, the singing lad of Eisenach, grown to firmness of manhood, planted himself by his theses. The day of Calvin and Zwingli had dawned. The struggle had burst the confines of printing-offices, universities, and council halls; smoldering fires were breaking forth on every side. "The world is everywhere rotten," cries weary Erasmus. Madness of popes and princes had brought Christendom to despair. Yet Erasmus kept on, writing such arguments as his "Ratio Veræ Theologiæ." But he was too late; even the mild Melancthon was carried into currents of Augustinianism.

Though an hour of fate such as this planet has seldom seen had come to men, Pope Leo characterized it as a "mere squabble of monks." Faith was still put in assemblages, protocols, recantations, and executions. Synods, conferences, diets, councils, met; Papal bulls and counter declarations fluttered like autumn leaves; there were treaties for religious peace, broken by peasant revolts; envoys, royal or ecclesiastic, hurried to and fro between Rome and Paris, Antwerp, London, Stockholm, Augsburg, Prague. Behind and over everything else was the truth that the good which was in the church was sitting in righteous judgment on the church itself. Even the wildest outbursts of fanatic zeal only exemplified this pregnant fact. The Guizot school characterizes the age as an effort to release human reason from fetters. Catholic writers look upon it as a transitional era towards pro-

found unbelief and an ultimate gospel of despair.

The fifteen years which followed Colet's death were sufficient to prove that the strength of the humanist movement had passed as an inspiration, but not as a name, to other forces, and had suffered transmutation into a thousand forms. The rugged Calvinistic and Lutheran doctrines were the weapons for the hour; but the gentler, wiser, more universal and sympathetic influences of the humanists lived on in silence, awaiting the growth of modern thought. They were years of doubt, struggle, and confusion. Münzer's second revolt, in Thuringia, was quenched in blood at Frankenhausen; Gustavus Vasa at the Diet of Westeräs introduced the Lutheran faith into Sweden, as the Diet of Odensee gave it to Denmark; Zwingli, of Zürich, held his famous dispute with Vicar-General Faber; Switzerland, as at a later period the Netherlands, divided into Catholic and Protestant; the Calixtines and Bohemian Brethren gave aid to Luther; rival princes and persecutions tore Hungary; the fierce contest between the Augsburg and the Helvetic Confessions waxed hot even in Iceland, where the haughty Bishop Arensen was executed by the reformers; new troops of flagellants, beguines, and nameless enthusiasts marched through Italy, and even Spain; in Lucca, Ferrara, Modena, Venice, and Naples, such men as the saintly Capuchin Ocheno, Peter Martyr, the noble Contarini, and the learned Vermigli preached the new doctrines; even Seville and Valladolid became honeycombed with heresy and reform; Loyola's iron Brotherhood, and Cardinal Caraffa's Inquisition, rolled back the assault, and began to recover disputed territory; the statesmanship of Charles V. was unconsciously preparing the way for Alva, St. Bartholomew, and the Thirty Years' War.

England, meanwhile, was not idle. Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was printed at Antwerp in 1526, and the Tyndale-Coverdale Bible, in 1535, at Hamburg. The convocation of Oxford theologians, long resisting and protesting, had been forced into a vote in favor of Henry's divorce from Queen Katharine, and in 1534 another Oxford convocation declared in favor of the separation from Rome. Sir Thomas More perished on the scaffold in 1535. The famous parliament of 1529–36 and the royal commissioners accomplished the dissolution of the monasteries, and the great reforms in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, carrying out in great measure the views urged by Colet and the humanists of forty years before. Erasmus died at Basle, still toiling with the pen that had wrought so much and so well. The Catholic reaction, known as the "Pilgrimage of Grace Rebellion," broke out in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, and was as promptly put down. Beginning in personal motives, the reforms and changes the king had set in motion were greater than any one guessed. The last strongholds had been taken from sullen ecclesiastical resistance. There were no more pilgrims in devout procession to such shrines as "Our Lady of Walsingham" and Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, whose gorgeous decorations had been swept into royal treasuries. The large conception of a national church did not destroy the growth of a large thought—that of national tolerance of all faiths alike. Each step of progress, each crystallization of doctrine, seems more or less connected with Oxford thought and theology. That leadership the forerunners of the reformation had given Oxford was never quite lost. The gentle, pure, and beautiful teachings of the English humanists, driven from statesmanship, glowed in the lives of many of the leaders of the new Anglican church, lived as an inspiration in the eloquence of fervent preachers among the dissenters, helped to awaken sleeping giants of genius, fostered unceasingly a juster appreciation of free thought and fine scholarship, aided to give England better schools and more earnest teachers. The whole movement, called the "Oxford Reform of 1498," deserves critical and appreciative study. It is, perhaps, the most characteristic as it is the most important movement Oxford influence has fostered; and, marking as it does the revival of classic learning, the destruction of

effete scholasticism, the beginnings of modern methods and the modern critical spirit, must ever prove a noble theme for the student.

Charles H. Shinn.

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CONSOLATION.

Long ago I loved to linger
In a pleasant bit of woodland,
Where there grew a stately maple.
Tall and straight, the graceful column
Bore aloft its crown of verdure
Far above the other tree-tops;
And its foliage grew so thickly,
That the slanting shafts of sunlight
Could not pierce the leafy target.
In the morning robins' carols
Made it ring as Memnon's statue
Chanted at the kiss of sunrise.

Seeking once my place of refuge,
There I found a sight of sadness;
For a storm had burst upon it,
And the tree I loved so dearly,
Smitten by the ruthless lightning,
Lay uprooted in my pathway.
All its leaves were lying withered,
And its nests were all deserted.

After years of disappointment,
Hope deferred, ambition thwarted,
Once again I sought the woodland.
There, indeed, the maple moldered,
But the mosses clinging round it
Hid in loveliness its ruin;
And the ground, once darkly shaded,
Now was clothed in forms of gladness;
There the May-flower and the violet
Filled the air with subtle fragrance;
There the columbines in meekness
Turned their happy faces earthward;
There the ferns as gentle guardians
Bent above the ground-bird's dwelling.
On this peacefulness and beauty
Fell the floods of golden sunshine,
Like a heavenly benediction.

Charles S. Greene.

THAT RANCH OF HIS.

SHE sat in the open door, her folded hands resting idly in her lap, her eyes fixed absently on the distant mountains. It was the kitchen door, and it led directly out on the wide, desolate plain. No garden surrounded the little house; no tree was there to throw its lengthened shadow in the evening's sun. But the purple lights and crimson tints on the mountain's side filled the heart of the lonely woman with pure delight. These mountains are so beautiful, more particularly to those who see them first in spring-time, and when their own hearts are rich in hope and happiness. To such they will always be fair, even when the summer's sun has scorched the verdure that clothed them with beauty, and hope has died in the slow-beating heart.

The silent woman in the doorway turned her eyes at last from the deepening shadows, and bent her head over her clasped hands. There was no use denying the fact that they ached—ached with hard, unaccustomed work; and when she raised her face again, a harsh look had crept into it, for in those few moments she had once more lived through the last months of her young existence. Not that any dread tragedy had suddenly laid waste her young life, or a great disappointment had crushed her heart at one fell blow. Everything had come in so natural a manner; and perhaps, she thought, it was the doom of all women to find less of happiness in married life than they had anticipated; though months ago when she had first seen John Marston in the fire-lit parlors of her uncle's house, he had seemed to her the perfection of all that was handsome, noble, and desirable in man. He was seated among a number of older men, who were attentively listening to stories about California.

"And how large might your ranch be, Mr. Marston?" one of them had asked him.

"I have two hundred acres in wheat," was the reply.

"Do you keep much stock?" was further asked.

"No; it is not a stock-ranch. Four horses can readily do the plowing, and I do not want to choke up the place with barns and stables."

The young girl had listened in surprise.

"Why, Mr. Marston, you talk as though you allowed yourself hardly room enough for a dwelling-house," she said.

"Indeed, there is only a very small house on it, built of wood, as most houses in the country are, in California."

"Ah! I see," she laughed—"'a little vine-clad hut'; true-love-in-a-cottage style."

"Well"—he hesitated a moment, stroking his flowing beard, then continued boldly, fixing his gray eyes full on the girl's sparkling face—"the vines are not grown yet, but can soon be planted."

Those present considered this the conventional Californian style of asking for a lady's hand in marriage: he obtained it, at least; and they were married in less than three months from that date. Then came their journey to California and through California, till their own home was reached. In May California wears her bridal robes, and Selma's soul was filled with joy as they passed through towns where every house was surrounded by its own choicely planted grounds; and villas and country seats literally hidden in masses of gleaming flowers and graceful foliage, while the strawberries in the fields vied in brilliancy of color and abundance with the cherries on the trees. Then came their own more distant home.

It was true, there was no vine yet to cover the naked little house; there was no garden, no orchard to be seen. But the wild flowers grew close to the kitchen door, and when Selma crossed the threshold the little blue fairy-cups seemed to look up into

her face, pleading and consoling at once. In the first half-hour, she had filled every glass and tumbler in the house with bunches of the many-hued, fragrant wild flowers, and when she complained to John:

"Now, I have no more to discover," he pointed out through the window.

"Those pond lilies—you had not discovered them," he said.

She gave a little scream of delight. "O, —quick, quick! How shall I get there?" she asked, in sudden surprise. This was certainly their best room; and all at once she saw that there was no door except the one that led into the kitchen.

"Go through the kitchen, and then around the house." It was the most natural advice in the world, but she followed it with lowered head. Her eyes were bent toward the ground, and she saw the tender wheat-shafts crushed beneath her feet; but she did not see how rich of promise the broad acres lay before her, the deep orange of the California poppy flaming out from the tender green.

The wheat grew close up to the edge of the water, and when its glitter flashed into her eyes, and compelled her to raise them, she found that John had not been gallant enough to follow her; and she plucked the flowers as far as she could reach them, till her feet were wet through: then she turned slowly toward the house.

"What good will those foolish things do you?" he asked, looking up from his trunk, in which he was hunting for his meerschaum pipe, the only article of luxury he had brought out with him from the "the States." "Your shoes are quite wet, and to-morrow you will have a bad cold."

She bit her lips, and her head drooped a moment; but shaking back her curls quickly, she said, laughing:

"That's true. You Californians are practical people—and here comes the man with his horses, so I'll get supper now, and you shall see that I can do something useful, too. Will you show me the hen-house? I shall want some eggs for cooking."

"Hen-house!" repeated John: "I am not keeping a chicken-ranch; you know that I raise wheat."

She studied a moment.

"Very well, but we have strawberries, I suppose. I can do wonderful things with strawberries."

"Strawberries!" there was contempt in the repetition. "How should I waste my time on such stuff? Mr. Smith has a strawberry ranch about four miles from here; I will speak to him about a supply to-morrow."

"But, John," she persisted, "have you not always told me that California is the land of flowers and fruit? and is our ranch alone so bare of everything that is generally found on a farm?"

John was spared the answer by the man's coming to the door to call him out; and Selma looked around disconsolately a moment in the little house about which the vines were not yet growing.

At night, when they sat silently together, Selma asked suddenly: "Do you know what I miss? The barking of a dog. It gives one such a pleasant feeling of safety, out in the country, where everything is so still at night. Don't you remember old Tiger, on Uncle James's farm? When he struck up his deep bark it always seemed to me he was saying, 'Take your comfort in your cozy room, good folks, I am here to see that no danger comes near you.' And we have none, you say? I shall miss a dog very much."

"There are many things you will miss here," said matter-of-fact John, yawning; "but what should I do with a dog? When the wheat is cut there will be sheep driven onto the stubble, and then the dog would either worry the sheep or fight with the herder's dogs."

And now the wheat had been cut, the stubble field lay bleak and bare, but the sheep had not yet come.

The sun had gone down, the wind had risen, and it made Selma shiver; but she could not make up her mind to enter the dark little house and shut it out. There was something peculiar about the wind here; it swept along swiftly, close above the surface

of the ground, but never rising to any great height above it. It was sure to come with the sinking of the sun, if it did not set in before; and when Selma was alone, as she mostly was, it sang such strange, weird lays around the lonely place, that she often joined in, "to keep from crying her eyes out." It was not a rude, boisterous wind, to shake doors and rattle windows, or blow the smoke down the chimney; but it "keened" at every window, and begged and moaned for admission at the single door; and when its prayer was not granted, it rushed suddenly away, and the place grew so still then that Selma often wished she had opened both door and window to let it in.

Selma had closed her eyes wearily a moment.

"How many years longer of this dreary life?" she asked; "and then comes death—death on a pale horse—ah! there he comes already." Selma had been brought up a Presbyterian, and while she strained her eyes to enjoy the unusual spectacle of a handsome vehicle drawn by two superb horses, she murmured with a faint smile, "Death on a pale horse, and—and—something or other and eternal punishment following in its train. Poor Aunt Sally! The Bible is still in the bottom of my trunk."

The team stopped at the distant fence, the occupant descended to let down the bars that served for a gate, and then drove straight across the field toward the house. Selma had risen, and the gentleman sprung quickly to the ground when he saw the lithe, graceful figure standing by the doorway.

"Mr. Marston is not at home?" He spoke with the slight accent which Spaniards seldom banish from their English.

"He will not return until late, I fear. If I can deliver any message you may choose to leave, I shall do so with much pleasure." It was so long since she had spoken to a stranger that she viewed this one with some interest; more so because he was the first Spaniard she had seen who was not a vaquero or a sheep-herder.

But the gentleman extended his hand deprecatingly.

"O no, Señora; how could I trouble a lady so? I will come some other time. If you would kindly tell me where I could find a vaquero? I cannot stop to put up the bars again; my horses will not stand on the way home."

And to corroborate his statement the black horse snorted impatiently, while the white one stamped the ground. Selma had quite lost herself a moment—the horses were splendid; and she repeated absently, "Vaquero? There is none. We keep no servant about the place."

"How?" asked the Spaniard, quickly. "All alone? Ah! I beg pardon, Señora, a thousand times."

Selma had recovered herself, and returned his adieux with a haughty bow; but his last look rested on a face flushed with anger or emotion.

When John came home, earlier than she had looked for him, she met him more affectionately than for some time past; she had spent the interim wondering whether it had sounded like a complaint: "There is no servant on the place."

"We have had a visitor, John—a tall Spaniard, with pale green face and dark green eyes; and oh, such magnificent horses as he had!—one coal black, the other snow white. He wanted to see you; who can he be?"

"Well, I must say," laughed John, "for a man who has such an opinion of his good looks as Don Ramon Aliso, that is not a very flattering description. But I recognize him by his horses. He is our proprietor. He has another ranch at San Diego, where he has been for some time; that is the reason you had not yet seen him. I suppose he came to see about the sheep that are to come on the stubble here."

"What did you say?" Selma questioned, with pardonable curiosity. "Don Ramon who?—our proprietor? Has he bought us?" she laughed; "and does he own us now?"

"At least, the land we live on," he answered, in his cool, deliberate way, "and all the other land as far as you can see from here."

Selma had turned pale to the very lips.

"I don't understand you, John Marston"; a sudden hoarse tone in her voice would have struck any one but her somewhat phlegmatic husband. "Speak plainly. Are you bankrupt? Have I made a poor man of you so soon by my ignorance of household management and ranch affairs? Have you been obliged to sell your ranch?"

"Obliged to sell?" he repeated as he turned slowly towards her. "Why, what stuff you talk. It never belonged to me. I should have to be a man of considerable means to buy land at seventy-five and a hundred dollars an acre, as they hold it here. Later, if I have good crops for two or three years longer, we will go farther south, where they don't ask a man's whole fortune for an acre of land. Or it may be that I can buy some of this, after a while; Don Ramon is head and ears in debt, like all Spaniards. His American friends will take good care that he shall not remain a wealthy Spaniard long; and if the land ever goes at sheriff's sale, I may get a piece cheap. And it is good land," he went on, musing to himself, "particularly for wheat." With that he lighted his pipe, and made himself comfortable in the large rocking-chair.

On Selma's cheeks there flamed a dark red spot, that contrasted ominously with the pallor just now covering her face.

Before John left the house next morning, he wanted to charge her with a message for Don Ramon, in case he should return.

"I beg of you to hunt him up yourself," she interrupted him impatiently, "I cannot bear the man."

"But, Selma, how unreasonable you are. Don Ramon is the best fellow in the world, and all his tenants will tell you so. If ever the crops fail, he does not stand on his share of wheat, but lets us have the whole harvest for seed, and never presses for his money. I tell you there are not many landlords like him to be found."

Selma was silent, pressing her lips together till they were white, and seemed hardly to hear what John said.

Again, in the course of the day, she had a visitor—the pastor of the Presbyterian flock of the neighboring town. A slim figure, delicate face, faultless dress, and gold eye-glasses had earned for the Rev. Mr. McBetts the name of the "dandy minister." He was a well-meaning man, however; in point of education far in advance of most of his church members, and never tired of gathering new sheep to his fold. Perhaps Selma had not succeeded in fixing a meek and patient expression on her face after a sleepless night, during which a thousand hard, indignant thoughts had chased each other through her brain; and perhaps her demeanor was not as lamb-like as a minister might have thought proper. At all events, on returning home, Mr. McBetts called straightway for his sister Almira. She was something of an old maid, but loved her brother with her whole heart, and the rest of mankind as much as she could.

"I need your assistance," he said to her. "That man Marston has brought home a jewel of a wife, and she must join our congregation. It is just what we need; she plays both piano and organ, sings like an angel—I can tell from her face—and has the air of a duchess; but that has nothing to do with it," he corrected himself. "There is something, however, I cannot fathom; you must come with me and find out for yourself. The woman is unhappy about something, I know."

Almira propped her pointed chin with her pointed index finger. "H'm—I don't quite like that; it sounds too much like the beginning of a romance, and we have had enough of that sort of thing, the Lord knows. It isn't quite a month since the graceless Greenwich went off with that worthless fellow, leaving her helpless child to the tender mercies of her husband. You used to think, too, that the poor woman was unhappy—the minx, with her silly airs and graces!"

"Well, well, wait till you have seen Mrs. Marston." A light flush had suffused the young man's face; but he knew that a serious word from him would silence his sister's sharp tongue.

She saw Mrs. Marston the very next day; and when the horse's head had hardly been turned away from Marston's door, Almira broke out with ill-concealed triumph:

"I know it all; I knew I should if I could see her myself for just five minutes. But you are right, she is not that kind of a woman, at all."

"Well?" asked her brother, with more of interest than curiosity.

"Well," she repeated, "cannot you see that she is terribly disappointed? Whether he deceived her, or whether she deceived herself, I have not yet determined, but she is terribly unhappy. You see what a haughty piece she is; see her taper fingers and her dainty ways; fancy that she came to California as the mistress of a large ranch, well fixed, and instead she sits helpless and alone on that cheerless piece of land. O, she need not try to fool me; she thinks she told me nothing; she would suffer the rack before she'd complain, but I can look right through her pride."

"Poor woman!" said the brother compassionately.

"Yes," assented the sister, carelessly; "but she's coming to church next Sunday, and she'll play the organ, she says. I am going to take her home from church with us to dinner, just to show that stupid Mrs. Henderson that her reign is over. She'll turn yellow with envy."

Her brother hardly heard the words; she was not so bad on the whole; her charity reached as far as her tongue, he used to say in her vindication; no living thing within her circle suffered hunger or cold, but she had a chronic dislike for young, pretty women.

The following Sunday was perfect, and Selma, after having played the organ and sung "like an angel," to the satisfaction and pleasure of both brother and sister, was assisted into the minister's carriage by Almira, while that lady herself afterwards clambered into John Marston's less elegant vehicle.

The home of the McBetts, Casa Laguna, lay at a short distance from the hastily built-up little town; and the waving of trees—groups of silver-shafted birch, the spreading sycamore, and somber cypress—and the sight of green lawn were balm to Selma's spirit and drink to her thirsty soul; it soothed and calmed her more than the sermon or the hymns had been able to do. She drew a deep breath as they entered the gateway.

"How like entering Paradise this seems to me," she said, "after living these long months on that wretchedly bare, dry stretch of land. It was not so bad in the spring, but now it is horrible; I shall go mad, I believe"; her face was aflame; the blue eyes flashed and her clear voice trembled, but she recovered herself when she saw the young man's eyes rest with tender pity on her face.

A hoarse cry far above them gave him the welcome means of turning the conversation.

"Look at it," he said; "that is the bird of prey from which these mountains take their name—Gabilan Range. You may travel the mountain the whole day through, and its monotonous cry will fall on your ear just like that—always far off, never changing or coming nearer, no matter how long you follow it. The man, an American, to whom the land on that mountain belongs is never called anything but "Señor Gabilan," by the Spanish people. Perhaps they think him of rather a grasping disposition—I don't know. But I am told that no Spaniard shakes hands with him; they open and shut their own hand quickly, like this, while addressing him, just as the hawk is known to fasten his talons on his prey."

We must presume that the reverend gentleman told the story merely to draw Selma's thoughts away from herself; otherwise it would hardly have been fair in him to speak of Americans with grasping disposition without mentioning his own honored progenitor. He had said to Selma, when she went into raptures at the first distant glimpse of Casa Laguna, that their place seemed so much more home-like, because it had been under cultivation longer than any other American residence in the valley, as his father had come in possession of it, by a lucky chance, at quite an early day.

Perhaps the dear old gentleman had never

told his son what that "lucky chance" was.

More than ten years before, and when all the land from the Salinas valley to the coast was still in the possession of a few Spaniards, a party of Americans passed through the country to see what could be made of it. "A party of Americans traveling through the country," they were warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained at the different ranchos which lay thinly scattered, extending for leagues together over hill and plain. One old Spainard, who boasted of his descent from the Hidalgos, thought his establishment—an ancient adobe in which his fathers had lived before him—not luxurious enough for the comfort of *los Americanos*, and rode across country to Monterey, to procure the means of furnishing entertainment for his guests that would not dishonor his ancient name. Even at that time there were Americans in Monterey who knew well the value of the lands so loosely held by these "greasers," whose trusting nature, improvident ways, and childlike simplicity in business matters were alike taken advantage of by the keen Yankee. It was an old story, how, after a few paltry sums of money received from his American friend, the poor greaser would suddenly find himself a beggar before his own door, and his leagues of land transferred—with all the formalities which the American law (a sealed book to him) requires—to the man who had so kindly advanced him money. So in the case of poor old Don Domingo Sanchez. One of the party whom he had so lavishly entertained, the good Mr. McBetts, had bought the mortgage of the man who had furnished the money to the Don for this entertainment; and with the greatest equanimity he took possession of the entire ranch, the memorable old adobe house included. Señor Domingo Sanchez died later, in Monterey, the gray old city by the sea, which so much resembled these poor old Dons—fallen in state and fortune, but unbroken, both, in their pride.

The day after this pleasant visit to the Casa Laguna, Selma had all her good humor destroyed at one stroke when she saw the Spaniard with the pale green face and dark green eyes enter the house. Her face grew more flushed than it had become from the kitchen fire over which she was bending, when it darted through her brain that again he saw how she was without a servant on the place. She shook her curls back quickly from her face, and met him haughtily on the threshold.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said humbly, when he saw the peculiar flash in her dark blue eyes, "but this has always been a favorite spot of the ranch with me, and before Mr. Marston had a wife I often came here."

"Which you had an unquestioned right to do," was the ungracious reply. "So far as I understand, this land and all the rest belongs to you, pretty much."

He had stepped back to the open door. "All of it," he affirmed; "from the mountains to the group of trees you see yonder; and from the end of the mountain chain to the south as far as you can see."

He had lifted his hand and the noonday rays were caught in the glittering ruby on his finger, and as he moved his hand hither and thither, drops of transparent blood seemed trickling over Selma's light cotton dress. She laid her hand over her eyes a moment.

"It dazzles one so," she said; and when she removed her hand, she saw the devouring gaze of the Spaniard fastened on her face; and the sun that painted golden rings on her hair seemed to kindle a flickering fire in his deep-set eyes.

When the Rev. Mr. McBetts with his sister came, later in the day, Selma had an insane idea of imploring Almira to take her away with her. She felt as if she had been exposed to a scorching fire, and that safety and relief could only be found in the atmosphere of this cold, practical nature. She grew irritable at the thought that the hated name of the Spaniard must again be mentioned between John and herself, and the impulse was strong on her to leave the lone little house forever.

"I wish we could have taken her with us,"

said the brother, as he cast a lingering look back from the buggy to the kitchen door, where Selma stood wistfully looking after them. "She needed comfort and companionship to-day, if ever in her life, I know."

"And who should have gotten Mr. Marston's supper?" asked the sister. "They don't even keep a Chinaman to do the housework. It's a lonesome place, to be sure; but there is work enough to do to make her forget it."

Soon after, the oft-announced sheep were at last driven on the stubble; and then it was less lonesome; for Selma watched the herd and herders many an idle hour. She had never in her life seen so many sheep, though her Uncle James was called a large farmer in Missouri, and had owned some fifty field-hands before the war.

The vaqueros claimed her attention above all things. "It's as good as a circus," she said, laughing, to John, "to watch them. And I'm not a bit afraid of them, though they might stand models for Italian banditti."

It is said of the Spaniards—the Mexicans, rather—that they excel in the management and care of sheep; and it seemed almost superfluous that Don Ramon should give such close attention to this band. Yet hardly a day passed that he did not visit them, though he did not always leave his buggy or dismount from his horse; and he seldom approached John Marston's door.

One night when the wind had been sobbing louder than ever at door and window, Selma was startled by a knock and the unexpected appearance of Don Ramon on the threshold. There was no invitation extended him to enter; she only said curtly, "Mr. Marston is not at home."

"I know it," he answered; but added hastily, when he saw the sudden flash he so dreaded in her eyes, "it is he who sent me."

"You are welcome," she said more gently. She read in his eyes that he wanted to say, "*Pobrecita!* It is wrong to leave a delicate woman alone in this wilderness." But aloud he said:

"The wind that you hear howling without heralds the rain; and Mr. Marston, with more of my tenants, has repaired to the river, where the water dammed itself last year. They have taken a number of my laborers with them; and Mr. Marston has requested me to say that it might be late before he could return. I shall stay here till he comes; but can seat myself on the bench outside if I am in your way here."

Her generous heart smote her as though she had accused a fellow-being of wrong.

"No, certainly not," she said, "I am very glad of your company."

She offered him refreshment, knowing that he must have been out in the saddle a long time, but he declined as usual; Don Ramon had never tasted meat nor drink in John Marston's house. But when he found her thus tractable and in good humor, he ventured one step farther. Would she not sing for him, as she often did when she was all alone?

A quick glance from the haughty eyes cautioned him, and he added in explanation:

"I know of your singing from my vaqueros; the rascals have really æsthetic tastes, though their rough looks may detract from my assertion."

Without more ado Selma sang—not for him or to him though, for she had soon forgotten that any one was listening to her. She sang song after song, her eyes straying out through the uncurtained window, where the fire of the vaqueros was burning, and the Gabilan Mountains rose in dim outlines against the dark sky when the fire grew low. And when she sang of the woman who had forfeited honor and home to follow her false lover, the door was suddenly opened and John Marston stood on the threshold, wet through and shaking the water off his hat—for the first rain of the season had set in, and the two people in the narrow little room had known nothing of it.

Selma sprung to meet him.

"How long you have been, John! it has been so still and lonesome."

"What! has Don Ramon entertained you so poorly?" he asked.

"Don Ramon!" she repeated; "ah! yes; I had forgotten—"

"That he was here?" laughed John. "My dear friend," he turned to the Spaniard, "what conquests you may make among the rest of the sex I don't know. This lady has never been smitten. First she describes you as a tall Spaniard with light green face and dark green eyes; next she declares she can't bear the sight of you; and now she has even forgotten that you are in the same room with her."

His own boisterous mirth prevented him from noting that the others did not join in his merriment. The Spaniard had risen and stood stiff and rigid, his olive face blanched, his lips compressed; while Selma so busied herself in getting supper for her husband that she did not even take time to shake back from her face the heavy curls that almost concealed it.

The next was the first rainy day of the season, and the herders and vaqueros were much in the neighborhood of the house; for though the sheep were scattered over many hundred acres outside of John Marston's place, the herders' headquarters had always been near his house. John Marston himself was standing in his door, looking idly on, when a vaquero dashed up to tell him that the water had again dammed itself in the river, and that Don Ramon requested Mr. Marston to engineer the clearing away of the obstruction. Drawing on his rubber boots and throwing his waterproof over his shoulders, he started out at once.

Shortly after, Selma came to the door, water-bucket in hand, and looked disconsolately into the rain. The artesian well was two hundred yards away, and the black mud ankle-deep. There was not a splinter of dry wood in the house, either, and bread to bake and shirts to iron. She was just debating within herself the propriety of throwing the bucket as far as she could send it, and herself on the floor for a good cry, when she heard the heavy splash of a horse's feet from behind the house.

"Ah! John has thought of his delinquencies and has come back. Good John"—mentally patting his broad shoulders.

She was giving John too much credit, however: it was Pedro, the fiercest-looking brigand of them all, who made a sudden dash around the corner. In her trepidation she had commenced the journey to the well, and now stood helpless, one slipper on her foot, the other imbedded in the tough black loam. In the twinkling of an eye Pedro had sprung from his horse, lifted her light as a feather back into the kitchen, and placed the bucket, filled, beside her. Before she could express her thanks, half a dozen other vaqueros had made their appearance in answer to his shrill call, and after a brief consultation they all galloped to the fence where it was nearest the house. Without dismounting, they each fastened their lariat around the top board of the fence, gave a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together, and off came the board with a crash. The maneuver was repeated till they had sufficient planking, which they hauled to the house by winding the lariat around each seperate load, and fastening the end to the saddle-horn. Then they made a pavement of it in front of the kitchen door, and laid a dry walk to the well—much to Selma's astonishment and fright; what would John and Don Ramon say to see expensive fencing destroyed in that way? She expressed this fear when she thanked Pedro for his attention; but the vaquero, lifting his shabby hat with the *grandezza* that the most ragged of them can assume, said courteously:

"O, Señora, the Padrone would tear down the entire fencing of the whole Sandia Rancho before he would allow the Señora to place her foot on the cold, wet ground."

And never did Selma have to set her foot on the cold, wet ground again. To Mr. John Marston's great joy, this ferocious Indian-faced fellow suddenly developed all the best traits of a well-trained house servant; and not a drop of water or stick of kindling-wood did John have to provide while the sheep were on the stubble.

Selma's church attendance had ceased with the setting in of the rain, for there was only a little open wagon on the ranch. Sister Almira was subject to neuralgia, and would not venture across country in wet

weather, so that the young minister had to make his visits alone. Selma had not yet joined the church; and after meeting the Spaniard at the Marstons' house once or twice he expressed his apprehension lest Selma should join the Catholics.

"It would not be for your husband's best interests, my dear Mrs. Marston," he advised her. "The Catholics have no influence whatever in this part of the country, and the congregation is composed almost entirely of the Spanish and low Irish population. And besides, what lady would want to be seen of a Sunday entering the old barn which they had turned into a church?"

He did not understand, as did the Spaniard, the sudden flash in Selma's eye, and he heard only a very pardonable affectation of Christian humility in the answer that came a few moments later:

"God knows that I think the lowliest place devoted to his worship too good for a poor erring mortal like myself to enter; and my conscience tells me that I am not fit to become a member of any religious congregation."

Satisfied that Selma did not mean to become a Catholic, he trusted to luck—"God's own good time," he said—for the rest.

Whenever the Spaniard met the young man at John Marston's, his eyes followed him as the eyes of the panther follow his prey; and he always maintained on such occasions that he neither spoke nor understood a word of English.

For John Marston these were busy times. Down by the river Don Ramon had leased to him one hundred acres more, at a really trifling rate. The land lay in rather an inconvenient location, and so far from the house that he had built himself a little shanty on it to shelter him through the night: when the rain was incessant, roads were too heavy to travel in the dark. But the prospects were fair for a good crop. "And then," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we will go farther south, where they raise olives and oranges, and all the fancy things that cost so much money, and that you women so hanker after."

Selma's pale face grew still whiter as he said it, and her voice was broke by a sob as she answered, "Yes, John, certainly."

John's natural phlegm must have grown into positive obtuseness of late, or he most certainly would have noticed the change in Selma's manner and appearance. There was a restlessness in her eyes that made them gleam out darkly from the slender white face, and her voice was harsh and tender by turns, as though she were never in the same frame of mind two minutes together. Perhaps that she felt more lonesome than ever; for the sheep had been driven back into the mountains, and when she looked from the window now at night she saw only impenetrable darkness, where the fire of the vaqueros had lately been shining. Since the rains had ceased, the wind had found its way back to the lone little house, and came rushing up to the door again, where it cried and moaned to be let in. The new grass had clothed mountain and plain with robes of hopeful green, and the meadow-lark climbed upward on its waves of song.

But in Selma's heart there was neither hope nor spring nor sunshine. It was as if the storms of winter, that had raged and torn through the mountain-clefts, had found an abiding echo in her breast. And often, when at the close of day a pale shadow moved by like a phantom where those brigand vaqueros had broken away the fence of the ranch, she clasped her hands to her heart and implored wildly and incoherently, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Death comes riding on a pale horse, and hell and eternal punishment follow in his wake."

And one night the phantom moved close up to the lone little house lying all unguarded on the open plain, and the shadow grew dark on the threshold of John Marston's home. With a fainting heart Selma passed across it. "It has been no home to me," she said with a shiver; "the dreary, desolate place where no living being gave me love or sympathy—save one."

Before her stood Don Ramon's light carriage—the same in which she had seen him

first, many months ago—and the horses she had so admired stamped and pawed the ground, as though counseling dispatch. The Spaniard's arms were outstretched to lift her into the vehicle, but with sudden passion he motioned her back.

"Not with that shawl on you—the wedding-gift of John Marston! Throw back hat and shawl, and all your finery, into the house. I bade you wear your meanest dress; Ramon Aliso can himself afford to dress you."

As in a dream, she turned back to the house to fling from her the offending shawl; but the long silken fringe twined stubbornly around her fingers, the door escaped her grasp, and the wind hurled itself wildly into the room, filling all the house with sobs and wailing.

"Hasten, love, hasten," came in dulcet tones from the carriage, and with compressed lips Selma turned forever from John Marston's dishonored home.

"Let the dark night and the wild winds take possession," she muttered; "he will not suffer as I have suffered, for he has never loved me, and has no heart to break."

The next moment soft furs were wrapped about her, and strong arms held her in a close embrace, while the horses dashed on, as if conscious that they must bear to a place of safety a costly stolen treasure. She struggled to free herself, moaning bitterly:

"Oh, the sin and the shame of it all! Had I a mother with whom to take refuge, or a brother to give me a home, it would never have come to this. But now—lost! lost! lost!"

He spoke to her soothingly, as one speaks a child to rest. "Do not speak so wildly. You are my only love, and in a year's time you shall be my wife, for divorces can be obtained for money among *los Americanos;* and if all should fail you would still be my only love, and mistress of all my estate your whole life long."

She uttered a scream, and pressed closer to him.

"We are pursued! I will never live through the disgrace and the scandal—"

Again he spoke soothingly:

"It is only Pedro, the vaquero—who so admires you, and who would stab that clumsy gringo to death before he would let him get possession of you again. Be tranquil, love, we are not pursued."

Who, then, is the man with set, white face, on sweat-reeking horse, following in dread silence the carriage tracks that lead from his very door? Hour after hour passes by, and when the Spaniard, accompanied by his grim body-guard, draws up in his elegant vehicle before the door of the little hotel in a distant town, the worn-out horse of the pursuing rider breaks down beneath him; and as Don Ramon is about to lift his half-fainting companion out of the buggy, a heavy hand is laid on his shoulder.

"Draw your pistol, accursed villain," said John Marston, in a low voice still as death, "and let that woman find her way into the house alone."

The face that the Spaniard turned to him was pale and unmoved as his own; only a slight quiver of the thin nostril spoke of the passion raging within him. Pedro had quickly approached his master; he let Selma's inanimate form glide into his arms, and turned with flaming eyes to his enemy.

"You have no pistol? Then I will throw away mine too!" John Marston flung his heavy weapon across the street. "Now come on, with your fists! Ha! Put that knife away, cowardly Spanish dog—" He threw himself forward to wrest it from his antagonist's grasp; but he was blind with fury, and the next moment he fell back—a deep gash in his forehead, running upward till it made its way into the heavy masses of his tawny hair.

A dozen men sprung from the bar-room of the hotel, each more anxious than the other to see who and how many had been killed. Among them was the sheriff of the county—a Spaniard—and to him Don Ramon explained, in a few whispered words, the state of affairs. Then that official turned indignantly to the waiting crowd.

"Just to think, *amigos*, what a dangerous man that gringo is; he actually attacked my

friend Don Ramon with a pistol—here is the weapon now. Fortunately Don Ramon managed to strike it out of his hand; and in falling, during the tussle, the man must have hurt himself. It is my duty, at all events, to place him in safe custody, where he can do no more harm."

So John Marston, wounded, bleeding, and insensible, was placed in safe custody where he could do no more harm; while within the next half-hour Don Ramon Aliso, with fresh horses, was speeding toward the nearest railroad depot, bearing with him his stolen treasure.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins: so do big diamonds; and plenty of both are to be found in San Francisco. At a charity ball they can be seen in perfection—both diamonds and charity; for all sorts of people are admitted for sweet charity's sake, and to swell the receipts for the night in dollars and cents.

We go late to such a ball, of course, and study with wonder and delight the magnificent dresses there—the papers will tell us in the morning who was inside of them. At this particular ball is a lady conspicuous for dress and diamonds. The heavy satin of her dress flames in the color of the California poppy; and diamonds shake and glitter on bosom, hair, and fingers every time she moves. It is a ponderous frame to display dry goods and jewelry on, and to cover the frame so thoroughly must have cost large sums of money. But that's what she has her money for, people say; she has no one to leave it to when she dies. Poor, wealthy, vulgar Mrs. Merritt! Ever since her immense wealth—realized from the opportune sale of swamp lands mortgaged to her worthless, departed husband—had fallen into her enormous hands, it had been the one cry of her really good heart—"Alone in the world, with no one to leave my money to!"

However, she was not alone at the ball tonight; beside her was a figure the entire reverse and opposite of the worthy matron. A delicate lavender silk fell gracefully around the slender form, and a single rose was half hidden among the heavy gold-brown curls. There was an expression of weariness on the pale, oval face that was not well suited to the gay scene; and the haughtily curved lips responded only in monosyllables to the volubility of the mammoth woman.

A small circle had formed about Mrs. Merritt, and she is discussing her domestic and financial affairs freely with the five hundred friends.

"Yes; I have some one now to leave my money to, for I have legally adopted her—dear little chick—and I'd like to see the first one of you young scamps make love to her for her money. She's had her own troubles, poor child, and she so hates and despises men that I run no risk of having my money squandered by a graceless, ne'er-do-weel of a husband."

"You are perfectly right, Mrs. Merritt, to guard both your treasures well"; it was a handsome, rakish-looking individual who spoke. "But would you not introduce a fellow if he vowed and declared he had no dark designs on either? Come, now—for old acquaintance sake—let me beg your fair *protege* for the next dance."

"She'll not dance to-night, Harry Underwood. My little chick has a pretty hard head of her own, in spite of her gentle eyes; and she has declared that she will not dance. Perhaps, too, I have spoiled her just a little; but she is the dearest child, for all that, and really loves me, for all my rough ways. You may believe me that I cherish her as the apple of my eye."

The loving look she cast over to her companion seemed suddenly frozen in her eyes.

"What ails the child?" she cried in alarm. "Are you sick? Away from here, all of you; don't you see she cannot breathe here?"

With her stout fists she thrust back the throng of the curious who had gathered at the cry of "fainting woman." The straining eyes of her companion were fixed on the farther end of the room, and the pale lips breathed but a single word into the woman's ear.

"Nonsense, child!" she exclaimed impa-

tiently, "you are dreaming again. Do put that fickle Spaniard out of your mind at last. Come, we will go to one of the sitting-rooms, and I will order champagne."

But the pale lips approached her ear again.

"No—no, aunt, I am not mistaken. It is Ramon; see, he is coming this way."

It was, perhaps, the uncommon stature of the woman that drew the looks of the Spaniard toward her, as she stood upright, with craned neck, to scrutinize him. From her his glance glided to the form beside her, and with a few quick strides he had reached them—just in time to catch the fainting woman in his arms.

"Make room there," he cried sharply; "this lady has fainted from the heat—stand aside, please."

The music striking up at this moment, there was no difficulty in leaving the hall unobserved; the Spaniard laid his burden on the lounge in a small sitting-room, and bent anxiously over her. The woman in orange satin could bridle tongue and temper no longer.

"So you are the delectable Ramon, about whom the poor thing has been breaking her heart—and you hunting fresh pastures in the mean time, no doubt. O, a fine set you are—Spaniards and Americans alike, don't I know you—ugh! And that poor creature driven out of her house by the avaricious landlord, and not a stitch of anything but what she had on her. What should have become of the unfortunate child if I had not found her that very day—you—you heartless deceiver!"

Her feelings had gotten so much the better of her that she overlooked entirely the possibility of "her chick's" needing any assistance to recover from her swoon; and only when Ramon had bathed her temples, and Selma had opened her eyes, was she recalled to the needs of the present. Ramon kneeled beside the lounge and chafed the cold little hands as he asked, with trembling voice:

"You do not believe what this woman says? Surely, you knew that I had not willfully deserted you, my life, my angel? Those rascally Americans had me seized and imprisoned suddenly and without warning, when it came time to foreclose the mortgage on the Sandia Rancho, so that I could make no effort to redeem it. The wounding of John Marston furnished the pretext for my arrest—though John Marston has never been heard of since. From the moment I regained my liberty I searched for you—O, my love, I need not tell you with what eagerness and anxiety. My heart broke in the hopeless search; I neither slept nor rested—I sought everywhere—and have found you at last, never to part with you again. For we start to San Diego to-morrow, to my rancho there. I am still a wealthy man, though half my land is lost."

"Start to San Diego to-morrow, indeed!" mocked Mrs. Merritt, her broad face flushed, her arms akimbo, "and take my child without so much as saying, 'By your leave.' Do you know that I have adopted her, and left her all my money—"

In the ball-room, meanwhile, there was a commotion of a different kind. At the entrance door appeared a fresh arrival, viewed rather critically by the smiling ushers. By the widest stretch of charity, his corduroys and heavy boots could not be construed into full-dress, though the man was a gentleman, and handsome enough, in spite of a fiery scar that crossed his forehead and buried itself under the masses of his tawny hair. He had evidently been sold an admission ticket, so what could they do but admit him?—especially as the quantity of wine he had already taken augured that he would take a good deal more. A titter ran through the crowd near the door, as he turned apologetically to one of the gentlemen in regulation dress.

"So much light here," he said, "and so many handsome ladies—it's bewildering to a fellow. Could you not introduce me? Came in from San Joaquin yesterday, and sold my wheat this morning. Would not some of the ladies take a glass of wine with me? No offense—I am a stranger, you see, and don't know the rules of the place."

The ushers had one after the other edged themselves away, and one of "the many handsome ladies" turned to her companion.

"It's the Hoosier from San Joaquin; my husband once pointed him out to me. He burrows in the San Joaquin Valley all the year round, comes to town only when the harvest is in, spends the money he gets in a week's time, and never goes back till he has had at least one broken head to pay for. Watch now, and you will see him pick a quarrel with some one in a very short time. But I do think the managers ought to have taken his pistol from him."

Very likely they had not seen it; they were not watching him as closely as these ladies, who discovered the little weapon only as, passing through the crowd, his coat was for an instant displaced by some one jostling against him.

Pushing on, he came directly in front of one of the little sitting-rooms, which are so cozy to enjoy a quiet supper and harmonious conversation in. In this room, however, there was loud talking, and the occupants seemed engaged in anything but harmonious conversation. A woman's sharp, vixenish voice attracted him.

"What's going on here?" he asked, recklessly peering in. "Anything I can take a hand in?" He was still at the gaming table with his thoughts. "God's Death!" he shouted suddenly, his eyes clear, and his senses sobered in a moment. "That accursed greaser again? I'll give you no odds against me this time, you damned Spainard. I know I'm going to hell, but you shall go there first"—and before the man could rise from his kneeling position, John Marston's hand had sent a bullet crushing through his brain. The sight of blood maddened him all the more.

"That woman there!" he screamed, turning fiercely to the prostrate figure on the lounge; but the arms of the gigantic woman were clasped about him, he could neither shake her off nor use his pistol, and the weapon was wrested from him before the strong arms freed him from their unwelcome embrace.

Policemen were on the spot; again, as on that night so many months ago, John Marston was taken into safe custody, to prevent him from doing more harm, and to be held till the Spaniard should appear against him at the bar. It was a vain precaution. Don Ramon Aliso had gone before a higher bar, and poor Mrs. Merritt, with her kind heart and her vulgar ways, had to find some one else to leave her money to; for Selmå did not survive the shock of that dreadful night.

Josephine Clifford.

TO-MORROW.

Ah! who knows? Give me the sweet to-day,
Unmarred by haunting doubts and shadows gray,
And I will wrap myself in such content,
All other days shall in this one be blent.

Let calmer souls keep watch and ward with fate,
Inviting half the ills they seem to wait;
To-day, within my grasp, so sweet, so sure,
Counts all to-morrows that I must endure.

Elizabeth A. Davis.

MOUNTAINEERING IN OREGON.

You do not venture into the mountains in Oregon much before July, especially not in the region of the Columbia River. Farther south, say south of the head-waters of the Wallamet, (corruptly spelled Willamette) it may be safe to make an excursion in June, as the snow is off earlier on the more southern summits, and there is less rain during the early part of summer than in the valley of the great mountain-piercing Columbia.

If the tourist comes to Portland by steamer from San Francisco, as most tourists do, in order to avoid three days of staging and considerable extra expense, he is already furnished with one hundred miles of views in which all manner of elevations are introduced, from the rounded bluffs opposite Astoria to the snowy cone of St. Helen and the icy peak of rugged old Mount Hood. In fact, I think the entrance into Oregon by way of the Columbia River is a very unfavorable one, except for tourists and artists. The agricultural man very naturally asks himself, "Where are your farming lands?" because when he has arrived at Portland, one hundred and ten miles from the sea, he has not had one glimpse of what appears to be a settled and cultivated country—nothing but overpoweringly grand scenery, and a few very immature-looking little towns on the river's brink. Probably he wonders where all the rocks, bluffs, palisades, ridges, and peaks came from, that have pre-empted the whole distance from Astoria to the mouth of the Wallamet. He may not be "up" in the geography of Oregon, and does not know that the Columbia cuts directly across two ranges of mountains, with bases of many miles in diameter, and that the country he is looking for, the Wallamet valley, lies in the trough between these two parallel ranges. Besides this, the Columbia is a wide river, and its width, together with its precipitous bluffs of great height, make of its nearly direct chasm an immense funnel for the winds and vapors of the Pacific; and these, being mild, so stimulate the growth of vegetation, in connection with a rich soil, that an apparent additional altitude of nearly two hundred feet is given by the splendid "forests primeval" that crown the loftiest as well as the lowest ridges of the Columbia highlands. Nevertheless, could he see them, the agriculturist would discover many small, rich valleys along the little tributary rivers, whose mouths are hidden in the tropical luxuriance of vegetable production in this region.

This riotous growth of forest in the northern part of Oregon (west of the Cascade range only) is one great obstacle to mountaineering; and the cause of this exuberance —moisture—is another. Therefore the tourist or explorer of any class must wait for July weather, which in ordinary years is dry and bright without being too warm. The Columbia, which is decidedly a *wet* river, does, in spite of its pluvial character, during the later summer months, which extend sometimes into the winter calendar of the Atlantic States, furnish the most glorious days it is possible to conceive of, both for temperature and for clear, dry, bright atmosphere.

The ascent of Mount St. Helen is made from Portland by steamboat to the mouth of the Cathlapootle or Lewis River, about thirty miles below Portland, or eighty miles from the sea. Small steamers ascend Lewis River for a distance of less than ten miles, after which small boats and oars are brought into requisition. This stream is very cold, very clear, and very rapid. The lower part near the Columbia in the spring is full of smelt, so that they can be taken by the naked hands. Farther up, it and its tributaries abound in delicious trout.

Pulling up stream against a mountain torrent is no easy work, but is easier then cutting your way through a perfect tangle of half-prostrate shrubbery of incredible toughness, and is generally pursued as the better course.

At some of the farming settlements on this portion of the way, horses can be procured whenever it is thought best to abandon the boats. So many prospecting parties pass over this particular trail each summer, looking for the rumored gold and silver mines, and finding instead marble and coal, that something like a road is kept open. In fact, a party went through with a small wagon the whole distance from the Columbia to the lake region in 1874.

This lake region, or it might be styled lake altitude, is about six or seven thousand feet above sea-level. Along the whole Cascade range, especially in the neighborhood of extinct volcanoes, lakes of a very peculiar character are found. They are without feeders, except the snow from the neighboring summits, and without visible outlet. The water is peculiarly blue, and of course in summer weather perfectly calm. Yet about four o'clock in the afternoon an agitation of the waters is visible, which does not appear to be due to any current of air passing over them, though to what it is due remains to be explained. Fish are not found in any of these very elevated and isolated lakes. Farther on a more particular description of one of the most remarkable ones will be given.

The ascent of St. Helen is not very difficult after having reached the altitude mentioned. By keeping upon one of the ridges running east or north, the climbing is comparatively easy, and the forest open. There is less of ruggedness about St. Helen, after the snow-fields are attained, than about any of the Oregon or Washington peaks—this one belonging to Washington. The dangerous declivities and fissures are fewer—though to lose foothold on an extensive incline of frozen snow would probably prove to most pedestrians a serious loss. An old and rough mountaineer, who determined to ascertain what it was that kept a certain spot on the mountain near the summit nearly always bare, after succeeding, slipped and started down the icy grade at a fearful rate of speed. As he lost control of his locomotion he displayed great control of his wits—for he called out to his companions, "Good by, boys, I'm going to hell a-kiting!" However, he did not arrive at that destination as he expected, being able to stop himself a little short. He lived to desire a better one, let us hope: but at all events, to inform the world that a hot sulphur spring was the active agent in keeping bare that particular spot on St. Helen known as "the Bear."

St. Helen is a sleeping, though not wholly extinct, volcano. As late as 1832 it threw out ashes that were carried by the wind as far east as the Walla Walla valley, darkening the air in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, and filling it with sulphurous fumes, in which candles burned with a blue light. Lewis River throws up along its shores, among its pebbles and gravel, great numbers of smoothed fragments of pumice that had their origin in some old eruption of this mountain; and the extensive outcropping of porous basalt along the lower as well as the upper portion of the Columbia shows the extensive action of heat in the unknown past of this mountain region.

The timber is distributed in perceptible zones or belts on the mountains, the fir and cedar being lowest; then the pine (*P. Douglasii* and *P. Lambertini*); after which juniper, hemlock, and spruce—the latter two belonging to the coast, but being reproduced here by the moisture furnished by the fogs of the Pacific, which drift inland, and are caught on the tops of the high Cascade range.

Mount Hood, which is much grander than St. Helen, and has a wagon road running around its base as it crosses over the range to the plains of eastern Oregon, is the peak which tourists generally select to climb. At Portland this mountain seems so near that some uninstructed new-comers have attempted walking to the base of it for an ante-breakfast constitutional. It is really a good day's journey of forty miles, across a level plain, over streams, through forest, and up and down hills of startling magnitude and acclivity, to the top of the range, where the real ascent begins. Some parties have made the excursion every summer for many years,

and so far without accident. But there is undoubtedly great danger, as the climbing is arduous, the ice-fields very slippery, and the fissures and sheer precipices awful in the extreme. Yet many men and a few women have stood upon the summit, and looked upon a scene which can hardly be surpassed in nature.

The diameter of the Cascade range cannot be less than forty miles; the length of its axis hundreds either north or south of Hood. If the tourist is so fortunate as to find a clear atmosphere when he arrives at the top, he has beneath and around him a perfect wilderness of mountains, from the midst of which shoot up at irregular intervals the snowy peaks: to the north, St. Helen, Adams, Ranier, Baker; to the south, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Diamond Peak, Mount Scott, Mount McLaughlin, and if the air is very pure, and you have a good glass, Mount Shasta. To the west of the beholder is the lower Coast Range, with the sea beyond; to the east of him the azure wall of the Blue Mountains. Lying below him on one hand, and extending far away to the south, where it is fenced off by other mountains, is the beautiful Wallamet valley. On the other hand are the almost illimitable plains of eastern Oregon, smiling in the sun. Turning to the north, he sees a map of the Puget Sound country, and east of that the Yakima and Walla Walla valleys. The Columbia is stretched out like a silver thread, and all the river courses marked out with distinctness. Forest and lake, grassy plains and cozy homesteads, surrounded by fields of grain ripe for the harvest, all crowd the view, and swell the heart with emotion.

But Mount Hood is not a pleasant camping ground for the night, and as most of the forenoon has been consumed in the ascent of the snow peak, there is only time to take in this wonderful view in its vastness, to deposit some token of the visit, and the descent, even more difficult than the ascent, begins. The softening of the snow under the influence of the noonday sun, if it has not proceeded too far, contributes to the safety of the descent, as it prevents slipping. But under the most favorable circumstances the day, which began early, is all spent by the time the party making the ascent returns to camp at the snow-line. Then comes supper round a blazing camp-fire—trout, and perchance a venison steak. A whole week is required to "do" Mount Hood in anything like a satisfactory manner.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of spending six or eight weeks in the mountain region of south-eastern Oregon. Our party crossed the Cascades within fifteen or twenty miles of the California boundary. All this portion of Oregon is an elevated region, and being south of the moisture-producing Columbian influences, is at no time so subject to rains; and has withal a milder climate, with earlier springs and drier summers, as northern California has. Nothing could excel the clearness and elasticity of the air; and although it was July weather, the heat was not oppressive. Yet the mercury stood pretty high, and traveling at midday was warm work. We left Ashland, sixteen miles south of Jacksonville, in the middle of a forenoon, and drove leisurely toward the mountains east of us, through a most picturesque and delightful country. Our noon camp was made at the very foot of the range. Then we slowly ascended, sometimes seeming to descend as well, by a good dry wagon road for the remainder of the day. At evening we encamped beside a little stream, which furnished us trout for supper; and at dark our beds were spread under the glowing stars: under the trees they could not be, because the hills rose sharply all around us, not even affording a level place to sleep on, except the one we chose on the creek bottom. Not being used to this out-door life, I slept rather uneasily that night, and certainly *thought* of bears! In the morning, I regretted not placing my shoes under cover, as they were thoroughly wetted with dew, as were all the top covers of our beds.

The sun soon evaporated this moisture when we had spread the blankets upon stakes, and by the time breakfast was over they were ready to be packed away.

I had fully expected that, as there were

some very intelligent people in the party, and also some young ladies, there would be a camp scene such as romancists treat us to in books. Nothing, however, could be more business-like than everything pertaining to camp life as I found it. A late supper, an early breakfast, a hurried luncheon; tired men—horses to care for—things to be packed—there was certainly no room for much romancing. Yet, as I was an honorary member of the company, no burdens fell upon me; and once in the wagon and upon the road, I found delightful companions among the pioneers of the expedition. Baggage-wagon and saddle-horses were in our train. It was optional with any whether they would ride, drive, or walk. Where the road was favorable, not too steep, and leading through magnificent avenues of the handsomest pines in the world (*P. Lambertini*), I enjoyed walking and observing more closely the vegetable creation about me.

Altitude has everything to do with mountain productions. The perfection of growth seemed to be attained before reaching the road summit, even though the road leads through a pass considerably below the summit of the range. The forest is not so fine either below or above the Lambertini pine belt in southern Oregon. Neither is the growth anywhere so dense as in the district of Columbia. There it seems incredible that large animals like the elk and bear should penetrate them; here it was easy to discover the game, and not difficult to follow it. On the afternoon of the second day our hunters had just killed a deer, and the gentlemen were all on the ground around it, when a large brown or cinnamon bear ran across the road in front of us, and not more than fifty yards away. It soon disappeared from view, traveling rapidly, as if alarmed at the unwonted sounds of rifles and wagon gear.

Our second camp was just beyond the summit, on a level, clayey plain, covered with rather a scattering growth of trees. But it was in a dry, delightful atmosphere, where hardly a drop of dew fell. Having gone into camp earlier than usual, there was plenty of time to roast our venison on sticks before a roaring fire, and to spice the eating of it with stories and jests. The beds having been spread on the dry smooth carpet of pine leaves, I persuaded the more experienced travelers to drop a little of their rigidity, and remain around the log fire for an hour after nightfall, while the young ladies sang to us. A good sleep followed this day's fatigues, but I was awakened about three o'clock by one of our veterans calling out to me to "look at Venus." And truly it was worth the little trouble of awakening at an unseasonable hour to behold this magnificent "morning star" from the mountain tops. It glowed like a great topaz on fire. The trees whispered above us with a rustling as of angels' wings, and the touch of the morning breeze on our faces was deliciously soft. I should have felt repaid for my journey by that night's experience—so entirely different from anything that comes to us in cities, or in ordinary life anywhere.

One of the most interesting things one notices in these wilds is to be found in the dust of the roadways in early morning; and that is the thousand prints of little feet. It would seem that the whole creation turns out at some hour of the night or early morning to enjoy a run in the soft warm dust—for it must be because it is soft and warm to their little feet that all these creatures seek the road at night, while by daylight not one is to be seen anywhere near it.

I looked carefully for new plants and flowers, but saw very few of either on the line of the road. Perhaps a more extended search would have been rewarded by finding something mentionable; but I could not detain the party, even in the interest of botany, as they were returning at the earliest practicable moment to their homes in the Klamath valley after the close of the Modoc War. Three days were taken in crossing the Cascade range, though the mail wagon makes the trip in two days; and a good horse will carry you over in one, the distance being but sixty-four miles.

My errand to this Klamath country was to study it, and also to pick up some informa-

tion concerning the local Indian tribes. Of these things I have not room to speak here. But of one excursion made about the last of July I purpose to give an account. A small party, two gentleman and three ladies, left the Agency about noon of a warm day. Our conveyance was an ambulance drawn by a four-in-hand team; though one of the gentleman preferred riding, as would all the party have done but for the necessity of transporting provisions and bedding. After a dusty drive over the plain between the Agency and the Fort, a fine breeze relieving the heat, we commenced the ascent of the mountains about two o'clock in the afternoon. Just at the base of the first hills runs Wood River, a deep, clear, and rapid stream, coming down from the mountains. Our drive for a large part of the afternoon ran along the course of Annie's Creek, the principal tributary of Wood River, and a torrent of the wildest and most picturesque description. The gorge of this stream possesses some very interesting features for the geologist, and struck an amateur like myself with wonder. In many places its sides could not have been less than six hundred feet perpendicular, while rocks of half that height showed no stratification, and were of a light ashen color.

Along through the cool and fragrant woods, within sound of this rushing torrent, we journeyed at a pleasant pace; the ascent seldom being very steep upon the eastern slope of the Cascades, on account of the general higher level of eastern Oregon. The same relative distribution of trees was to be observed as on the western slopes, but there was a marked difference in size in favor of the western forests.

The road by which we had come was one that had been opened for the transportation of freight from Jacksonville over the mountains to Fort Klamath; but although this was the last of July, we found snow in shaded places long before we reached our camping place for the night, a distance of about twenty-five miles from the Fort. Arriving late, we hastily dispatched the necessary camp labors, and sought repose in the prettiest little hemlock glade that ever gladdened poet's eye. But oh, the mosquitoes! Fresh bear tracks, just before coming to halt, had made me a little nervous, and what the bear tracks began these insect pests completed—which is saying that I abandoned all attempts at repose for that night, and diverted myself watching the gentlemen rolled in their blankets, with their rifles beside them, as they alternately watched and tended fire or slept. But that all of us were asleep together at some period of the night was proven by the deer tracks that crossed our camp in the morning. These curious creatures will risk their lives to gratify their inquisitiveness, and it was fortunate for them that none of us detected their stolen visit in our midst.

The sun was only fairly up when we began the last ascent of four miles up a sharp mountain side. A trail blinded by frequent snow banks was discovered, over which it was thought possible to drive the ambulance. That it *was* possible was proven by the fact that at eleven o'clock we sat in said vehicle, in its right mind, gazing on what we had come so far to see—the unsurpassable Crater Lake. As we had all walked that toilsome four miles, we were glad to sit anywhere. But to sit there, on the top of the mountains, in the clear noonday sun, with snow and gay little flowers side by side around us, and to look upon Crater Lake, was intensest enjoyment. The approach to the lake is on the only side where the water is accessible, and where the shore is of earth, and not of rock.

The name Crater Lake conveys a very good idea of the appearance of the rugged chalice which holds this loveliest of lakes. It is a great oblong vase or bowl of smooth perpendicular rock, with a rim varying in height from fifteen hundred to three thousand feet. So far as we could see, the quarter of a mile of loose earth at the southwest side was the only weak point in this immense stone cup, which must measure several miles in diameter either way. Just where its rim was lowest we paused for our first view. And such a view! I cried out

for an artist who could paint it, but doubt if there be one.

Fifteen hundred feet below us lay a level sheet of the loveliest blue human eyes ever gazed upon: without a ripple upon its surface; with exquisite reflections in its blue depths of the three thousand feet of yellow-gray and gayly tinted rocky walls that rise on the northern side, doubling the impression of their magnificence. We all exclaimed, as people do under such circumstances; but I could not help feeling that silence was a more fitting expression of the emotions the view inspired. I have heard of persons weeping over the first sight of Yosemite. I think that at Crater Lake the feeling that rises most strongly within us is awe and gladness mingled in that proportion that inspires us to say, "Let us pray!"

To say that we saw the water would hardly be true. We saw a mirror of the cloudless summer sky, intensifying its azure—reflecting heaven as a deep well does the stars. And yet it was not in the least dark or gloomy. It was as open to sun and air as the ocean itself. But it lay there in the top of the mountains, smiling back to the bending empyrean as if God himself had consecrated it to the presence of cherubim and seraphim.

Having made our own new camp in a grove of spruce trees a little distance from the lake, we began to discuss the propriety of undertaking a descent to the water's edge. The ladies with one accord declined the attempt, but in the course of the afternoon both gentlemen went down, by different routes, to the narrow shelf of beach on this side of the lake. Before and since a number of persons have done the same. But it is not entirely safe, as the earth is loose and mixed with rock, and is continually sliding down under the influence of melting snows that lie in large masses in the depression of the rim on this side. A pistol was fired off half-way down, that we might note the interval between the smoke and the report, which was quite noticeable. Afterwards bowlders were loosened and rolled down. This, I think, gave a better idea than anything of the distance, from the length of time consumed, the gathering momentum, and the number of leaps into the air a bowlder made on striking ledges unseen by us. A large amount of earth and rock, being disturbed by these descending bowlders, rushed along with them, falling into the lake at the bottom with a sullen roar, hardly discoloring the water, thereby showing the sheer descent into it, as well as its depth. The sun, too, was affecting the snowbanks within the rim, and torrents were rushing down with a terrible noise, carrying immense quantities of earth and stones into the lake, which must be made comparatively shallow on this side from the increase of such material in its depths. Since my visit it has been sounded in this neighborhood, and found to be seven hundred feet. The belief is that in some portions it is very much deeper.

One interesting feature of the lake is a distinct crater, located to one side of the center, near its south-west end. It rises cone-shaped four or five hundred feet above the water, and is covered with irregular fragments of trap rock. Out of these loose stones at the bottom a narrow belt of spruce trees are growing. Above this belt the cone is bare on the outside, and hollow on the inside to a depth of two hundred feet. While snow lies in it, pretty little pink flowers blossom about its edge. I may here say that since my visit a boat was lowered down to the lake, in which a party of ladies and gentlemen crossed to the inferior crater, and took luncheon within its rim. The boat was moored, and left in what was believed to be a safe place for the use of future visitors to the lake.

For some time I thought there was no sign of life about Crater Lake, but I finally detected one or two white specks upon its surface, which, by the use of a good glass, I made out to be some large water-fowl. About four in the afternoon the ripple upon the lake's surface was quite visible, and greenish white bubbles seemed to be coming up to the surface in several places, uniting at last in a distinct white line. As there was no wind, we were puzzled to

account for the appearance of waves. But everything about this mountain lake was strange: this no stranger than the rest. And beautiful as strange. As the sun came around toward its setting, I sought a spot where the rocks overhung the water, and looked down into their deep blue shadows —not purple, but blue as the purest blue of the old masters' palettes. On this dark blue mirror were the reflections in colored miniature of the spruces above my head, diminished by the distance till they looked as fine as the finest ferns. Nothing could be more exquisite. Nowhere that ever I have been is the feeling of delicate beauty so mingled with a profound awe as about the borders of this lake. It is easy to understand why no Indian will go near it, except such ones as are by solitude, fasting, and spiritual preparation fitting themselves to become "medicine men" of renown. To them the white mist that creeps over its surface in the moonlight takes the form of departed souls. To them, putting a hand beneath its waters is being baptized by the influence of the Great Spirit.

That night we prepared our beds of spruce boughs laid with the bowed side up to make them springy; and having watched the stars come out above and below, and the moon rise over the lake, betook ourselves to rest in that wonder-haunted place. I very much wished to remain two or three days, in order to make further explorations, but some of the party could not spare the time; therefore, at ten o'clock on the first of August, we lingeringly bade adieu to Crater Lake, and arrived at the Agency before evening, tired, dusty, but full of satisfaction for what we had seen.

F. F. Victor.

ONE OF OUR TOURISTS: AN UNPUBLISHED EPISODE IN HER LIFE.

Mr. Bell entered his home in Oak Grove, upon his return from the city one afternoon in June, with a very long face indeed. "What do you think?" he groaned, as he cast himself miserably down upon a chair, "we are in for entertaining a member of the strong-minded sisterhood for two days at least."

"A what?" demanded his daughters, Nora and Elizabeth.

"Her name is Pall—Mrs. Caroline Pall—Caroline E. Pall. Hunter, to whom she brought letters, came into the office to-day and asked me, as a special favor, to show her something of the country down here, and, as a matter of course, I could not refuse."

"And when is she coming?" inquired Mrs. Bell, faintly.

"To-morrow afternoon. Do not blame me; I could not help it."

And the following afternoon Mrs. Bell, protected by her husband, drove down to the station to meet the expected guest. The train had barely come to a standstill before a tall woman with a pair of glasses astride her nose, followed by a less formidable-looking one, flounced down the steps of the rear car and stalked towards Mr. Bell, who had advanced to meet her.

"Never in my life," she announced at the top of her voice, and before she had returned Mr. Bell's greeting, "have I ever heard or *seen* or *read* of such exorbitant car-fares! It's an extortion—a wicked, crying, infamous outrage! But so far as I have seen California, it's a fraud all through. How do you do, madam? Glad to meet you, I am sure. My daughter-in-law."

When Mrs. Pall and the daughter-in-law were established in the carriage to their satisfaction, Mrs. Bell, in order to divert her guest's mind from her wrongs of the S. P. R. R., ventured to ask what kind of weather she had left in town. Upon no more unfortunate subject could she possibly have lighted.

"Atrocious! Simply atrocious! Fog a mile thick! Wind blowing a hurricane!

Of all the overrated places I ever heard of, California takes—takes—"

"Takes the cake," suggested Fred, who had never yet been known to quail before man, woman, or child.

Mrs. Pall adjusted her glasses, gave him a terrible look, and then continued, without deigning to further notice the interruption: —"*takes the palm.* Your boasted climate, indeed! The worst climate it has ever, *ever* been my ill luck to find myself in. But I shall take good care to show it up in its true colors"—with awful meaning.

"You must not judge the climate of California by that of San Francisco," said Mrs. Bell, apologetically. "The city is only pleasant in winter. But surely you can find no fault with this."

Mrs. Pall glanced around at the sparkling atmosphere: "No," she admitted patronizingly, "this is a slight improvement. Is this your home? Very nice home, indeed, I am sure."

As they alighted, Mrs. Bell's little two-year-old girl came down the steps to meet them.

"Sensible baby, in a blue checked apron," commented Mrs. Pall. "What's its name? Ethel? Good old Saxon name. And this is your eldest daughter?" as Nora was presented. "What a little bit of a thing, to be sure. Like the way you wear your hair, however, straight back from your face: crimps and frizzes and bangs are abominations in the sight of all sensible people. I will go directly up to my room, if you please." Whereupon she ascended to the upper regions, escorted by Nora.

A few moments later dinner was announced, and Mrs. Pall once more appeared upon the scene.

"You have quite a view from the upper windows," she remarked, "but nothing to compare with any of ours. You have nothing in all California, indeed, to equal the scenery about the Hudson and of western Massachusetts."

"You have not been to Yosemite, I suppose," ventured Nora; "and the scenery of the Sierras is unique and very much admired."

"Did not see it, I am sure; and as for your show place, I doubt if it is worth the trouble of going to see. The trip is said to be a very fatiguing one. I went to Monterey the other day, another of your places about which there is so much newspaper talk, and of all the foggy, disagreeable places! It outrivaled San Francisco. The hotel does very well, but when you have said that, you have said all."

"I am afraid that you are altogether disappointed in your western trip," remarked her host politely.

"I should say I was," with flattering emphasis, "and have been from the day I started until the present moment. Those Pullman cars alone were enough to spoil the pleasure of an entire trip. And when I gave one of the conductors a piece of my mind regarding the fashion in which he managed things, he had the impertinence to ask who was runnin' this thing, he or I."

Mr. Bell repressed a smile. "Pullman conductors certainly do have things pretty much their own way; and the only thing to do, I am afraid, is to grin and bear it."

"That's not my style," replied his guest; and certainly, if first impressions are to be relied upon, it was not.

"I retire at ten o'clock," she continued, turning to Mrs. Bell, "and I am in the habit of taking a hot bath just before doing so. I hope you have no objections to keeping up the fire."

"None whatever," replied Mrs. Bell politely, "I will see that you have plenty of hot water."

"And at what time do you breakfast?"

"Any time between eight and ten."

"What! no regular breakfast hour? Well, I shall be down at eight. Nice home," she continued, as they left the dining-room; "but I dislike these inlaid floors; they are too cold, particularly in such a climate."

At ten o'clock the family followed Mrs. Pall's example, and went up-stairs for the night; but about fifteen miuutes later, Mrs. Bell burst into Nora's room with an expression of dismay on her usually placid face.

"Nora!" she exclaimed, "what do you

think? *What* do you think? I forgot to tell Ah Mow to keep up the fire; and I am afraid that there is no hot water. How could I have been so stupid! Do go and knock at the bath-room door and find out if everything is all right."

Nora opened her door, and went down the hall to the bath-room, which adjoined Mrs. Pall's sleeping room. Just before reaching the door, she heard the object of her solicitude speak forth in strident tones:

"Anna, what next am I to be called upon to endure? There is not a drop of hot water—*not a drop!* I shall certainly be ill to-morrow."

"Anna's" voice was heard on the other side of the partition endeavoring to soothe her mother-in-law. But to no effect.

"Never did I hear of such a thing; and when I especially requested it! This must be a beautifully regulated house!"

At this point Nora rapped at the door and inquired guilelessly, "Are you having your bath?"

"I am *trying* to," in awful tones.

"I hope you will succeed, I am sure," remarked Miss Bell inwardly, and then returned to her mother without awaiting explanations. That poor lady was in despair. "Shall I go and apologize?" she asked helplessly.

"Not a bit of it," replied her Spartan daughter; "go to bed, and do not get up any earlier than usual to-morrow, either. I will get up to breakfast with her, and then take her out for a drive. Leave her to me."

The next morning Nora opened her eyes at exactly eight o'clock. Scrambling into her clothes, she hurried down-stairs and found Mrs. Pall seated at the breakfast-table eating a pear.

"Well, so you are down at last!" was her reply to Nora's "Good morning."

"Of all the ill-regulated households I ever found myself in, this is the worst! The idea of having no regular breakfast hour, and lying in bed all day! *I* have been out for a walk, and as I got tired of waiting for any one to appear, I took the liberty of ordering my breakfast."

"I am very sorry," replied Miss Bell, politely; "but I overslept myself, and mother is an invalid, and never comes down to breakfast. Father went up to the city on the early train."

"But you are too young to lie in bed so late. You should get up at six o'clock."

Nora shuddered and changed the subject.

"Will not you have one of these peaches?" she asked after a few moments, pushing the fruit dish toward her guest.

"Thank you—no. I have been trying to eat a pear, but its tastelessness beggars description. Your fruit may be handsomer to look at than ours, but there is no comparison otherwise."

"I thought that the eastern fruit was worm-eaten occasionally," replied Miss Bell, taking up the cudgels in behalf of her native State—"especially your cherries and apples. Your strawberries, I know, are sweeter, and also your peaches; but I am not prepared to admit that you have any further advantage over us, unless, indeed, I except our Bartlett pears, which many consider flavorless."

"O, you are a native Californian; that is very evident," said Mrs. Pall, laughing good naturedly; "and will not admit that there is anything in your country to cavil at. But do you know that I did not have my bath last night? There was not a drop of hot water."

"No! Is it possible? What can Ah Mow have been thinking about? But the Chinese are so careless. It shall not happen again, however. I will threaten to discharge him if he forgets it to-night."

"O, never mind," replied Caroline, somewhat mollified, "I will take one to-night."

"You shall, indeed," thought Miss Bell; "you shall be scalded if I have anything to do with it"—but aloud, "Would you like to drive after breakfast?"

"Yes. I have come down here to see the country."

And during the rest of the forenoon she was driven about, condescending to admire some of the residences, ignoring others altogether, and denouncing others scathingly as "ginger-bread," at the same time comparing everything in general to similar objects

on the other side of the continent: to the advantage of which it is needless to say.

"Have you any clever women in San Francisco?" she demanded suddenly, as they were driving towards home.

"Well," said Nora, hesitatingly, "I believe we have a few who are not absolute idiots."

"Do not be flippant, my dear; there is nothing so repellant in the young as flippancy. But what I mean is, have you no truly remarkable women — women distinguished for their superior intellect, advanced veiws, etc.?"

"I believe that there is a Social Science Sisterhood, if that is what you mean; but I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with any of its members."

"Well, you are a young country yet, and not much can be expected of you. But your time will come to demand your rights and recognition of your equality with man."

But, to Nora's relief, Mrs. Pall followed that ominous subject no farther, and remarked instead: "Do you know that you are quite the most intelligent young woman I have ever met in California? You talk with much ease, and seem nearly as well informed as many of our eastern girls."

Nora was overwhelmed. She could make no reply. Caroline continued:

"I don't think, from what little I have seen of you, that you are as frivolous as most girls of your age. But I do not think that you are inclined to be strong-minded, nevertheless."

Nora by this time had revived. "I do not think that I am," she replied dryly. "But here we are at home. I hope you are not tired."

"Not particularly, and should not be at all so had I had my bath last night."

As soon as Mrs. Pall was safely deposited within her own room, Nora flew to the kitchen.

"Ah Mow," she exclaimed in tones which would have impressed a wooden image with the importance of her words, "keep that fire going until half-past ten o'clock to-night. Do not let it go down for an instant. Burn a ton of coal if necessary."

"All light, missee."

"You sure you understand?"

"Yes, missee; hottee alla same hell."

"Exactly."

Evidently the temperature was satisfactory, for the next afternoon, as Mrs. Pall was making her adieux, she remarked that she had had a charming bath the night before, and that, furthermore, although the country of the S. P. R. R. was nothing to what she had been led to expect, and although Mrs. Bell's household regulations were far below the standard, and her daughters the laziest young women she had ever met in her life; and although through carelessness she had been obliged to forego her bath on the night of her arrival, when she was fatigued to death from the jolting of those dreadful cars —still, upon the whole, she had enjoyed her visit extremely, and hoped to return the compliment some day in the East.

G. F. Atherton.

THE FESTIVAL OF LABOR.

THE Festival of Labor at the Familistère, in Guise, France, is celebrated annually in May, and the Festival of Childhood in September. The readers of the CALIFORNIAN will remember an account of the latter festival in the number for January, 1881, also a translation of M. Godin's address on the occasion. For those who have never heard anything about the Familistère, it may be well to say that it is a palatial home founded by M. Godin for his workmen. It stands surrounded by lovely grounds, through which winds the river Oise. It is large enough to accommodate two thousand people, contains a fine nursery, laundry, reading-rooms, library, café, restaurant, billiard

room, etc. The school proper and the theater are in extra buildings, of which there are a great many. The building is in three vast quadrangles, the two wings projecting beyond the central part, thus forming a large space or square. All three of the quadrangles are built around great glass-roofed courts overlooked by three tiers of wide galleries, upon which the various family apartments open.

The money that M. Godin put into this institution for his workmen amounted to several millions, and for over sixteen years he was the sole owner and proprietor. Now an association is formed, and the workmen are sharers in all the profits of the great iron works at Guise, and those of Belgium as well. Without any exaggeration, I believe that M. Godin has immortalized his name by his grand, unselfish course toward his workmen, and that to-day he stands before the world in the light of its greatest benefactor; for he has taught and is teaching by practical demonstrations what others try to do with words. People cannot understand why he should not keep control of his immense property and use all the proceeds for himself. Why does he not? Simply because his happiness depends upon doing good in the most effective and the only scientific way; that of putting honest, industrious people into the way of a higher life. Out from the miserably lighted thatched cots of France, Godin has called the rough, ignorant, hard-working men and women and their children; placed them in apartments in a palace flooded with light and aired by the most perfect ventilation in the world; given them schools, nurseries, baths, amusements, a theater of their own, good wages;—and for all these blessings they pay simply the rent of their apartments, which is about as much as the workman pays in Guise and other cities for his ordinary poor, inconvenient, crowded lodgings.

And what labor, what loving, Christ-like patience, has that man shown with the selfishness, envy, and suspicion of those poor people. Of course all these bad passions were natural, because they knew an employer only as a grasping, exacting master, whose sole idea was to use them for the wealth he could wring from their exhausting toil. And now God rewards that patience and that trust in the triumph of justice, by opening the hearts and minds of the people. They know now what manner of man he is, and some of them revere him beyond all other men on earth. In 1880, M. Godin had the satisfaction of seeing his people united with him in a carefully organized association, which should work well; for there is now coming on to the stage at the Familistère a young generation which has been educated wholly or in part in the fine schools of the institution.

The Festival of Labor of May, 1881, lasted three days, and included two grand balls in the central court (decorated as usual with flags and banners and escutcheons, wrought in evergreens and flowers, mottoes and devices like steam-engines with life-size automatons at work, the force being a hydraulic motor), games of many kinds, music, prizes of various kinds, etc.

The following is a very literal translation of M. Godin's address on the occasion:

"*Dear Co-laborers and Friends:* Faithful to the custom we have established, we find ourselves assembled on the first Sunday of May to render anew our homage to labor.

"The zeal you manifest in the organization of this festival proves the interest you have in it, and its importance in your eyes. Ah! how wise you are in thus honoring labor! How fortunate it would be if the whole world could follow your example, and if associative labor, honored and loved, could be accepted by all, not only as justice due to labor, but as the only medium of social order, and the emancipation of the laboring masses.

"But the time is not yet, though labor is slowly rising from the abased condition where centuries of ignorance have placed it: many still look upon it as a forced task, from which every one would like to be free. Others regard labor simply as a duty, being the means of individual and social progress. Few appreciate the divine *role* that labor

plays in the world—labor which entertains and nourishes society, and renders possible the progress of humanity. Each individual is too busy in satisfying his immediate personal wants to take into account the benefits that labor, organized in the spirit of justice and mutuality, may accord to all men. Here, as everywhere, we have seen dissatisfaction and distrust; but to-day association opens your hearts to the hope of a better future. Association has taught you already that labor should be the object of the highest honors. The dissatisfaction and distrust of the laborer is of course natural, for the past has shown him no guaranties of any kind, and the present still refuses them. After having had oppressors and masters in the past, to-day he has employers who speculate in the products of his labor.

"For you, my friends, the *regime* of exploitation no longer exists. An association, uniting your forces and your wishes, assures you plenty of work, and that work guarantees you its legitimate fruits. I see, therefore, and with great pleasure, confidence growing and strengthening among you. Your prospects are cheering for the future. Shelter, food, clothing, the education of your families, wise economies, medical aid and support during sickness, and freedom from care in old age, a fraternal society united by the sentiment of common interests, are all guaranteed to you, and cannot now fail except by the gravest errors on your part; for you are the masters of your future prosperity and of the happiness of your families. Never lose sight of the fact that the future of the Familistère Association depends upon its wise administration. For this your constitution and by-laws were necessary, and they were instituted in view of calling to that administration men of the greatest justice, intelligence, and ability—qualities indispensable to the future prosperity of your association. The indispensable rule of the association is the practice of justice. Every derogation of this rule must prove a cause of dissolution and ruin. To exact favors or privileges excites rivalries and dissension; therefore, those whom you place in the first rank must not only be the most capable, but also the most devoted to principle and the most just. Do not forget this lesson; keep in view in all your elections that the prosperity of the association depends upon those at the head of the enterprise. Let cool reason guide you in choosing all your committees and councils of direction. Never act from passion or intrigue. Learn how to distinguish the best and the most able among you, and give these your votes. And if it happen that abilities useful to your association present themselves from outside, give them your hand. Do not hesitate to receive them among you. [Here follow instructions relative to the election of certain officers about to take place, which will not be likely to interest the ordinary reader. Therefore they are omitted from this translation.]

"About the year 1820, in England, Robert Owen, a great industrial leader, endeavored to ameliorate the fate of the workmen in his employ. In a few years he effected remarkable results, which at the time became widely known. But he was not the sole owner of his establishment, and his associates were unwilling that he should put into practice his ideas of organization. Robert Owen then retired from the New Lanark establishment and went to America, where he attempted to found a new association; but those with whom he was associated were incapable or dishonest. The enterprise failed, but he published his doctrines, and his writings won disciples. Twenty-five years later, when Robert Owen and his ideas seemed to have been forgotten, a few working men in the city of Rochdale, Lancaster County, England, got together and organized themselves on the principles taught by Robert Owen. These men, twenty-eight in number, without any resource except their own faith, determining to realize an amelioration of the condition of working men, decided to found a co-operative enterprise. That enterprise is known to-day as 'The Society of the Equitable Pioneers of Rochdale.' Those working men were so poor that after twenty-two calls for a subscription of two pence a week they had not collected money enough to

purchase a sack of flour. But nothing discouraged them. Through their faith and by their untiring perseverance they succeeded in raising the sum of seven hundred francs; and with this meager sum they opened a little store in a street whose English name signifies the lane of toads [Toad Lane].

"But that little shop, opened by twenty-eight poor weavers, was managed by men of faith and courage, and despite the raillery and the *quodlibets* of the public, the 'co-operative store' grew, and in time did a flourishing business. It is now a large enterprise, with a capital of over seven million francs; and its example has led to similar enterprises in all parts of England.

"You see in this what twenty-eight poor working men can do, commencing with the humble assessment of two pence a week for the foundation of working capital. Their union gave them power to conquer all the difficulties of organizing and managing, as well as all foes from without. We shall soon publish in our weekly paper the interesting history of those brave working men.

"Our festival is honored to-day by the presence of my friend Mr. Edward Vansittart Neale, one of the noblest champions of co-operation in England. He has powerfully contributed to the development of co-operative enterprises, and to the abolition of legal shackles which would paralyze every society like that of Rochdale. He also has consecrated his time and his fortune to the cause of working men.

"I should have been happy could Mr. Neale have met here our common friend, M. Francisco Vigano, the defender and propagator of the principles of association in Italy, who came to visit the Familistère, and left only eight days ago.

"I have shown you, my friends, what can be done by the co-operation of a few devoted men. Permit me now to show you a picture of the results of ignorance and routine.

"Ireland, as you know, presents to-day the spectacle of an unhappy people, robbed of the soil, and condemned to the greatest misery. Not long ago, during one of the famines common in that country so favored by nature, but so cursed by the cupidity of man, a London society of the friends of Ireland decided to send succor to her starving people. A gentleman named Forster was delegated to carry a part of the fund raised to Bradford. On his arrival, he found the fishermen on the sea-shore reduced to the most frightful distress. They were forced to eat the sea-weeds, or die of starvation. Mr. Forster asked them why they ate such things when the sea offered them an abundance of fish. They answered, 'We cannot fish, for we have neither boats nor nets.' Thereupon, Mr. Forster, with all diligence, hastened to procure boats and nets for them. Offering them these outfits, he said, 'Now you have the means of gaining your bread. Go and take the fish, sell it, and buy whatever you need.'

"But they, comprehending nothing beyond the routine to which they were accustomed, answered, to the great astonishment of Mr. Forster, '*Who will pay us our wages?*'

"'Why, the fish that you will catch and sell will pay you,' replied their benefactor.

"'O, we are not going to fish unless we get pay for our work!' replied the wretched people.

"Mr. Forster then saw that in order to get them to work he must pay them wages, and this he agreed to do. Then they immediately went to work. The fish were abundant, sold rapidly, and at good prices. Everybody wanted fish; and Mr. Forster, after paying good wages to the fishermen, soon realized enough, not only to pay back the investment in boats and nets, but also a large profit. Thinking, then, that such results would open the eyes of the fishermen, he went to them again, laid the whole matter before them, renewed his offer of boats and nets, and urged them to unite and manage the fishing business in their own interest. But all his reasoning was in vain. The fishers refused. They could not understand any kind of industry except working for wages, agreed upon in advance.

"Such are the effects of ignorance and routine, which man must outgrow before he

can be in a condition to improve his condition by organized labor in association. We have no longer any difficulties of this kind to overcome. The boats and the nets which I have helped you to are equivalent to grand and superb ships. These are the great workshops of Guise, and of Laeken in Brussels, and the Familistère; and in your managers you have good pilots to lead them. Labor is organized, the association is accomplished, and you are enjoying the fruits of your industry. If there are among you co-operators who do not understand what we are doing, they at least comprehend that the association is profitable to them, and they follow those who do understand. May the most enlightened among you make every effort to spread the light in the minds of their comrades, so that together you may give to the world a grand example of power and of the blessings of labor associated in the interest of laborers. You have in your hands the grandest means for prosperity. With the faith and the unity of the pioneers of Rochdale, in twenty years you will have reimbursed all the capital invested, and become the veritable owners of the Familistère, the industries, and all the stock of the enterprise. The good will and the concord now manifest among you leads me to believe that before that time, even, you will be in full possession of the social capital. Consider the prospective happiness which this offers you and your families, and let your good will and your courage rise equal to the occasion."

Marie Howland.

WAGNER.

DIED IN VENICE, FEBRUARY 13TH, 1883.

THEIR faces veiled in grief, the muses bend
  Above thy couch of death. How cold and still
  Those lips of fire, that once the world could fill
With music, and the light of poesy lend
To misty themes of love and strife, and send
  With power of prophecy a deeper thrill
  To human hearts, and quicken human will
To higher aims of art and nobler end!

Great master, mighty singer, art thou mute?
  Thy harp unstrung? thy voice forever hushed,
  Whose music like the storm of battle rushed,
Or in soft, melting strains dropped heavenly fruit?
  Immortal! still thou compassest earth's sphere,
  Thy soul on music's wings still hovers here.

J. M. Sanders.

CORRESPONDENCE.—THE STUDY OF SHORT-HAND.

EDITOR OVERLAND,

Sir: Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle. That is the dictum of the writer of an article on "The Study of Short-hand," in the December number of the CALIFORNIAN AND OVERLAND MONTHLY, which has just come under my notice. In the first place, he says that to learn short-hand thoroughly is as difficult as to learn three European languages; and in the next place, when the art is acquired, it is of very little use to any but professional reporters. Such, in brief, is the conclusion at which the writer has arrived, and against which I desire to record an emphatic protest.

Dickens says, in his humorous and exaggerating style, that short-hand is as difficult to learn as six languages; but I suppose that no one ever took his statement seriously. Of course a great deal depends upon what is meant by learning short-hand. A mere knowledge of the alphabet, the principles of contraction, and the abbreviated words constitutes no one a short-hand writer, any more than a perfect acquaintance with musical rules and symbols constitutes the person who possesses it a musician. The most intimate knowledge of the mysteries of harmony and counterpoint will not impart the ability to sing a song or play an instrument skillfully; and a student of Mr. Pitman's "Manual" and "Reporters' Companion" may know those books by heart, and yet be unable to report the slowest speaker that ever addressed an audience. Long and diligent practice in both cases is required to attain the needful manipulative dexterity. That is generally admitted; but to say that a fair amount of short-hand skill, that will enable the student both to write fluently and read his notes easily, requires as much study and practice as is necessary to acquire a corresponding familiarity with three foreign languages, is to my mind a great exaggeration. I quite admit that many persons take up the study without counting the cost. They listen, perhaps, to a lecture on the subject, and are charmed with the ease with which the little illustrative words are written, little thinking of what is behind and beyond They purchase an elementary treatise, learn the alphabet, get through a few exercises, and at the first difficulty take fright and give up the task. Or, they go farther and master the elements of the system, and then set about learning and practising the reporting abbreviations. They may even acquire a certain amount of facility in writing, but not being content with anything short of extreme proficiency, and being unwilling to expend the necessary labor in its acquisition, they relinquish the effort entirely. I know all this only too well, having taught hundreds of pupils, who at one stage or other of their progress have fallen out of the ranks. But how about Latin and Greek and French and German? how about music? how about any study or accomplishment that may be named? Of the vast number of persons who learn some dead or living language, how many pursue the study sufficiently to enable them to read a book, much less to carry on a conversation in it? I suppose not one in ten. And this result is due not so much to the extreme difficulty of the study, as to natural indolence, to a shrinking from some unforeseen difficulty, or to a fading interest in the pursuit. Short-hand is no exception to the general rule. The number of those who thoroughly master it will always bear but a small proportion to those who begin the study, unless, indeed, it is taught as it should be, in school, as a necessary branch of education, and comes into use for the every-day purposes of life. It is often said, and not without truth, with regard to the classical languages, that even if they are dropped from the very day that the boy leaves school, the mental discipline involved in their study has been worth all the labor bestowed. The writer to whom I have al-

luded denies that anything of this kind can be said for the study and practice of short-hand. It can be pursued, he says, by people without brains—a statement that is a little inconsistent with the idea of its being as difficult as three languages—and no earthly good can come of the process of acquisition.

Such an allegation implies an entire forgetfulness of what that process really is. Let us see what the student of phonography has to acquire, and how he accomplishes the task. (I take phonography as an illustration, because I am more familiar with it than with any other system, and because phonography and short-hand are nowadays almost convertible terms.)

At the very outset he has brought before him what, in all probability, he has never thought of previously, an analysis of the sounds of his language. One of the disadvantages of the common spelling is that it conveys no accurate idea of the sounds of words and their relation to each other; and the result is, that most persons, however easily they can read and write, have very imperfect and confused ideas on a subject which ought to be an elementary part of education. The very first exercise of the phonographic student is a useful lesson in phonetics. The sounds of the language are, so to say, marshaled before him in scientific order, and their correlation is impressed upon his mind by the very forms of the short-hand alphabet. I am sure that the knowledge thus acquired comes upon many a phonographer as a revelation: it certainly did so in my own case. It opens up, too, a field of thought and research that can hardly fail to interest any intelligent mind; and even if the field is not of set purpose traversed or explored, the student insensibly and necessarily acquires an amount of elementary knowledge on the subject, which is a valuable addition to his intellectual attainments. Even this, which is but an incidental advantage in the study of phonography, involves something of the mental discipline which the writer in the CALIFORNIAN says is associated with other studies, but is not to be had in connection with the acquisition of short-hand.

Then, surely, it is a distinct benefit to the student to have his eye and hand trained to accuracy, and even beauty of form. Where phonography is properly taught, the learner is instructed to write the characters with great care and precision; and as he advances he discovers the absolute necessity of making more or less minute distinctions, which to an untrained hand would be almost impossible. The ability can only be acquired by close attention and diligent practice; and to suppose that this implies no mental discipline is assuredly a misapprehension. The memory, too, and other mental faculties, are certainly called into exercise in learning the numerous rules, abbreviations, and lists of contracted words and phrases with which the system abounds. I say advisedly "other mental faculties," because it is not a mere matter of memory and manual dexterity. The great variety of outlines which is possible in phonography for some words makes a demand upon the judgment of the writer, founded, of course, on experience, in selecting the most facile forms, and watchfulness in avoiding the pitfalls which will always beset the unwary writer. Can it then be said with any show of reason that the study "makes the least draft upon the mental resources of all studies in the world"? Clearly not.

I have hitherto dealt only with the early efforts of the phonographer in learning the system: let us follow him in his subsequent practice to increase his speed in writing and his facility in reading. To accomplish this object he must write a great deal from dictation, and if he has any desire for self-improvement he will naturally select for his practice something that will be instructive as well as interesting. He must also frequently read his notes, and thus go over the same ground a second time; and it is hardly likely that he can both read and write the contents of a book without assimilating them to some extent with his intellectual life. If he fails to do so, it is a proof that he has been practicing carelessly as well as unintelligently.

The effort required to read abbreviated short-hand notes, especially if they are not very carefully written, is in itself a discipline. The reader has to see that the words make sense, to divide the sentences properly, and to study the context for an interpretation of doubtful symbols; and all this is a useful lesson in composition.

Still more is this the case when he tries his hand at actual reporting: writing not from dictation, but from public speeches. If he does this with judgment, the mental exercise involved is invaluable. The note-taking itself is no trifling matter, and requires careful training. Almost all the senses are called into active exercise, and the general perception is sharpened by practice. The hearing becomes more acute, and the attention must be close and sustained. The writer must listen to one set of words while he is actually writing another; and if he would avoid absurd mistakes, must attend to the general drift of the discourse, as well as to the phraseology employed. But in the work of transcription there is a still stronger demand upon the intellectual faculties. If the speaking is simple, straightforward, and accurate, it is comparatively easy; but if the style is obscure or involved, and the subject technical or otherwise difficult, the task of rendering the notes into good readable English is one that must always be attended with considerable mental exertion. This is wholly inconsistent with the assumption of the article I have cited, and it ought not to have escaped the notice of the writer. Singularly enough, he makes no allusion whatever to it. He speaks of the work, indeed, as one requiring "long years of incessant toil," but would lead his readers to infer that it is mechanical toil merely, attended with no mental cultivation. I know well enough that the work is often undertaken by ignorant and incompetent persons; but in that case it is always badly done, notwithstanding the training that has been gone through. I assume, however, as I have a right to assume, that a reasonable amount of intelligence and industry, and a fair substratum of general knowledge, are brought to bear upon the study and practice of short-hand; and with these conditions, I venture to assert with confidence that the training required, first in acquisition and then in the actual practice of the art, is of high educational value.

The second postulate of the article in the CALIFORNIAN—that short-hand, when acquired, is of little or no use to any but professional reporters—is as inaccurate as the first. Apart from the discipline involved in the acquirement of the art of short-hand, to which I have alluded at some length, the practical uses to which it can be applied are so numerous, and have been so often pointed out, that I am surprised they should be overlooked. The advantages of short-hand to a student who attends lectures, or wishes to make long extracts from books, are obvious. I have known many young men who have largely profited by the writing facility which phonography has given them. Every one who has much writing to do to be read by himself would find the acquisition invaluable. Many clergymen write their sermons in short-hand, and thereby save many hours every week. The vast amount of business correspondence carried on by short-hand clerks, writing from the dictation of their principals, whose time is thus largely economized, is in itself a sufficient contradiction of the statement that short-hand is of little use except to professional reporters.

Before leaving the subject, I wish to correct the exaggerated estimate of the CALIFORNIAN writer of the labor attending the study of short-hand. He describes it as "a tremendous and tedious task," which can only be accomplished by "obstinate perseverance in distasteful drudgery." That the labor is sometimes underestimated is no valid reason for offering such a discouraging prospect to the short-hand student. The task is neither tremendous nor tedious; it requires a good deal of application, but not more than a hundred other subjects which are daily and hourly pursued; and it can only be distasteful to those who are by nature indolent, or have some idiosyncrasy which renders all writing irksome.

There are one or two other misapprehen-

sions which must not be left altogether unnoticed. The writer, describing the work of the practical stenographer, says that he must "be able to decipher with a mere glance thousands of outlines differing very slightly in appearance, and at least half of which may stand for any one of about thirty different words." The writer does not tell us what system he himself writes; but if the foregoing statement is made from his own personal experience, I can quite understand his estimate of the "tremendous" and "tedious" character of the work which the short-hand writer has before him; and am not surprised to read, farther on, that "until you can read by the context, your reading will always be too slow as well as too unreliable." I pity the unfortunate transcriber who has for half of his short-hand characters to make a selection from thirty possible renderings. A cuneiform inscription is nothing to a page of short-hand notes of so indefinite a character.

Valuable and even necessary as the context often is in deciphering notes, an exaggerated statement like that which I have quoted, as to the dependence of the reader upon it, is wholly misleading. I admit that, in some of the *fac-simile* specimens of short-hand notes which I have seen in Browne's "Phonographic Monthly," the characters are so badly written as to be almost illegible with or without the aid of the context; they are at best a caricature upon phonography, and would puzzle a Champollion or a Wilkinson to decipher. Fairly written, phonography may be read with comparatively little aid from the context, and I have sometimes seen notes so accurately written that they could be almost read backward.

Another illustration of the writer's exaggerating tendencies is to be found in his allusion to the reporters employed at the great trial of Tilton *v.* Beecher. They were about seventy in number; but none of them, it seems, could keep pace with an Englishman who wrote Gurney's system, and who "scribbled like a perfect demon, running often to two hundred and fifty words a minute for several minutes." As the statement carries with it its own contradiction, I will say nothing further about it.

The only insight which the writer gives us of the style of short-hand he employs is his statement that he has "discarded all vowels, especially all use of position, which is a useless nuisance; . . . . nearly all phrase-writing; all use of 'the,' 'of,' 'a,' 'and,' etc.; and all such terminations as 'ing,' etc.; all attempts to make everything the exact length, breadth, curve, etc." To say nothing of the three "et ceteras," which may include anything, one can quite understand the astounding results that might follow from the employment of a style of short-hand of this *al fresco* and *dégagé* character. The writer says that after two or three months of this change of practice the legibility was as great as ever. Probably. I remember being once gravely told by a reporter that he never wrote a vowel, and always omitted *con*, *ing*, etc. "Are you serious?" I asked. "Perfectly." "Then kindly tell me how you would write the word 'conveying.'" With this inquiry I take leave of the OVERLAND.

T. A. Reed.

BATH, ENGLAND.

EDITOR OVERLAND.

Sir: The article on "The Study of Short-hand," in the December number of the CALIFORNIAN, cannot be accepted as satisfactory. There is, perhaps, among our *literati* of the present day an evidence of too strong a temptation to say a thing well, rather than to say it truthfully, and to feel that, if the facts do not always justify a well-turned period, "so much the worse for the facts."

The desirableness of a right impression on the minds of learners would seem a sufficient excuse for a restatement of the case from the standpoint of actual experience, being guided by the general tenor of evidence from those whose business as teachers, and

whose notation of many individual cases best qualify for judgment in the matter.

I cannot accept the conclusion to which the writer of the article evidently comes—that authors and teachers of short-hand are unfit to give any advice on the subject to which they have given their best efforts, and into which they have delved most deeply. The gentleman would scarcely think of barring out, as incompetent in their special lines, authors of text-books on anatomy, mathematics, or history, simply because they are authors; but their authorship would be taken as *prima facie* evidence of their fitness to advise most intelligently in reference to those subjects.

I pass over, as conveying no definite idea whatever to the average mind, the interjected statement that "any fair penman can write in long-hand thirty words a minute, and can read the same 'when cold' at the rate of two hundred words a minute, and even much faster. Here is an average of two minutes' work spent in using two hundred and thirty words, supposing no further use be made of them." I come, then, to the assertion that "short-hand involves no mental discipline." Can it be that our ideas of what constitutes mental discipline have been so far erroneous? Does not mental discipline result from great rapidity of thought, thorough study of grammatical relations, the collocation of words and sentences, and the sequence of ideas? Then, surely, our educators must have been laboring under a great delusion in urging the mental discipline afforded by the study of the dead languages, as the chief excuse for retaining that study in their college curriculums. Then all previous writers on phonetic short-hand with whom I have a reading acquaintance must have been radically mistaken in their estimate of the mental benefits accruing from the prosecution of this art. And if to "learn it requires little more brains than setting type," then can the most rapid mental operations be carried on by the stupid as well as the quick-witted. This writer says: "The learning of short-hand of any kind involves only drudgery, pure and simple." This sentence might be amended in the interest of truth to say, "The learning of short-hand of any kind involves drudgery." His statement, virtually, that "a speed of one hundred and twenty words per minute is a work of years," will not be indorsed by any practical teachers. It is true that the systematic presentation and prosecution of the study has not been well understood until within a few years past, but late experience indicates that the above estimate is very wide of the mark.

He says: "One hour a day for five years is infinitely better than five hours a day for one year." This is emphatically the most unreliable statement in the whole article; and I am almost constrained to think the types have "put words into his mouth," and reversed his original assertion. It is alike repugnant to reason and experience. Given a lesson to be learned, which requires ten daily repetitions for its acquirement: does anybody believe that that lesson will be memorized more thoroughly by placing the repetitions one week or one month apart, instead of a day? The learning of short-hand is largely a matter of memory, and it is a matter of repeating forms so many times, and the oftener that repetition occurs, consistent with mental freshness and vigor, the more thorough will be the impression produced. A little reflection will convince any one that this is universally true in all matters of memory.

The assertion that "no system of short-hand can materially shorten the labor of learning" is of a piece with the one just quoted. He may as well tell us that, as aids in the acquisition of any art, complexity vies with simplicity, incongruity with analogy, and confusion with order. To supplement this assertion, let him now tell us that brief long-hand is just as capable as phonography, and that Chinese literature, which is hieroglyphic, is as easy of acquisition as Spanish, with its phonetic orthography. But what shall be said of the statement that "all new systems in vogue are new systems just as the Roman alphabet with *a* turned

upside down, *c* with a tail attached, etc., would be a new alphabet." Either that he is uncandid enough to express an adverse opinion concerning systems with which he is not acquainted, or that his article was penned in short-hand, which, he says, "fairly runs away with thought—snatches it hot and sizzling from the furnace, and strikes it into shape before it has time to cool. Anything thus composed will require revision and correction."

To illustrate his idea that the system makes no difference as to the efficiency of the writer, he instances Mr. Bonynge of New York, who writes Gurney's stenography. But he inadvertently admits that "he scribbled like a perfect demon," and it is certain that it would require a "perfect demon," or at least a phenomenal writer, to succeed with such a perverse system. He describes the Englishman's writing as "like a dilapidated picket fence." Any rapidly written short-hand would appear so to the common eye, and his whole description of the stenographer's notes is just what one would expect to hear from a person entirely unskilled in short-hand, who first observes a page of any reporter's fast notes. "There was not a vowel sound to be found in pages, and there was little phrase-writing," which would be equally true of a phonographer's notes. He could read his notes rapidly, but this writer afterwards found that "nearly all the best reporters did very much the same thing." From these reporters he "learned some important things." If he would define what he means by "niceties," it would be more practical, and would teach the unwary learner what to take, and what to leave behind. The fourth thing he learned was that "one can best make one's own abbreviations." Really, this is calling upon the bird to fly before his wings have passed beyond the state of pin-feathers (for he is telling things important to the learner); he is calling upon the child to walk before he can creep—in short, is asking the mere pupil to exercise a power that is gained only by long experience—the devising of a system of contractions that will not conflict—one of the most valuable and indispensable features of a good system.

He has also given currency to the hackneyed remark of newspaper writers unfamiliar with short-hand, that "it will often make sad havoc with his long-hand [spelling]." This is just as credible as that the study of arithmetic will make sad havoc with the study of grammar, or that skating will make sad havoc with the ability to swim; for there is as much connection or dependence in the one case as in the other. If you find any one laying his bad spelling to his knowledge of short-hand, it will be a safe venture that he had floundered over many a hard word before short-hand tripped him up.

Here is a wild statement: "You must be able to decipher thousands of outlines, differing only very slightly in appearance, at least half of which [say one thousand] each stand for any one of about thirty different words" [that is, thirty thousand words represented by one thousand outlines].

This writer has said some good things, and it is only to be regretted that much recklessness of statement detracts from the good effect of a serious and candid assertion. It only remains to recapitulate.

We agree with the writer that—

1. Short-hand is not likely to be superseded by machinery.

2. An ordinary degree of proficiency is comparatively worthless, and that, generally speaking, it will pay only the professional reporter for the labor and time required to learn it, and retain it, (though this writer checkmates his own statement afterwards, when he forgets himself and says, that "it is a grand thing for the lawyer, the editor, and the author, and all who do much writing to be read by themselves").

3. The reading of short-hand requires as much practice as the writing of it, or more. But how can this be done, if you "raise your speed from seventy to one hundred and fifty words a minute, *writing upon one spot of paper*"?

4. The reporting style of short-hand is not fitted to supersede long-hand. A system may yet be produced that will be capable of

doing so. I see no reason why a system one-half or one-third as long as long-hand, just as legible, and with greater facility of acquirement, cannot be invented.

5. It is certainly a great aid to composition, and a quickener of thought when thoroughly familiarized.

6. The context furnishes the means of correct reading.

7. It is important to waste no time on the "corresponding style," but go at once to the reporting style.

I disagree with the writer as follows:

8. Authors of systems are not necessarily unreliable advisers on the subject of short-hand; which he virtually admits, for he says that one system is as good as another, and he certainly is not prepared to say that no system is good. A good system can materially shorten the labor of acquirement, and increase the ease of retaining short-hand, just as surely as a language represented by a phonetic alphabet is more easily acquired than a language in the hieroglyphic stage. And other things being equal, a writer can do more work and better work with a system which is simple, scientific, and practical than with its opposite, and to deny this is to dispute a truism; and to determine which is best, systems must rest on their own merits, regardless of who made them, or where they came from. We are thankfully past the age of receiving opinions on authority. So the work is not the "same, whether the words be built up of arbitrary signs for the letters, as in stenography proper, or of arbitrary signs for the sounds, as in phonography," but very much less in the latter case. All short-hand cats may be gray in the twilight, but in the light of clear conception some will be found much brighter colored than others. Indeed, we can safely leave the writer to refute himself on this point, for he says in another place: "Do not waste any time on the 'corresponding style,' but go at once to the simplest outline by which a word can be made out," which is admitting that there may be an advantage in the system, some systems excelling in this particular respect.

9. It does involve mental discipline of the most valuable character, requiring, as it does, the most rapid thinking on the spur of the moment, and the most thorough knowledge of the language in which the reporting is done. To hope for first-class results, one must be naturally bright of intellect, and of a good verbal memory. The memory of sight must be good, for good spellers in the ordinary Roman alphabet will be found to be ready readers of short-hand. The study requires drudgery, but something else besides, and the drudgery will not appear very irksome, unless, like the discontented pendulum, one is always thinking about it.

10. One hundred and twenty words a minute can be reached in a year by a person fit for the profession of short-hand, with two hours each day, rightly used; and much sooner if more time is devoted to it under a good teacher. It will always pay well to employ a good teacher, and push the acquirement of the art to a conclusion with earnest effort. The marked advance attainable in this way will go far toward neutralizing any feeling of irksomeness, and will tend to keep the mind at the pitch of enthusiasm through the most difficult portions of the study. Do not fritter away time and effort in "practicing one hour a day for five years," losing much that is gained by such a dilatory process, but let each feature recur before it shall have faded from the memory. Thus catch and stereotype the art in the least possible time, and fortify the mind with the best safeguard against despondency—the knowledge that you *can* do something. Reporters are generally employed in some special line of business, and require to be very fast only in that particular line. Speed in other lines of reporting than that engaged in would be of no use, for it would soon be lost. Speed can only be kept up in any line of reporting by constant practice in that line. A law reporter is not necessarily a good lecture reporter, or a sermon reporter a good business amanuensis, or either of these for the other.

11. An "old stubbed pencil, which is

never sharpened," is of no special advantage in writing short-hand.

12. A learner is totally unfit to "make his own abbreviations," and should avoid the fatal mistake of attempting it.

13. It is not safe to "discard all vowels, or all use of position," unless a new system be invented which is independent of such aids, and which will probably be geometrically much longer than the best systems in use.

14. It is not safe to omit "*the, of, a, and, ing,* etc."

15. Do not wait to know your own character before you begin the study of short-hand, because you may not be a good judge of your character until after you have attempted it; and should you fail, the experience will be of earthly and heavenly benefit, in freeing you of some conceit. But the advice of a good reader of character might be valuable.

Roscoe L. Eames.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Johns Hopkins University is now publishing a series of monographs on American Institutional History, as an experiment in encouraging co-operation in research throughout the country. Colleges, journals, and local societies are to be the sources from which valuable papers will be taken to add to the series. The six already selected for the series (noted in our review columns of this issue) are all Johns Hopkins papers, (including Mr. Freeman's introductory one, which was the result of his visit to the University); but the hope is, that other colleges, societies, and even isolated students, will fall in after the series has thus been started. The idea is to have local institutional history studied *on the ground* in as many different parts of the country as possible, thus bringing, "upon the sound economic principles of division of labor and scientific co-operation," a rich mass of data into the hands of students, upon which to found an intelligent comprehension of national history. Of course the fundamental theory is that the individual community is the integer, of which the nation is a complex, not a fraction of which the nation is the integer; and that national history only becomes intelligible through local. There can be no rational dissent from this doctrine, and the whole field of study it opens up is of fascinating interest; but our present purpose is to comment not on the special historical object of the series, but on the more general, indirect object—its tendency to help on the habit of student co-operation.

With regard to this, the most interesting thing in the two numbers already issued is the appendix on "Co-operation in University Work" (by Dr. Herbert Adams, the editor of the series), that closes the second. He calls attention to "that curious system of intercollegiate exchange which has developed so rapidly of late in America." In this system he finds one of the most encouraging signs of the times, in its tendency to cordial relations and mutual help among the institutions of learning of the country.

Two paragraphs from the many illustrations he gives of this system are of local interest to Californians:

"There is nothing in the wanderings of peoples or in the history of the *Errantes Scholares* of the Middle Ages which rivals the migrations of the modern scholar. In 1875, the year President Gilman came eastward to Baltimore from the University of California, whither he had been called in 1872 from a professorship in Yale College, a student who that year graduated from Berkeley came eastward by the advice of his teachers, and wandered, like a veritable *fahrender Schüler,* from one institution to another until he reached the University of Leipzig, upon the historic border between the Teuton and the Slave. At the same time, the newly appointed President of the Johns Hopkins University was wandering over Europe, visiting the chief educational institutions of Germany, France, and England, with a view to the transmigration of ideas from the Old World to the New. In 1876 the American student . . . . returned to his native land to enter upon a philosophical fellowship at the new university, the president of which had been inaugurated . . . . on the 22nd of February of that year. . . . . The Californian student, who had been schooled in German universities for one year, studied for two more years at the Johns Hopkins University, and then took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy with this significant thesis, 'The Interdependence of the Principles of Human Knowledge.' He was then called across the continent to his Alma Mater, to become an assistant professor in literature and philosophy. From that frontier-post, his contributions to the 'Californian,' the 'Berkeley Quarterly,' and the 'Journal of Speculative Philosphy' came migrating eastward. 'Mind-stuff' and other 'Realities' pushed across the sea, marched into England from the West, and effected a certain intellectual conquest, ... by publication in a very special philosophical journal known as 'The Mind.' . . . . And now

Dr. Royce himself has again migrated eastward, having been invited to a position as lecturer upon philosophy in Harvard College, as substitute for Professor James, who has again wandered to Europe.

"At the same time Dr. Royce was returning eastward, Dr. Stringham, a graduate of Harvard College, and afterward a fellow of the Johns Hopkins University, then traveling fellow of Harvard, was returning westward from the University of Leipzig to his old home in Kansas, to push on thence to his new western home in the University of California, where he has accepted a professorship in mathematics. And now a student from California, bearing letters from the faculty of the institution at Berkeley, has come eastward to Baltimore, leaving an associate editorship of the San Francisco 'Bulletin,' for the sake of discovering for himself an old world of science. . . . . A student from Professor Howard's Seminary in Nebraska has also come eastward to continue his western studies. He represents, moreover, a comity of scientific associations first established at German universities between his American instructors. And with the student from Nebraska comes a regent of the Nebraska University, a graduate of Amherst College, who, although a man of middle age, has entered the same seminarium with his western *protegé*."

Elsewhere:

"The career of Mr. Cook well illustrates the way in which modern science is conveyed in personal forms from one country or one university-center to another. Graduating from Rutgers College in 1872, he taught and studied for a few years in this country, and then went to Göttingen, afterward to Leipzig. In 1879 he was called to Baltimore to teach early English, of which, in America and in Germany, he had made a specialty. In 1881 he went to England to study with Professor Sweet; then back again to Germany, where at Jena, in the summer of 1882, he took his Doctor of Philosophy, with a thesis on the Northumbrian Dialect, approved by Professor Sievers. It is probable that his previous university connections with Baltimore, together with other influences proceeding from English and German experience, had some bearing upon his immediate call to a professorship in the University of California. Thus from the region of Saxe-Weimar, or, as Freeman says, 'that make-believe Saxony which is really Slavonic,' a knowledge of early English was borne across real Saxon land, across the ocean, across a continent, to the most remote home of the English people; a home which Charles Kingsley called 'a New World beyond a New World.' . . . . It is interesting to see scientific *Markgrafen* like Cook and Sievers stationed upon the modern borders."

THE co-operation of scholars and of schools, illustrated by these and numerous other instances of less local interest, is a very good thing for the strong and flourishing schools, in keeping them supplied with material; but it is more than a good thing for the weak, outlying stations and the communities surrounding them. A community like our own, where the claims of the intellectual life are represented by but few, among a population in part indifferent and in part hostile; where every man counts, and whatever intellectual stores he can bring with him count; where the sense of working against odds has produced a lamentable habit of despondency among those working in all branches of intellectual effort;—such a community cannot but receive the greatest benefit from anything that increases either the consciousness or the fact of solidarity with those engaged in similar effort elsewhere. As a mere matter of feeling, it is worth a good deal to have the pessimism of him whom circumstance is against, tempered by the optimism of him whom circumstance is with. The consciousness of lookers-on who are on one's side is an actual force; it is said that in the Harvard-Yale base-ball games, success is so sure to Yale at New Haven, and to Harvard at Cambridge, that the only decisive games are played half-way between, at New London. But besides this moral effect of co-operation, there is much definite service that comes constantly from the stronger party to the weaker in any co-operative bond. Moreover, our largest and most vigorous American centers of intellectual co-operation are now in relations of mutual helpfulness with the European; thus drawing the remotest member of an American system into vital connection with the whole world's work. The pamphlets that have served as our text are an effort toward this result in the one matter of institutional history; but we have dwelt thus long on it as an illustration of a principle that may as well be applied in many other directions. The principle, observe, is to use the great universities, like that at Baltimore, as receiving and distributing points, so to speak; while local colleges, journals, and societies form the media by which the research of individuals, however isolated, may reach these depots, and be put into the common intellectual stock of the world —in which they, at the same time, in return, becomes sharers, as indicated in Dr. Adams's closing paragraph:

"By organized co-operative effort, American students can establish organic relations with European universities, Old World societies, foreign magazines of a special character, scientific appliances for publication, both in this country and in Europe—in fact, with the whole complex of modern science, into which no individual student can possibly find his way without scientific associations."

THE following rather droll burlesque of our national methods is clipped from the official report of a recent meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Alameda County:

Mr. Keyes offered a resolution declaring the position of bridge tender, held by Edward La Perle, vacant.

MR. KEYES.—I move that the resolution be adopted.

MR. JENSEN.—I second the motion.

Mr. Hanifin said that Mr. La Perle was a good and faithful man, and wanted to know the reason for introducing such a resolution.

MR. KEYES.—I don't think it necessary to prefer any charge. Whenever a party gets into power they try to reward their friends. I have friends to whom I am indebted, and I offer this resolution.

Mr. Hanifin did not think the party question should be raised in the board.

MR. KEYES.—We are here in the interest of the people. If we can put as good a man in the place of the present incumbent, we are bound to do so.

The resolution was adopted by the following vote: Ayes—Jensen, Fallon, Keyes, and Dusterberry. Noes—Bailey, Molloy, and Hanifin.

MR. FALLON.—I move that the position of night watchman of the Hall of Records, now held by Mr. Malone, be declared vacant.

MR. HANIFIN.—George E. Malone, the present incumbent, was unfortunate enough to meet with an accident on July 4th, while firing a cannon. I am surprised at the action of Mr. Fallon. He knows the young man and his father very well.

MR. FALLON.—I offer the resolution to put just as good a man in his place. I have nothing derogatory to say about Mr. Malone. Mr. Hanifin sticks to his friends, and of course does not wish them to be interfered with.

Mr. Hanifin said he had never favored the removal of any one on the ground of politics since he had been in the board.

Mr. Fallon said that the men who held the positions suited Mr. Hanifin. Since Mr. Hanifin had been in the board the offices were controlled by Republicans, and Mr. Hanifin had no occasion to remove on account of politics.

The resolution was adopted by the following vote: Ayes—Fallon, Jensen, Keyes, and Dusterberry. Noes—Bailey, Hanifin, and Molloy.

Mr. Fallon moved that Edward Cassidy be appointed night watchman of the Hall of Records.

The motion was carried.

MR. KEYES.—I move that John McFadden be appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Mr. La Perle.

MR. FALLON.—I second the motion.

The motion was carried.

Mr. Keyes offered a resolution declaring vacant the position of Court-house gardener, held by George Simmonds.

The resolution was adopted by the following vote: Ayes—Fallon, Jensen, Keyes, and Dusterberry. Noes—Bailey, Hanifin, and Molloy.

The Theaters.

A NEW era of prosperity seems to have dawned upon the theaters. For more than three years they have struggled against failure. The pressure of hard times fell heavily upon them. One after another their managers retired, disheartened and in debt. But now, when a revival of our ancient business prosperity is everywhere visible, a similar reaction has enormously increased the patronage of theaters. It is true the strange spectacle is presented of the three leading theaters of San Francisco either in the hands of New York managers, or depending for their success upon the attractiveness of New York companies; but the public will hardly grumble at this, so long as it results in a rivalry which bids fair to keep a fresh and varied supply of amusements before the public for some time to come. At the California the new year opened appropriately for the holiday season with a revival of "Michael Strogoff." Though played for weeks last year, this judicious mixture of melodrama, spectacle, and low comedy has not lost its hold on the public; and in spite of a decided inferiority in the performance of the rival correspondents, the excellent mounting of the piece, the gymnastic vagaries of the Girards, the surprising gracefulness of Ariel, all had their reward. At the Baldwin a great success has been made by the Madison Square Company in Mrs. Burnett's "Esmeralda." It is a piece that cheers, but does not inebriate. People who ordinarily shun theaters (though their number is smaller, we fancy, here than at the East) may see it with impunity. It is the simple, domestic tale of a country girl and her North Carolina lover, finally triumphant over an ambitious mother and a French marquis. There are many human touches in it, and the pathos is never strained, but is always quickly relieved by some bit of humor, which keeps the whole in a sufficiently low key. The performance was evenly good throughout, though the simple artlessness of Esmeralda was conspicuously artful. The management seems to have attributed some importance to the fact that the change from the first to the second act was effected in "just forty seconds." As a piece of scene-shifting, the change was no doubt creditable; but from an artistic point of view, nothing could well have been more out of place. At the end of the first act we are face to face with the occupants of a North Carolina farmhouse, and at the opening of the second we are shown the same people transformed and Frenchified in a Parisian studio. The imagination requires all the usual interval between acts to accommodate itself to such a change, instead of having the time shortened to "just forty seconds." But the most notable theatrical event that San Francisco has witnessed for several years was the recent appearance at the California of Franziska Ellmenreich in English. Here we have an actress of first magnitude, enriched with the training and experience of the German stage, who has the courage to appear in English for the first time, and

yet proves from the outset that nothing but time is necessary to give her one of the highest positions on the English-speaking stage. Her difficulties are chiefly those of false intonation, appearing often in the simplest sentences, and giving a *bizarre* air to the most natural questions. One soon forgets this, however, in the dignity and grandeur of her declamation in parts of "Mary Stuart," as well as in the intensity of unstrained natural feeling which she displayed in "Camille." She is greatly aided by an exceedingly mobile and expressive countenance; and there is certainly no actress in America who can approach her in her command of the finest plastic effects of the human figure. It was a lesson in sculpture as well as in drama to watch her move about the stage. As an English actress, when her present errors of false pronunciation and grotesque inflection shall have been overcome, Madam Ellmenreich has a great future, and the American public will not be slow in giving their applause.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Memoir of Ole Bull.[1]

THIS volume is a tribute of admiration and affection, and therefore eulogistic rather than critical. It is a successful attempt to tell the most interesting incidents in the life of a great violinist, who was known over Europe and America for a period of nearly half a century before his death.

Like all who have achieved eminent successes as musicians, he gave evidence of his inclinations at a very early age. When he was five years old a musical uncle gave him a violin, and, "to the surprise of the family, he played well on it from the first, though he had received no instruction." At eight years old he was asked to take the place of an absent member in a musical quartette, and playing, to the astonishment of all, each movement correctly, he had made "his first triumph with all its train of consequences." At ten he could play what his teacher could not. His father intended him for the career of a clergyman, and with that view sent him, at the age of eighteen, to the university in Christiana. But his genius was not so inclined. His stay at the university must have been short, though we are not told the direct occasion of his quitting his studies and the severance of all his ties with home; but we are at once made acquainted with his lonely and severe struggles, and the great difficulties which he had to overcome during a period of seven years, which passed before he saw again his native Norway. Then he had gained fame in capitals of Europe, and his future was assured.

He played always from within, and not from without. His genius could not be confined in the straight-jackets of mechanical rules. Early in life he was "fond of composing original melodies, and in these he took especial pains to imitate the voices of nature, the wind in the trees, the rustle of the leaves, the call of birds, the babble of brooks, the roar of waterfalls, and the weird sounds heard among his native mountains." Mr. Hamerton said of him, later in life, that he "arrived at his wonderful effects less by manual practice than meditation. He practiced less and thought more than other violinists. This is quite in keeping with his reflections after hearing Paganini. Ole Bull actually sold his last shirt to hear the mighty master, and having heard him, instead of saying, like the crowd, that nothing new was possible after that, began to seek after hitherto unknown effects that even Paganini had not discovered. Both these facts clearly indicate that Ole Bull was a musical transcendentalist, and his long retirement confirms it. A true transcendentalist dislikes publicity, and loves to cultivate himself in solitude." The Danish poet, Adam Oehlenschläger, in his Reminiscences, says that when Ole Bull played for the king in Copenhagen, and Frederick VI. asked him who had taught him to play, he answered, "The mountains of Norway, your Majesty." It was said that some of his peculiarly wonderful feats came from the unusual strength of his arms, which he displayed particularly in performing four distinct parts on the violin at once, and keeping up the motion of his bow with lightning swiftness for a long time. "No person who has not tried it can conceive of the extreme difficulty of playing at once distinct parts on each of the strings. It requires muscles strong as iron and elastic as india-rubber. Paganini had sufficient elasticity, but not sufficient strength. Ole Bull is the only man in the world that ever did it."

After his first triumphs in Paris at an early age, Jules Janin, calling him "*ce jeune sauvage*," speaks of him in terms of praise almost without limit. In the course of his life of three score years and ten, he had the acquaintance and friendship of the most celebrated vocalists and musicians of his day—Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Malibran, Ernst, De Beriot, Thalberg, Liszt. But he was, besides being a musician, endowed with many charming traits of character, and wherever he was most known he seems to have been most admired. He was the occasion of tributes by those famous poets of his native country, Welhaven and Wergeland. Hans Christian Andersen was his friend, and Bjornstjerne

[1] Ole Bull. A Memoir. By Sara C. Bull. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Bjornson spoke to assembled thousands at his burial. In America the best pens were devoted to his praises, and this volume contains the estimation of an American auditor, written at his first coming by George William Curtis, with glowing tributes from Lydia Maria Child. Longfellow's picture of the musician in the "Tales of the Wayside Inn" is known to be true to the subject of this memoir:

> "Last the musician, as he stood
> Illumined by that fire of wood;
> Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blythe,
> And every feature of his face
> Revealing his Norwegian race:
> A radiance streaming from within,
> Around his eyes and forehead beamed;
> The angel with the violin,
> Painted by Raphael, he seemed."

After Ole Bull was dead, the eminent preacher, Dr. Bartol, spoke of his face as of that "in which, as much as in any countenance we ever beheld, the smile was a benediction. . . . . He was embodied beauty and an incarnate hymn—a mesmeric, irresistible man." And in confirmation of the good will of men towards him, it was said that all the children loved him.

To those who never saw or heard him, there is no language that can bring the wonderful tones of his violin, or depict the indescribable skill of the artist. But this volume gives much of the interesting personality of the man to those who remember the great pleasure he blessed them with, and to all who find delight in music and its makers it is a contribution of undoubted value. It is almost perfection as a manufacture of type and paper.

The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford.[1]

THESE letters comprise a period of fifty-three years, beginning when Miss Mitford was sixteen years old, and ending with her death. Many of them, especially the earlier correspondence, are not worth preserving in book form, and would probably have been destroyed had not Miss Mitford prized them for the sake of the writers. Both Mrs. and Miss Mitford had a strong admiration for Mr. Mitford, who impresses us as a very disagreeable and selfish man, hardly worthy of the devotion of such a daughter. Mrs. Mitford's letters to her husband are decidedly gushing, and her accounts of five-o'clock teas, dinners, and little parties are very amusing—the bill of fare playing the most important part in her eyes.

Miss Mitford lived a quiet life, yet her sweet and womanly qualities, as well as her books, gained for her many devoted friends, some of whom were among the brightest minds in both continents. She was so full of life and enthusiasm that she seems to have imparted it to almost every one with whom she came in contact, and people who knew her once were eager to claim her as a life-long friend. She carried on an affectionate correspondence with many people she had never met. She is extravagantly enthusiastic about people: she admires and detests.

There are a number of letters from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, most of which were written before her marriage; kind and affectionate letters from Whittier, Ruskin, Bayard Taylor, and James T. Fields, the latter of whom was one of her most valued friends. Her own letters, of which there are a number written during the latter part of her life, are quite as charming as any in the book. Some of her criticisms are a little amusing. We quote a few:

"Longfellow has beautiful bits, but his prose is trash, and I confess that I think he owes his success here quite as much to his faults, his obscurity, his mysticism, and his little dash of cant, as to his merits."

"I have now on my bed (where I am writing) 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' another American book; from which, I am told, Lord Carlisle said that he could not tear himself until he had completed it. I have only just begun it, but I doubt if it will equally enthrall me. I have no love for negro stories."

"This brings us to 'Esmond.' Had I read it when I wrote to you? It seemed to me, besides the disgusting love story, very long and tedious, and full of commonplace and very false criticism—preferring Addison to Steele, and decrying that wonderful master of English style, Bolingbroke. All the best judges seem to dislike the book—at least, all who have mentioned it to me."

The following is from a letter written in 1834, after a visit to London:

"I formed many valuable friendships, renewed old acquaintances, and made many new. The woman whom I like best is Harriet Martineau, who is cheerful, frank, cordial, and right-minded in a very high degree. . . . . I also liked much Mr. Willis, an American author, whose unwritten poetry and unwritten philosophy you may remember in my American book, and who is now understood to be here to publish his account of England. He is a very elegant young man, and more like one of the best of our peers' sons than a rough republican."

The following is in an account of a conversation between James T. Fields and Carlyle:

"I have knowr many brilliant talkers, but never any one that approached him [Fields]. It is the triumph of meekness and animal spirits without noise or abruptness, full of enjoyment, and perfectly unconscious. His conversation is for your pleasure and his own, without an idea of display. Another thing in Carlyle displeased him far more; every one knows that Emerson makes him a perfect idol, and it was thought that, if Carlyle cared for any one in the world, it was for Emerson. I have heard it said of them, They are not only like brothers, but like twin brothers. Well, remember that Emerson and Hawthorne both live at Concord, and you will appreciate the kindness of Mr. Carlyle's speech.

"'Isna there a place called Concord near ye? What like is it?'

"'A pretty little New England town,' was Mr. Fields's answer, 'of no political importance, but lively and pleasant as a residence.'

[1] The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as recorded in letters from her literary correspondents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. New York: Harper & Bros. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

"'Pretty! lively! ye ken I had fancied it to be a dull, dreary place, wi' a drowsy river making believe to creep through it, slow and muddy and stagnant, like the folk that inhabit it.'

"So much for Mr. Carlyle, who has had the double misfortune of writing according to the humor—that is, the ill-humor—of the moment, without the slightest regard to consistency and truth, and to be surrounded by none but admirers, or listeners borne down by mere noise. In England his fashion is waning rapidly, and I have no doubt but that, like most overrated men, he will live to share the common fate of idols knocked down by his former worshipers in revenge of their own idolatry."

Studies in Historical and Political Science.[1]

WE have just received the above interesting monographs, the first two of a series called "The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science," edited by H. B. Adams, which will prove of value to members of the legal profession, and generally to students of American social and civil history, as dealing more especially with local institutions that have hitherto met with partial and inadequate treatment. A part of the series will consist of republications of important papers which have appeared elsewhere in local or otherwise inaccessible prints.

Mr. Freeman, in his general introduction to the collection, insists strongly on the true historic connection between the constitutions of England and of the United States. "To me the past history and the present condition of the United States is, before all things, a part of the general history of the Teutonic race, and specially of its English branch." The institutions of the English peoples are "part of the general institutions of the whole Aryan family." He develops his arguments on this subject in lines already laid down in his previous writings, with which we are familiar, and clearly points out the true value of the comparative method in historical as in natural science. Inasmuch as various portions of the eastern seaboard were colonized and settled by different elements of Teutonic stock, which became fused together, but not without leaving signs of the old distinctions, so fields affording materials for study of other kinds may be opened up by the student, well worth searching into. Each of these colonies reproduced some features of English, Swedish, Dutch life; and all these points in the local history of the colonies need to be "put in their right relation to one another, and to other English, other Teutonic, other Aryan institutions."

The second monograph, by Dr. Adams, traces various resemblances and customs subsisting between many towns of New England and of Germany, which, rooted in the national instincts of Saxon social polity, have descended in hereditary heirship through centuries of English history, and have been transplanted to the western continent. Chief among these are the *town*, the *township*, with its individual contiguous homesteads; its woodland, its pasture, and plow-land, held in common for certain seasons of the year, and divided up at others; its co-operative husbandry, etc. But besides these purely agrarian customs, there was handed down the idea of the sovereignty of the community over the individual as expressed by the will of the majority, and also the political right of local self-government. Strange as it may appear, these peculiar social ideas are found exemplified not merely in New England villages, as in their old English and Germanic prototypes, but also in many localities of the South and West.

Such is a brief indication of the two papers of the series thus far issued, and the titles of some of future monographs as described in the prospectus may be quoted: "Saxon Tithing-men in America," "Local Government in Illinois," "Local Government in Pennsylvania," "Origin and Development of the Municipal Government of New York," "Administration of Berlin compared with that of New York," "French and English Institutions in Wisconsin," "Civil Government in Iowa," "Indian, French, and English towns in Ohio," etc.

Miscellaneous.

THE American edition of Dr. Brown's miscellaneous papers is completed in a third volume of *Spare Hours*[2] just issued. The initial paper on Locke (as a physician) and Sydenham is the longest and most elaborate; the rest are for the most part also semi-medical, though not at all technical, nor beyond the comprehension of the general reader—with reference to whom, indeed, they were written. They are, for the most part, eulogies of worthy physicians, either of historic note or the recently deceased of his own acquaintances. A few of the essays, however, are on matters of art, music, literature, and other general subjects. They are, as was to be expected from their author, frank, sensible, and worth reading; and in the strongly avowed common-sense doctrines with regard to the medical profession every intelligent reader will agree, except as to the throwing open of practice to the unlicensed. Agreeable as is all Dr. Brown's writing, however, one lays down the volume with a little weariness, and a misgiving that he wrote too much in proportion to what he had to say.——The purpose of *The Still Hunter*[3] is to give such direction as will enable the hunter of deer to do the proper thing at the proper time under all the various and unexpected circum-

[1] Studies in Historical and Political Science. An Introduction to American Institutional History. By Edward A. Freeman, D. C. L., LL. D. 1882. 39 pp.
The Germanic Origin of New England Towns. By H. B. Adams, Ph. D. 1882. 38 pp.
For sale at Publication Agency, (N. Murray) Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

[2] Spare Hours. By John Brown, M. D., LL. D., etc. Third Series: Locke and Sydenham, and other papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[3] The Still Hunter. By Theodore S. Van Dyke, author of "The Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California." New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

stances that arise in still hunting; and at the same time to write a book interesting to the unprofessional as well as to the professional reader. The author has certainly succeeded in making it pleasant reading to any one who delights in deer-hunting, and as instructive and capable of making a good hunter out of a poor one as anything but actual field work can be. He devotes several pages to proving that one must aim ahead of a running deer in order to hit him—a statement which he seems to think the general public will be slow to believe—but for the most part he is practical and to the point.——Major Ben C. Truman is author of the just published *Tourists' Guide*[1] of the Central and Southern Pacific roads in California. It is an imposing pamphlet-bound book of 232 pages. It consists of descriptions of the various "places to go to" in the State, abundantly illustrated. Each description is supplemented by directions as to the route. It thus has less of the gazetteer and more of the literary quality than one would expect in a guide-book. The author does not depend alone on his own descriptive powers, but quotes largely from others, including John Muir and B. B. Redding. Many of the descriptions are quite alluring enough to inevitably accomplish their intention of starting off the reader to see the place described.——Two little books of verse,[2] so unpretentious as to disarm criticism, come to us from opposite directions. *Hawaiian Verse* contains five local poems, of which "Lahaina," by Charles Warren Stoddard, is the only one that calls for mention; the card covers are beautifully engraved by the John A. Lowell Company, and the tiny collection is intended as a holiday souvenir. *Bird Songs of New England* contains imitations and descriptions of the notes of some eighteen birds, done into verse. It is a second edition.——*The Story of Patsy*[3] has all the sympathetic spirit, the picturesqueness, and the narrative liveliness that are fast giving its author an assured position among the children's writers of the country. The tiny, cardboard-bound book has an additional claim to interest, in that it is "written and to be sold for the benefit of the new Silver Street Kindergarten."——A holiday juvenile that reaches us somewhat belated is *Two Tea-Parties*,[4] in which some very pretty drawing and lithographing (pretty, except for the faces, which are uniformly ill done) is strung on a chain of verse that is even thinner and more laborious than the unexacting taste of childhood will fancy.——A convenient dictionary[5] of the technical terms of architecture and the minor arts comes to hand from a French source. The fact that it is the minor arts—Arms, Costume, Lace, Personal Ornaments, Pottery, are some of the heads enumerated on the title-page—brings a great number of out-of-the-way words into it. It is rather hard to find just what line did limit its scope; opening a page at random we do not find *Heliotype*, but do find *Heliopolites*, a political division of ancient Egypt; in another place, *chirography* and *chiromancy*, but not *chord* or *chromo; Berlin porcelain*, but not *Berlin wool*, although *crewels*, *crash*, *worsted*, and the like are admitted. Incongruities apart, however, there is much convenience in the hand-book, for many of its words are not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries.

EAST AND WEST.

FASHION inclines to sentiment in dress and observances. The nosegays now preferred are old-fashioned garden flowers and herbs, with the dew of old English poetry on their leaves—primroses, cowslip, and eglantine, and the quaint rosemary, with its stiff leaves and aromatic odor. Nothing prettier has been revived from old customs than the habit of sending St. Valentine baskets of simple flowers to a lady, instead of the amorous epistle on lace paper. New York sets the fashion of sending baskets of blooming lilies of the valley, or the graceful, neglected star of Bethlehem, or primroses, with one or two blossoms open, and buds which will keep the giver in remembrance by flowering until Easter. Innocent little Satsuma vases with clumps of white clover from the greenhouse are ornaments in houses of the finest fashion. Silver baskets with a single variety of choice fern growing in each are preferred to cut bouquets, in rooms furnished in the light creamy or *fade* hues of old French style. The colors of flowers, unless very carefully chosen, are *bizarre* in such rooms.

[1] Tourists' Illustrated Guide to the celebrated summer and winter resorts of California, adjacent to and upon the lines of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads. By Major Ben C. Truman. San Francisco: H. S. Crocker & Co. 1883.

[2] Tributes of Hawaiian Verse. Honolulu: Thomas G. Thrum. 1882. Bird Songs of New England. By Harriet E. Paine. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

[3] The Story of Patsy. By Kate Douglas Smith. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co. 1883.

[4] Two Tea-Parties. By Rosalie Vanderwater. Illustrated by Wilson D. Mesa. New York, London, and Paris: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[5] An Illustrated Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology. By J. W. Mollett, Officier de l'Instruction Publique. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

ENAMEL furniture takes the place of carved wood in ultra-fashionable houses. The slender white and gold Louis XVI. suites are strictly classic, but the artistic fancy of the new Renaissance designs a style at once light, elegant, and distinctly modern, decorating chairs, panels, and cabinets with garlands and knots of flowers by famous pencils. The piece of furniture receives many coats of paint and polish till it assumes the quality of enamel. It is given a delicate ground-tint, over which flowers, with the transparency of life, are painted, not in the festoons of Pompeiian frescoes, but as if strewn by a careless hand, and painted with the finish of a Florentine brooch. The panels of walls, screens, and furniture are decorated in correspondence, with charming freedom and variety, the upholstery being of soft-hued velvet, or silk embroidered in shades its own color, softening into white.

EMBROIDERY has thriven from the beginning under the patronage of the church, from the time when the robes of Egyptian priests were wrought with borders of the sacred lotus, and the hangings of the Jewish tabernacle were rich in blue and scarlet and fine-twined linen, to the cut-work and vestments made in the cloister for the altar and the dalmatic in mediæval days. While needle-work was in its decadence of Berlin wool and cross-stitch, not longer ago than the most enthusiastic young student can remember, the convents and the devout of our country were not without their pious achievements of the kind. Religious subjects, like the offering of Isaac, or the vision of St. Peter in prison, wrought on canvas with wools of brilliant green and scarlet and white for leading tones, were exhibited with pride by the sisterhoods, and the work was careful enough to merit praise, whatever might be said of the design. There is still, I believe, in the church of St. Francis Xavier, of Sixteenth Street, New York, a chancel carpet, made by the ladies of the congregation, in cross-stitch on canvas, worked in squares, and afterward set together. Much fine altar-work is done by priests and lay brothers, who have the commendable sentiment that the adornments of the sacred altar should not be wrought by careless, sceptic hands. To hear of the altar pieces and chalice veils worked in the quiet of religious houses in Boston and New York, by monastic brothers, as a relief to hours of meditation, is like taking a step backward into the leisure and gentle employments of two centuries ago. The illuminator's brush, and the silks of the skilled needle-woman are lavishly bestowed in the service of the Anglican church, in which, to the outsider, art and religion appear interchangeable terms. Beautiful vestments are sent to the missions in this country, from the hands of notable workers in England, and it is said that Miss Anastasia Dolby, who is one of the finest artists in this kind of design, has composed a prayer to be said by the worker before beginning work upon sacred embroidery. The smile, if smile there wakens at this, should be of the most respectful, when we recall that such was the sentiment and practice of the fine and single-hearted artists of the Middle Ages, whose skill rose to the highest achievements the world has to cherish. The demands of church work, however, find execution nearer home, at the hands of those few good artists whose names have been leading ones in the interest in art needle-work. Mrs. Carter's altar laces in New York, and both the laces and embroideries of Mrs. Damoreau in Boston, are known to those best informed in such matters. The embroideries are symbolic in figure and color: chalice veils wrought on satin thick as leather, weighted with a leaden plate in the center to fall in orderly folds over the cup at sacrament, true dull blood-reds or violet being usual colors chosen, which are worked with gold thread of extreme fineness, in intricate design; Maltese crosses, foils, and trefoils, everywhere carrying the sacred three of the Holy Trinity; Tudor roses, whose petals group themselves in threes, and all the signs of the altar. Fine beyond all bridal elegance, or the dainty providings for the first born, are these churchly furnishings, lined with white satin, like the plumage of a grebe's breast, fringed with gold that will not tarnish in centuries, kept in cedar coffers silver embossed; they are a branch of needle-work which links our day with the devout craft of the best age of art.

IT was a happy idea of a young lawyer and member of the Snowshoe Club of Montreal to suggest holding a carnival of winter sports, that their neighbors in the States might come and see for themselves what a Canadian season and society can furnish. The idea was so sensible and attractive that it only needed mentioning when the Snowshoe Club, the Toboggan Club, the skaters, the curlers, even the hackmen—for they, too, have a club in Montreal—took it up with zeal, to give their guests such a week's skylarking as never was dreamed of outside of Russia. The ice palace, eighty feet high; its walls and towers reared from blocks of ice, not clouded and opaque, but clear as glass; its roof of evergreen sprinkled with water till the boughs flashed with ice brilliants, was a lovely spectacle for a grown folks' fairy book: and electric lights, colored fires, and the resources of modern magic transfigured it at night into a hall of jeweled light. The days were not long enough for the various and exciting sports pursued with true Canadian spirit, which is the sturdy temper of John Bull crossed with Indian toughness and excitability. Days were given up to curling and putting the hammer; the Snowshoe Club found its guests in shoes, and started out to give them the peerless pleasure of going fifteen or twenty miles over the hills on snow banks; and tobogganning was favored as the easier amusement, and one in which ladies could join. This sport consists in riding at lightning speed down the steepest and longest hill you can find, on a board on runners packed with twenty-five to fifty women, the craft steered by the man

in front, with the pleasant chance of the crew being mangled to death if the long sled swerves—having all the chances of accident of a railway train, with no Miller couplings or air-brakes to protect it; an amusement, as a whole, highly popular with the class of young ladies who cannot take up a needle or walk round a corner for anything useful, but are perfectly ready to risk their own necks or any one else's for pleasure under a man's escort.

But the hackmen of Montreal, where hacks are a necessity, gave the city its most humorous entertainment, probably in recollection of the many chances for overcharge which not one of them ever failed to improve. They turned out in procession one afternoon, and gave everybody and anybody who would get into their vehicles a free ride all about town—a proceeeding which savored of Oriental liberality, and combined all the attractions of an Irish funeral, with "a free ride for nothing," as the school-boys say. Of course there was skating by colored lights, illuminations and dancing, at which we are bound to say the Montreal men and girls tired out all their partners. But the idea of the festival was a good one: that of leading each city to develop its own specialty of diversion, with the result not only of attracting strangers to its streets, but rendering home more prized and desirable to its own citizens. It is a good thing for a provincial city when it begins to organize even its amusements, and invites its neighbors to come and help make the winter gay.

About the time when

> "The gin within the juniper
> Begins to make him merry,"

public-minded people are apt to send for plans and by-laws of village improvement societies. Such a society ought to be started before the town, but it comes in well any time. You recall how the women of a country village in western Massachusetts formed the first improvement society, and proceeded to clear the streets and roadsides of rubbish, and plant streets and grounds with trees, shrubs, and flowers, beautifying the town in various ways till it is the pride of one-half the State, a model of charm to all thriving villages, and a favored summer haunt of the best families. Those women's work nearly doubled the value of real estate in the town.

The scope of the village improvement society is a wider one than people suppose. It ought to organize the boys of the place, of all families, rich or poor alike, into a wheelbarrow brigade, which will have for its object to clear the roadsides of rubbish, coal ashes and cinders, broken crockery and damaged hoop-skirts, the clippings of leather from the shoe-shop, scrap tin from the tinner's, and slag from the foundry—insisting that the crockery and hardware shall not decorate the streets, but be hidden in deep drains and rat-runs, where it is of use; that the slag shall fill stagnant pools or go to make walks, walls, and borders. It will not only paint the schoolhouse and sow the churchyard with lawn grass, and make rude seats by the wayside where people fond of walking can rest at the prettiest view: while it does this, it is bringing the families of the place together in a common interest, showing the poor that their strip of sward and sidewalk may be as neatly kept, their bit of garden as trim and flourishing, as that of their richest neighbor; taking the boys from their lounging and shaking them out of the priggish gentility found in roundabouts and knickerbockers, just as much as in Newmarket coats and tall hats. Further, it is giving women some interest in life beyond their incessant fancy work and clothes.

The first thing the improvement society wants to ask should be, Is the drainage of the town perfect? Are there no sink-holes and sloughs spoiling the view, endangering the health of the place, and with mosquitoes and foul smells making life a pest in its neighborhood? Is any tannery or stench factory of any kind allowed to lower the value of property near it, and to defile air and water for the whole town? Science can render all employments inoffensive, and it is for the town to insist that one man's business shall not make life intolerable to half its citizens. Santa Cruz is one of the loveliest natural places in California, and a most desirable winter or summer resort; but one of its best and most sheltered neighborhoods is half abandoned on account of an illegal and utterly unjustifiable tannery nuisance. Many a town suffers in the same way; and the rich soap boiler or chandler, insensible by long use to the odors of his establishment, resists every effort to give his fellow-taxpayers decent air to breathe. Public health and decency require the swift and stern suppression of all such offenses against society. Next, the village green is an institution which deserves restoration. Not a park fenced off for the siestas of tramps, but a broad, central plot with green turf and shade, where the pretty girls may stroll with their mothers at sunset, and old and young may have some better promenade than the dusty public street; where the campaign speeches can be made, and the high-school cadets have their drill; round which the teams can stand on market-days; and where even town loafers may ventilate their rags, and gossip remote from the cracker-box and whisky-barrel.

Lastly among the firstlies, how is the town library? Is there one at all? As the last statistics show that Massachusetts has more town libraries than all the other States in the Union put together, it is most likely your village has none. But I will tell you what it has in its place. The fine young men, or young men who might be fine, are spending ten times the library tax for the town in dyeing their faces red at the tavern bar; five times the amount is spent by the girls for confectionery to ruin their teeth and complexions; and the boys squander more in peanuts and stale lemon soda than would keep the town in good reading a year. Yet you complain that your

young folks are trifling, disdain to work or settle to any safe pursuits; the girls have a hankering for worthless young men, and the boys are wild to go to Mexico or San Francisco to get into speculation. What other interests on earth have you provided for them? What tastes have you fostered in them? Some bright, healthy novels, entertaining works on natural history, gardening, amateur wood-work, decorative art, and a relay of magazines for lending, would at least sow the seed of better things in their minds. Perhaps there is a library, but interest in it is run down; the books lie in the county clerk's office, with nobody to look after, much less use them. Then it is timely to start a reading circle, get the girls together to cover, dust, and sort the books, and make a frolic of the work. Don't scare people by organizing a reading club, which means annual dues coming in when you don't want them, meeting weekly when it is inconvenient, and a society where the interest falls into the hands of a few, and is apt to split into cliques. When you read a good thing talk about it to some one, read the passage to the next crony you meet, try to find out what your neighbors know or think on the same subject, without saying book to them, or so much as intimating that you mean improvement of the mind. Get up the old traditions of the place, tempt people to tell their old stories over, start sociability, conversation, thinking; and if the books are to be had, reading will come in its turn. Reason, thought, intercourse of mind and heart, are better than reading, which we would see encouraged because it stimulates and enriches such exchange, being the dried and prepared thought which feeds life in the absence of fine society—the full-flavored fruit, fresh from the tree of knowledge.

Is there not fine sense in this passage from the heart of an old novel?

"It is a mistake to take for granted, as in books and life we perpetually do, that people must always remain the same. On the contrary, most people are constantly changing—growing, let us hope, but still changing in character, feelings and opinions. If we took this into account, we should often be less harsh to judge, less pitilessly misjudged ourselves. For instance, we resolve always to love our friend and hate our enemy. But our friend may prove false and our enemy kind and good. What then are we to do? To go on loving and hating as before? I fear we cannot. We must accept things as they stand and act accordingly. Or—and this is a common case—we may ourselves once have had certain faults which we had afterwards sense enough to correct; yet those who knew us in our faulty days will never believe this, and go on condemning us forever, which is a little hard. And again, we may have started in a certain course, and declared openly certain opinions or intentions which we afterwards see cause to modify or renounce entirely. In short, we must retract, in act or word, boldly or weakly, nobly or ignobly, as our natures allow; and though we have been perfectly sincere throughout, the chances are that no one will believe us, we shall be stamped as hypocrites, renegades, or deep-designing schemers to the end of our days. This too is hard, and it takes a strong heart and a clean conscience to bear it."

OUTCROPPINGS.

The Great Pig Controversy.

It has been the regret of my life that I was not present to take part in this great affair. But, alas! regrets, like the pig in question, are born only to trouble the owner. Let me give you the facts and results as I learned them from Mr. Patrick Phelan; though perhaps I should preface with the remark that Mr. Phelan may have been slightly biased.

Mr. Gallagher owned a pig. To the common eye it was but an ordinary animal, but it proved a most extraordinary pig. Now it happened in the course of Mr. Gallagher's life that he was persuaded to go to Idaho by a brother who had gone there some years before, and stumbled on a good thing. Gallagher resolved to sell his bulky possessions, and start for the new El Dorado. Among the incidentals to be sold was the pig. But the pig, some way suspecting his flesh was merchant flesh and the subject of barter, in accordance with his swinish character, took care to be the farthest away when he was needed most. Mr. Gallagher, however, was not to be outwitted by a pig. For a small sum he sold his rights in him uncaught, to Mr. Michael Maloney. Again: Mr. Tim Foley, who was about to move into the house soon to be vacated by Gallagher, knowing a pig to be a burden to a traveler, volunteered to take the chances of catching him for a trifle. Mr. Gallagher was willing, although he appeared so loth that Foley's conscience pricked him for taking such a mean advantage of the owner, and forcing the price so low.

Mr. Gallagher's promising corner in hog-flesh, however, was unexpectedly broken one night by Mr. Gallagher's reporting the capture and death of the pig. Gallagher was contented; having received the money, he would not swindle the purchasers. With

Medean heart, he prepared a farewell feast, and invited the unsuspecting Foley and Maloney. Those delighted banqueters could not have eaten more had each been determined to carry away as much of his purchase as possible.

To the common mind this would seem the end of that pig. Far from it; it was but the beginning of that extraordinary animal. Mr. Gallagher departed for Idaho, leaving the two claimants to the defunct animal in conscious security.

If the pig was never seen it was a source of no complaint to the owners; for being raised a peregrinating animal, picking up a hand-to-mouth existence, as it were, it was supposed to be wandering near in search of good pasture, either in the neighbors' gardens or the tules close by. At all events, it was being raised remarkably cheap, and there was plenty of time to claim it, so thought Mr. Foley, likewise Mr. Maloney.

A month might have elapsed since the sale of the pig when the crisis came. Mrs. Foley, visiting Mrs. Maloney one day, happened incidentally to mention, in the course of conversation on washing, poultry, and babies, that the pig her Tim had bought of Gallagher was the best bargain he had ever made. It was such a good one, in fact, that she felt she must now divide the satisfaction she had experienced from it with Mrs. Maloney. Mrs. Maloney was interested, but Mrs. Maloney was not satisfied, for it struck her very forcibly that Mrs. Foley's pig was her pig, the identical pig her Mike had bought so cheap of Gallagher. And, moreover, she told Mrs. Foley that as soon as Mike come from work the Foleys would soon learn who owned that pig. Mrs. Foley at last went home, still retaining spleen enough to rouse her husband's rage against the cheek of the thieving Maloneys. Active hostilities immediately began between the houses of Foley and Maloney for possession of the pig. Foley and Maloney, working during the day, seldom met in discussion, and thus the burden of the controversy settled upon the broad shoulders of their better halves. The trump of duty never summoned two more determined hearts. To catch the pig became their soul's desire, and they zealously scoured the neighborhood for the wandering porker. More: in their ardor they impressed the children living about under their respective banners, and with their adherents hurled themselves into the fight. Still unsuccessful, they resorted to the plan of capturing one of the opposition clan, and endeavoring to coax the place of concealment from the unfortunate with threats and fists. But hunt as persistently as they would, no pig rewarded them, and at last each side concluded that the other had it captured and hidden. So the controversy gradually resolved itself into charges, denials, recriminations, and bitter reflections of a personal character.

Towards dusk one Sunday afternoon Foley and Maloney happened to be in their back yards at the same time, and as they scowled at one another over the fence, they felt the question might as well be settled at once.

"Foley," said Maloney, stopping his chopping in his rising wrath, "you'd better give up that hog, or I'll have the law on ye."

"Give it up yourself, or I'll have ye arristed this minit. Don't ye be after givin' me any of ye games."

"Look here, Foley," said Maloney, his wrath bubbling over, "I paid Gallagher two dollars and twenty-five cints for that pig, and I'm goin' to have it in spite of ye."

"Tell that to ye old aunt! I paid Gallagher two dollars and forty cints for the right of that pig, an' *I'm* goin' to have it."

"*You* bought that pig of Gallagher?"

"Yis, *I* bought that pig of Gallagher!"

"It's a damn lie; *I* bought that pig of Gallagher."

"You call me a liar, Tim Foley!"

Fortunately for the belligerents, peace happened into Maloney's yard at that instant in the garb of Mr. Patrick Phelan. Mr. Phelan was the popular man of his ward, the best drinker, the hardest fighter, and a Solomon for wisdom. He pulled Maloney down from the fence, over which he was actively climbing, ax in hand. He quieted the storm as he could, and listened to the story. His great mind comprehended the situation at once. Mr. Gallagher had swindled them, outrageously swindled his friends; but as Gallagher was far away, satisfaction out of him was not within reach. There was no use going to law and paying more for costs than the worth of the pig. No: they must settle it by a referee, and Pat Phelan was their man. The claimants were satisfied. Mr. Foley's family being away on a picnic, the court adjourned to his house to hear the case.

"Now, Foley, let's have a light, for we want all we can get on this subject," said Phelan, seating himself beside the kitchen table, and immediately establishing his ability to fill his position. "Well, now," he went on, deliberately drawing a pipe from his vest pocket, as Foley put the lamp on the table, "the best way for to decide this case—Foley, might I borrow some tobacco of yez till mornin'?—the best way for to decide this case is for yez to state your case," and he impressively punched the tobacco into the bowl, and looked at his auditors with profound importance—"an' then—an' then I'll"—puff, puff—"decide"; and he sat back in his chair, and eyed the claimants triumphantly while he puffed his satisfaction. Mr. Foley then rose and began his cause, but no sooner had he stated that he bought the pig of Gallagher than Maloney was on his feet emphatically denying the assertion.

"You can't prove you bought that pig," he cried.

"I can," Foley answered; "didn't I give Gallagher two dollars an' forty cints for it."

"Naw! ye wouldn't give two dollars an' forty cints for a pig of the best breed ever born," said Maloney, sneeringly.

"I wouldn't for one of the Maloney breed," Foley retorted; "an' what's more, ye shan't have any pig out er my pin."

"I'll have it out er you, thin, ye scoundrel," Maloney shouted, grabbing Foley by the hair, and pulling him over the table.

"Hold on there!" cried Phelan, springing upon Maloney, and holding him while he called on Foley to help keep the peace. "Now, Maloney," he said, "be quiet and let me settle this, or I tell ye I won't do it. Now mind that." The judge, having reseated himself, continued, "As yez can't tell ye stories together peaceably, ye must do it separately, an' to prevint all confusion I'll cross-question the witnesses. Maloney, you bought that pig of Gallagher?"

"Yis: to be sure."

"Eh, how much?"

"Two dollars an' twinty-five cints."

"Now, Foley, you bought that pig of Gallagher?"

"Av coorse I did."

"How much?"

"Two dollars an' forty cints."

"Um! a discripincy of fifteeen cints: this is important," said the sagacious judge. "How much is it worth now, Foley?" he asked.

"About four dollars by this time."

"Ow—er—where is the pig?"

"Maloney have it shut up," Foley replied quickly.

"I have not, I tell ye," cried Mahoney, rising threateningly, but reseating himself as Phelan got up.

"I say ye have," cried Foley.

"Look here, Tim Foley," said Maloney, this time rising to crush his opponent in a series of cross-questions. "Does ye mean to tell me ye bought that pig of Gallagher? Does ye mean to tell me ye don't shut it up iv'ry day, and only lets it out at night. Don't my wife," and he appealed directly to the judge, "don't my wife hunt for that blessed pig all day, until, poor soul, she haven't strint enough left to wash a baby's clothes, and she niver finds it, cos Foley have it shut up all the time, he does."

"That's just what he does hisself," cried Foley, rising to remove any tender feeling that might have been aroused by Maloney's speech.

"There!" he cried triumphantly, "hear it grunting just outside now."

Sure enough a pig could be heard grunting without the door. "I'll bet his wife has just let it out, an' the pig has put straight home. That's proof it's mine, ain't it, Phelan?"

"It's a lie!" cried Maloney, shaking his fist at Foley; "my wife never seen that pig since I bought it. You've had it shut up all the time. You're a thafe. I know ye dhirty tricks, Tim Foley. Ye don't—"

"Look here, Maloney," said Phelan, grabbing him, and feeling at last that the court's dignity was being lost in this idle controversy.

"What'll ye have?" Maloney asked.

"Will you sit down?"—and Phelan shoved him into his seat.

"Yis!"

"—and dhry up. I am goin' to decide this case entirely to my own satisfaction, now mind that now, an' be quiet. I've had ye testimony for the last hour, an' that'll do for ye for the prisint. We must get the pig in here," he continued; "slip the latch, Foley."

Hardly had Foley seated himself, when in walked the porker. It nosed about, and made for the slop-bucket behind the stove.

"Now, Foley, shut the door an we'll soon have it. This coort must have the property in possession before it puts any one in possession."

Foley and Maloney were no less eager than Phelan to catch the pig, for each felt confident that at last he was going to get his hands upon his much-disputed property.

"Now, boys, rush 'er into the corner an' down with 'er," cried Phelan, leading. The charge was made, but—marvel—the pig was gone, and the three chargers were sprawling in its place.

"Faith, it's no use trying to catch it that way," said Maloney, getting up. "I've tried those games before. That pig's like lightnin'."

"It sthrikes like it," said Phelan, who had been underneath, ruefully rubbing his bruises. "Will it come back, d'ye think?"

"To be sure," answered Foley, "haven't I tried to catch it before. It's just outside now."

"Well," said Phelan, cogitating, "the coort must get that pig some way. Is it an Irish pig?"

"Gallagher got it of Mrs. Flaherty's litter."

"Good Irish, then. Have ye any whisky in the house, Foley?"

"Divil a drop."

"Look you, Maloney," said Phelan, "do you go over to Murphy's an' get me half a bucket of whisky. If it's a pig as is a pig, we'll have it yit."

Maloney went. "I say, Foley," Phelan went on, "that's a pretty lively pig."

"Lively? faith, you're right," Foley replied. "It's a smart pig too; I've set traps for that pig till I'm tired, but ivery time it gets in it gets out."

"Well, well," broke in Phelan.

"Yis, but I'll keep it up till I'm busted, for that blackguard Maloney shan't have any pig I paid for. You mind that now. Me old woman tells big yarns about it," he went on: "sure, if it keeps up, an' is not kilt soon, I'll be a starvin' beggar. The way it ates, accordin' to her, would do credit to forty pigs. An' truth, if she don't feed the grub to all the old women an' children she have here in the day to hunt that pig, she must have taken to drinkin' worse than iver," and Foley shook his head despondently.

"Now, Maloney," said Phelan, as that individual entered, "pour half of it in the swill-bucket. It's a funny pig if we don't catch 'm."

The trio then seated themselves and patiently

waited till the pig had cleaned the bucket. When it had finished, overcome by the liquor, it fell upon the floor.

"Now, Foley, get us a rope," cried the triumphant Phelan, "an' we'll soon have it tight enough."

And so the pig, bound fast, finally lay before the court, where it excited no less satisfaction to the claimants than to its shrewd captor.

"Foley, get us some glasses," said Phelan, setting the rest of the liquor on the table. "Do ye mind, I said it was a funny pig? Do ye know, boys," and he drained a big draught to sustain him in his bold declaration, "do you know what I think?"

"What?" asked Foley.

"That it's my pig," said Maloney.

"Naw!" said Phelan, eyeing the captive intently. "*It's my opinion,*" he continued, slowly and emphatically, "*that that's* THE GHOST OF A PIG!"

"The what?" cried Maloney, starting up.

"The ghost of a pig. Do ye mind how it got away just now? Do you mind the capers it does. It's the ghost of a pig; but we've got it safe as long as it's dhrunk. A ghost of the next world's no match for Murphy's spirit."

The claimants were nonplussed. If Phelan was right—and Phelan's word was a big item—their chances of ever getting the worth of their pig in substantial pork were likewise ghostly. As they stared at their disputed property in astonishment, words would not express their amazement; so they drank deeply and silently, as befitted their emotion.

"Well, well! to think of it," said Maloney, after a while, refilling his glass.

"It is very curious," ventured Foley.

"Exceedingly so," admitted Phelan.

"I'll bet," said Maloney, after another long pause, putting down his glass and feeling that any theory was safe in such a crisis. "I'll bet it couldn't find much fade where it was, an' so it's come back to its old stampin' grounds. But how d' ye suppose it got here?"

"Easy enough," replied Foley, feeling sufficiently exhilarated to grapple with a mightier problem. "There's a picket off 'n the back fince of hiven, an' the pig's found the hole, an' makes for home iv'ry blessed chance he gets."

"Sure enough—well, well," assented Maloney, nodding at the vagrant pig reflectively, as if daring it to deny the explanation.

"I'll tell ye what it is, boys," broke in Phelan, who, after much cogitation and drinking, was now ready with his solution; "what's to prevent us tyin' a rope to its hind leg an' holdin' on, an' when it wakes up sober and starts for home, why it'll take us right up to the hole."

"True for you, Phelan, true for you," cried Maloney, refilling all the glasses.

"An' I say," cried Foley, amid excited preparations, "whin we get there, we can set up a regular toll road. What a strike it'll be!"

The rope was soon tied to a hind leg of the sleeping pig, and to prevent any chance of escape, the end was attached to the kitchen table, around which the three worthies gathered, drinking the rest of the whisky, discussing plans for the forthcoming Great Monopoly, and patiently waiting for the slumbering porker to awake and guide them over the back road to heaven.

When the referee awoke his court next morning the rope, table, and pig had disappeared, and have never been seen to this day. Maloney and Foley finally accepted the explanation of this mysterious non-appearance offered by Phelan: that next day, when the pig wandered into heaven with the table and rope attached, it created an uproar, an investigation followed, the hole in the fence was discovered and repaired, which kept the pig home ever afterward.

Phelan himself told me this story over roast pig, so I can vouch for its truth; likewise that Foley was jugged that day for having surreptitiously made away with a pig that Mrs. O'Brien had left for the night in his yard.

C. O. B.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY

VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES.)—APRIL, 1883.—NO. 4.

WAGNER: A MEMORIAL ODE.

I.

DEAD, say they? Deathless one,
Live as the living sun,
Life-giver, world-waker,
Soul-darkling-cloud-breaker,
Quickening with fiery might
Hearts faint with worldly blight,
Warming cold seeds of thought
Which else had sprung to nought,
Waking to second birth
Beings long laid in earth—
First, in all human ken,
Master of souls of men,
So long as lives the sun,
Livest thou, deathless one!

II.

Ah, but thou speak'st no more, thy last word's said!
This power alone has dull Death on thy head:
Voiceless to be, in voice so like a God,
Wordless, whose words leapt as with lightning shod.
To see thee mute—ah, Fate, what is the gain
That lips like his should motionless remain?
Is it for love you let Death smite him so,
Love that would fain his peerless voice forego,
If him unwearied it might thereby save
From yelping critics harrying to the grave?

Or is it envy of that generous heart
Who royally fulfilled his royal part,
And once more hallowed the cheap name of king
By lifting above strife, serene to sing,
Him, of all sons his native country bore,
Greatest of men since Goethe spoke no more?
Or was it fear, O Fate, that let Death smite,
Fear lest your sway should suffer in earth's sight,
If men too long unhindered might rejoice,
Mindless of you, to follow his sole voice?—
Sweet as the peace of two hearts love makes one,
Joyous as sunshine, glad as Easter sun,
Strong as sea-surges, weak as clinging vines,
Harsh as the tramp of wind through mountain pines,
Tender as blossoms, soft as maiden lip,
Fierce as foam leaping on a foundering ship,
Radiant as smiles upon an infant's face,
Keen as the bent bow springing back to place,
Stern as the law of life, mild as the dove,
Pale as dawn starlight, red as flaming love!
Ah, me! that voice is mute, those cold lips sealed:
How much is left unsaid will never be revealed.

III.

Ah, but Death has not won,
Shall not win, deathless one,
Thee to his shadow-land!
And though his pallid hand
Freeze thy lip's fiery word,
Still shall thy voice be heard
Loud on the lips of those
Who at thy will arose,
Scatheless of Death's design,
Quickened by breath of thine.
They hold the soul of thee
Now for eternity—
Life-giver, world-waker,
Soul-darkling-cloud-breaker,
So long as lives the sun,
Livest thou, deathless one!

Alfred A. Wheeler.

WAGNER AS A DRAMATIST.

No estimate of Wagner will be able to anticipate in any measure the verdict of posterity which does not proceed from the fullest understanding that he is first of all a dramatist. It was his misfortune through life to be judged by mere musicians, whom no previous training had qualified to pass judgment on dramatic art. But his true significance for Germany, for modern Europe, and for the world's history will be found in the fact that tendencies long gathering for some supreme achievement in drama had their first fruitage in him. For Germany his works are the harvest of a field prepared beforehand by the long and studious inquiry into the nature and limits of dramatic art which began with Lessing, and was continued by Schiller and Goethe. For modern Europe he fulfills for the first time, after more than three hundred years, the desire which arose in Italy with the Renaissance to create, by the help of music, a modern form of drama akin to the Greek. And his wholly original method of creating this new form will entitle him, in the world's history, to a place beside the two mighty spirits who are identified in all minds with the only two forms of drama hitherto known to us—Æschylus and Shakspere.

It shall be the object of this paper to call attention to these aspects of Wagner's genius; and I do so the more readily from the conviction that hundreds of people are now reading the accounts called forth by his death in very much the same mental attitude towards Wagner in which I attended the Bayreuth Festival of 1876. I had heard "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" in Germany, and selections from all the later works admirably rendered in this country by Mr. Theodore Thomas. I was familiar with Wagner's criticism of the modern opera, as set forth in the pamphlet addressed to a Parisian friend in 1860. But precisely what art form he had set up in place of the established operatic forms he rejected, I was unable to answer. With the deep conviction that this was the vital question for solution, I went to Bayreuth. Arriving there two weeks before the beginning of the Festival, I attended the last two rehearsals and then the three actual performances. I was thus, as one of Wagner's secretaries informed me, one of less than fifty people who heard the entire trilogy five times in succession. From darkness I arrived at clearest understanding; and with the help of notes taken at the time, I will now set forth a portion of the result.

The great lesson of the trilogy is that Wagner is first of all a dramatist. All his revolutions in the forms of music have proceeded first and solely from the needs of drama. Drama is the end, music the means. To express the inmost spirit of the dramatic action at the very moment it is passing before the eyes of the spectator, Wagner summons to his aid the power of music. The music is thus the revelation of the drama, just as the drama is also the definition of the music. The first step, therefore, towards entering into the spirit of one of Wagner's works is to become familiar with its dramatic action. It would be proper, therefore, in a complete account of "The Nibelung's Ring," to set forth the story before proceeding to show in what manner the music is united to it. As the trilogy, however, is already accessible in an English translation, I am at liberty to pass to the consideration of those features which it possesses in common with the other dramas of its author.

"The Nibelung's Ring," in common with all but one of Wagner's dramas, is the outgrowth of a myth. The distinctive feature of all myths of a genuinely popular origin is the purely human quality of their interest. This very element is the vital principle in drama, and no mere portrayal of historical incidents, however vivid and true to fact, can supply its place. If a historical drama

win success, it is by virtue of its truth to nature rather than its truth to history. This opinion is confirmed by Schiller. After having won a clearer right than any modern author to claim success for dramas based on history, he wrote to Goethe, in their memorable correspondence: "Inclination and necessity impel me towards a freely imagined, not a historical, subject; one purely passionate and human; for of soldiers, heroes, and rulers, I have had already more than enough." Every one of Wagner's works, from "The Flying Dutchman" to "Parsifal," bears witness to his belief in the deep significance of Schiller's words. His subjects are chosen from the original legendary sources of the German people, from the Norse sagas, and the later records of chivalry left by Gottfried of Strasburg and Wolfram of Eschenbach; a rich mine of legend akin to that splendid legacy of Sir Thomas Malory from which Tennyson has drawn so abundantly in his Arthurian idyls. But the interest which these legends have for him is purely human, never antiquarian. Like one who, on exhuming an Egyptian mummy, should take no care for anything but the little kernels of wheat that had preserved their vitality three thousand years, Wagner, with the instinct of a poet, rescues from old myths the kernels of human feeling, vital for all time, which take root in his imagination and then bloom for all the world.

It will not be supposed that, in thus ascribing the germs of his dramas to sources outside of himself, one iota of diminution from the original potency of Wagner is or could be intended. It is the poet's privilege to take and make his own whatever serves his purposes, and it is no more possible to discover Wagner's dramas in the legends from which he derived them than it is to account for "Hamlet," "Othello," or "Lear," by reference to the early plays or stories which gave the first hint of them to Shakspere. It has been well said of Turner's pictures, that the materials drawn from nature are all modified and rearranged into new forms of beauty or more emphatic expressions of powers; and Mr. Ruskin, in his instructive exhibition of Turner's work a few years since, enabled the truth of this remark to be verified by placing side by side with one of Turner's visions of Switzerland a literal transcript of the same scene from nature. Nothing could have shown more clearly the contrast between art and observation; between the mere ability to make a faithful copy of natural facts and the power of arranging materials into such forms of beauty or such expressions of power as nature had hinted at but not attained. It is this free use of materials, this imaginative dealing with them, guided by the highest sense of dramatic design, which puts the stamp of ownership on everything Wagner touches; confounding with shame and wonder the lame inquirers who think, by tracing a drama to its legendary source, that they may learn the secret of the poet's alchemy.

I have said it is because its vital kernel of human interest is so large, and its dry husk of antiquarianism so thin, that the legend, rather than history, is preferred by Wagner as the source of his dramas. It is noteworthy, however, that he does not discard those elements in a legend which give it a local habitation. Human feeling without them would be vague and meaningless. For the sake of local color, of picturesque effect, of the proper setting of dramatic action, many elements are necessary which depend for their success upon the antiquarian, prior to the poetic, spirit. The life and manners at the court of the *Landgrave* in "Tannhäuser," or of *King Mark* in "Tristan," are instances of this. But never is anything of this sort depicted for its own sake, or allowed any position but one wholly subservient to the purely human interest of the action. There is abundant matter in "The Nibelung's Ring" which seems to contradict this. The whole tragedy, for example, turns on the possession of a ring, which not only has the extraordinary power of giving its owner the mastery of the world, but is also endowed with a curse that brings destruction upon everybody but its original possessor. Here, certainly, are elements of the supernatural, which, far from exhibiting

those purely human qualities belonging to mankind in all countries and at all times, are products of an age of superstition and witchcraft. True, antiquarian these features assuredly are, and in the highest degree; but not on this account do they detract one particle from the human interest of the drama. Every art has its conventions, and a rudimentary convention of the dramatic art demands that human passion, before it can have a meaning, shall be framed in the dress, manners, and beliefs of some fixed time and place. The construction of this frame-work may involve the acceptance of beliefs long since obsolete; but even though they be in flagrant violation of well-known natural laws, the human interest of the action will not on this account necessarily suffer.

We may see convincing proof of this in "Hamlet." The whole current of that tragedy turns on a belief in ghosts. Everything follows from the Prince's implicit confidence in the revelations of his father's spirit. Take away the plausibility of that revelation; in other words, make plain the absurdity of believing in ghosts; and *Hamlet's* whole course becomes the career of a credulous weakling, spurred to suspicion and revenge by an hallucination. How is it, then, that nowadays, when nobody believes in ghosts, when anybody who should do so (unless he were the dupe of spiritualists) would be set down as a victim of disease or nightmare—how is it that *Hamlet's* acceptance of a ghostly revelation, as the mainspring of his subsequent action, does not take away from him one particle of a modern audience's sympathy and respect? The answer is, that the human imagination accepts and forgets a false premise, even when contrary to physical law, provided the premise itself be plausibly set forth, and the conclusion drawn be nobly true to nature. False and improbable as Shakspere's premise is, who can deny the wonderful plausibility of its presentation? The spirit of *Hamlet's* father appears with such due ghostliness of bearing that not even the most skeptical spectator could help thinking, "If there *were* ghosts, this would be one of them." But, in reality, no such question of the ghost's existence is ever permitted to arise; for with infinite tact the poet instantly draws his conclusion as though his premise were unquestionable. In other words, he makes everybody on the stage show such complete and natural awe at the ghostly presence that the spectators cease forthwith to question the reality of the cause, and find nothing extraordinary in the fact that *Hamlet* should accept beforehand the ghost's existence, when it is supported by the cumulative testimony of three witnesses,

> "Distilled
> Almost to jelly with the act of fear."

Ghosts or no ghosts, every spectator for the time being believes in them, and the poet is able to complete his tragic chain of events in absolute certainty that the deeply human interest of each successive link will not be diminished by any recollection that the first link of all, on which the rest depend, was woven of thin air.

Yes, it is because Shakspere's conclusion is so convincingly true to nature that we accept without question his false premise; and this subjection to the poet's will, which everybody has felt in "Hamlet," makes it easy to conceive beforehand how the author of "The Nibelung's Ring" attains a like result. If, at the bidding of poetic power, an incredulous skeptic of the nineteenth century can be made temporarily a believer in ghosts, it will not be difficult, by the same means, to transport him to a still more distant period of credulity and make him a believer in the Norse sagas. This is precisely what Wagner does. A ring with mystical power and endowed with a curse; a magic cap that enables its wearer to change shape; gods, dwarfs, and giants; nymphs that live under water; maidens that ride on horseback through the air; potions that banish from man all memory of women;—these are some of the inventions of a by-gone age that find place in the trilogy. But like the ghost in "Hamlet," they are the false premise, accepted and forgotten. It is the purely human interest of scenes like the

meeting of *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*, their miserable fate, *Brünnhilde's* compassion, *Siegfried's* buoyant youth and love, the terrible snare that involves his death, and *Brünnhilde's* glorious self-sacrifice, which transcends and banishes all thought of merely antiquarian details. What the spectator carries away with him from a performance of "The Nibelung's Ring" is *not* the consciousness that he has just beheld a splendid picture of a by-gone age, but the overpowering conviction that the characters before him were moved by the very feelings that most deeply stir and thrill his own soul. This is the touchstone of poetic worth. Antiquarians are plentiful, but poets few. We rejoice that Shakspere made his Romans all Englishmen. Let us not deny Wagner the praise, that, however remote the origin of his characters, he has reanimated them with the breath of life of his own time.

Without dwelling longer upon the dramatic contents of "The Nibelung's Ring," I pass to the consideration of its dramatic form. Here Wagner shows himself the veritable artist. He has solved the problem which Goethe and Schiller so long debated—the problem of uniting Greek beauty of form with the spirit of modern life. The playwrights of the day have accustomed their hearers to such loose methods of dramatic construction, that it is not surprising the immense artistic gain of preserving the organic relation and harmonious union of all the parts of a drama is no longer recognized. But judged as fine art, the stringing scenes and acts together in the shape of a play no more constitutes drama than heaping stone constructively together constitutes architecture. Perhaps the greatest dowry of Athens to the wayward Gothic spirit of the modern world was a quickened sense of the value of form; and it is no merely fanciful analogy, but a direct inference from facts, which discovers, in the qualities of form that made the Parthenon the most perfect building the world has ever seen, the same proportion and harmonious union of parts which give to Greek drama its perfection as art. If in the structure of Greek temples is seen a successful embodiment of the principles of symmetry and harmony which constitute the beauty of the human body, it is no less true of the structure of Greek drama that, in the organic union of its parts, it exemplifies the truth, "Man is the measure of all things." Every scene in such plays as the "Antigone" or the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles is bound to the others by a relationship as subtle and intimate as that which unites man's different members; and it is no more possible to regard any one scene as perfect in itself than it would be to look upon the severed arm of a statue without feeling the need of the body from which it was cut off.

The secret of this perfect form of the Greeks will not be found in any special difference of race, country, temperament, or civilization between the Greeks and us. Forces of this nature no doubt gave Greek art its special bent, but they are of very little service in illustrating what that bent was. This can only be accomplished by studying in Greek plays the *technique* of their authors; and wherever this is faithfully done, I venture to say the fundamental difference between ancient and modern plays will be seen to be a difference of dramatic method. Our modern playwrights fail wholly to recognize, what the Greeks never forgot, that the limits of narrative and of dramatic art are entirely distinct. No errors that Lessing has pointed out as resulting from a confusion of the limits of poetry and painting are more ruinous to the success of art than those resulting from a similar confusion of the limits of narrative and drama. In setting forth the same story, there is one order for the novelist or the epic poet, and another order for the dramatist. A story, it cannot be too clearly understood, merely because it is told in dialogue and divided into scenes and acts, does not on that account become a drama. Goethe set to work in this fashion when he wrote his first play, "Goetz von Berlichingen," and the result was, that in spite of much subsequent tinkering the piece could never be made suitable for the stage. Goethe had not learned from the Greeks

that the author's sense of the right beginning of the drama is the keystone of its whole construction. Their dramas begin *after* the events which supply the motive of the drama have taken place. To depict those events *first* is permissible to the novelist, but the dramatist must begin with action which is already immediately connected with his drama's culmination. Events, therefore, which the novelist may begin by describing, the dramatist must cause (by such means as his ingenuity may devise) to be narrated, not acted, after his drama has begun. In this way the spectator is made aware what events underlie and have given rise to the dramatic action, and its progress is thenceforth intelligible.

This is the method cherished by the Greeks. A modern playwright setting the story of "Antigone" on the stage would no doubt begin with a grand spectacular attack on Thebes, at the end of which the body of the vanquished *Polynices*, probably after a hand-to-hand fight, would be seen lying dead, and the act would close with the victorious Thebans sallying forth and condemning the body to be left, under penalty of death, without burial and a prey to crows and dogs. But Sophocles, leaving all this for subsequent narration, at the very opening of his drama shows us *Antigone*—who has just heard of her brother's death and the edict against his body—already insisting upon that fulfillment of sacred rites to his corpse which ultimately brings about her death. The end of the tragedy is thus linked with its beginning. Space fails me to show in detail examples of this method in Wagner; but I venture to say the structure of such works as "Lohengrin," "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," "Tristan and Isolde," or "The Valkyrie," affords the most perfect example in modern times of the assimilation, without imitation, of the lessons of the Greeks. Milton showed in "Samson Agonistes" how entirely possible it was for a modern poet to cast his subject in a mold that should bear every external resemblance to the Greek. But neither Milton in "Samson," nor Schiller in "The Bride of Messina," neither Goethe in "Iphigenia," nor Swinburne in "Atalanta," has succeeded in making his borrowed lesson a life-giving principle to modern art. This is the praise of Wagner, that, since the Renaissance awoke an interest in Greek art, he is the first poet who has taken the lesson of Greek dramatists so thoroughly to heart, that, without imitating such essentially Greek but now meaningless and external features as the introduction of the Chorus, he has made their unrivaled dramatic method his own, and has bequeathed it as a living and fructifying principle to the modern world. Greek he frequently is not, when long epic narratives in the midst of his dramas overcome that sense of proportion which at other times makes his action advance swiftly to its culmination. Many of the narratives in "The Nibelung's Ring" are of unmeasured prolixity; and the account in "The Mastersingers" of the various kinds of singing in which one must be skilled before attaining admission to the guild is as wearisome as the Homeric catalogue of ships. But taken at its best—as in that matchless tragedy of "Tristan," which will yet be regarded as a landmark in the world's history of the drama—Wagner's work sustains its high claim to mastery of form. It is no more possible to convey in words a sense of the harmonious development of one of his dramas, than it would be to make clear to a blind man the unfolding of a tree, which puts forth branches in beautiful symmetry and stands finally perfect in the glory of its leaves and blossoms.

Thus far, in considering the contents and structure of one of Wagner's dramas, we have discovered no qualities which might not belong with advantage to any play intended simply to be acted. When, however, we examine the diction of his dramas, it becomes evident that his versification is not complete in itself, but is purposely designed to reach completeness only upon being united to music. Whatever pleasure is derived by the lover of poetry from regularity of metrical structure and the melodious sequence of words will be found for the most part wanting in the perusal of one of Wagner's dramas. It is evident that, in the union of poetry to

music, the new melody of the music supersedes almost entirely the old melody of the words; and the important question, therefore, arises as to how much of the character of pure poetry should be relinquished by words intended for musical partnership. Shall the author of music-dramas attempt to carry his diction to the level of melodious sensuousness attained by Swinburne, or shall he be satisfied, like Walt Whitman, with a form of verse akin to rhythmical prose? This question I do not think has reached its final solution at Wagner's hands. Three distinct methods of solving it are evident in his works. From "Rienzi" to "Lohengrin" he followed the precedent of librettists of Italian opera, and made his characters express themselves in purely lyrical forms of verse (such as quatrains of alternate rhymes), which were often crudely executed. After "Lohengrin," the four dramas of "The Nibelung's Ring" were finished in 1852, and in them recourse was had to the mediæval form of alliterative verse, in which the place of rhyme is taken by a certain assonance of consonants. It is noteworthy, however, that although this experiment was partially repeated in "Tristan and Isolde," yet in his last two works, "The Mastersingers" and "Parsifal," alliterative verse (in the ancient sense) has been practically abandoned. If his last work may be supposed to embody his ripest opinion in this matter, Wagner had determined to indulge every caprice of versification consistent with giving his words a rhythmical impulse to musical utterance. For in "Parsifal" lines of all lengths, rhymed, unrhymed, and alliterative, follow each other without law. The effect, in reading, is jarring on the ear; but when the music adds to each syllable its proper emotional emphasis, the irregularity vanishes and the completeness of the diction stands unquestioned. It would stretch this article beyond limits to proceed any farther. Here, then, for the present I leave Wagner the dramatist, at the threshold of that world of music in which, for creative melodic power combined with the mastery of every resource that harmony, polyphony, and instrumentation have added to enrich music, nobody but Beethoven may stand beside him.

Alfred A. Wheeler.

THE SCHISM AT ST. AIDENN.

COMPILED FROM THE PAPERS OF PHILEMON, SUPERIOR OF THE BROTHERS OF THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

I.

THE EYRIE, May-day, 18—

THE hour grows late! A wind which has all day swayed the cypresses before my window is now driving fog-clouds across the hills. There is a rift in the gloomy sky to the southward, and a strip of gold lies upon the waters in the lower bay; there is a rift in the northern sky, and the hills beyond the gray islands are steeped in sunshine.

I know that in two hours I can enter the Happy Valley—two hours by rail, through dusty ways, skirting the hill slopes that are already tarnished and dull after their brief winter festival; two hours and I shall have forgotten the Eyrie, the weird cypresses hissing and writhing in the wind, the hateful streets that tremble under the iron heel of commerce—even the friends who climb the gaunt stairway along the face of the cliff whereon is perched my Eyrie; even the few solitaries like myself, who find it a pleasant thing to be able to say to one another, "How sweet is solitude!"—these also will have passed from me for the time being, and in that new world, two hours removed, I shall have begun the better life in which alone I hope to awaken an interest that shall make existence once more pleasurable. . . . .

A rap at my door! Shall I admit the applicant or play the society hypocrite, and be "not at home"? Absent in spirit I certainly am, and the knock was a light one; perhaps some good soul in passing has paused for a moment to see if I be still alive. There is a sound of retreating footsteps; the rap was not repeated; who was it, I wonder? I look from my window and recognize the spinal structure of my dearest foe. No one but an accomplished bore seeks out a day like this in which to visit upon you the burden of his presence. But I am false to him and to myself; I will call him back with an apology. Vengeance is his!

He has disappeared under the cliff, and in his stead I return with a letter which was deposited, unstamped, in my letter-box; could he have been the bearer of it? . . . .

He was! The General says so, in a brief epistle which reads more like an army order than an invitation, alike generous in him and flattering to me. The General sails for Europe in a week from date; time of absence indefinite. Downdale will be left well stocked with trusty servants. Can I and will I go thither and take charge of the estate during his absence? I am free to do what I please on the premises; to entertain whom and when I please. All he asks is that he may rest assured that I will keep the servants in harmony, and see that the conservatories and garden are not suffered to grow to seed. He intrusts the message to one who has volunteered to deliver it in person, and he hopes to receive an early and favorable reply.

Most assuredly, good General! and may your days be long in the land which the Lord never gave you, but to which you and the mob of well-to-dos have free access at all times and seasons.

I accept joyfully. I experience a change of heart on the instant. I actually love my enemies, especially he whom I lately turned from my threshold. I seize pen and paper, and write in a fever of excitement. The twilight is blurred with the fog which enshrouds the Eyrie, but I care not; the cypresses dash to and fro, like shadows thrown upon a screen of ground glass, yet I care not; the windows shudder, and in the midst of it all I hear the startling clang of the fire alarm, whose terrifying notes are blown hither and yon in affright, and some of which seem to fall half-strangled from the brazen throats of the bells.

A wild night, and a weird one; I will end it at the club, dropping the following in the pillar-post on my way thither:

"*My dear General:* Nothing could give me greater pleasure, unless it were to have you stay as well as go, and I with you, so that we each might be in both places at one and the same time.

"I will joyfully present myself upon the day appointed, and take formal and full possession," etc., etc.

II.

DOWNDALE, the Ides of May.

For a whole week I have been master of a highly desirable country seat situated a couple of miles from everybody; all that I share in common with the world is the luxurious air, sweeter I fancy for the gardens and groves that surround me, and these immortal joys, the unclouded sun and stars.

There is no more sea to grow cold and leaden-colored in the wind; no more fog to chill me and blind me and swallow me up; my ears are no longer deafened by the thunder of traffic; and all that can minister to a mind diseased—as no doubt mine was but a few days since—now ministers to me silently and satisfactorily in the most subdued Eastlake fashion.

My present life is chiefly made up of black and gold, relieved by touches of Pompeiian red; it is true that here and there a chord of color varies the restful monotony of the whole, but this chord is always in the minor key, and there is nothing throughout the villa which could possibly jar upon the most seraphically sensitive organism. Extreme elegance and unimpeachable taste—which have distinguished the General ever since he captured a rebel wife on the war-path, and then fled to Europe to raise an army of little ones

and drill them in four languages—hallow the spacious halls and chambers at Downdale. It is a Castle of Indolence, with all the modern improvements, where even time is dispatched by the latest mechanical ingenuities.

From balcony and window I catch glimpses of ample lawns through which paths are forever winding. Nature abhors a straight line; in all nature there is only one that approaches it—the horizon, and this, fortunately, is frequently obscured. Highly decorative trees group themselves at intervals, after the concealed art of the landscape gardener; and the sibilous song of fountains ascends from bosky nooks whose somber depths are illuminated by myriads of flickering butterflies.

All this is mine, or as good as mine—mine from the grand hall with its porphyry columns to the great wall that surrounds Downdale (the entire estate is fenced in, and there is not so much as a chink through which a disconsolate Peri might have knowledge of this Eden; even the small lake and the willows that sweep its shores come within the sacred inclosure): while artful and infinite vistas invite the eye over billowy seas of verdure to purple hill-tops that tower between me and the dim forever.

It has taken me the whole week to explore Downdale, and perhaps I am not yet quite familiar with it; certainly I have not begun to exhaust the riches of the library and the art gallery; as for the bric-a-bric, the playthings of the moment, there is enough of it to amuse me for many a month to come.

The domestic affairs are mysteriously conducted; the ingenious system, which seems to have existed always, I shall not think of inquiring into; a servant appears when summoned, replies briefly to my question or receives an order in respectful silence, and then vanishes, but whither I know not; and, like well-bred servants, they seem invisible even while discharging their necessary duties in your presence.

Two thoughts now occupy my mind, and they are of sufficient consequence to keep me interested most of the time:

1. The General's last injunction was that during his absence I should endeavor to sustain the reputation for hospitality which his house enjoys, and that I should do him the honor to make my friends acquainted with the very choice brands in his wine-cellar.

2. That the book I have discovered in his library has charmed me into a bewitching day-dream. It is "The Rule of St. Benedict," a black-letter copy in excellent preservation, though the leaves are stiffened and stained with age.

St. Benedict might revel in this garden: it has even a cloister with a south exposure; and if monks merit the sly flings we have at them for their rubicund rotundity, the wine-cellar would afford them immense consolation. Now, having escaped from the world, I don't care to drag it after me, and they are rare ones to whom I could give welcome; but why may not a select brotherhood improve this opportunity, and share with me a life of delightful security, walled in as we will be from the world, the flesh, and the Devil? I can think of a half-dozen fellows, choice spirits in Bohemia—poets, artists, musicians—who are wasting their substance in riotous living. True, some of them are married, but their wives are doubtless absent for the summer; and surely these should be more ready to seek sanctuary than those celibates who know no other home than the club.

I have observed with pleasure that all or nearly all of these dear fellows have of late been pretty regular attendants at Grace or Trinity; their exquisite attire and their edifying deportment leads me to believe that they are not unconscious of the fact that a faith like ours is extremely advantageous in certain circles; and whatever may be said of us, it must be acknowledged that the fellowship of the Episcopal Church—I mean the Episcopal Church *straight*, leaving the Methodist mixtures entirely out of the question—is at least refining and exclusive; especially is it so at Grace and Trinity.

Now if I may form a select coterie—community, let me call it—establish it here for

the summer, and live a semi-cloistral life, which I can easily base upon "The Rule of St. Benedict," with such modifications and improvements as may be suggested by the superior religious advantages of this enlightened age; if I may do this, why may not the Brotherhood live in blissful seclusion for a time, and perhaps ultimately astonish the world with its productions of pen and pencil, the inspirations of the higher life?

The General can hardly object, for the increased expenses of the establishment will be equally divided amongst us, and there shall be no trespassers upon our time or attention. In the house there is but one change which I must insist upon, and this is imperative: Brigida, the housekeeper, must depart; the French cook is fortunately not feminine; the other servants, all male, are both numerous and clever, and they are sufficiently schooled in their several duties to keep the establishment in excellent order. Brigida shall return into the world for a season, taking the apple of discord with her; our loss will be her gain, for her salary will of course continue—yea, it shall be doubled if necessary—and there let her remain until such an hour as her presence once more becomes needful at Downdale.

There are chambers for a score of guests; a library for the poet and dramatist; the picture gallery will make a capital studio for the artists; there is the great music-room for the singers and players upon instruments; and if there be any who do not woo the muses, they may pass the working hours in the garden, the green-houses, the vineyards, or the orchard. This division of labor will prove profitable to each and all; and when the hours of recreation and social intercourse are come, what pleasure shall we not find in renewing the light and agreeable conversation such as it will be wise to indulge in at suitable intervals? And then the hour of silence—for surely there must be at least an hour for silent and secret meditation—and possibly a retreat?

O, yes! I will at once draw up our Rule—a Rule especially and particularly adapted to life in this new Aidenn. But not to-night: I must sleep on it; the community house, however, shall be known as St. Aidenn-down-Dale.

III.

St. Aidenn-down-Dale.

It is June: I know not the day of the month, I am not quite sure of the day of the week, and I care not for either—it is enough that it is June! The garden is a Red Sea of roses breaking in golden foam upon a shore of perennial green. There was a time when the snow of the lilies blew in drifts across the lawn, and the oriental lilies, richly jeweled, still unfurl their splendid petals in the conservatory; surely we triumph in the lily and the rose at St. Aidenn-down-Dale.

Still alone! I have uttered a pastoral letter addressed to the wandering flock I so long to gather into this flowery fold; for one reason or another those who are to join me delay the hour; it is probably because they are not yet equipped, or a little business must first be arranged and the house set in order before they renounce the world. I have exacted a full renunciation in each and every case; if old associations are not completely abandoned our experiment must inevitably fail. Even the names by which we have been known among men will be exchanged for others more appropriate; and these names I have already conferred upon those who are now expected to arrive at any moment.

Brigida has departed, and apparently without dissatisfaction. It is as I anticipated; the domestic machinery is so perfectly adjusted that we have not once regretted her, and I await with the utmost impatience the arrival of the Brotherhood, for all to whom I have extended the right hand of fellowship accept without hesitation the enjoined conditions, and perfect happiness already seems within our grasp.

The Rule of the Order reads something like this:

The community shall be known as the Brothers of the Lily and the Rose.

The members of the order shall come

provided with a robe, which shall be worn at all times so long as they remain at St. Aidenn-down-Dale.

It is desirable that the hair of the Brothers be clipped, and worn after the manner of the monks of St. Francis.

It is desirable that nothing be brought into the community house save what is absolutely necessary.

We are in the world, but not of it; it is therefore forbidden to correspond with any one not of the order; nor will the journals of the day be admitted at St. Aidenn-down-Dale; nor will guests be permitted to visit the establishment without the special permission of the Superior.

The exercises of the day will be as follows:

6 A. M. *First Bell.* The Brothers of the the Lily and the Rose will at once rise from their beds; a bath and dressing room is attached to each suite of chambers or cells.

6.30 A. M. *Second Bell.* The Brothers will assemble in the refectory for coffee and hot rolls.

7 A. M. *Third Bell.* The Brothers will repair to their severally allotted apartments, and begin the labors of the day.

9 A. M. *Fourth Bell.* Breakfast in the refectory; after breakfast, cigarettes and social intercourse, in which all will freely join.

11 A. M. *Fifth Bell.* The duties and labors of the day will be resumed in the same manner as at the ringing of the third bell.

2 P. M. *Sixth Bell.* A light refreshment in the refectory, or upon the lawn, or in the cloister, or elsewhere, as the case may be, to be partaken of informally by all the Brotherhood.

2.30 P. M. *Seventh Bell.* Siesta. Each Brother will repair to his own apartments and meditate for a season, after which a brief sleep is recommended.

4.30 P. M. *Eighth Bell.* Recreation. Lawn tennis, bowls, base-ball, cricket or lacrosse, gymnastic exercises, boating upon the lake, or a trot over the private course connected with the stables at St. Aidenn-down-Dale, after which a plunge bath, and finally dinner toilet.

7 P. M. *Ninth Bell.* Dinner in the refectory, with music and other pleasing accompaniments. After dinner, billiards, etc.

10 P. M. *Tenth Bell.* The Brothers of the Lily and the Rose will retire promptly, and twenty minutes later the gas will be extinguished throughout the house.

The above Rule of Life must be observed to the letter, and will be broken on pain of penance; a third offense warrants excommunication; sickness alone, and the indulgence of the Superior, relieves a Brother from these imperative duties.

The pastoral was addressed to Hyacinth, the incorrigible humorist, whose satirical couplets wound friend and foe alike; who, having exhausted the resources of a town of three hundred thousand inhabitants, is still not so old by half as his years; who, with a brace of lenses balanced upon his nose, was never yet known to bring an article of furniture within focus, but plunges obliquely through space, and heedless alike of consequences and gravitation, smiles triumphantly from the *debris* of a drawing-room; Hyacinth, the flower and the thorn of Bohemia.

And to Alexis, he of unfailing fellowship, steadfast in love, steadfast in hate, with a host of diverging talents, any one of which, had it been the sole talent, would have been sufficient to distinguish him in its development; Alexis, who writes plays, and can play them better than most of those who play at them; who is slow to begin, having all the moods of genius, but once begun, he is ready and willing, and toils steadily until the end is accomplished.

To Lycidas, lighter than the thistle-down when the wind takes it; a will-o'-the-wisp, who beckons and bewilders in a night revel, yet whose serious side—and it is a very serious one—is not only little known, but less suspected; in the song, the dance, and all the arts, ever vivacious, and with a due appreciation of those venerable platitudes, the true, the beautiful, and the good—Lycidas is welcome.

And to Felix, fleshy and fair, with a boy's big heart, worn upon a sleeve that is not without a souvenir of the palette and the

hasty brush; the most jovial of companions in good weather, the most lugubrious when the wind is foul; yet with something mirthful in his melancholy—he also seeming to see the comic side of it—and like a boy easily moved to laughter, when his heart was but a moment before heavier than lead.

To Crispus, he of the huge mustaches, curled like ram's horns; whose art life abroad has drained his veins of whatever American blood originally coursed through them; a great stretcher of canvases, who paints whole galleries of pictures in his imagination, and exhibits a few of them at long intervals; one who, with wealth at his command, would be the most generous host in the world, and who seldom if ever realizes that he is not the possessor of millions.

And to Lubin, bland, sweet-voiced, well-groomed, with as much taste and as little tact as a woman; with a splendid talent, which he would have smothered within himself had his wiser friends not taken him by the ears and shamed it out of him.

To Cyril, also, a musical phenomenon; enthusiastic, ingenuous, and having an expression of countenance which women call "angelic"—a face set to music. Cyril is the pedestal on which the talent of Lubin has taken shape; but each is independent of the other, though both are necessary to the Brotherhood.

And to Adonais, who has eyes that plead like the eyes of a fawn; spoiled past redemption is Adonais, and spoiled by the very ones who are most conscious of his weaknesses, and who wish him well without knowing how to do him good. Adonais shall ornament the establishment, and while the workers are at the desk, the easel, or the organ, he shall do the picturesque rustic under vine and fig-tree.

O, why are they not all here? Everything is in readiness, even to the allotment of the several apartments. The great gate has been sealed up; it is never opened now until the bell summons a cyclops, who has an eye single to the glory of St. Aidenn-down-Dale; when this huge porter has slid aside the smallest possible wicket and surveyed the worldly one who seeks admission, if it be the butcher or the baker, or any one necessary to us, the same enters or transacts his business through the medium of the wicket. If it be a stranger, then I am summoned to inquire into his case—and thus are we proof against objectionable intrusions. . . . . The bell has just been peremptorily rung. I listen with my heart in my throat; the down train must have reached the neighboring station some time since. . . . . I am called away; the cyclops is in a quandary, and flies to me with more haste than is seemly in one who stands sentinel at the gates of this earthly Paradise. . . . . To resume: I approached the wicket, which had been discreetly closed; some one without was attempting to scale the barrier. I opened the wicket stealthily. I saw the toes of a pair of boots and the skirts of an ulster. Once more the bell was impetuously jangled; I called aloud; bang went something, or somebody, all of a sudden, into the dust on the highway. I looked down upon a face flushed with excitement, upon a pair of eyeglasses somewhat deranged, upon a nose astonishingly foreshortened. Enough! The gate flew open upon the wreck of a supplicating novice, who thus began his experiences at St. Aidenn. A coachman whose countenance was not familiar to me, but who was evidently a man of the world, departed with alacrity and a suppressed smile. With the aid of the astonished cyclops the cherished ruin at my feet was carefully restored: it was Hyacinth, alone, first come though last expected, and a little the worse for wear.

IV.

We are all here; all who were summoned, as well as two or three agreeable young fellows, satellites of Adonais, who are received as lay brothers; they pass the working hours in the garden or the wood, and are, on the whole, not unreasonable additions to the community.

Thus far there has been no serious violation of the Rule—nothing, in fact, that might not be anticipated in the first week of a novitiate. It is true the brothers are not al-

ways in the refectory upon the ringing of the second bell; that some of them are loath to leave the billiard-room at the tenth bell, and that Adonais has, unwittingly I trust, slain one of the General's pet deer, and the groom complains of the heated condition of a certain mare, the ornament of the stud, whose record is the pride of the proprietor; but in the privacy of the boudoir, which is now known as the confessional, I have administered a mild rebuke, and I trust that a repetition of these offenses will not occur.

Meanwhile, on the other hand, the artists are busy in the gallery, where famous specimens of the best modern schools, admirably hung, inspire them with uncommon enthusiasm. Alexis is already at work upon a new drama; Hyacinth convulses himself over a satire which will no doubt presently sell a special edition of the weekly to which he contributes; Lubin and Cyril are diligently rehearsing the score of "Carmen"; while Adonais and his followers divert themselves with camp life among the oaks; the frequent discharge of ammunition assures me that they are not idle, and in the intervals of silence they are doubtless absorbed in the contemplation of the rod and line, for the lake, though small, offers superior piscatorial attractions.

As for our habit, it is extremely attractive; the simplicity of garb affected by Alexis is set off by the elaborate wardrobe which Lubin displays—a wardrobe doubtless shared with Cyril, for these melodious Brothers are the most decorative members of the community. Adonais might, if he chose, rival them, but his partiality to out-of-door exercises, the vignettes of camp life which illustrate his sentiments, together with the gambols of his sometimes boisterous companions, have played havoc with the *soutane* of baby-blue and a cowl of cardinal satin. All the Brothers have adopted the *bang* without a murmur, but not one will submit to the tonsure nor sacrifice beard, or even the feeblest of mustaches. Verily, we are conceived in vanity, and I suspect that there is a conscious dignity or pathos in our dying speech.

It has become necessary to make certain concessions in some few cases, and to depart from the Rule of St. Aidenn; as, for instance, Crispus, a figure painter, is incessantly clamoring for sitters; as these are Brothers, they must, of course, be relieved from their regular duties. Adonais and his figurantes work well into backgrounds, but the principals must be sought for at their desks and easels.

Felix does much of his work out of doors, and his portly figure, well cassocked and girded about the loins with a length of cable, may be seen any morning tramping sturdily toward the lake, with knapsack, sunshade, and camp-stool on shoulder and in either hand. He spends a portion of his recreation hours in the study of sunset and twilight effects, and is always the first to rise in the morning.

Lycidas, poor boy, of all the Brotherhood, seems most prone to listlessness; but there is enough to amuse him in the library and the music-room, and I have advised his studying several *roles* in comic opera and travesty, against the day when fate shall lodge him permanently in the profession.

Doubtless the symptoms of *ennui* which are beginning to discover themselves are due to the strict seclusion which has thus far been observed within the gates of St. Aidenn-down-Dale. We have cut acquaintance with the postman; the great bell no longer rings an alarm, for guests are uninvited and unknown of us; and all the necessary traffic of the domestics is quietly and unobtrusively conducted at a small side gate, which is in mysterious communication with the kitchen.

We know nothing—literally nothing—of what is transpiring in the outer world: I rejoice in this respite, but I do not forget that there are those who are unable to shuffle off this mortal coil as readily as I can, and to die to the world as easily. For their sakes I have resolved to open an avenue of communication with terrestrial affairs—a perfectly safe one—and there shall be a break in our Lily and Rose calendar once in seven days; I will, without delay, communicate with the Reverend Pinkie White

rector of St. Thingamy's. He is young, he is æsthetic, he is not without eloquence, and he is, moreover, a little high. It was he who lit tapers upon the altar, and excluded females from the choir; the bishop blew out the candles and blew up Pinkie, but the boy sopranos still delight one of the most elegant and reserved congregations in town.

Perhaps this most edifying young prelatist can visit us once a week; he shall, if he sees fit, read the service in one of the reception rooms, which will thereafter be known as the oratory. He will be able to tell us what is transpiring in the best circles, and will also take to our friends in town the very latest rumors concerning affairs at St. Aidenn-down-Dale. His advent will be a red-letter day in the community, and will revive the novelty of our experience here, and will no doubt reconcile the oblates; I have already informed them that the first month at St. Aidenn is to be known as the Ordeal; if, at the expiration of that period, any one still lusts after the flesh, he shall be permitted to withdraw from us without dishonor.

They assure me, as a body, that the life is all they can desire; that the atmosphere of the house is exquisite and elevating; that they have never been more at peace with the world and with themselves—and yet they yawn, and at times yawn audibly! Will they never realize that nothing is permanent if there be not method in it, and that routine is the salvation of the race?

I must write at once to Pinkie.

V.

A letter was dispatched to the Reverend Pinkie White, rector of St. Thingamy's—the date of it I hardly know, for with us all times and seasons are alike. That letter, the first to leave St. Aidenn since my pastoral, brought the rector to us on the Monday following the receipt of it. He was radiant with enthusiasm; he even brought his surplice with him; and it being early in the day—for he came by the first train—we transformed a beautiful retiring-room into a bower of lilies, and he read with considerable sentiment the Morning Prayer. It was at his suggestion that the room was set apart for a weekly service, and a parlor organ moved into it. Lubin and Lycidas, accompanied by Cyril, rendered the Psalms in magnificent style—the *Venite*, *Te Deum*, and *Benedictus*, not omitting the *Benedicite*, *Omnia opera*, and the *Jubilate Deo*, for the boys were in splendid voice and sang with much taste and expression. It is a pity there were not more present to hear us, and to see us also, for Pinkie whispered to me after prayers, that the general effect was quite mediæval; I can readily believe it, for the whole Brotherhood was picturesquely disposed in the oratory, their robes appearing to the best advantage.

In the afternoon we surveyed the house and grounds, and having dined heartily repaired to billiards, for Pinkie spent the night with us; to this was added a very choice selection of music.

The Rector is full of wonderful projects concerning our future. He promises to come to us regularly once a week; says that he feels like joining the Order, but in that case would suggest some changes in the Rule; for instance, he thinks that we should fast on Fridays and vigils, and we will hereafter. Meat shall not come into the house on these days, and for desserts we will confine ourselves to whipped cream and champagne-sponges.

The Rector recommends rum omelets as an excellent substitute for meats, and has promised to arrange for the shipment hither of a double portion of eastern oysters, bonitoes, and Tahoe trout on all fasts; he will also keep us informed as to which days are fast days and vigils of feasts, etc.

He wishes to interest us in St. Thingamy's; thinks we may, after a fashion, become a kind of dependency, to be known as being under the patronage of St. Thingamy. He will consult with the Bishop about this. He also proposes that we as a Brotherhood contribute toward the success of a worthy charity he has now in hand: the artists to donate pictures, the poets to read poems, the musicians to render music, and all of the cowled

Brotherhood to be present on the opening night of his bazaar. Only the very best people will be admitted, and these by card, so that the affair will be extremely select. We might, he thinks, appear among the *tableaux*, in a series of living pictures, illustrating phases of life at St. Aidenn. I must confess that I don't like the idea, and I much prefer that the Brothers hear nothing of it.

. . . . Again the Rector has been with us. He seemed less jubilant than on his former visit; he even cut short the Morning Prayer, and returned to town the same day. The Bishop, it seems, does not approve of making of St. Aidenn a religious house. His Grace does not object to the tableaux; on the contrary, he presents his compliments to the Brothers of the Lily and the Rose, and is much gratified to find that in this day and generation there are those whose love of art for art's sake is superior to the baser considerations of life. We are much flattered at finding favor in the eyes of so sumptuous a personage.

And now our life is like a song; we have fitted ourselves into the nooks and corners of the place; each has his separate niche, and all are in the sweetest harmony.

. . . . The Rector failed us this week. I fear he is ill. The oratory was superbly decorated in anticipation of his arrival; as usual, all house rules were suspended on the occasion; but when he came not, somehow or other we all drifted back into the daily routine, and the disappointment was soon forgotten.

. . . . Still no news from town—none at least since Pinkie White's last visitation. We seem to get on just as well without him, and perhaps better; he unsettled us for a day at least. It is astonishing that the wives of some of the Brothers don't marvel at the silence of their lords. Perhaps they do; but what of it, so long as we are not molested?

If the worse comes to worst, these faithful followers shall find shelter under my roof, and I will stand between them and adversity, prepared to defend our threshold to the death. I! Philemon! Superior of the Brothers of the Lily and the Rose! By the by, we carry branches about with us now—rose branches, evergreen boughs, or lily-wands—after the manner of the saints and martyrs; it was Pinkie White's idea, but we had all thought of it without having the courage to propose it or to set the example. Can it be possible that I have at last achieved the dream of my life?

VI.

St. Aidenn-down-Dale,
July—probably (?).

We take no note of time. The month of the Ordeal is over, and as yet not one of the Brothers has expressed a desire to withdraw from the community. The Reverend Pinkie White alone is no longer an associate; we do not hear from him, and know not why he has abandoned us, unless it be that the Bishop has prohibited his weekly visitation.

The Rule is still observed; that is to say, it is observed by the majority; a few of the younger Brothers are growing lax, and among these Adonais is chief. Reproof is nothing. Penance is nothing. Only the other day, when Adonais refused to rise for coffee, I forbade him to appear at the nine-o'clock breakfast—a highly enjoyable meal—and thus hoped to effectually express my disapproval of his conduct. He did not appear, and somewhat later, fearing that he might attribute his banishment to anger on my part, I visited him in his chambers. There lay the disgraceful lad, propped up among pillows on his couch; by his side was a a table covered with the remains of an extravagant repast; between his lips a very choice cigar; at his feet the neophytes who adore him, and each with a glass of dry wine poised in his hand; evidently the servants at St. Aidenn are not proof against the gold that charms the world. I said nothing: there was nothing to be said; silence is usually more weighty than the vocabulary of a termagant.

It was not long, however, before a procession of these frail Brothers sought pardon at my knee, and they were forgiven.

Hyacinth has grown languid, and degenerated into a mere punster; Lycidas—but why do I brood over the trifles that have of late annoyed me to a ridiculous degree? One Rule is still enforced: the gas is extinguished throughout the house at twenty minutes past ten P. M. . . . .

A few hours since we were all startled by the ringing of the gate-bell—such a sound has become almost phenomenal in these quiet days; I thought of Pinkie returning to his forsaken fold. No; it was not he. Summoned to the wicket by the cyclops, I was followed by the Brothers, who, like myself, were filled with curiosity. I saw standing without a forlorn fellow, whose dusty boots and dejected aspect confused me for a moment; but the face, and when our eyes met the pitiful and confiding voice, supplicating me—what could I do for an old friend but admit him?

Evidently another wife was taking her semi-annual vacation; for to the town-bred American lady this respite seems almost a necessity.

The gate swung open: one who shall be known as Festus entered; he was received with a wild shriek of joy, and the next moment, in the mad embraces of the Brotherhood, all went spinning like frantic dervishes upon the lawn. The ballet of welcome with which he was received was worthier of the Boullier of Paris than of St. Aidenn-down-Dale.

Festus is with us most unexpectedly; he brings news of the world, most of which is imparted with great rapidity, emphasized by frequent explosive ejaculations, and at times there is no little secrecy. Being here, he may abide with us; his chambers are in readiness, the Rule has been expounded to him, and nothing remains but for us, one and all, to subdue this worldly Brother, and to lead him in those paths of peace where our feet have passed so pleasantly.

The tenth bell has rung: I will bid the Brotherhood good night, and repair to the gas-meter—discipline must be observed. . . . .

The house is like a tomb—so dark, so still! Firmness is necessary where the relaxing of a muscle may cause the dismemberment of an entire body. I am therefore firm! . . . .

At one o'clock A. M. I was awakened from a deep sleep by a chorus that rang out upon the night air in stirring discord. I listened; I explored the premises in alarm. At last I found a clew; a ray of light proceeding from the wine-vaults drew me to that quarter. The vaults were dimly lighted; the gardener, who is in turn a night-watchman, must have been deprived of his lantern.

There they all were, the Brothers of the Lily and the Rose, robed in the brief garments of the night, and the wine flowing freely. The merry jest went round, the cups clashed, and the echoes reiterated the refrain of a bacchanal, in the dim vault filled with revelers—and the wine flowing freely. It was a weird scene.

It was Brother Festus's first night at St. Aidenn: I discreetly withdrew.

VII.

Brother Festus has been with us somewhat less than a week, yet I know not if a Rule of the house remains unbroken. He will drive you to the wall with provocations, and then, discovering your annoyance, fall upon your neck and mingle his tears with your beard. No one has a more lively appreciation of the charms of this idyllic life; all he desires is to remodel it entirely—for they do these things better in France.

The Brothers played at lawn tennis this afternoon, clad in simple bathing-suits; it was a happy thought of Festus's; for, on the whole, why should they not do so? How is it any more indelicate in a man to parade his natural outline upon the sod than upon the sand? Why may he not with equal propriety, so long as a spectator is as clear visioned in the one spot as in the other, pose in a drawing-room, with his figure, if he have one, set off to advantage in a seamless male-jersey, such a garment as is affected by well-proportioned youths at watering places. The popular gymnasts and the chorus of the

opera comique have accustomed the eye to lines of beauty: Brother Festus was right; the bathing-suit is the proper suit for lawn tennis; I applaud his innovation.

Brother Festus suggests that Adonais, and the neophytes who hover about him with rifle and rod, don Comanche war costume, paint, feathers, and all; he has even presumed to address a letter, without my knowledge, to a friend in the city, desiring that the bulk of artistic bric-a-brac, which is the chief attraction in his studio, be at once forwarded to him at St. Aidenn-down-Dale. Fortunately the sheriff stands, for the time being, between him and his dearest hopes, and we are spared an extravagant display which in my humble opinion would have been little short of outright caricature.

In spite of his frivolity, and a worldly air which the new-comer seems unable to rid himself of, Brother Festus has, with electrical rapidity, dashed off a spirited picture, the subject of which was suggested by our present experience—a picture so full of sentiment that one would imagine the artist to be the most devout solitary of us all. It is a large canvas aglow with color, poetic in conception, and exquisite in detail. The enthusiasm of his brother artists is boundless, and he has projected a series of similar productions to illustrate various phases in our unique life: my only fear is that his frenzy may ultimately work to our distraction, for it has become necessary to permit him to break his fast in the art gallery where he has established himself, and reflectors have been introduced there in order that his great work may grow under his enchanted brush by night as well as by day.

If only Hyacinth were but a tenth part as diligent! He has completed a satire, fragments of which he recites to us at intervals, and always with so much mirth that the fun of it is considerably increased: beyond this he does little else than shatter the household goods; indeed one can track him from room to room by the blazed furniture that strews his trail; withal, he is the life of St. Aidenn.

Alexis meditates a new drama, Felix multiplies his studies, Crispus is ailing, and Lycidas yawns overmuch; but Lubin and Cyril are dutiful, and now have "Carmen," and not "Carmen" only, at the tip-ends of tongue and finger. How blessed our lot!

. . . . Alas! Festus has declared at table, in the presence of the Brotherhood, that all that is necessary to perfect the Rule of the Order is the inauguration of a Ladies' Day! There were those who agreed with him when he said it, and he is evidently possessed of a spirit of proselytism, for, though I have assured the Brethren that the question of a Ladies' Day is a heresy undreamed of in a monastery, and that our life is more or less monastical, I have received from the hands of one of the servants a Round Robin signed by each individual Brother, and imploring that I at once appoint a day when the sweethearts and wives, the mothers and sisters, of the community may enter St. Aidenn, and see with their own eyes how sweet a thing it is for Brethren to dwell in one: the document is elaborately decorated; the muses seem to have conspired against me, but I still oppose most rigorously this dangerous precedent.

In great perplexity, for the Brothers are well nigh mutinous, I resolve to begin a retreat; during this season of absolute seclusion, I will well consider the matter. To-night I bid the Brotherhood adieu, and do not hope to see their faces for three whole days. May the spirit which inspires me watch over these extremely clever but somewhat wayward youths during my self-imposed imprisonment, and when I once again return to them, may all the clouds that lower upon our house have found Christian burial forever in the deep bosom of oblivion's sea.

VIII.

In the Tower.

It is a leafy and square tower that overtops all the gables of St. Aidenn; a steep stair leads one to it through a trap in the floor; enter and let the trap fall, and all communication with the house is suspended; in case of necessity, however, help may be

summoned by the aid of an electrical bell concealed in a corner of the chamber.

Here is my cot, a primitive one brought hither for the occasion, my table, my camp-stool, and my book. A frugal repast is furnished at appointed hours, but no one presumes to approach me, save only the one chosen servant, and his privileges cease with the monosyllabic reply to such interrogations as I may choose to utter.

Over the walls I have written that beloved monkish legend embodying the sum and substance of a life's experience, the final verdict of the world-weary :

✠*O, Beata Solitudo,*
O, Sola Beatitudo.✠

Looking from the windows on the four sides of my retreat, the eye pauses not till it has climbed the farthest hill-tops, and all the foreground is obscured by the green mist of woodland and vineyard. Silence and solitude are my hand-maidens. No sound disturbs me save the *boom* of some belated bee, as he falls like a spent bullet slantwise toward the hive; and often I sit watching the curved flight of the swallow while she salutes the dusk with shrill, passionless kisses.

O, blessed solitude! O, solitary blessing! Never so blessed as when voluntary, when one knows that the veil that shuts him out from all the world may be rent in twain at his pleasure. . . . .

The days are passing; the hours fly or lag according to my mood. Thus far I have held no communication with the Brotherhood, and therefore have no knowledge of affairs mundane; to-morrow I descend to them glowing with fresh enthusiasm, and filled with a spiritual peace that seems literally to radiate from my heart and visibly influence my surroundings. If only the Brothers will subject themselves to this beneficent ordeal, and each in turn consult the quiet of the tower! . . . .

How calm the day is! The air scarcely stirs, and a long cloud of dust that rises from the highway now hangs like a golden haze above the tree-tops; a flock probably, driven forth in search of greener pastures, occasions the unusual commotion. . . . . And now a bell rings violently; it is almost the first terrestrial sound that has come to my ear these three days past, for bee and bird voices are surely celestial. I have often associated sound with color; all sound has its counterpart in color; for instance, the notes of that bell were of the brightest orange, and as they reverberated, they were tinged with violet, which at last faded into purple, and so became a part of the landscape, absorbed by it; for the key note of the landscape is purple. . . . .

The bell is again vigorously agitated; I fancy that in sound it resembles the bell at the great gate, but this must be a delusion; indeed, it is so long since I have heard that bell ring, I have well nigh forgotten how it sounds. . . . .

There is certainly a commotion below; thrice I have summoned a servant, and as yet no one appears. Not long ago I heard a volley of musketry, which was followed by an unmistakable round of cheers; the affrighted birds rushed out of the grove, and a thin film of smoke was wafted up from the lawn; something very unusual is occurring! . . . . I have raised the trap-door, and from below comes the murmur of many voices mingled with the sensuous refrain of a waltz; that musical mechanic, the orchestrion, is hard at work in the art gallery, and yet it is not the recreation hour. I will sleep if possible, praying that the horrible day-dream may be dispelled. . . . . I cannot sleep; I will go cautiously below, for I feel it my duty to look into this matter.

. . . . Enough! As I descended I found the atmosphere impregnated with patchouly; the impalpable aroma of the sex permeated every portion of the building; from the upper gallery in the great hall I looked down upon a surprising spectacle; ladies, young ladies, beautiful girls in bewitching toilets, were being ministered to by the Brothers of the Lily and the Rose. They reclined like *odalisques* upon the divans in the smoking-room, and some were indulging in the cigarette; refreshments were served at intervals

by the fleet-footed novices, whose robes fluttered about their heels; the waltz continued without intermission, for the orchestrion is as tireless as any terpsichorean miss in her teens.

There was gambling upon the green, tennis in long clothes, the Brothers in gayest attire doing the honors bravely; there was revel and riot everywhere—this was evidently one of those horticultural monstrosities known in society as garden parties; but whence came it, and whither did it tend?

I heard frequent inquiries as to the whereabouts of Philemon, and my heart quaked; the hour was charming enough, but the thought of treachery in the Brotherhood, and this uncompromising revolt, robbed it of all joy for me.

Shortly I was discovered and hailed with acclamation, and at that moment I turned and incontinently fled; they pursued me hotly, the nymphs and satyrs; the hall rang with shrieking laughter; in dismay I escaped, not to the tower, which might easily have been taken by storm, but to a small apartment among the gables, of which the Brothers have no knowledge, and here, locked in and deaf to all entreaties, I was secure.

IX.

Like summer gusts the riot swept through the house; adventurous feet came once or twice very near to my door, but I was saved from any disagreeable exhibition of my wrath, though I failed not to nurse it into a fever-heat.

The dusk came, and the night and the majestical dawn, when at last hunger drove me out of my hiding place. The house was like a tomb—like a tomb that has been rifled, the body borne away, and the wreck of funereal ornaments left strewn about. The doors of the chambers stood open; not one of the beds had been disturbed during the night, and not a soul was visible on the premises. The truth gradually dawned upon me: I was alone at St. Aidenn-down-Dale!

In vain I summoned the servants; unfaithful like the others, they had deserted me; there was nothing but confusion and wine-lees left to tell the tale. Once more I have returned to the tower, that I may, if possible, forget the horrors of the past few hours, and compose my soul in peace. . . . .

The face of a man-servant just now rose to the surface through the trap; it was purple and apologetic. I dispatched the penitent in search of Brigida; she must return at once.

. . . . I have neither the heart nor the stomach to descend into St. Aidenn again. My meals are brought hither when called for, but I pass much of my time in chewing the cud of regret. . . . .

At last a message from Brigida, who desires to consult me on business; everything being in readiness, will I kindly dine below? I will! . . . . Presto! a veritable and complete restoration; were the good General—whom God reward—to return this moment, he would find the establishment precisely as he left it, save only the wine-cellar, the stock in which has noticeably depreciated. The wise housekeeper, without consulting me, has had in a cabinet-maker, whose skill soon covered the tracks of the erratic Hyacinth. O, Hyacinth! Hyacinth! thou that slayest the prophets, and hast established a system of inappropriate punning that spreadeth like a pestilence, may I have the happiness to know thee when thou comest of age twixt gray hairs and slippers, for thou wilt still have enough of youth aflame in thy heart to light thee gloriously to the grave.

The flight of the Brotherhood must have been unpremeditated, for Brigida has shown me the robes of the Order hung in a roomy press; while a closet is filled with easels, canvases, and palettes, on the latter of which the paint has stiffened in little cones. An inventory reveals the following results of the art-life at St. Aidenn: One large picture, completed almost within the hour, the fruit of the hot-house inspiration which well nigh consûmed Festus upon his arrival; it is not likely that he would have achieved anything else had he tarried a whole year with us. A dozen excellent beginnings, all good impulses

as far as the impulse went, but none of them sufficiently worked up to be of much interest to any save the author of them—they are already completed in his eye; likewise a capital two-hour sketch of the head of the Superior: and so much for the brush of Crispus. Five and thirty graphic studies of wood and lake and lawn, at sunrise or high noon, sunset or twilight, each wanting but a little detail to carry it beyond that invisible line which may be said to divide the finished from the unfinished picture: and all these from the portable easel of the fair and frolicsome Felix.

Even the score of "Carmen" is in the music-room, while the rods and rifles of the apostles of the chase stand grimly in the porter's lodge. Everything goes hence to-morrow, and will, I trust, arrive in due season at the various addresses of the deserters. . . . .

Once more at twilight in the tower retreat; alone with melancholy, I lean from the open window and drink in the balm of summer.

O, Beata Solitudo;
O, Sola Beatitudo!

Do not mock me, ye holy Brotherhood whose vows are irrevocable, for my heart fainteth!

Shadows close in about me; a mellow star is glowing above the hill-top; I hear the complaint of the night-owl, and the trill of a myriad crickets, and start on a sudden for my cheek was fanned by a rayless meteor. Listen! 'tis the *frou-frou* of the swallow's wing cleaving the dark air with swift saber-strokes.

X.

THE EYRIE, Midsummer.

Fold upon fold of sea-fog tainted by streams of smoke; cypresses, and the semblance of sunset, and all the riot of labor vainly striving to quiet itself as the night creeps over the land. Home again, and, on the whole, rather glad of it.

How easily it was all made clear to me when a letter—a belated letter—came at last to hand in Downdale. It seems that Festus wrote home, forgetful of the Rule; it was the wife of Festus, and the wives of others, who, returning from their outing, coveted the society of their lords. The lords, doubtless, would have given due notice, and the Brotherhood, owing to circumstances, etc., might easily and without scandal have disbanded. It seems this was the sentiment at St. Aidenn, and it grew and grew during my somewhat protracted retreat.

One day, the fairest of the season, there came a strong pull and a long pull at the great gate bell. When curiosity and conservatism meet, the former is very apt to get the upper hand. The Brothers of the Lily and the Rose peered in turn through the wicket, and lo! a troop of fair women, gayly dressed, imploring hospitality. Of course this was not long denied them; they entered on tiptoe, under mild protest; they feasted, they flirted, they danced themselves into a spirit of reckless bravado, and it was then that they discovered me and gave me chase.

Disgusted at my escape, they in turn grew wroth; then each affronted wife seized her mate; their example was followed by the sweethearts, and the result was that the Brothers, taken by storm, were led away captive.

They may or they may not have offered reasonable resistance; but, at any rate, the rape of St. Aidenn was accomplished, and the precipitation of the climax prevented an immediate explanation; this came later by letter, and was entirely satisfactory.

Then followed a dispatch from the General; business compelled his immediate return—the affluent are too often slaves; almost before I realized the situation he was home again, and apparently rejoiced at being there.

A history of the Brotherhood, somewhat embellished over a bottle of Burgundy, enraptured him; he wished he had been with us; was bound to have all the boys down for a week or two, meanwhile sending liberal stores of delectable fluids to the studios in town, where the Brothers met to enjoy them.

The General is not without his souvenirs of the Brotherhood; the solitary effort which distinguished Festus at Downdale now hangs in that hospitable mansion; a pair of capi-

tal studies by Felix flank it, and over the center piece is the bust portrait of Philemon, which does Crispus no discredit, as all are free to confess; and it is thus that the Brotherhood is remembered in the scene of its triumph and defeat.

Defeat? Nothing that has once matured can be said to have suffered defeat. We had reached maturity; sooner or later St. Aidenn-down-Dale must have declined, for it is the destiny of all human institutions, and I hold that sudden and brilliant collapse is preferable to slow decay.

Already some of the novices shuddered slightly when they recalled utterances which were popular in the club-rooms, and evidently did not cherish the hope of being classed among the worshipers of simpering asceticism.

All was for the best, doubtless, and the Eyrie is dearer to me since our late estrangement: moreover, the vanities of life seem to have acquired some piquancy since last they courted me and curdled my blood. This very night there will be a joyful reunion in a private room up town, and there, while the harp and viol are more or less harmoniously involved, we will discuss delicious viands until all hours, and wash them down with liberal potations selected expressly for the occasion by the General himself, who does us the honor to join us.

Who would have dreamed it a few days since? Certainly not I, for the responsibilities of a Superior are onerous, and I had thought never to dance again after tabor and pipe.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO, BLIND.

O Michael Angelo, the blind! when life
  Had shut the coruscations of the light
  From thy smit eyes, adazed for beauty's sight,
How teemed thy soul 'mid Nature's darkened strife.

Thy spirit gaze, with inspiration clear,
  Knew strange delight, as thy skilled touch would trace,
  With fond delay o'er outlined limb and face,
The shape of the Apollo Belvidere.

O soul of man! when life has taken away
  The light of joy and brightness of young hope,
  With faith's fine sense, from gloom where thou dost grope,
Trace thou God's promise of a heavenly day.

Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

A BIT OF INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

THE traditions of the various Indian tribes throughout British Columbia abound in legends, many of them exceedingly interesting in their way; but it is not often that the Indians are inclined to impart anything concerning them to the whites. They seem to wish as a rule to keep such matters for their own people; and a direct inquiry is in most cases sure to defeat its object, for the average Indian is very suspicious of attempts on the part of the white man to learn anything about his religion and faith. Moreover, a fear of ridicule, to which the Indian is very sensitive, prompts him often to conceal carefully any exposition of tribal or national customs or traditions. However, if one when alone with an Indian shows no curiosity as to Indian legends or habits, nor any doubt or disrespect to stories, no matter how improbable or absurd, he will find that the native sometimes becomes garrulous with persons in whom he reposes confidence, and talks by the hour of former times, manners, and customs.

On hunting and fishing trips, when alone with an Indian guide or hunter by the warm, cheery camp fire, the influence of which makes anybody loquacious, or sitting watching for game, an opportunity often occurs for conversation on such matters between a white man and his temporary friend and comrade. Very rarely, however, are the stories thus gleaned committed to writing, and the world at large is no wiser for them. The missionaries and other influences are fast changing the Indian character, and breaking up these old beliefs and memories; and the time is not far distant when, at the present rate of decrease of the native population, there will be no one left to tell the prowess of his former chieftains, no bard to sing the praises of his tribe, and very few fragments of the history of the North American Indian—unless we have more Bancrofts, who with their time, purses, and energies will follow in his wake, and enter into the spirit of preserving for future generations the annals of these people once so numerous. The ideal red man of a Fenimore Cooper is no farther from the truth at one extreme than the inhuman creation of the dime-novel class of writers at the other. The true story of these people—as a rule more sinned against than sinning—seems likely to be lost to those who in the future will have to depend upon the historian for knowledge concerning them. The student of the history of a lost people will be left to grope in amaze, unable to draw correct deductions from such contradictory records. Indeed, the reader of the present day, if he has no personal knowledge of Indians, is in almost as unsatisfactory a condition.

The following little legend was told to me by my hunting chum, Squaw-witch ("The Sturgeon"), a Harrison River Indian, when in one of his communicative moods, while we were listening to the music of my hounds on the hillside:

STA-EEL.

Immediately above the town of Yale on Fraser River begins what is known as "The Big Cañon." Here this immense river forces its way through the Cascade and Coast ranges, and the entire stream is pent up between lofty mountains, whose precipitous sides begin from the water's edge and tower aloft to the regions of perpetual snow. An idea may be had of the narrowness of the gorge from the following fact: At Hope, fifteen miles below Yale, the river rises, from low water in March to the summer freshets in June, 26 feet; at Yale it rises 66 feet, while at a point in the cañon above Yale it rises 110 to 120 feet. Whale-boats are about the largest-sized crafts that can successfully navigate the river above Yale, which is the head of steam navigation on the lower Fraser. In old times, prior to the building

of the trunk road to Cariboo gold mines, the supplies for the interior were taken up by means of boats of this class and large Indian canoes. Twelve to fourteen days were occupied, with a crew of ten or twelve persons, in taking a whale-boat to Lytton—or, as it was then known, "The Forks of the Thompson"—sixty miles; while the return trip was made in six hours. By this a fair estimate may be had of the strength of the current and the difficulties to be encountered while boating on such a rapid stream. A trip through the cañons by means of the excellent wagon road above referred to (and soon by the Canadian Pacific Railway), which wends its way along the mountain sides, is a most enjoyable one, and the varying scenery all along the route is of the grandest character imaginable.

Near the foot of "The Big Cañon," alone and sentinel-like in the middle of the narrow river, towering to a great height above the rushing waters which encompass it, stands a huge granite rock. This rock is Sta-eel, the "Lot's wife" of the Yale Indians, a perpetual monument of warning to the Indians, and a lasting testimony of the wrath and power of the "Sochalye Tyhee," or Chief of the Heavens (the name by which the Deity is known in the Chinook jargon).

The Hoch-we-lalp, or Yale Indians, are a branch or tribe of the Musqueams, a large and powerful nation of Flat-Head Indians occupying the lower Fraser. In early times, before—and indeed after—the advent of the whites, the salmon (all the five varieties peculiar to the Pacific coast) was to most of the Indians of British Columbia as much a staple of food as was the buffalo in former times to the Indians of the plains. A good salmon year was the precursor of a happy and prosperous winter; while the converse was followed by a season of much suffering, and in many cases actual starvation. Hence to propitiate the Deity, and to avoid any action or deed by which he might be offended, was the great care of all the Indians in general, but more especially that of the chiefs and medicine-men.

As the salmon season approached, indicated in many ways, but more especially by the ripening of the salmon berry (*Rubus Chamæmorus*), the fishing scaffolds were placed in order, nets and spears were made and repaired, and general activity pervaded the various Indian camps. Word was dispatched from village to village as the run reached higher points on the river, and all were on the *qui vive* to commence the salmon harvest. Great emulation existed as to who should be the lucky one to catch the first salmon of the season at the fishing stations belonging to each different tribe or settlement. These stations vary very much in importance and value. They descend to the heirs of each particular family; in former times they were most jealously guarded, and any interference with them or attempt by others than their proper owners to catch fish there made trouble at once. To poach at another's fishing station was a more heinous offense than to invade another's hunting ground, and bloodshed was not infrequently the result.

The first salmon caught at each village was the occasion of great rejoicing and of religious ceremonies; it was not the property of the person catching it, although a great honor was conferred upon him on account of the capture. The ceremonies were considered of the utmost importance, and absolutely necessary to insure a bountiful harvest. They were always conducted with the greatest solemnity and reverence, and they were participated in by the entire community, to the exclusion of all other matters—all else being considered of minor importance at that particular time.

The party catching the first one immediately took it to the head chief of the tribe, who at once summoned the entire tribe, men women, and children, to prepare for the annual salmon feast. With his sub-chiefs, medicine-men, and principal retainers, he then selected a young maiden of the village to assist in the principal ceremony about to be enacted. It was a great honor to be the happy damsel of their choice, and those who were selected year by year had for all time to come a social position above the other Indian girls.

When the choice had been made, the girl was divested of her garments, and on the surface of her body was painted, with a good deal of taste and much precision, a representation of the meshes of a salmon net, until she presented the appearance of being completely covered or enveloped in a robe of salmon netting. The color was generally vermilion (a staple article of trade of the Hudson Bay Company), but in the absence of this, any other pigment was substituted. A procession was then formed of all the villagers, the girl being the great object of interest. The whole community, arrayed in gala dress, with drums beating, followed her as she led the way to the river bank. On arriving there, she was conducted by the head chief into the water, until she was about waist-deep; there the chief and principal medicine-men proceeded to wash off all the painted netting. Meanwhile, the medicine-men, generally in head-dresses of the bright feathers of the woodpecker commonly known as the "high holder" (*Colaptes Mexicana*), adorned with snake and lizard skins, and when procurable the rattles of rattle-snakes, performed a great deal of ceremony and mummery. After the washing was concluded, the maiden was led ashore and allowed to resume her clothing (which during the summer season was a scanty one as compared with the present times), and she then received the congratulations of her friends and acquaintances. The head chief then harangued his villagers, offered in their behalf thanks for favors already received, and asked for an abundance of food for the future; after which the first salmon—which had been carried in the procession—was boiled and divided up by the chief into as many portions as there were persons present, so that each was provided with a piece, no matter how small.

The chief then declared the salmon season open, when all parties were at liberty to catch, kill, and eat salmon without any restriction. Usually a feast followed this, for anything like pleasure is to an Indian associated with a desire for a good "blow-out"; but of course they were sometimes so destitute of food that they were on short allowance at this time of the year.

One particular season—how many years ago is not related, but a very long time ago—the salmon were late in coming; the berries and other articles of food were slow in maturing after a long and dreary winter. Their stocks of dried salmon being exhausted, the Indians of Yale were driven to great straits to procure sufficient food for their maintenance; for in this section of country game is scarce, and this was at a time when feuds with their neigbors made it unsafe for them to go beyond the boundaries of their own territory to hunt in more favored localities.

One woman, who was very much in want of food for herself and starving little ones, took a sweep net and repaired to the river side to see if she could catch a salmon, although without much hope of being successful, for no salmon had been reported for a long distance below. She dipped her net once or twice, and to her joy and astonishment, caught and landed a fine salmon. The natural feelings of a mother overcame her scruples and prudence; and in contravention of the sacred law and custom in that behalf "made and provided," she hastily plucked some green bushes in which she concealed her prize, and by this means eluded detection of her crime for the time being.

Her husband was absent on the mountain, hunting; and when she had carried home the sacred first fish, she secretly boiled it, and with her children devoured it to the very bones.

Scarcely had her meal been completed when the lightning began to flash, the thunder to roll, and a furious storm arose. The medicine-men were convinced that something had offended the Sochalye Tyhee, and commenced their customary incantations, but without the least effect; until suddenly, after some time, the woman Sta-eel was picked up as by a whirlwind, carried high in the air, and in the sight and presence of the inhabitants of the whole village, precipitated into

the midst of the river. The angry and seething waters closed over her form, and immediately there arose the large granite rock into which this unhappy mortal had been transformed; and there it has remained for countless ages, as a memento of the power and anger of an offended Deity, and a warning to others who might be tempted to transgress in like manner with this woman, who for her weakness in the flesh was doomed to perpetual punishment.

Owing to the associations arising from the advent and presence of the whites, the result of missionary teaching, and no doubt other causes, the ceremonies above narrated are now discontinued, but they were practiced even after the gold-mining excitement of Fraser River.

J. C. Hughes.

A SONG OUT OF SILENCE.

THE sweetest song is that
No poet has begun;
The grandest deed, the deed
No hand hath ever done;
The keenest thought, the dream
That cleaves the dying brain;
The wildest joy, the sense
Of a release from pain.

O, mad and sweet the song
That I to thee could sing!
And high as hope I'd reach
To do the noblest thing.
May Heaven preserve the power
Thou shouldst have waked in me!
Will Heaven hold the joy
I could have given thee?
Or is the finest fate
That life or death shall know
The rapture of despair,
The glory of this woe?

To know the dearest words
Unsaid forever be,
Because thou mayst not speak
The least of them to me.
To know not earth nor heaven,
Nor any crimson star,
Can measure losses such
As ours unmeasured are.
To know we would not quench
With any paler wine
The everlasting thirst
That must be mine and thine.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER III.

"How much must go for naught! How many tears,
All wept in silence, are yet wept in vain!
Unmoved go on the swift, relentless years;
The one we pray for never knows our pain.

Yet somewhere, *somewhere*, O, most tender Lord,
Sure thou dost count them for us, treasure all;
Life's futile toil, joy missed, the sweet, lost word,
The love that loves in vain, the tears that fall."

BEULAH ASCOT had been a girl of beauty and fine presence. I remember that I met her for the first time at a party, and, as boys of nineteen will, had made that party one of the most agreeable of my memories by what I then thought a desperate, and now know to have been a very mild, flirtation with Miss Ascot.

She was a year or two older than I, and engaged to Hugh Beldon, both of which circumstances added not a little to my enjoyment.

Since her marriage, which occurred a year after my introduction to her, I had seen Mrs. Beldon but few times. She was a society woman, both by seeking and being sought for, and I a man of retired tastes. Perhaps, too, I had an innate feeling that I should not have liked *my* wife to enjoy so many flirtations, to have so many men on her list of friends. But of course Mrs. Beldon was circumspect, and I—I was always old-fashioned in thought and prejudice; and yet, much as I cared for Harry Ascot, I could not crush out of my heart an instinctive distrust of his sister, a distaste for the brightness of her quick wit, and a sense of sickness when the perfume of violets was brought over me, because Mrs. Beldon used it.

Neil came to my door one morning, just as I was sitting down to breakfast.

"No, I can stop only a few minutes, Frank. Thank you, Mrs. Norton, I will take a cup of coffee—sugar, no milk, if you please." And as he stirred the coffee, he gave a sharp look at me, and said, "Frank, you are wearing yourself out with work, and something else. What is it?"

"I? Why I am as well as ever I was—stronger, too, than I have been for many a day. Perhaps I do look a trifle pale to you, who are apt to judge the health and strength of all men from your own robust standpoint; but I assure you that I am quite well, and as for work, I am doing nothing now but magazine articles, and these are not very wearing, as there is but one that I had to study up on. What made you think of my health just at this time?"

"Well, to be perfectly candid, I am going to New York, and want you to go with me. It is for only a fortnight—perhaps three weeks; but the change of cities, with consequent change of air and society, will do us both good. Come! Isn't he working too hard here, Mrs. Norton? Be perfectly frank with me, please."

"Really now, Mr. Barras, I can't say that he does work so very hard: not what you would call working hard, to be sure. He does have a good many callers, and those is always wearing, you know, for they come, most of 'em, to bother him about reading their stories or verses, and that sort, or just to look at him and talk, so as they can go away and tell all he has said. Folks don't seem to think a man that writes books and things does have anything else in the world to do but talk and be pleasant; and then if he don't talk just like his books, they think he ain't a-doin' of 'em justice. To be sure, too, he smokes too much, according to my notion, (but I ain't any call to say what you ought or oughtn't to do, Mr. Eldridge, of course); and I think, Mr. Barras, it would be a real kindness to make him go away and rest; and I should have *such* a nice chance to clean the library and fix up the house, for Mr. Eldridge won't let me do the least bit of clean-

in' up while he's around, you see, and we do get awful dirty sometimes, and no mistake."

"There, Frank, now what can you say?"

"I haven't been able to say a word yet, old fellow; you and Mrs. Norton seem to have settled the matter between you."

"Then you will go?"

"But I have promised 'The Aurora' and my friend Geoghegan of 'The Salamander'—"

"O let the 'Aurora' and 'The Salamander' go! Be good and come. You always have so many reasons why you cannot do this or that. Once for all, will you go?"

"I was about to say, when you interrupted, that these articles must be finished—"

"Hang the articles! Will you go?"

"I was about to say, when you interrupted, that I could take the manuscripts with me, and shall be very glad to go with you and Madge."

"Then why the devil—excuse me, Mrs. Norton—didn't you say so at once?"

"Because you interrupted every sentence I began."

"All right, then, we start to-morrow. But Madge isn't going. We are going alone—just you and I. I have taken a fancy to leave my wife at home and play at being old bachelor once more. And you, like a good boy, will help along the illusion."

"Madge not going? I call that a downright shame!"

"O, it's all right! Good by, come over this evening and we'll make the final arrangements. Bye-bye!"

I wondered, as I walked into the library and lighted my morning cigar, what had prompted Neil to go off in this way, leaving his wife behind. It was his habit to do sudden and strange things, and he rarely cared to look at the other side of the affair and see how his actions might affect the feelings of another person; but he was almost newly married (so it seemed, at least), and I could not understand why a man with a wife —and such a wife—to make his home happy should care ever to leave it.

I took up my pen, and began what needed to be a clean-cut and effective essay, but into the subject-matter of the article would creep a vein of sentiment that was not in keeping with the cold and concise handling I had meant to give the subject. I labored assiduously over what should have been an easy task, and found that something too discordant to be forgotten had jarred upon the tone of my mind.

I laid the sheets away, lighted a fresh cigar, and went out into the streets. A half-dozen picture galleries, with their varied treasures, should have given a new color to my thoughts, but did not. There was a public rehearsal of exquisite concert music at noon, and I wandered into the hall, dropped listlessly into a seat, and listened; but the life, the soul of the music did not reach me. I found it all hard and commonplace, and started to come out. As I passed a row of seats, I caught sight of Harry Ascot, sitting drinking in eagerly every note of the orchestral part of the programme. The half-parted lips, intent gaze, and bright flush on the cheeks, told me that there *was* life and soul to the melodies that I could not feel, but which had reached the heart of this ardent worshiper of a divine art.

Nervously and without profit I passed through my day, and in the evening went over to Neil's house.

"And you have consented to go with Neil," said Madge; "how good you are to him, and how glad I am that you will go; you will both be better for the trip, I am sure."

And as I looked into the bright, earnest face, I knew what had been the trouble of the day with me. A vague fancy formed itself into grim reality, and I felt that I loved Madge Barras as I had no right to love her; that I was breaking the tenth commandment, and coveted my neighbor's wife. The hot blood surged up into my head, a dull, meaningless sound rattled in my ears, my sight grew blank, my hands and feet cold and as if paralyzed. Then in a moment the sensation passed away, and I was in a normal state of feeling, barring the great pain at my heart that knowledge had brought, and which rose up until it lay, a bunch of agony, in my throat.

How the evening passed I cannot at this distance of time tell. I only remember that the trivial plans were made, a multiplicity of tender charges laid upon us by Madge, and then I went home.

Ah, my God! how I struggled with myself that night as I walked, almost unconsciously, up and down my bed-chamber! How I tried to crush out a knowledge that, strong as a Titan, had risen up, and would not be put down! What could I hope to gain by rebelling against fate? There was one thing only to be done. What could not be exterminated must be concealed, so I buried it under a gnawing pain, and the pain, in turn, beneath a mask of coldness.

When one has a pet grief, known only to himself, how fond he is of bringing it out in the night-time and darkness, of turning it over and over, and gazing at every glint and gleam of its facetted surface, winding about the disinterred misery hundreds of tiny yet powerful chains that give the miserable, struggling thing new life and fresh vigor. Of what help is it to the man that he burdens no one else with his pain, since day by day it grows heavier and more poignant to himself? and yet, and yet what would that man be worth, in the years of life, who had no secret pain; who did not, by conquering himself in a measure, gain the power to help others, growing steadily more defiant of fate, more tender and loyal to all that is best in and around him?

One cries aloud, and is fain to cast the clinging horror away when first its weight bears heavily upon his spiritual shoulders: but does it not at the last turn, through him, into a consolation to others; a beacon of strength upon a rock in the waste of overwhelming waters, that rage furiously about the battling swimmer in the sea of events that surges around.

We went to New York, the little trip so often made and accounted nothing; and yet, out of all the journeys that I have taken before and since, this one that I am writing of stands before me, a thing the smallest details of which are never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

"Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a springe to snare them all;
All's one to her—above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban."

It was the evening of our first day at the hotel we had selected, and I stood talking with a friend in a corridor corner near to the elevator. A breath of perfume such as greets one on an early spring morning when the dew is heavy on the violets, and the sunshine lies warm on the moist blossoms, the soft rustle of draperies, a gleam of beautiful golden hair, and a carefully modulated laugh. These all came to me as I stood there, and Mrs. Beldon was before me. She knew my friend, and had a merry rebuke to give him for some fanciful sin of omission.

"Ah, Mr. Jaquith! how could you treat me so rudely? I sat within a half-dozen seats of you at the matinee to-day, and, try as I would, I could not get a bow from you. I certainly never, in all my experience with men, made so many efforts to attract attention as I did to catch your eye; and when you did turn towards me you looked deliberately over my head. Now, frankly, did you—look me straight in the eye—did you want to punish me because I wore Mr. Spear's jacque roses last night instead of the jonquils you sent me, and therefore use the opportunity that destiny and I so kindly gave you? Yes, you blush, I see you did. O cruel, heartless man!"

Imagine a woman of absolute physical perfection as to form, and with a mobile face, out of which the great eyes looked with the simulated expression of wounded feeling, and the red lips curving with laughter, and you have Beulah Beldon as she stood there in the lighted corridor of the fashionable hotel.

There was a mocking apology from Jaquith, which yet did not conceal from me that he was somewhat more in earnest than his playful manner was intended to show; then, to change the current of the conversation, he turned:

"But, my dear Mrs. Beldon, I have no

chance to ask your permission—and I doubt if I need it in this case—to introduce my friend Mr. Eldridge, whom you ought to know personally as well as you must by reputation."

"Mr. Eldridge needs no introduction to me"; and she put out her hand with a cordial gesture of greeting. "I met him for the first time many years ago, and it is of his own will and wish that he does not know me intimately by this time. You are a friend of my brother's, Mr. Eldridge: cannot you give Harry Ascot's sister a small share in your regard?"

There was more in Mrs. Beldon's words than she meant to put there, or rather than she meant for me to find in them. It *was* my own fault that I did not know her and her husband very well, and I murmured some trite commonplace, in return for her pretty speech, that won its charm—as all of Mrs. Beldon's pretty speeches did—from the flexible mouth, and the large, fathomless eyes so skillfully trained to take on the look suited to the words that the moment called for.

We started toward the elevator to descend to the dining-room, and Neil met us at the door. It took but a moment to do the courtesy that was the beginning of the end of my story, and I introduced my friend to Ascot's sister.

Mr. Beldon joined us as we passed into the dining-room, and by a word to the waiter we four were placed at one table, Jaquith going over to another, at which a charming old lady with a fine French air about her dress and manner was sitting, the likeness of the two being in itself enough to show their relationship, even had the deferential courtesy that became Adam Jaquith so well not served to show that the round table separated mother and son.

Hugh Beldon was a good fellow—one of the men who get through the world as if everything had been oiled for their especial slipping by the rough places. That he was a bit heavy in some ways, and caught the gist of a joke about as easily as he detected the root and basis of the graceful tricks of his beautiful wife, was nothing against him. A man to put his hand in his pocket for money to assist a friend at any moment if the friend would ask for it, but without the power to see that friend's need and make a tender of his generous liberality before its favor could be sought.

He did not dance, but liked to see his wife figure in every waltz, quadrille, or German that might come up. Cared more for his cigar and the company of hard-headed men of business than for the opera or the pretty women of society; thought his brother-in-law effeminate because his talent led him to devote valuable time to drumming on piano-keys, when so many manly business interests were open to his money and his work; and finally, worshiped his wife, who was content to let him do exactly as he pleased about refusing invitations and selecting his own company, so long as he, in turn, had no complaints to make about the escorts she might choose or the hours of her goings and comings.

"That was a good article of yours in 'The Cosmopolitan,' on the machinery of mills, Mr. Eldridge," said Beldon, over the soup. "You must have inspected the working of different systems very closely. How I wish you would go with me to the factories in—"

"O don't; please don't, Hugh! I always fancy I can smell leather, and oiled cotton, and all sorts of disagreeable things when you get on those topics. If you were to tell Mr. Eldridge that the poem of his in the last number of 'The Salamander' was exquisite, I should be willing to let you keep on the subject until we reached the ices; but mills—ugh! However, Mr. Eldridge, *I* want to thank you for that poem; it was beautiful; and, do you know? these four lines have been in my mind ever since I read them, they express so cleverly my sometime feeling:

> "'I was tired of all the blunders
> That had filled my day with care,
> Of life with its strange new wonders,
> Of strife, and almost of prayer.'

"It seems to me that an author must be very glad and proud of having even one

little stanza that sprung from his heart and thought remembered by his reader. I think I should be happy if I had written but just one line that another person might find worthy a place in remembrance; or rather, one line that fastened itself in the memory, and recurred again and again to thought, and perhaps the lip. It is like having strangers carry about with them a morsel of one's self—an idealized and beautiful bit, too. Are you not glad of your gift often and often, Mr. Eldridge?"

To another woman, if she sat opposite me earnest and lovely, with glowing cheeks, and eyes fastened intently upon my face, after a question like this, I should have answered: "Yes, there are times when I thank God heartily for myself—for the *me* that is in my work, the best, the noblest part of me." But to Beulah Beldon, the woman of the world in whom I did not believe, I said:

"It is enough to make one very glad of a gift if it brings forth verses that Mrs. Beldon finds worth remembering and quoting."

A quick look of disaffection passed across her face; she lowered her gaze to her plate as she said, "Thank you," and then turned to Neil. She let her husband talk of what he would to me after that—and we found heavier topics of conversation than even mills and factories—while she devoted herself to my friend. She had determined to please him—I saw that at once—and she succeeded. The blood came up into his dear, handsome face, and his light curling hair (that looked as if the sunshine had left its warm, bright gleams in the wavy mass) shone above a more interested expression than had come to the blue eyes for many days.

Mrs. Beldon's manner found an answering chord somewhere in Neil's nature, and it was like a game of chance, for to every subtle point the woman made, the man played another; and her quick wit and rapid thought kept Neil so upon the alert, that unconsciously he was drawn out and made to show more ready intelligence than I had given him credit for.

After we had adjourned to the Beldons' parlor, these two kept up the pretty game, for Hugh Beldon and myself were deep in subjects that delighted the man of business; and I found that I could learn from him the essence of certain principles and undertakings that I was ignorant of. And yet, I could not help, now and then, watching Neil. I did not know at that time what the uneasiness was that grew so upon me: I found out later.

By and by Mrs. Beldon played, and then Neil accompanied her while she sang. I wondered how he could ask her to sing so many songs in that reedy, soulless voice of hers, after knowing the depth and beauty of his wife's glorious power.

Later in the evening a party came in direct from the opera, and then Neil came to me and said, "Come, let us go," and we went to our rooms; but it was long before he was ready for bed. Excitement—a new thing in him—seemed to have taken firm hold upon him, and he could not calm himself.

It was so day after day during our stay. Neil was possessed of a spirit of unrest if Mrs. Beldon was not in sight. While she was out driving — at the infrequent times when he did not accompany her—he would wander aimlessly about the streets and into diverse places, or around the hotel.

I, absorbed with work that had to be done, cared little for going out, and asked only to be free from interruption. Yet, as I saw this fever growing upon my friend, I began to be anxious and distressed. He had almost forgotten any courtesy due me as his companion, and left me quite to my own devices. The foolish fellow, in his rare letters to Madge, spoke openly of Mrs. Beldon, and of his constant attendance upon her, but his wife in reply had said little about the matter.

At last he came to me one day with a letter, and said impulsively:

"Read that, and tell me what possesses the woman!" I read a portion of the letter that was worded in this way:

"You have told me of theater parties, of receptions, and dinners, and drives, in which or at which the beautiful Mrs. Beldon always appears. I do not like this, Neil. You

have had small cause to complain of any jealousy or complaint from me, but I tell you honestly that I do not like this. Your letters to me have no heart, no life in them, except when you mention this woman. Who is she, and what is she? That she is sister to Harry Ascot, I know. I know, too, that she is a woman of the world, and with a husband to whom her time and attention are due. I love you too well to be happy when you write me in this way; and what does Frank say about it? He has not mentioned your new-found friend in his brief notes to me, and I feel intuitively that he does not like or approve of the path you are choosing. Besides, are you not neglecting him entirely? You seldom say that he is in the good times you are having, and I am sure that, instead of seeing that he rests, you are blindly following your butterfly, and leave him to work hard and to worry over you.

"Be careful, my husband, be careful. I know what women like this Mrs. Beldon are, and I know, too, how unsuspecting and trustful your nature is. Go to Frank and ask him if you are doing right. If he says that all is well, I shall say no more about this; but I want him to write to me that *he* is satisfied."

"Well?"—when I had finished and laid the letter down—"well, what have you to say about it? Is she foolish or not? And am I doing anything that is objectionable?"

I threw aside the newspaper I had taken into my hand, and turned upon him. "I shall not answer you, Neil, when you address me in that tone. I am not your mentor, and you are older and have seen more of the world than I. If you cannot judge between right and wrong, surely I am illy fitted to decide for you; and you would do as it pleased you to do, let me counsel you as I might."

"Well, but truly, tell me what I am doing to create all this fuss and row?"

"There is no 'row' that I know of. You saw fit to write your wife concerning your intimacy with Mrs. Beldon; and she sees, as I see, as Mrs. Beldon, as the whole hotel sees, that you are making an ass of yourself."

"What do you say? That the whole hotel sees—and an ass?"

"Yes: I say that every person in this hotel sees that you are dawdling about Beulah Beldon the entire time. That you hover about her like a bee about a scrap of honey. What is to be the end of this? tell me that."

"The end? I do not know; I had not thought. Why, I shall always know her, I suppose—that is all. She will be one of my friends."

"Do you mean that when you return to Boston and she is there, that you will go to drive and escort her everywhere as you have done here? What will puritanical Boston say to it? And your wife, what will she be pleased to say if you forsake her to the kindly courtesies of men other than yourself, the while you are doing duty in Hugh Beldon's place? I might as well tell you plainly that the ladies in this house are gradually withdrawing themselves from Mrs. Beldon, (I heard Mrs. Jaquith ask Adam to take her to her room when Mrs. Beldon came into the parlor last night) that there is much talk among both men and women concerning you both. You would scarcely feel flattered if I were to repeat for your enlightenment some of the coarse things I have known men in the smoking-room or over a game of billiards to say of you. I am your friend, Neil, and never so much as now, when I say Go home, and let Mrs. Beldon be as though you had never known her? Will you go?"

"Damn you, no! Let them talk, the molly-coddling prudes! And you, too, say and think what you please. I shall go to Mrs. Beldon now, and stay as long as I wish!"

And he went.

James Berry Bensel.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE GENIUS OF LAMARTINE.

THE methods of human thought necessarily become formulated. Criticism has adopted as opening sentences some such phrases as these: "I shall consider the subject of this sketch as a writer and a man," or "as a thinker and a man," or "as an artist and a man," so that the one may throw light upon the other. A critic has but to follow in the well-worn path or wanderingly beat about the bush.

If a critical sketch of Lamartine does not commence with the commonplace phrase, "we shall consider Lamartine as a man and a poet," it is because he was really only a poet. Poesy had so transported him into the imaginary kingdom of the ideal that, at least as long as he was a poet, he had no eye, no thought, no desire for anything here below. In him there was nothing like duality. I even wonder if he should be called a poet; for, on hearing such a word, people commonly see a contemplative being whose eye, continually gazing upon human nature and upon the external world, searches into their deepest mysteries, from which his creating imagination brings out pictures bearing the double stamp of their own objectivity and their author's subjectivity.

But Lamartine seems not to have been a man of this quality. He was merely passive. There was never in his life anything like an effort. What a difference between him and Victor Hugo! The latter labors, fatigues himself, piles up facts and ideas, metaphors and comparisons, looks far into history, philosophy, and all sciences, into nature and books—puts the world under contribution. It would be well if the quality of his thought were always enhanced by the quantity of his words. Lamartine, on the contrary, neither searches nor labors. At his first flight he reaches the upper air. On one side at his feet lie immense plains, bounded far away by mountains lost in a luminous mist; on the other side, the blue waves of the Mediterranean; above his head, the beautiful southern skies display unlimited space, illuminated in turn by sparkling sun-fires or smooth silver moon radiance. Under the breathings of the Infinite, the soul of the poet vibrates and pours forth waves of floating harmony.

Lamartine's characteristics are nowhere marked with more clearness, I think, than in *Voyages en Orient*, though this book must be considered as one of his inferior works. If an accurate and scientific description of these singular lands is not expected from such a title—if not a real East—we look for an imaginary one, with here and there touches of reality. But this book is neither the one nor the other; there is no reality in it. Lamartine traveled all over the East without really seeing it. Yet the *Voyages en Orient* is worth reading, not for the love of the East, but for poetry's sake. By the Orient is here to be understood Greece, Constantinople, Syria, Asia Minor, and Palestine. But names are of no importance to Lamartine. All these countries, in reality so different, appear the same when described by him; what he says of one might as justly be applied to another. Under the overpowering control of his own sensations, he thinks and dreams and sings, and never in the least distinguishes between the real and the unreal. As successive landscapes pass before his eyes, as he stands in the presence of many departed civilizations, Greek, Roman, Christian, and Arabian, he pours forth exhaustless streams of enchanting melody. It is, however, only music. The characteristics which stamp the individuality of each country and nation are unperceived by him. To such a heavenly poet, what are Greeks or Turks or Jews—any or all of his Oriental fellow-creatures? He neither esteems nor despises them, neither praises nor disparages them; they are but mere incidents of the landscape—

mere imperceptible specks here and there on the immense surface of imaginary skies and seas and lands, over which he is carried under the fallacious pretense of visiting eastern countries. Unfortunately, objects seen from such a height and from such a distance lose their relief, and Lamartine, in spite of the richness of his style, is often monotonous; his palette has but one tint for the severe lines of the Parthenon, the wooded slopes of Lebanon, the scorching plains of Palestine, and the splendid amphitheater of Constantinople. If he speaks of history, manners, philosophy, or religion, which he should never venture to do, he displays the most superb disdain for facts, though he is always sincere and always in earnest. With a brilliant metaphor he decides religious, political, or military questions that might occupy for years ecumenical councils, parliaments, or councils of war.

Lamartine believed himself a politician, and it must be admitted that he played in politics, at one period in his life, a part which, if it was short, was not without grandeur. As a politician, he was, of course, still a poet; but poetry may sometimes bring political success in a country like France, where thirst for progress is somewhat feverish and uncontrolled by prudence and far-seeing wisdom.

In the last days of the reign of King Louis Philippe, in 1847, Lamartine was a representative in the Chamber of Deputies. He had been a member for ten or fifteen years, and had at intervals pronounced harmonious speeches which enlightened nobody, and which, from above the clouds, opposed the government in the most inoffensive manner.

Suddenly there appeared a grand historical work, *L'Histoire des Girondins.* Its success was prodigious, and for a time M. de Lamartine was the most popular man in France.

In the midst of all the crimes which the *Convention Nationale*, the controlling power in France, committed, or allowed to be committed, there was a time, in 1792 and 1793, when it displayed unexampled energy and heroism. The condition of the country seemed hopeless. The whole of Europe had formed a coalition to crush out the revolutionary hydra; the French frontiers were invaded by powerful armies; several provinces were in rebellion; there was disorganization in every branch of the administration; everywhere disorder, mutual hatred, and impotence. And to oppose so many powerful enemies, to remove so many desperate evils, the *Convention Nationale* had no officers, no soldiers; everything was to be created, and created without money. Aided in this overwhelming task by dissensions among the sovereigns, which retarded the march of their armies; inspired by an indomitable enthusiasm which was communicated to every class in the nation, the convention struck the earth with its foot with more success than Pompeius, for legions, real legions, arose from the ground. The rebellions were soon crushed; the allied kings began to retreat in every direction; then commenced the triumphal march of the tri-color and the celebrated hymn of *La Marseillaise*, which was to be checked only by the battle-field of Waterloo.

Such were the events to be related by Lamartine in his *Histoire des Girondins.* He was always moved by the deepest feeling while accomplishing his task, and so we became possessed of this magnificent poem about the French Revolution. It cannot be said that he comprehended and explained this wonderful soul-movement of a people. Lamartine was not an Edgar Quinet, capable of analyzing the soul of a nation as others analyze the soul of an individual. But he felt it, and so found himself in unison with all the patriotic and liberal instincts of France—a phenomenon so much the more to be wondered at, because he was a nobleman by birth, and was consequently expected to belong to the royalist reactionary party. This book is not to be counted among those grave compositions that throw light upon the past by a wise grouping of facts and a clear simplicity of style. It is not, properly speaking, a history, but a most lively and affecting poem.

The revolution of 1848 was but a fit of

childish bad temper which took everybody by surprise, and especially its originators. On the 24th of February France was proclaimed a republic, and Lamartine president of the provisional government. Fifteen years earlier, a visionary English woman, Lady Esther Stanhope, whose admiration for our poet amounted to fanaticism, had prophesied that a day would come when he should hold the supreme power in France. All his life Lamartine was a divinity for a small circle of distinguished women, among whom several English ladies were particularly notable for the ardor of their devotion. In 1823, another English woman, Miss Birch, offered him her heart and her fortune for the honor of being styled Mme. de Lamartine. The *Chantre d'Elvire* thought the exchange was advantageous; consented to it; deigned to allow himself to be adored, and was kind enough to devour the Birch millions, waiting for the time to come when he should devour the millions which were the product of his glory.

But to return to the 24th of February. The next day, the 25th, was perhaps the happiest day in his long career. The mob rushed to the Hôtel de Ville to demand that the provisional government should adopt the red flag, the symbol of bloody terror. Lamartine audaciously confronted them, a modern Orpheus, and calmed this wild populace. This is the conclusion of his unprepared speech:

"The red flag! If you are determined to force upon the country a partisan republican government and a flag of terrorism, we will die rather than be dishonored by submitting to your demands. As for me, my hand shall never sign such a decree! I will oppose, even till death, this bloody flag which you should oppose even more than I. In 1791 and 1793, dragged in the blood of the French people, it made the tour of the Champs de Mars; the tri-color has made the tour of the world, carrying everywhere the name, glory, and freedom of our country."

There never was for Lamartine another 25th of February. Poetry soon became powerless to restrain the increasing mobs deprived by misery of all sense and all right feeling. When the populace is hungry, it is a tiger that the most beautiful figures in literature cannot muzzle. Lamartine, outflanked on every side, was obliged to yield the presidency to General Cavaignac, who drowned the dreadful insurrection of June in a bloody flood. Cicero wrote, "*Cedant arma togæ*"; Lamartine might have said, "*Cedat armis musa.*" He had played his part, and he disappeared forever from the political stage. Was it a misfortune? No. Was it a misfortune that he ever appeared there; that in 1839 he abandoned poesy forever? Many people have thought so, and regretted that from that time he occupied himself with history, literary criticism, politics, and journalism—everything except poetry. For my part, I dare to say that these people are wrong. If Lamartine had been unfaithful to the muse only for the pleasure of playing at politics, or of writing edulcorated prose, it would assuredly be a matter for regret, since his verses are worth infinitely more than such politics and such prose. But this was not the case. He ceased to sing simply because he had nothing more to sing. Since he never went outside of his own impressions, which were necessarily limited, and since to enlarge their circle he never had recourse to the study of books, of nature, or of the human mind, it would have been easy to foresee that his *repertoire* would be exhausted. When that day came, there were but two things for him to do—remain silent or recommence. He chose to remain silent, and he was right.

Notwithstanding the indisputable originality of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, French poetry appeared, in the seventeenth century, to consider it to be its duty to imitate the Greek and Latin authors; the eighteenth century imitated the seventeenth; and under the rule of Napoleon I., in the first of this century, poets followed in the same track: so there were only imitations of imitations, lifeless forms, literary skeletons. Several distinguished writers had already striven to revive

this old, starved literature: among them Bernardin de St. Pierre, J. J. Rousseau, and above all Châteaubriand. The works of the latter are full of power; they have not been appreciated as they deserve, owing to their royalistic and Roman Catholic tone. Suddenly appeared the "Meditations" of Lamartine. It was an event in the literary world. Imagine a young nobleman of the province who has constantly lived in solitude and dream-land, and who has the happy fortune to be ignorant of everything in books. Later in life, in the full bloom of his glory, he admits that he never had in his library any books except Tacitus, (why Tacitus?) Ossian, a "Jerusalem Delivered," an old volume of "Paul and Virginia," and a copy of "Imitation of Christ," formerly his mother's. These books, which he seldom or never read, always sufficed for him.

He writes his first poems, without ever thinking of becoming a poet by profession. Will he be an imitator of antiquity, or a disciple of the new school, *classique* or *romantique;* or will he try, like Châteaubriand, to combine the two into a brilliant eclecticism? None of these: for Lamartine has had no masters, and is ignorant of all the literary schools. His style was entirely new; never before had anything like it been produced in the French language. When the celebrated publisher, Didot, who felt no thirst for a knowledge of the Unknown, or Unknowable, and was but a smart business man, was asked to publish the new book, he declined, and returned the manuscript, saying: "Monsieur, I have read your verses. They give evidence of natural ability, but of want of study. They in no way resemble what is received or desirable in our poets [the poets of the Didots, without doubt]. It is impossible to tell where you picked up the language, the ideas, and the metaphors of this poetry. It is impossible to classify it. This is a pity, for there is harmony in it. Renounce these novelties, which would denationalize the French nation. Read our masters, Delille, Parny, Michaud, Raynouard, Luce de Lancival, Fontanes [who reads these masters to-day?]; these are the really popular poets. Be the likeness of somebody if you wish to be recognized. I should give you bad counsel by advising you to publish this book, and I should render you bad service by publishing it at my expense."

Fortunately, Lamartine did not follow M. Didot's advice. At different times of his life he obtained quite an uncommon glory, for his lips moved, and the soul of the people spoke. He sang like the bird whose life it is to sing. There were songs in his heart and his imagination which he had but to write; and it happened that in his heart and in his imagination were the sentiments and the impressions which were at that time the soul of France. In 1848 he represented the political and social aspirations of France. As early as 1815, in his "Meditations," he felt and expressed her poetical, moral, religious, and philosophical aspirations. To the Romish and monarchical faith of Bossuet and of Fénélon had succeeded the laugh of Voltaire. Nothing could resist the sarcasm of this man, and France found herself without faith, without religion, without any philosophical or even scientific belief. The church was in ruins, society in ruins, the whole country in ruins, after twenty years of wars and revolutions. It seemed that there was nothing left upon the earth. Is there anything in heaven? Does God exist? Is man immortal? Is there a beyond? The doubting multitudes who asked themselves these great questions saluted in Lamartine "*le chantre de l'esperance,*" as the wise naturalist Cuvier called him.

Lamartine, a child of this faithless age, thirsting for hope, had been touched by this universal doubt, but he had too much youth, too much poetry to yield to it. "There is something beyond"; this is the whole of the "Meditations"; this explains how their appearance was such an event, how so many followers arose at the voice of this harmonious revealer of the Infinite. In opposition to Lord Byron and the Satanic school, to that bitter and sarcastic doubt which ended by cursing life, another flag was raised, under which were enrolled all those who believed because they had need to believe; all those

who hoped because they required an eternity for a fruition. To all these the "Meditations" were an evangel. In this collection, which some call the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, and which was, at least, the most talked of, Lamartine touched the whole key-board of poetical emotions; in *L'Isolement*, "that undefinable melancholy which pervades us at the close of day"; in the *Epitre à Lord Byron*, the most profound sentiments concerning life and the infinite; in the *Lac*, the sadness of the love which believes itself, and which has need to be eternal, but which scarcely lasted for an hour; and in the *Crucifix*, the sobbing of the lover at the death-bed of his beloved. In the *Ode à Bonaparte* he rose to the highest lyric conceptions; and in *Les Etoiles* he was able to idealize human love with a superabundance of images such as no poet before him had ever found. A great many more of these poems, and among them some of Lamartine's gems, might be cited. To be just, there should be mentioned almost all of the two series of the "Meditations," the second of which, though published twelve years later, must not be separated from the first, because both are one and the same book, born of the same inspiration. This species of poetry was the true form for the genius of Lamartine. When he came to more definite subjects, such as *La Morte de Socrate* or *Le dernier Chant du Pélérinage de Childe Harold*, which imprisoned him within certain limits, he lost a great deal of his power. Yet there are some beautiful passages, as for example, the farewell of Childe Harold to Italy:

"Terre ou les fils n'ont plus le sang de leurs aieux,
Ou sur un sol vielli les hommes naissent vieux,
Ou sur les fronts voilés plane un nuage sombre,
Adieux! Pleure ta chute, en vantant tes heros
Sur les bords ou la gloire a ranime leurs os!
Je vais chercher ailleurs—pardonne ombre romaine!
Des hommes, et non pas de la poussiere humaine!"

I have cited these lines, not because they are the diamond of Lamartine, but because they were the cause of a duel; the only one, I believe, that he ever fought. Italian patriotism—the most sensitive of all patriotisms—even worse, in this respect, than the German, which is saying not a little—Italian patriotism took offense. These worthy patriots wish, at any cost, to be considered the descendants of the old Romans of historical fame, though not seldom they may be the descendants of slaves (as Scipio already said, in his time, rebuking the populace, who boasted of the pompous appellation of Populus Rex). However it may be, a certain Colonel Pepe determined to erase these lines of Lamartine with his sword. Happily, he only made a scratch upon the arm of the poet, and the verses still stand.

After the "Meditations" came the "Harmonies." Though still meditations, they reveal a new phase in the natural development of the genius of the poet. There are no more to be found such morning flowers as adorn his early works; but he appears to have greater power, more grandeur and loftiness of conception. If the style is less graceful, it has more force, amplitude, and magnificence. His inspiration is always the same; yet, and with more intensity, that sense of the infinite which may be given as the characteristic of the poetry of Lamartine. Less and less does he care for minute beauties; his poetry is now a grand whole, flowing with full banks and with a majestic current. No more worldly passions, no more earthly love. Graziella is dead, Elvire is perhaps forgotten, and Mme. de Lamartine has never filled their empty places. Religious and philosophical enthusiasm are sufficient to move the poet who belongs no more to this world. "No shores are to be seen," says Sainte-Beuve—"nothing but the skies and the unlimited plain of the Pacific Ocean! Doubtless this ocean sleeps sometimes, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;* there are endless days of dead calm, a monotony of hill-like swells. Whether the ship is advancing or not, cannot be easily discovered. But what a splendor on this ocean surface! what a marvelous variety in the midst of this apparent monotony! and then what commotions of repeated waves, powerful though gentle, gigantic though beautiful! and above all and always, the infinite, *profundum, altitudo.*

We must always return to the infinite when Lamartine is spoken of, for this is his first and last word. May this not be one of the reasons why he is every day less understood and less read? To-day—whether it is wrong or right, I leave others to decide—we have ceased to think about the Infinite. Poetry delights herself in the contemplation of nature, loses herself in innumerable details, and sees nothing beyond. When I read Lord Byron, I believe in an evil power, an enemy to mankind; when I read Lamartine, I believe in a divinity, full of kindness, whose attributes, somewhat vague, allow me to be a half-pantheist; but when I turn to the present poets, I generally believe in nothing.

Theophile Gautier, who was himself a poet, although he wrote in prose, thus describes the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies":

"Dans ses tableaux, il y a toujours beaucoup de ciel; il lui faut cela pour se mouvoir et tracer de larges cercles autour de sa pensée. Il nage, il vole, il plane comme un cygne se berçant sur ses longues ailes blanches, tantôt dans la lumière, tantôt dans une légère brume, d'autres fois aussi dans des nuages orageux; il ne pose à terre que rarement et bientôt reprend son essor à la première brise qui soulève ses plumes; cet élément fluide, transparent, aérien, qui se déplace devant lui et se referme après son passage, est sa route naturelle; il s'y soutient sans peine, durant de longues heures, et, de cette hauteur, il voit s'azurer les vagues paysages, miroiter les eaux, et poindre les édifices dans un vaporeux effacement.

"Lamartine n'est point un de ces poètes, merveilleux artistes, qui martellent leurs vers comme une lame d'or sur une enclume d'acier, resserrant les grains de métal, lui imprimant des carrés nettes et précises. Il ignore ou dédaigne toutes ces questions de forme, et, dans une négligence de gentilhomme qui rime à ses heures, sans s'astreindre plus qu'il ne faut à ces choses de métier, il fait d'admirables poésies, à cheval en traversant les bois, en barque le long de quelque rivage ombreux, ou le coude appuyé à la fenêtre d'un de ses châteaux. Ses vers se deroulent avec un harmonieux murmure, comme les lames d'une mer d'Italie ou de Grèce, roulant dans leurs volutes transparentes des branches de lauriers, des fruits d'or tombés du rivage, des reflets de ciel, d'oiseaux ou de voiles, et se brisant sur la plage en étincelantes lames argentées. Ce sont des déroulements et des successions de formes ondoyantes, insaissible comme l'eau, mais qui vont à leur but, et, sur leur fluiditè, peuvent porter l'idée, comme la mer porte les navires."

"In his pictures there is always a great breadth of sky; he needs this space to fly aloft and to trace large circles around his thought. He swims, he flies, he soars like a swan balancing itself upon its long white wings, sometimes in the full light, sometimes in a transparent haze, and then in the tempestuous clouds. He touches the earth but rarely, and then only for a moment; for he resumes his flight at the first breeze that stirs his plumage. This element, fluid, transparent, aerial, which divides itself before him and closes behind him, is his natural highway; here he sustains himself without difficulty during long hours, and from this height he sees, in a vaporous obscurity, the blue-tinted, vague landscapes, the mirroring waters, and the uprising edifices.

"Lamartine is not one of those poets, marvelous artists, who hammer their verses like a sheet of gold upon an anvil of steel, pressing together the grains of the metal, stamping it with clear and precise squares. He ignores or disdains all questions of form, and with the negligence of a nobleman who rhymes at his leisure, without restricting himself more than is necessary by the rules of his art, he composes admirable poems on horseback while traversing a forest; in a boat gliding along by some shady bank; or leaning upon his elbow at the window of one of his chateaux. His verses move with a harmonious murmur like the waves of a Grecian or Italian sea; bearing, in their transparent curvings, branches of laurel, golden fruits fallen upon the shore, reflections of the sky, of birds, or of sails, and

finally breaking upon the land in sparkling silver sheets. Here are unfoldings and successions of wave-like forms, unseizable as water, but which reach their destination, and are able to bear the idea upon their fluidity as the sea bears the ships."

No one could say this better; as a criticism of the style of Lamartine, nothing is lacking; yet Gautier seems to have looked at the exterior rather than the interior.

Between the "Meditations" and the "Harmonies," and after the "Harmonies," Lamartine published a number of volumes, —poems, novels, and "confidences"—*Jocelyn* and *Graziella* among others. To express an opinion concerning them all would far exceed the limits of a magazine article: there scarcely remains space enough to say a few words of *La Chute d'un Ange*, a poem which exemplifies the third and last phase of his talent. All of Lamartine's works might be represented in this trilogy: the "Meditations," the "Harmonies," *La Chute d'un Ange*. Many critics put the first of these above the rest; others—and they seem to be right—maintain that the "Harmonies" show an advancement; but almost all seem to think that the "Fall of an Angel" was also the fall of Lamartine. Since all opinions may be contested, I shall allow myself to contest this. It is true, there are grave faults in this poem; even some which are enormous: but it is also true that an unexpected quality here reveals itself, a startling energy appears, where sweetness, harmony, and a kind of vague grandeur have been the marked attributes.

An angel has been ordered to watch over a daughter of the earth: she is so beautiful that he admires her, and passes successively from admiration to love, from love to sadness, from sadness to desire, and at last, from desire to renunciation of his divine nature, that he may share the lot of "Daidah." Having become a man, he has the strangest adventures, which end by his committing suicide near the bodies of his wife and children, who are all dead from starvation. Such is his punishment for having wished to go downward on the ladder of life.

Strictly speaking, there is in this poem no commencement, no middle, no end; it is merely a series of episodes, of visions without connection; not the evolution of a progressive thought, but the irregular bounds of the most colossal and most wandering imagination. The sentiments are heaped up, the events crowd upon each other, the ideas and the impressions are massed in a most extraordinary manner. Here is excess—an abundance and an overflowing of poetry that bewilders. Therefore the critics, usually so lavish in their praise of Lamartine, were very severe upon *La Chute d'un Ange*, and the literary public hardly read it—which, however, did not prevent their condemning it. Let it be read first and condemned afterwards, if it must be condemned; but let it be read carefully, once, twice, six times; then perhaps it will be found that the critics and the public have not been wise judges. In fact, in spite of so much well-deserved blame, nobody can deny that here are the boldest conceptions, the most brilliant metaphors, the most manly thoughts; real personages of flesh and bones, with hearts that beat and eyes that shed tears; the largest sympathy with the exterior world; a something that brings back the first ages—in short, all the intellectual riches of Lamartine are contained in this book, the last of his long poetical career. Whatever judgment is passed upon this work, whether or not it exhibits the fall of the angel of the "Meditations," there is one thing which seems certain: it is that Lamartine exhausted himself here; after this his muse was voiceless.

I purposely omit to speak of another collection he published the next year, in 1839, for these are not worthy of the name of poems. They were but a proof to himself, as well as to the public, that his vein was exhausted; that there was no longer gold enough to pay for the working. Let us not regret, then, that he engaged in politics, in journalism, that he wrote history. If something should be regretted, it is only that,

being now unable to make poetry, he tried too hard to make money. Here is the spot upon the sun. Lamartine, who unceasingly ruined himself by extravagances, was constantly forced to cover the deficit. If, for this purpose, he had been contented to publish books more or less indifferent, which more or less injure the beauty of his collected works, he might have been pardoned. But alas! he went much farther and descended much lower; every day new appeals to public charity were made under the form of lotteries, subscriptions in cash, subscriptions for books to be published, gifts in the way of national rewards, etc. It was said of him, and it was a cruel joke, that he had changed his lyre into a *tirelire* [money-box].

"Lamartine is especially celebrated as a poet and a Christian: as a poet, he made many millions; as a Christian, he always ate asparagus in December, while the poor were dying of hunger. You would be very much surprised if, upon inviting a gentleman to dinner, he should answer: 'If it is all the same to you, I should prefer that you should give me my share in cash.' Lamartine is that gentleman. He was offered glory with all its halos, and he answered, 'I should prefer that you should give me my share in cash.'"

These are Henri Rochefort's words. It must not be forgotten that this notorious writer is only a witty man—the most bilious and the most envious of all witty men: he has obtained a certain notoriety by the malice of his witticisms, but he will always be obliged to envy others their glory and their money, since he has never acquired the one or the other.

We can but regret that Lamartine did not repair the holes in his purse by more dignified means. But is it not well to throw a veil over his weaknesses, and rejoice that poetry to-day is almost as salable as groceries, cottons, iron goods, and spirituous liquors? Let us leave, then, to Lamartine his glory unsullied, and let us salute in him one of the purest representatives of French poetry of the nineteenth century.

F. V. Paget.

THE GREAT GULF.

Side by side for so many years—
  So close I hear her beating heart,
  And yet our souls as far apart
As though we dwelt in different spheres.

Were seas between and leagues of land,
  I could bear that with better grace;
  But thus to look upon her face,
And thus to clasp and claim her hand

And know, though I would die for her,
  That this is *all* I have; that far
  From me as any shining star
Her heart is still a wanderer—

This is death's pang; what though there rolls
  Wide waves between *your* paths! a thought
  Can span that sea, but there is naught
Can bridge the sea between two souls.

Carlotta Perry.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE POTATO IN ARIZONA.—I.

THE potato is one of America's best gifts to mankind. It shares with maize, or Indian corn, the distinction of standing next in rank to wheat among food products of the world; but it outranks all in productiveness, yielding thirty times as much weight to the acre as wheat, and twelve times as much as corn.

The learned traveler, Humboldt, is often quoted as declaring that the native country of the potato, like that of wheat and corn, was unknown. Since his time, however, 1812, the home of the potato as being in the southern part of South America, the mountains of La Plata, and even the low islands of the Patagonian peninsula, is abundantly proved.

A brief sketch of the previous discoveries and history of the potato is necessary to an understanding of the significance of its discovery in Arizona last summer. I have consulted several hundred volumes stored in various libraries, public and private, and from my copious notes have selected the following most interesting items, in most instances adding matter derived from my recent discoveries in Arizona.

Although the potato was carried into Britain during the year 1586, in Sir Walter Raleigh's vessels, there is much reason to believe that it had been introduced into Spain much earlier from Quito (or from Santa Fé de Bogota, say some authors). In 1588 it was sent to Flanders from Italy, where it had been received from Spain, and was there a common article of food, and was even fed to the pigs. "The potato was first brought to England," says the Globe Cyclopedia, "by Sir John Hawkins, in 1563"; and certainly it is on record, that, ten years later—1573—Sir Francis Drake brought the potato home from one of his voyages. A statue of Sir Francis is erected at Offenberg, in Baden, inscribed: "To the Immortal Introducer of the Potato into Europe." There is also a tradition among the peasantry of County Galway, Ireland, that the potato was introduced there, previous to its being known in any other part of the island, by the wreck of a vessel named the Petrel, at North Meals, near the mouth of the Ribble, on their coast; and a few potatoes that were washed on shore were discovered by children, who roasted and ate some, and liked them so well that in great glee they hastened with the rest to their parents.

Loudon's Cyclopedia states that the potato was received by C. Clusius, one of the first to describe it, at Vienna, in 1588, from the Governor of Mons, the chief city of Hainault, a province of Belgium. The Governor had procured it, the year before, from one of the attendants of the Pope's legate, under the name of *tara tuflo*, and learned from him that it was then in use in Italy. The Italians to-day call the potato by the same name as the truffle, that is, *taratoufli*, meaning ground-mushroom. Another name is *pomo de terra*, i. e., earth-apple. The French name of the potato is similar, *pomme de terre;* as also the German name, though modified to *Kartoffel.*

Thus it will be seen that, as the great discovery of Columbus is clouded by the claims of the northern vikings, so the introduction of the potato into Europe, generally conceded to Sir Walter Raleigh, is disputed by the legends of some authority which indicate four other routes of entry:

1. Direct, by Sir John Hawkins, in 1563.
2. Direct also, by Sir Francis Drake, in 1573.
3. Accidental, by shipwreck, date unknown.
4. Circuitous, at a date unknown, but previous to all others, by the Spanish plunderers of South America, who carried them from Santa Fé or Quito to Spain, where they were extensively cultivated; thence they traveled to Italy, to be as generally used;

thence to Flanders, or Belgium, where they were extensively cultivated contemporaneously with their introduction from Virginia to Ireland by Raleigh's colonists.

It is said that Sir Walter gave the potatoes to his gardener, ordering him to plant them with care, as they were a fine fruit from America. In August the plants bloomed, and in September produced fruit; but the little nauseous berries were so different from what the gardener expected, that, in an ill-humor, he carried the potato-apples to his master, saying: "Are these the fine fruit from America that you praised so highly?" Sir Walter either was or pretended to be ignorant of the matter, and desired the gardener, since that was the fruit, to dig up the nasty weeds and fling them over the palings, and so make an end of them. The gardener returned shortly, greatly chagrined at his experience, having discovered his error, and bringing a fine parcel of potatoes to his master.

A similar story is also told of Sir Francis Drake. He sent some potatoes to a friend to plant, with the remark that the fruit was excellent and nutritious, so that it would be a very valuable plant to introduce into Europe. His friend planted the tubers, and the plants grew finely; but when the seed-balls were ripe, he took these instead of the tubers, sliced and fried them in butter, sprinkled sugar and cinnamon over them, then placed them before some company as a great rarity. Of course the balls tasted disgustingly, and the assembly concluded that the fruit would not ripen in Europe. The gardener pulled up the plants and burned them on the spot. A gentleman who chanced to be present stepped on one of the baked potatoes as it lay in the ashes, when it broke open, and he noticed that it was white as snow, and mealy, and had such an agreeable smell that he tasted it and found it very palatable. The potato was thus fortunately rescued, but for a century after was only regarded as a curiosity.

Sir Robert Southard, president of the Royal Society, claimed the honor for his grandfather of having first cultivated the potato in Ireland, where it has so long since constituted the principal food of the peasantry. Sir Robert said that his ancestor obtained the tubers from Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Royal Society, in the year 1663, took measures for the introduction of the potato to more general cultivation, as a prevention against famine. Mr. Buckland, a Somersetshire gentleman, recommended the planting of potatoes in all parts of the kingdom for the above reason. His recommendation was referred to a committee, and as a result, all the members who had lands were entreated to plant them; but it was long before they were grown to any extent, although some were grown in the gardens of the nobility, as a curious exotic. It was not until twenty years after the strong indorsement by the Royal Society that certain prudent families began to adopt the use of potatoes for food, but with great precautions and misgivings.

Up to this period large quantities of starch from wheat flour was used in the ornamentation of the head as hair-powder. Potato starch being found to be nearly as effective as flour, strenuous efforts were made to prevent the waste of wheat flour by substituting potato starch therefor; and proceedings went so far as to take the form of parliamentary enactments prohibiting the use of wheat flour for hair-powder. This produced a marked increase of potato planting, the nobleman and peasants alike keeping a little stock on hand—not so much to prevent famine, as the Royal Society advised, as to prevent dearth of *hair-powder*.

The ignorant were at first prejudiced against potatoes, because they belonged to the *Solanum* or Nightshade family. In Burgundy their culture was interdicted as a poisonous and mischievous root. Among other evils charged to its account, was that of producing leprosy and dysentery. In France, for a long time after its introduction elsewhere, the potato encountered a bitter opposition. Its cultivation was believed to injure the land, and its use to generate many diseases. Only after long-continued

exertion on the part of Parmientier, and within the present century, did it become popular in France, where now it is much depended upon for food.

To Scotland the potato was introduced in in 1725, and a laborer named Prentice gets the credit of field culture in the neighborhood of Kilsyth; while Lord Kaimes and Lord Grey were active advocates of its extended cultivation. In the highlands of Scotland, where famine was frequent before the advent of the potato, it is credited with having often prevented famine, notably in 1783. From this date it was generally referred to as the "palladium against starvation." And this is certainly now the universal opinion of this esculent—emphatically "the poor man's bread."

Professor Ferdinand Von Müller, of Melbourne, says there is no esculent farinaceous root indigenous to Australia or New Zealand; the potato hence forms a most important addition to the food products of that large continent and its adjacent islands.

To aid the memory, let us bring together, in chronological order, the principal dates in the introduction to Europe of this important vegetable.

Believed to have been carried to England by Sir John Hawkins	1563
Brought home by Sir Francis Drake	1573
Carried to Ireland from Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists	1586
Described by Thomas Herriott the same year.	1586
Cultivated in Ireland by Sir Robert Southard's grandfather	1587
Sent to Flanders from Italy	1587
Sent by the Governor of Mons to Clusius at Vienna	1588
Seedlings grown by Gerarde in England	1590
Described in Gerarde's Herbal	1597
Planted by the nobility as a curious exotic	1620
Culture encouraged by the Royal Society of England	1663
Substituted for hair-powder in England	1680
Adopted by prudent families as food	1683
Unmentioned in "Complete Gardener"	1719
Introduced to Scotland	1725
Prevents a famine in Scotland	1783
Its culture stealthily prosecuted on the continent	1790
Prohibited in Burgundy, as a poisonous root	17—
Interdicted in France, as a foe to agriculture.	17—
True worth generally acknowledged	1800

In regard to the history of the origin of the potato, prior to its introduction into Europe:

Thomas Herriott (in some papers written "Herrist") is one of the first (1586) to write of American plants. He accompanied the colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, and afterwards wrote an account of Virginia. In Part 29, p. 105, Herriott gives the history of a so-called potato, in the language of the natives call *Openawk*. "The rootes of this potatoe," writes Herriott, "are round, some as large as walnuts. They grow in damp soils, many hanging togither as if fixed on ropes."

In Schoolcraft's report of the Iroquois Indians to the legislature of New York, in 1846, he says, on page 12: "The common potato was certainly indigenous. Sir Walter Raleigh brought it from Virginia under the name of *Openang*, but none of the American tribes are known to have cultivated it. They simply dug it from the forests, but it had long been introduced into their villages and spread over the northern latitudes far beyond the present limits of corn."

It is clear that the edible root here treated of by both writers is no potato at all, but a plant known to botanists as *Apios tuberosa*. Professor Alfonso Wood, in his Class-book of Botany, says of it: "To the root are appended oval, fleshy tubers, which are very nutritious, and would no doubt be cultivated had we not the potato." This description is faulty, as the so-called tubers are not "appended to the roots," but are simply enlarged nodes of starch, etc., occurring at wide intervals along the prostrate, subterranean portion of the stem—the rhizome. The writer has often turned up these Indian potatoes with his plow in the swampy lands of Michigan. Strings two feet or more long, and containing a half-dozen nodules, some as large as walnuts, were often so found, which were quite sweet and palatable to my boyish appetite, and when roasted for a few minutes would be regarded as a choice delicacy by epicures.

The next potato from America is described by John Gerarde, "herbalist and surgeon,"

who published his "Herball, the first fruits of mine own labors," in 1597. He describes two kinds of potatoes. His account is so quaint that I transcribe it *verbatim:*

"The plant is called by the Peruvians *Sisarum* or *Skirrists*, but by us called *Potatus* or *Potatoes*. There is not any that hath written of this plant or said anything of its flowers, yet I have had in my garden divers rootes that have flourished unto the first approach of winter, and have grown unto a great length of vines, but they brought not foorth any flowers at all. The rootes are many, thick and knobbie, like unto rootes of peonies or asphodill, joined togither at the top into one head, in manner of the skirrit, the which being divided and planted do make great increase, especially if the greater rootes be cut into divers gobbets and planted in good ground. The potato rootes," Gerarde continues, "are among the Spaniards and Italians common and ordinary meate, which are no doubt of mighty nourishing parts, and do strengthen and comfort nature, their nutriment being, as it were, a mean between flesh and fruit." (Confectionery was made of these roots in Shakspere's time, and called "kissing comfits.")

This description of Gerarde applies to the original potato, now called the "sweet potato." It belongs to a very different family—the *Convolvulaceæ*, or twining vines. It has received three different names in as many genera: *Convolvulus Batatas* by Linnæus, *Batatas edulis* by Choisy, and lastly *Ipomœa Batatas* by Lamark. It is unnecessary to discuss this esculent any further than to call attention to its being properly spoken of *as a root;* the edible portion being, in fact, a store of materials saved up in the enlarged roots. Also to state that this very valuable addition to the world's food came also from America, and was introduced into Europe thirty-three years earlier than the one next to be described, encountering no prejudices, and at once coming into cultivation wherever its more tender constitution will admit of growth. It is important to note, in passing, that the natives of South America call both this and the other to be described *Papa* or *Papus*. Also it is of interest that it is from a corruption of the Spanish name of this plant, *Batata*, that we get the English word "potato." Bacon and other writers called it *potatus* and *podada*. Another author, however, states that potato is derived from a Carib word, the name of a root found in the West India Islands.

The early history of the common or so-called Irish potato is voluminous, and much of it conflicting. Gerarde, before quoted, is the first to write of it in the Herbal. He describes it under the name of "*Batatas Virginiana*, the *Papus* or *Potatoe* of Virginia." He gives a figure of it, and in the title-page portrait of his Herbal he is represented holding a branch of the potato in his hand. In Gerarde's Garden Catalogues of 1596–97 he gives it the name of *Papas orbicularis*, or "bastard potato." In the Encyclopedia Brittanica it is stated that Gerarde, in 1590, named the plant *Solanum tuberosum*, and that the name was afterward adopted by Linnæus. In Gerarde's antiquated language occurs this description:

"This *Potatus* groweth naturally in America, where it was discovered, as reports Clusius; since which time I have received rootes from Virginia, otherwise called Noremberga, which do grow and prosper in my garden as in their own countrie. . . . . They are a food and also a meate; for pleasure equale in goodnesse unto the common potatoe [sweet potato], being either roasted in the embers, or boiled and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper, or dressed in any other way by the hand of some cunning in cookerie."

Lord Bacon, whose Natural History was written soon after Gerarde's Herbal, calls the tubers *Padado roots*, and relates a discovery he thought he had made in causing them to become short and thick, by confining the plants in pots set into the ground. "The cause may be," he writes, "for that having sufficient earth within the pottes to nourish them at the start, and then being stopped by the bottome of the potte from putting strings downward, they must needs grow greater in breadth and thickness."

In the "Chronology of Plants," by Charles

Pickering, a ponderous volume, is the following brief history:

"*Solanum tuberosum*, L. Potato. The Peruvians called it *Papas*, growing wild in S. Chili, and collected for food by the natives, carried thence, becoming an object for cultivation in northern Chili and Peru, 'in the time of the Incas.' The *Papa* is mentioned in a Quichua prayer (preserved by Molini), and was cultivated as far north as the Bogotan Andes; but up to the time of the Montezumas had not reached Mexico (according to Humboldt and Hernando). Transported to Europe, it is described by Lobel, Clusius, and by Baulim; its cultivation extending so slowly as only recently to have reached Greece and Egypt. Roots 'imported from Hindoostan' were seen by myself at Muscat, at Mocha, and at Zanzibar, and the plant was under cultivation at the last-named locality. It was also observed by myself cultivated on New Zealand, and by the natives of north-west America, forming the commencement of agriculture by the Chinook Indians."

In Hogg's "History of the Vegetable Kingdom" it is stated that Humboldt decided—writing in 1812—that the native country of the potato was unknown; but that Pavon, one of the authors of *Flora Peruviana*, is said to have found the plant growing wild in the vicinity of Lima, at the very time when Humboldt was making the observation upon which he founded his negative opinions. So much has been said pro and con upon the origin of potatoes, and Humboldt's opinion is of so much weight, that I think his own language ought to be quoted in its proper connection. In his "Political History of New Spain," Vol. II., p. 342, begins a long discussion of the potato question, which includes a very interesting history of the migration of both nations and their peculiar food plants, which must be condensed for this paper.

"I shall not take upon me to decide whether the *Papas*, the Peruvian name by which potatoes are known in all of the Spanish colonies, came into Mexico along with the *Schinus molle* [pepper tree] of Peru, and consequently by the south sea [Pacific Ocean], or whether the first conquerors brought them from the mountains of New Granada. However this may be, it is certain that they were not known in the time of Montezuma, because it is one of those cases in which the migrations of a plant are connected with the migrations of nations.

"The predilections manifested by certain tribes for the cultivation of certain plants indicate most frequently either an identity of race or ancient communications between men of different climates. In this view the vegetables, like the language and physiognomy of nations, may become historical monuments.

"Not merely pastoral tribes, or those living solely by the chase, undertake long voyages, instigated by an unquiet and warlike spirit. The hordes of Germanic origin—that swarm of people who transported themselves from the interior of Asia westward to the banks of the Borysthenes and the Danube, and the savages of Guayana—afford numerous examples of tribes who, fixing themselves for a few years, cultivate small pieces of ground on which they sow the grain they reaped elsewhere; then abandon these spots when a bad year or other accident disgusts them with the situation.

"It is thus that the people of the Mongol race transported themselves from the wall which separates China from Tartary to the very center of Europe; and it is thus that from the north of California [the peninsula of old California he alludes to] and the banks of the Gila the aborigines poured even into the southern hemisphere.

"We everywhere see," Humboldt continues, "torrents of wandering and warlike hordes paving a way for themselves through the midst of peaceful agricultural nations. Immovable as the shore, these peaceful nations collect and carefully preserve the nutritive plants and domestic animals which accompanied the wandering tribes in their distant courses.

"Frequently these preserved relics serve to point out the route by which a nation has

passed from one end of a continent to another.

"The potato presents us with a very curious problem, when considered from a historical point of view.

"It appears certain that this plant, of which the cultivation has had the greatest influence upon the progress of population in Europe, was not known in Mexico before the arrival of the Spaniards. It was cultivated at this epoch in Chili, Peru, and Colombia, that is, on all of the Andes from latitude 40° south to 5° of north latitude [Patagonia to near Panama]. It is supposed by botanists that it grows spontaneously in Peru. On the other hand, the learned who have inquired into the introduction of the potato into Europe affirm that it was found in Virginia by Raleigh's colonists, in 1584. Now, how can we conceive of a plant said to belong to the southern hemisphere as being found under cultivation at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, while it was unknown in Mexico and the mountainous regions of the West Indies?

"Is it probable that the Peruvian tribes penetrated northward to the banks of the Rappahannock? Or have potatoes first come from north to south like the nations who, from the seventh century, have successively appeared on the table-lands of Anahuac [the high plateau of Mexico]? In either of these hypotheses, how came the cultivation not to be introduced or preserved in Mexico?

"These are questions which have hitherto been but very little agitated, but which, nevertheless, deserve to fix the attention of the naturalist, who, in embracing at one view the influence of man on nature and the reaction of the physical world on man, appears to read in the distribution of vegetables the history of the first migrations of our species.

"I have first to observe that the potato *is not indigenous in Peru*, and that it is nowhere to be found wild in the part of the Cordilleras under the tropics. M. Bonpland and myself herborized on the back of the Andes from the fifth degree north to the twelfth degree of south latitude. We informed ourselves from persons who have examined this chain of colossal mountains as far as Las Pas and Oruro, and we are certain that in this vast extent of ground no species of *Solanum* with nutritive roots vegetates spontaneously.

"Passing farther southward beyond the tropic, we find it, according to Molini, in all the fields of Chili. The natives distinguish the wild potato, of which the tubers are small and bitter, from that which has long been cultivated. The first of these, the wild potatoes, are called by them *maglia;* the others, *pogny.*

"We might ask if these plants are truly natives of Chili, or if, from the effect of a long cultivation there, they have become wild. . . . . Are not the *maglia* of Chili more likely to be the primitive type of the *Solanum?* . . . . The potato which the Spaniards found growing in Bogota could only have been transported thence from Peru by the migratory tribes that are known to have passed northward."

Humboldt proceeds to discuss at some length these probable migrations, and shows that in all ages nations occupying temperate regions have migrated toward the tropics, passing along on the mountain ranges or high plateaus where the temperature was not abruptly increased. He states one important fact, from which I think this usually sagacious observer should have inferred a statement contrary to the one he arrived at. He says: "There are places, it is true, not very accessible, and very cold, in the highest Andes, which the natives call *Paramos de la Papas*—Desert Potato Plains; but these denominations, of which it is difficult to conjecture the origin, by no means indicate that these great elevations produce the plant of which they bear the name."

Wild potatoes have since been discovered in these high desert plains, corroborating their native name, and refuting Humboldt's inference.

Humboldt concludes the philosophical discussion of the origin of the potato with a profound suggestion which becomes a prophecy: "We are not, therefore, to be

astonished that both physical and moral causes have prevented the potato from penetrating from South America across the low isthmus into Mexico. From all the considerations given in preceding paragraphs, it follows that if the colonists sent out by Raleigh really found potatoes in Virginia among the Indians, we can hardly refuse our assent that this plant was originally *wild in some country of the northern hemisphere.*"

So it will be seen, by a careful weighing of his sentences, that Humboldt *does not deny* that the potato is indigenous in South America. On the contrary, he expressly admits that others found it in the southern Andes, but states that he and Bonpland searched in vain for it in tropical America. The profundity of his reasoning reaches a climax in the deduction that the wild potato will be found to have its origin at two points equidistant from the equator: one of them, being then unknown, "in some country of the northern hemisphere."

On this latter point Dr. Gray writes: "It is most probable that the potatoes found in Virginia were due to a recent introduction by the Spaniards. There is no proof," he adds, "that it was in cultivation by the aborigines of the Eastern States or of Mexico."

Let us turn now to the light thrown on the matter by late discoveries in America.

The distinguished traveler, James Orton, who published "From the Andes to the Amazon," in 1867, says (p. 101): "Of vegetables in Ecuador, there were potatoes both cultivated and indigenous; the latter smaller than and much inferior to their descendants." In a note he adds: "Lieut. Gilliss, writing in 1854, praises the potatoes of Peru, but we saw no specimens in Equador." Like so many other writers, he quotes Humboldt as arguing that the habitat of the potato was like that of wheat and corn, unknown. He also quotes that oft-repeated error, that Sir Walter Raleigh brought the potato from Virginia to Ireland.

In Stephen's "Central America" no mention is made of any esculent roots that can be identified as potatoes, as being cultivated in Guatemala or Mexico in early times; but in Bancroft's ponderous work, "Native Races," Vol. I., p. 652, the statement is made: "From the earliest times of which we have any record, the natives of Oajaca and of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec cultivated corn and other vegetables. . . . . The Tapotecs now raise wheat and construct mills. As early as 1690 they gathered crops of maguey, maize, peas, red pepper, pumpkins, and potatoes."

Peopig's "Travels in Peru" corroborates the statement of Molini, Ruiz, Pavon, and others, that potatoes are indigenous in the higher Andes.

A most curious discovery was made by that great philosopher, Darwin, in the "Voyage of a Naturalist," made 1836–41. On the islands of Chonos Archipelago the wild potato grows in great abundance in sandy soil near the beach. Plants were seen four feet high. The tubers were small, the largest of an oval shape, and two inches in diameter. "They had the same smell as English potatoes, but when boiled they shrunk much, and were watery and insipid, without the expected bitter taste. They are undoubtedly indigenous, and are found as far south as fifty degrees. They are called *Aquinas* by the Indians of the south. It is remarkable that the same plant should be found on the mountains of central Chili, where not a drop of rain falls for more than six months of the year; and also down here, almost at sea-level, within the damp forest of these low southern islands."

That Indians have long cultivated potatoes in the far regions of the North-west, is set forth by a passage in Bancroft's "Native Races," Vol. I., p. 161: "The food of the Haidah Indians, between the Columbia River and Nootka Sound, is largely composed of potatoes. There is great rivalry among the islanders in supplying the tribes on the mainland with potatoes, fleets of forty or fifty canoes engaging in the trade from Queen Charlotte's Islands."

Hudson's Bay fur-traders speak of the Chinook Indians as subsisting largely upon potatoes, which they rudely cultivate in the low southern declivities of islands during

the long, favorable summers of the north regions.

In the United States Agricultural Report for 1870, p. 409, in an article upon "Food Plants of the American Indians," presumably written by Dr. C. C. Parry, then at the head of the Department of Agriculture, occurs a description, with an illustration of a branch and two tubers of the purple-flowered potato described from Arizona in these papers, which is given under the earlier name of *Solanum Fendleri*. The writer says that the plant is found in great abundance in that portion of New Mexico between Fort Wingate and Fort Defiance. The Navajo Indians inhabit this section, and the native potato forms one of the chief articles of their diet in winter. The women dig the roots with whatever implements are at hand, often using a strong piece of wood with a wedge-shaped end. The plant grows on low, rich spots, and by spring the earth is torn up in every direction in the search for potatoes. "The tubers are quite small, one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, of good taste, resembling a boiled chestnut."

Having thus indicated the previous discoveries as to the origin and habitat of the potato, I will proceed to relate the circumstances that attended its recent discovery in Arizona.

I first heard of the indigenous potatoes of Arizona during a conversation with Colonel Charles D. Poston, of Tucson, in April, 1879.

The Colonel was expatiating with much enthusiasm upon the natural products of that Territory, to which I was then a stranger. Colonel Poston is to Tucson and Arizona what the late Hon. B. B. Redding was to San Francisco and the Pacific coast—one of their most able and efficient exponents. The Colonel's residence in the Territory dates back to before its accession to the Union; and he has become very familiar with its features and products by personal inspection. Though he had never seen any wild potatoes, yet he thoroughly believed that they were to be found in the southern mountains, and I as implicitly believed in the sagacity of the Colonel—so felt sure of an interesting discovery. But during the explorations prosecuted throughout that season and the following one, I vainly searched for plants of the order *Solanaceæ* that when carefully dug displayed any tubers or nodulous roots that by any parties might be called potatoes.

The third season, however, that of 1881, commenced auspiciously. Accompanied by my wife, I now went to explore the wonderful range of Chirricahua Mountains, in south-east Arizona. We arrived at Fort Bowie, in the famous Apache Pass, just after the summer rains had brought forth the most abundant and interesting flora to be seen anywhere on this coast. But we must not pause now to describe it. One day in September, while searching for ferns in the clefts of one of the highest peaks north of the Pass, there was discovered, under a tangle of pricky bushes and cacti, a solitary little plant perceived at first glance to be a *Solanum;* but query—Was it bulb-bearing? Carefully the little stranger was uprooted, when lo, a tuber! an undoubted representative of the true potato family.

The plant proved to be a specimen of *Solanum Jamesii*, of Torrey. Great was my disappointment when, after diligent search day after day in that locality of various features of plain, cañon, and peak, not another plant was to be detected. Time and again the little scrap of a plant was examined, but it was so meager and dejected by age that it had but few characters which reminded one of the rank potato vines of our gardens. With great care and kindling interest I dissected its organs and compared its characters with the meager descriptions at hand. How much more my emotions would have been aroused, had I then known that it was probable that from this very species, rather than from any other of the thirty-six known, our first potatoes sprung, according to the researches and reasonings of Humboldt, stated in preceding paragraph.

We were prevented from making a thor-

ough exploration of the southern portion of the Chirricahuas—to which we removed in September—by the rumors that reached us day by day of Indian outrages in the mountains to the north of us: culminating at last in the startling intelligence brought us by a friendly cowboy, who rode all night to warn us that Juh and his whole band of Chirricahua Apaches had broken out of the San Carlos Reservation at four o'clock the morning before, and were fleeing directly towards their old haunts, the very valley in which we were peacefully botanizing.

We took refuge in the cabin of a queer old hermit, Dr. Monroe, who had been there for four years, and who had prepared for such emergencies by digging a tunnel one hundred and twenty feet long through the sharp point of a long ridge projecting into the valley between two creeks. Midway of the ridge the tunnel was constructed with a double elbow, enlarged to eight feet by ten, and six feet high, to which one could retreat with his supplies and weapons, and could shoot out towards either end of the tunnel at his foes in the light, while himself shrouded in darkness by the elbow. In case of overpowering numbers, he could light a fuse leading to a magazine concealed in the cobbles at each end of the tunnel, which, when ignited, must blow everything to atoms in the vicinity.

The mouths of the tunnel, opening out on the sides of the ridge, were each artfully concealed by a cabin made of shakes and brush, one of which was generously assigned to us. While we were there for eleven days, in momentary expectation of attack, Juh and his band, split up into squads of half a dozen to fifty warriors, scoured the country, torturing and killing all the whites in their path.

One large band passed along by the mouth of Rucker valley, and no one knows why they did not ascend to their familiar haunts, as there was not the slightest obstacle to such a course, although the full-garrisoned Fort Bowie was but forty miles away, and the Apaches passed near it on the way; followed, to be sure, two days later, by two companies of well-mounted cavalry, majestically marching along by twos, accompanied with baggage wagons and other comfortable military equipage.

In October we returned to Oakland to pass the winter in closet-work over our varied treasures from Arizona. Last May we again joyfully prepared our simple outfit for an extended exploration of the other mountains of southern Arizona, determined that we would find more of that wild potato if it took all summer—and it did.

Choosing first the isolated range of the Huachuca Mountains, from the mere fact of its isolation, as favoring the production of distinct vegetable forms, we found the mountain on our approach to be perfectly charming in features and productions. Simple in outline, the range extends north-west and south-east about seventy miles, with a width of nearly twenty miles. The southern point is crossed by the Mexican boundary line, and the range is about midway between the Colorado River on the west and the Rio Grande on the east.

The historic old town of Yuma, on the former river, is due west of the Huachuca, and the more historic and older towns of El Paso and Santa Fé, on the Rio Grande, are nearly due eastward. The Huachuca, hence, occupy middle ground, both physically considered with reference to position, and ethnologically with reference to the hordes of mysterious peoples that once poured along the valleys of these great arterial rivers.

It is supposed that exactly along the plain on both sides of this range passed the multitudes overland to and fro between the densely populated plateau of Anahuac, the home of the Montezumas in Central Mexico, to found on the far northern Gila River the wonderful and not by any means mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola." And it is known that in comparatively modern times, yet still beyond the ken of the historian, these wisely architectural and skillfully agricultural peoples were irrigating the plains of the Santa Cruz and the San Pedro on either hand, while building Casa Grandes along their banks, forming vast cities, the ruins of which are to-day the admiration and amazement of every intelligent visitor.

These lofty, deeply cañoned, rugged, well-watered Huachucas must have then afforded convenient halting places for the wanderers, or perchance strategetic positions for contending tribes battling for possession of the riches of the plain; subsisting the while upon the fruits and roots of this fertile mountain. And this conjecture is not unfounded, as subsequent paragraphs will abundantly prove.

The Huachuca Mountains, as stated, are very symmetrical in outline, about three times longer than wide, and rising in the middle with two peaks a little over ten thousand feet in altitude. Deep cañons furrow it on all sides, those on the north-east being clothed to their origins with a fair growth of trees, several of the species attaining sufficient size for mechanical uses. A lumber factory has been established in four of these cañons, the owners cutting off its trees as long as it would pay five hundred per cent. upon the outlay; then removing their machinery and requisite logging teams to another cañon. One of the mills is at this time high up in Ramsey's Cañon; its proprietors cutting down a body of pine and fir timber as rich as any on this coast outside of the Sierra.

Five of the cañons on the north-east side are so long as to nearly sever the mountains into divisions, being ten to fifteen miles long. These are, respectively, Fort Cañon at the north end, Tanner's and Ramsey's near the middle, Maple and Ash near the south end. Out from each flows a small stream of clear, sweet water, though strongly impregnated with lime. Each forms a delta of alluvium at its mouth, clothed the greater part of the year with excellent grass and other forage plants, affording the establishment of one or more valuable ranches: their owners, by commanding the sources of perpetual water, hold the contiguous portion of the outstretched plain tributary. Over this thousands of horses and cattle roam, menaced, meanwhile, by the lawless cowboys of Arizona (whose headquarters are now at Charleston on the San Pedro, only twelve miles from the Huachuca), or by the Mexican cattle-thieves marauding along the border anywhere they may find an unguarded victim.

The rock formation of the Huachuca is both magnificent and picturesque. Strata of granite, gneiss, porphyry, sandstone, slate, trachyte, quartz, and limestone are the principal rocks, exposed in regular terraced peaks or tumbled about in the wildest confusion. The limestone and quartz ledges, being often uplifted and set on edge, appear as black and white tapering columns in *bas-relief*, supporting the highest peaks, and distinctly seen from the plain fifty miles away.

But our present task is to examine, as we may, the vegetable wealth of the Huachuca —its native potatoes—and first, to *find* them. Mrs. Lemmon and myself journeyed *via* Tombstone by the buckboard stage to Fort Huachuca, beautifully located on the delta of the northernmost cañon—Fort Cañon, as it is now called. Bearing letters of introduction, we were kindly received by the commanding officer, and soon provided with tents and a few necessaries for primitive housekeeping. The pitching of our tent and the arrangement of the few details of camp life that must be attended to, if you would do good work, did not long distract our attention from the rich, strange flora greeting us from flower-gemmed stream to arbor-crowned peak.

Every third day, equipped with flower-press, pick, and luncheon, I climbed slowly and wearily, as perforce I must, over one ridge after another, and up to spur upon spur of the high peaks; hastily culling the rare flowers and ferns by the way, and putting them, carefully displayed, into the portable press; taking note of habitat and peculiarities to be recorded on return. Generally the unseen perils of rattlesnakes and centipedes, together with the open attacks of cacti and yucca, were added to the intense heat of the sun, jeopardizing life and limb. The level rays of sunset usually found me at the top of a mountain ten to twenty miles from camp. Fortunately the declivity favored the return trip. You slide perhaps for rods at a plunge, down with splintered shales and volcanic cinders, knee-deep, to a bush-

covered landing, where you must pass along the side of the mountain until another shattered vertical ledge of slate or trachyte is reached. When the moon favored, late returns by her lovely aid were always calculated upon.

Whenever Mrs. Lemmon could not accompany me on these extra laborious trips, she was busily occupied in painting the flowers in the vicinity of the camp, or in changing dryers within the many packages of plants collected on previous explorations.

Sometimes we took long journeys on our horses, going round the bases of dividing ridges between cañons, or climbing by perilous, zigzag trails over them. From the highest points, the peculiar features of a flat, desert country, interspersed with island mountains dancing in a heated atmosphere, bounded our horizon.

These long trips occupied from three to five days' time, and often included the circuit of half the range; at times we passed across the Mexican boundary at the risk of being deprived of our animals by Mexican officials, little better than Italian bandits; or worse, being cut off altogether by Apaches, several tribes of whom were again on the war-path under the notorious chieftain, Juh, still at large. During one of these trips we passed over the locality where recent massacres had occurred; and, as appeared afterward, while on one of the high southern ridges, near Cave Cañon, an Apache massacre was being perpetrated upon two Americans and three Mexicans, only five miles below us—a fate which we narrowly escaped by happening to choose the upper trail.

It was on one of these long excursions of seventy miles and five days, in July last, that the first of these native potatoes was found. On the south-west side of the range, hid away in the rich bottom-land dell of one of the high valleys, we suddenly came in sight of a small garden, fenced round with stakes, bushes, and fallen trees; a rude stick-and-mud cabin stood by the trail, and a dug-out showed its door in the side of a hill. All proved to be the property of a daring, genial, generous Irishman, named Malony. He located there three years ago, broke up the land along the creek mostly with a spade, under-drained a springy portion of it, fenced it from deer and cattle, and planted it with corn, cabbage, and potatoes. The mining town of Harshaw, in the Patagonia Mountains at the west, furnished a ready market, and he realized eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars annually from his little patch of but three or four acres; though, for safety, he must keep up the appearance of extreme poverty. To the Mexican renegade or the army deserter he appears to be too poor to rob of anything but the vegetables; while his defense from the Apaches is to flee to the dug-out, and fire at the red-skins from its dark recesses.

Climbing over the slopes about Malony's premises, imagine my delight at seeing, in a loam-covered flat along a cañon side, a few plants in full bloom of the white species of *Solanum*, the same as found last year, and a few steps farther the blue one, also in beautiful bloom.

Hastening down to Malony's cabin, with face aglow, I triumphantly exhibited the trophies. "Potatoes do you call them?" said he, "it would take a peck of them to make one of my Snow-flakes; I have to clean out a wheelbarrow load of those weeds from my garden every year." I bade him to show me the spot; and there, to be sure, trying to thrive amidst the frequent weedings and hoeings of the vigilant gardener, were several dozen robust plants of both species, peering out from under a cabbage, or stealing a living from the midst of a hill of immense Oregon Blues, by reason of their close resemblance.

Malony avers that the locality was perfectly wild when he settled upon it, and that these "weeds" came up with his first crop. The plants in the garden were much larger than those on the hillside, evidently showing improvement under the chance cultivation received.

It was noticed that the white-flowered species was forming tubers on shorter subterranean stems than the blue one. The latter seemed to be ever on the search for better

ground, often sending its runners eighteen inches to two feet. Malony, now thoroughly interested, declared he would give up further warfare upon the interlopers, which, as appeared, had prior right to the ground by occupation back to the time of—who knows what dynasty and epoch?

After this discovery, we no longer ignored the few gardens cultivated in the Huachuca, and found in nearly every one of them one or both of these wild potatoes. They were found especially numerous and robust in Mr. Igo's garden, on the northernmost point of the mountain, growing in a dark loam soil irrigated by a spring, and, as in the other cases, flourishing despite the hoe.

July 19th we removed from the fort to Tanner's Cañon, ten miles southward, to be in the very heart of the Huachuca for the rest of the season, ending November 8th. We made several trips to Igo's garden, now two days' journey distant, to watch our little wards and note their habits. The locality is but a few feet above the general average of the plain. Here, as in all other gardens on the north-east side of the mountain, the common potato does not thrive well.

Strangely enough, I thought, neither Mr. Igo nor any of his Mexican laborers had noticed that these weed-like plants were true potatoes; but upon the tubers being shown to Mr. Igo, he became deeply interested, and promised to cultivate them.

The first time these *Solani* were detected in Igo's garden was on July 12th, and at first only the white-flowered kind was seen. The blossoms, though few, were large and of a creamy-white color, with greenish midribs to the corolla lobes. The rhizomes, or subterranean stems, were evidently at their full length, and were not longer than those of our common Irish potato—a fact very favorable to the cultivation of this species, widely contrasting it with the long rhizomes of the other.

Subsequent search discovered in a distant part of the premises several plants of the blue species, flourishing under a squash vine. The flowers are smaller, bright purple, with pale white midribs to the corolla. There are more flowers in the heads, or corymbs, than of any other—often fifteen to twenty; and they are more campanulate—less deeply divided. The leaves of the two species generally differ considerably, those of the white one being pinnate with five to nine similar pairs of leaflets generally, each usually lanceolate or rarely ovate; the leaves of the blue species are also pinnate, but the *pinnæ*, or leaflets, are of two kinds, large and very small, alternating—in this respect resembling the long-cultivated potato of our fields; in fact, Dr. Gray, in his later publications, regards it as but a form of the original *Solanum tuberosum* of South America.

The largest specimens of this purple potato we found July 27th, only a day's trip from camp, and near Tanner's mill, in the upper end of Tanner's Cañon, at an altitude of about eight thousand feet. They were having the benefit of a cultivation extraordinary, by mulching. Mr. Tanner stated that an Arizona cloud-burst—as they call it—occurred on the mountain the season before, tearing down the soil and carrying the *debris* down past his mill in torrents. We found the plants below the mill just laughing with vigor, as they pushed up through four to six inches of sand and sawdust. Some of the plants were two feet high; the comparatively large, white, underground stems ran along amidst the *debris* two and three feet, and then formed large tubers; nearly all the flowers perfected their balls of fruit, which were of unusual size. Thus every feature indicated favorable conditions, giving assurance that this potato deserves a fair trial in cultivation.

This locality being conveniently near to our new home in a deserted cabin of this cañon, we could often visit our potato garden, and on each occasion plants would be uprooted and developments noted. Malony's place was just over the saddle from Tanner's mill, four miles farther, so his potatoes were often inspected after the midsummer rains permitted.

By the first of September the new tubers began to take shape and color. The blue-flowered plants formed bluish colored potatoes, oblong and depressed vertically, about

an inch and a half long, by half as wide, and a third as thick. Four to ten tubers were counted to a plant. The white-flowered plants produced white tubers, nearly round, and from half an inch to an inch in diameter.

From the first we had suspicions that these little tubers—so like those of cultivation, save only their small size—were but waifs of ancient civilization; volunteer plants derived from cultivated sorts left in the ground years before. However, both Mr. Tanner and Mr. Hayes, the oldest residents of the mountain, said that these plants were found there when first occupied, and also that no potatoes had ever been planted about their mill. In other garden places on both sides of the range, where whites had been driven off by Indians, we found potato plants keeping up a feeble existence, but the leaves and tubers were unmistakably distinct from these under discussion; so it is inferable that if these wild potatoes are not indigenous, but derived from imported sorts, the degradation to the present apparently stable form occurred many years ago.

The third kind of wild potato of Arizona was not so easily found. It was only after a long day's climb (during which I was assisted by Ben Rheinhart, a stalwart miner of Maple Cañon) that I reached the summit of the highest peak of the Huachuca, a little over ten thousand feet altitude. This peak is steep and rugged, besides being beset with a dense clothing of thorny bushes covering most of its surface. In the shade of the north side a spire of timber, sharply defined at the sides, ascends to the very top. Here, in this very highest point, under the shade of fir, pine, and poplar trees, kept moist by melting banks of snow for a great part of the year, were found several plants of this little species, widely scattered among the rank herbage, were bravely lifting their mostly simple and nearly orbicular leaves and nodding balls of seed from under the golden-rods and brilliant asters.

The thread-like, white rhizomes, or runners, are short, and bear at the ends small, depressed tubers tinted with purple. The flowers were gone, but the seed-balls are either solitary or at most in twos. This plant at first sight appears to be very near to the purple-flowered, but the few or solitary flowers abundantly distinguish it from that form. Wanting the flower, we cannot exactly decide whether it is distinct from either or not.

Some discrepancies in published descriptions of the two species, *Solanum tuberosum* and *Solanum Jamesii*, will be pointed out hereafter.

During the last days of October we set to work collecting tubers of these interesting plants. Except the one limited patch at Tanner's mill, the localities were not less than two days' journey from camp. Localities had been detected and marked, completely encircling the mountain, often high in the cool forests, but notably in the gardens of Igo, Malony, Duncan, Smelter, Kimball, Ramsey, and Connolly. Great was my disappointment to find that in many places a species of *Spermophile* (gopher) had preceded me, and dug them all out of the ground. In Malony's garden his greedy Snow-flakes had pushed out between the rows, and prohibited the digging of the little tubers on account of exposing the three-pound larger ones; but Malony agrees to save them out when harvesting and forward by mail. At Igo's our little potato harvest was most satisfactory. By digging over the whole space a rod square, some three quarts of tubers were secured of both kinds. An accident at Benson upset our cans of potatoes and mixed them together, and after a few weeks' exposure it is difficult to distinguish the species with certainty, as the tubers become discolored.

As soon as this discovery became known, by means of communications to several horticultural journals, applications for tubers came from all points of the Union and Canada. We sent out a dozen to each, as long as the weather permitted with safety, and have a quart or two remaining.

Since returning to Oakland, we have received a letter from Mr. Igo, containing the following: "In repairing my fish-pond today, we found a great many of the wild

potatoes outside of the embankment, which were partially cultivated by the plowing and scraping when we were making the pond. Some of them are large as hen's eggs. They are perfectly white, having the appearance of being mealy, and being very fine potatoes. I regret that the sale of my premises here prevents me from making experiments with these promising tubers."

In another chapter, I hope to give my readers the opinions and plans of experimenters who have promised to cultivate the new-found tubers, and to dwell upon the probabilities of future economic importance —in view of the degeneration of old varieties—of the introduction of new potatoes derived from this new and presumably better northern stock.

J. G. Lemmon.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ON OAKLAND'S ESTUARY IN WINTER.

From my window as I look, the Coast Range hills to the left are green with the young grass the warm rains have started, and the sun is so bright that the shade thrown by the long rows of eucalyptus trees bordering the street seems grateful as in other lands in summer. The dark green Monterey cypress hedges which inclose the garden, the magnolia opposite, the white roses on the climber beside the window, and the flowers in the dish on the piano near by, all speak in nature's accents of the mildness of the climate which sees them flourishing on Christmas Day. In the center of the dish are several milk-white calla lilies, grown, like the others, hap-hazard out of doors. Sprays of honeysuckle, with their fragrant flowers, hang over the edge, and a number of the blossoms of the odorous yellow jasmine show themselves peeping out above the mignonette so freely scattered. The drooping petals of the abutilon are pendent among the honeysuckle, and above them are sprigs of candy-tuft, so abundant at all times. Here a dark and there half a dozen light pinks, blooming and sweet-scented, and with them red verbenas, primroses, and laurestinus add color to the mass. Then came plebeian golden-feather and marigold; but overshadowing these are the aristocratic gold of ophir and tea-roses, full blown and in buds. Scattered through the carelessly arranged mass are violets without end, their delightful fragrance overpowering all other odors.

Glancing aside again, I look out on Oakland harbor and the broad marshes, and can trace the many little creeks and sloughs that make off from the main estuary—themselves creating in turn small basins, ponds, and streamlets innumerable, all glistening in the bright sunlight of this warm California Christmas Day. And it occurs to me that few among the many thousand who have lived for years close to the sheet of water on which I gaze know of it otherwise than as a creek with muddy banks and unpromising surroundings, with some dim possibilities of future greatness dependent on the whims of a proverbially uncertain Congress. Of its picturesque aspects they have no thought; and of the pleasures of sailing here and there on its tranquil waters they have never heard. At all events, I, having experience of these things, can now enjoy them for the hundredth time, for the tide is full and up on the marshes. Summoning a congenial companion, always ready for such excursions, we soon throw wide the boat-house doors, and let the sun pour into its salty atmosphere. As we stand on the float, two or three single-shell men from the Columbia Rowing Club, next door, with their short-sleeved, rowing jerseys, start out for a "spurt" up the creek. Just ahead of them are two fellows in a pair-oar outrigger, and

two more are rowing double-scull in a wooden shell, the others being seemingly fragile paper boats. A four-oared crew is practicing in another shell, which parts the water as smoothly and keenly as a knife would satin.

Our little boat is wide and shoal, made for these waters, and, with an overshadowing and dangerously large looking, sliding-gunter winter sail, speeds over the waters with a rapidity of motion startling to the uninitiated. As we stand off before the light breeze, half a dozen small sloops and cat boats keep us company, and we see others gliding about in the distance. The sun is warm, and the air is balmy and mild, notwithstanding we are in the depth of winter.

We are reminded, however, of ice, snow, bad weather, and hard work, while idling away this pleasant holiday in our chosen fashion, for we are sailing through the fleet of northern whalers and other arctic vessels which are laid up in this quiet harbor in winter. We enjoy the day better for thinking of the contrast in seeing these barks—like the man who hired a fellow to saw wood out in the hot sun, while he idled in the shade. A group of a couple of dozen whale-boats, with graceful shear and uniformly painted hulls, lie moored close together in a little basin which is bare at half-tide; and as we sail smoothly by, we think of the hard work done in them amid arctic ice and angry seas, by the sturdy whalers who man them when on duty.

The vessels themselves, with sails unbent, and running rigging unrove, evince signs of hard usage. Their sides and bows show scars and seams from their battles with the ice of the northern regions. The heavy, old-fashioned figure-heads, anchors with wooden stocks, the characteristic single topsail and bark rig, the greasy try-works, the rusty-looking old square house aft, where the man at the wheel is sheltered, the row of double-ended boats with curved rudders slung beside them ready for use, the multiplicity of davits—all indicate the "blubber hunter." They mainly hail from New Bedford and San Francisco, and we read on the sterns the well-known name of Helen Mar, Dawn, Bounding Billow, Frances Palmer, Stamboul, Hidalgo, Gazelle, etc. Up near the edge of the marsh, where at low tide they recline on the soft mud, lies this fleet of whalers, seemingly resting from labors which commence again with spring; but here, protected from angry seas and treacherous gales. Here, also, is the United States Coast Survey schooner Yukon, which has been with Captain Dall in every nook and corner of the Alaskan coast. Close to her, a little yacht separating them, is moored the pilot boat George Peabody, with rigging down and a dismantled look, in training for her regular fight with the waves of the bar outside the Golden Gate. Opposite are several yachts in winter quarters, with none of the white sails and gay bunting that make them attractive in summer.

We sail swiftly over the submerged marsh land, regardless of creek boundaries, ever and anon scaring up a flock of wild ducks, and sending them whirring off towards the expectant hunter on the point. My little boat has a removable thwart, and that being out, her length and breadth was all available, and we lie prone on the carpeted floor, basking in the warm sunshine, but sliding rapidly, with our big sail and light craft, over the smooth water. All along the main creek there is a space of nine hundred or one thousand feet between its opposite banks. To the left extends an arm almost as wide, which furnishes water for Lake Merritt, but obstructed by bridges for sailing craft.

At the head of the creek is the circular, pond-like harbor, locally known as Brooklyn basin, soon to be dredged out as an approach to the projected canal connecting this with San Leandro Bay. As we glide into the basin we see the sails of half a dozen miniature yachts taking their mile stretch to windward, their enthusiastic owners following them. We "haul our wind," and pass along to leaward, criticising the little boats and exchanging compliments of the season with the builders. Ahead of us lies Alameda, but hidden among the abundant and closely growing trees, which come down to

the edge of the now overflowed marsh. To our left is picturesque San Antonio—geographically named, since railroad eras, East Oakland—backed by the Coast Range hills, which rise above it, showing clear against the sky. Astern of us we see Oakland, the prettiest town of California, now half hidden by the trees. My companion, with experience of New England coast scenery, tells me it looks like some of the Connecticut towns, with its white houses and clustering trees. We see the taller buildings and spires of churches above the foliage, the vessels' masts bordering the city front, a railroad train crossing the bridge, the steamers and sailing craft laid up in the quiet haven, the white sails of the pleasure boats moving hither and thither, the mass of foliage of the evergreen California oak, and back of all the rising hills, carpeted with living green, and studded here and there with home-like dwellings and plantations of the ever-present blue gum—the whole making, on this lovely day, a most agreeable picture as it basks in the sunshine.

We come about and "square away" down though the group of bay steamers and schooners laid up in ordinary, and come upon another group of arctic shipping. Here are the Alaska Commercial Company's steamers St. Paul and Alexander, schooners Ounalaska, Leon, Matthew Turner, and St. George, and steam brig Dora; all of which trade north in summer months, but which pass their winter days each year in these sequestered waters, and now lie lazily at their undisturbed moorings. We move quickly past the lumber wharves at Brooklyn, near the long railroad train, where the waiting passengers stare at us out of the windows; down along the cove, where the wreckers are breaking up the old barges and steamer; past the quiet fishermen in their boats at the dismantled and rotting wharf; and then we meet, racing down before the wind, half a dozen craft with which to try our speed. We have the satisfaction, with the smallest boat, of beating them all to windward back to the boat-houses, by means of our large sail and our knowledge of the locality, assisted by vigorous paddling to windward in tacking, with our steering oar, a maneuver evidently not understood by our competitors.

We leave them all, lower our sail, "shoot the bridges" under the draws, set the sail again, and pass on in the freshening breeze, down the creek toward the rock training-walls which extend into the bay and inclose a river-like body of water a couple of miles long. The spray is flying by this time. Not a cloud in the sky, however. One of us holds the sheet and the other the steering oar, and only our heads are above the rail. Surely, this has been Ruskin's style of sailing: smooth water, and easy, gliding motion near sedgy banks, everything quiet and still, the effect being only heightened by the occasional whirr of wings of the startled wild fowl so persistently hunted in the neighboring marshes. Here are more rows of steamers, yachts, and sailing craft, the whip-like pennant of one indicating a Government vessel, and we recognize the little revenue cutter Corwin, which unraveled the mystery of Wrangel Land, and came near leaving her bones among the icy barriers of the north.

Suddenly the wind drops. Though apparently as steady as a summer nor'west breeze, this puffy and unsettled northerly air has proven unreliable. It is all gone now, and we lie in a flat calm. Distant voices sound near at hand, coming over the water clear and distinct. The tide is ebbing, and we drift baywards in company with a rusty-looking trading schooner, the mainsail of which is such a marvel of patchwork of varying shades one cannot tell which was the original cloth that formed the basis for the whole. Coming close to us is the ferry steamer Bay City, with a crowd of San Francisco excursionists bound to Alameda, and they watch our little boat as it pitches madly on the steamer's swell, apparently wondering at our unconcern as we lie stretched out in careless attitudes and return their gaze.

The momentary turbulence intensifies the calm. The skipper of our companion scow has left his wheel, and is stretched with professional nonchalance on the narrow rail,

leaning on his elbow. The smoke from his galley fire curls lazily upward without deflection, and is the only moving feature in the view.

The day is remarkably clear. We look to the north-west and see the hills which back the Napa valley, and are reminded thereby of vines and fig-trees and hot springs and dust we have met in that vicinity. We see also old Mount Tamalpais, "with his head in the clouds and his feet in the sea," the guardian of the bay of San Francisco, looming to-day purple in the pure atmosphere. In the foreground is musically named and prosaically called Goat, or Yerba Buena, Island, where we can see in the cove under the hill the lighthouse department wharf, with the painted buoys ready for service; and above, the lighthouse and keeper's dwelling with the fog-whistle, that tells the sleepy Oaklander of intangible obstructions in his daily path.

Immediately before us lies the broad, flat expanse of San Francisco bay, for once calm, quiet, and at rest, without even a disturbing ripple on its surface. We can see Lime and Fort Point, and, looking westward through the Golden Gate, discern quite plainly on Point Bonita, more than twelve miles away, the white column that we know is the lighthouse, which becomes a brilliant gem at night. In our line of vision, as we look out on the broad Pacific, are great ships laden deep with wheat, ready to start for foreign lands; coasters drifting seaward; bay craft, with jibs down waiting for the breeze; and busy ferry steamers, leaving trails of sooty vapor above and fleecy foam below, as they speed on with the mass of humanity on pleasure bent.

Before us lies the great city with its fringe of masts along the edge, and behind this a gradually rising and spreading mass of roof and chimney, spire and tower, with only a few of the more prominent buildings distinguishable by their size. Back of all and looking down on all is the dome of Lone Mountain (the funereal marble making a white spot on the landscape), and surmounting it, the apex of the picture, the great cross, San Francisco's *memento mori*, is cut sharply against the background of blue sky.

Southward, the eye glances along past the round-topped San Bruno hills, over the green rolling land which skirts the bay, and suddenly the water view is cut off by Alameda's oaks. But over them in the dim distance are the redwoods of the Santa Cruz Mountains, along which the writer not long since followed the tumbling streams, with rod in hand, in search of the rainbow trout which there abound.

Our wandering thoughts are centered by seeing our friend the skipper roll lazily to his wheel, and, gripping the spokes, swing his ponderous, ill-shapen rudder "hard over," as if expectant of coming wind. We look up, and there in the westward a darkening line on the water manifests itself, approaching us, setting into motion as it comes the craft awaiting its advent, and putting life into the picture. Gradually the placid waters dimple as with merriment near us, the smoky jib of the schooner fills away, a flutter of our sail warns us the breeze has come down, and there the dark line speeds away ahead, as if enticing us to a race. Our boat heels to the breeze as we "up helm," and the motion and action remind us of a strict injunction as to the hour of return: the household knowing from oft-repeated experience that sailing is a sort of lotus flower, causing forgetfulness of dinners and other necessities; and to-day the conventional turkey awaits us. As we near the boat-house, racing down with the first of the breeze, we see several of the rowers in swimming suits plunging overboard from the floats, and sporting about in the water. Sail on its hooks, sculls in the rack, and boat hauled up and set on its cradle finish our Christmas sail.

Charles G. Yale.

PANCHITA.

THE city is damp and the air is cold;
I long for the sun and a breath of the sea,
A horse, fleet-footed, and liberty;
The sweet, free air and the switching flow
Of wild oats over my saddle-bow;
The long green slopes and the dark ravine,
Buckeye-scented and water-fed—
Fern spray under, and bough o'erhead—
And the night bivouac mid the sea-gulls' din,
Down by the shore where the tide comes in.

San Luis Obispo, beside the sea!
Bare and brown 'neath the summer sun,
Glad and green when the storms are done,
Green forever in memory!

Here Panchita, my love, I knew.
Not a flower that dared to be,
Mountain blossom, or bud that grew
Wind-bewildered beside the sea,
Half so timidly sweet as she;
Nimble-footed as mountain quail,
Light and airy as winds that blow
Summer's blossomings to and fro,
This Panchita, this love of mine—
Dark and wistful and warm as wine,
Set the wilderness all aglow.

She was timid, I said, and shy.
Once, however, when all the sky
Burned with summer, and on the plain
Cattle perished because the sun
Licked the water-ways, all undone,
Small-pox stricken and left to die,
Man-forsaken, nor succor near,
She, my timid one, laughed at fear;
Scouted danger and death, and stood
O'er my pallet through days of pain;
Coaxed the flickering life-spark back
Into vigor and love again.

Did I love her? God knows; and he
Knows the riddle of destiny.
Stern and changeless, her parent said,
"Child nor chattel of mine shall wed

Northern stranger. The grave were better!"
So I left him, and one dark night
Led two mustangs beneath the wall
Where Panchita, arrayed for flight,
Heard and answered my signal call.
O that ride 'neath a broken moon!
The spur of danger, the quick caress,
The hope, the promise, and all too soon,
The utter shadow and bitterness!

We reached the river; the stream was up,
The current was swift and black;
But a hundred times my mustang's feet
Had threaded the ford and back;
So we urged them in, nor dreamed that death
Lurked under the cataract.

How it happened I could not tell.
I only know that her mustang fell,
And ere I knew it, I rode alone—
With a cry of agony in my ears.
God be merciful! but that tone
Haunts me ever, throughout the years!
Wild with anguish, I spurred my way
Down the current, and called her name;
Knew no danger in my dismay—
Cursed and stumbled and tried to pray,
But no answer, no comfort came.
Wild with anguish, the long night through—
Dazed and wandering—here and there
I swam the river a dozen times,
And howled at heaven in my despair.
But no answer: the sea-bird's cry
Mocked me only from out the air.
With the dawning her form I found,
Pale and beautiful, on the shore;
Then the wilderness swam around,
Blackness gathered—I knew no more.

The city is damp and the air is cold;
I long for the sun and a breath of the sea;
But a small white cross, where the sea-birds scold,
Marks all that lingers of love for me.

D. S. Richardson.

A ROMANCE OF THE MISSION.

THREE travelers—a young man and two girls—sat idly upon a narrow ledge that faced a slender waterfall and encircled the deep pool into which the cataract fell. Two of them were apparently tired, and satisfied to enjoy quietly the sight and sound of the waterfall, which they had reached after a fatiguing walk, or scramble rather, over a steep and narrow trail; while the third, the taller of the two girls, wandered restlessly about the narrow space of level granite, or ventured now and then upon higher rocks overhanging dangerous rifts and chasms, from the top of which she could get the waterfall or the clear, deep pool in some new point of view. She seemed a trifle too indifferent to the anxiety with which the others appeared to watch her movements, while they kept up the remonstrances usual in such cases.

"What possible interest can you find in that dreadful dangerous place, Prudence?" the elder young lady at length objected in a querulous tone. "Come, do sit down here; we should like to enjoy ourselves. O, Cousin Lawrence, do bring her down," she appealed with a nervous laugh to the young man.

"Look out for your long dress, cousin," said he, as he started up to help her down from a tilting bowlder on which she was balancing herself.

"Here I come, then, since you insist upon it. But there is positively no room for me here; now I must jump over to the other side"; and as she said this she bounded with a laugh to another rocky perch.

"Really, Prue, don't you think you are rather old to be so antic?" said her sister.

"I don't know; it seems to come natural; does it depend on age?"

There was a suggestion of boyishness about her, in some indefinable way; either it was in her figure or her freedom of movement, or perhaps it was a quantity of short, curling hair and a riding-hat; but it was very graceful and attractive.

"Must I rise from my heathery couch, Fanny, and take care of your rash sister?" said the young man, leaning on his elbow, and pretending to sympathize with her anxiety.

"Don't think of such a thing," said Prudence; "Fanny has a book of poetry about her somewhere; you get it out and enjoy yourselves. I am not going into danger; I never went into any danger in my life; I want to see what is beyond this waterfall."

"But you are not exactly equipped for that. Suppose we consider this the headwaters and limit of exploration," replied he, as he rose, and with a pretense of authority helped her down to the platform again.

Prudence seated herself at Fanny's feet, and then pulling off her loose riding-glove, played with the water of the pool. It was one of those lovely natural fountains that streams everywhere scoop for themselves out of the granite, as they crowd through mountain clefts, and precipitate themselves from the steep side of rocky gorges. The high banks of the now narrowed cañon rose all about, clothed with trees and shrubs, and ended in the rocky precipice that rose over the basin, and seemed to forbid all further passage. The face of this steep, for some distance above the water's edge, was clothed with long green fronds of maiden-hair fern, which flourished under the spray of the waterfall, and dipped their tips in the edge of the water. The fern was completely out of reach, as the tempting prettiness of nature so often is, especially where summer pleasure-seekers are wont to ramble—a fact that is best explained by the theory that the first discoverers of the picturesque spots carry off all the greenery and blossoms within reach, root and branch, and their successors continue the spoliation until columbines seem to swing only on the edges

of cliffs, and the desirable ferns can only be reached at the greatest peril.

"How deep is the pool, Cousin Lawrence?" asked Prudence, still playing with the cold water.

"Deep enough to drown us all, if we are not very careful of our steppings."

The party lingered a while, enjoying in the sweet solitude the rushing of the cataract, with all the intense enjoyment of eastern travelers, such as they were, in the sight and sound of running water, so rare in the summer of southern California. Rapturous exclamations in the midst of indifferent talk burst from the girls, at the sweetness of the sounds and odors, the stillness and wildness that make the pleasure of such a ramble. At length they rose to go. The girls, embarrassed by long riding-dresses, picked their way with difficulty along the steep trail, almost overgrown at times with chaparral, while Lawrence warned them of the poison oak, and tried to find, as often as possible, opportunity to lend a hand to his handsome, active cousin, as they scrambled down the rocky trail. Such opportunities were not wanting; but Prudence had an independent way of helping herself that left the young man little chance, and Fanny, with the timidity of an unaccustomed walker, was never quite off his hands; for to her this was the most hazardous and fatiguing trip in the world.

Prudence was as tall and apparently as athletic as her cavalier—a circumstance she secretly rejoiced in. She was one of those girls who have a temperament and a physical vigor that makes them crave manly sports, and keeps them always in a state of partial humiliation and defeat, because they constantly discover that they are, after all, only girls, and can do no more than swim, as it were, in the shallow waters, and take the sports that good-natured young men make easy for them. This girl's ideal of enjoyment was, Camilla-like, to scour not only the plain upon the back of a thorough-bred horse, but to climb the peaks and penetrate the wilderness with the boldest traveler.

The sweet odors of the spicy chaparral floated by, as pushing their way they crushed the dense shrubbery; now and then a flock of quail rose whirring from their path, and in the bottom of the gorge whose steep sides they were treading, the slender stream trickled under a belt of overhanging oaks, sycamores, and hazel bush, or lost itself in its broad and stony bed. At length they emerged into an open, grassy glade, where their horses were grazing under the watchful eye of an Arab-like Spanish boy, who contributed a new interest by his picturesque brownness, set off by a crimson handkerchief tied, woman-fashion, around his neck. Here they lingered a little, to fall into fresh bursts of admiration at the magnificence of the old trees, or the resinous sweetness of the air, or the beauty of some wild flower still, after months of drought, shining by the wayside.

"If Fanny has done devouring the mountain, we'd better go," said Prudence, springing unassisted into her saddle.

Her cousin looked annoyed. "Really, Prudence, you carry this a little too far," said he, in a tone of slight vexation.

"Only far enough to reach my seat," she answered, laughing. They paced slowly along the widening road, their horses keeping abreast. The red neck-handkerchief of the Spanish lad gleamed through the bushes as he made his way up the steep slope, apparently in the direction of a faint odor of cooking food that was wafted down the breeze.

"On yonder hill," said Lawrence, "his mother is cooking her evening flapjacks upon a hot stone." They all declared that they would sometime pay her a visit, and get invited to eat Spanish flapjacks; and then they urged their horses into a canter, and pushed on. Gayly bidding them good by, Prudence left her sister and cousin behind, and rode on ahead until she reached the bridge which spanned the river's bed at the mouth of the cañon. Here she halted, and stood curbing her horse that curveted and chafed at being stopped in his homeward career.

A girl must be very plain who does not

look well on horseback. There is a picturesqeness in the costume and in the attitude that always draws a certain admiration; and Prudence Hart, who was never more animated and happy than when in the saddle, presented a very radiant picture as she sat there in the yellow light and shadow of the trees. Her hair was of that bright auburn which (in your friends) pleads not to be called red, and her fair complexion glowed with health and high spirits. Sparkling, frank eyes, neither quite blue nor gray; dark, straight eyebrows, and a remarkably sweet, decided mouth, were the points in her face that might be called beautiful. But her attractiveness was not altogether in her face: it was perhaps in her well-knit, elastic figure, or in her self-reliant manner; perhaps it was in a strong impression of character, combined with youth and unusual vigor.

"Well, Prudence," complained Fanny, as they drew up at the bridge, "you didn't expect me to ride in that break-neck style, I hope?"

"No, certainly, you know I never expect anything of you." But suddenly changing her tone, as if she was afraid that this perhaps would hurt: "I mean anything besides all the womanly virtues and graces; when it comes to feats of skill and chivalry, then I take the lead."

"Which way?" inquired Lawrence, "home, or to the Mission?"

They debated a moment; he wanted to stop, ostensibly to visit the Padre, but really to prolong a trip with his cousin, who when under a roof was somehow more satisfactory; for Lawrence always came back from one of their trips with a sense of great dissatisfaction in the amount of attention his fair cousin had shown him, or allowed him to show her.

"Father Geronimo," he urged, "would like to have us stop; he asked me to come in soon to look over his collections—some extraordinary Indian relics and fossils, and similar delightful rubbish, I believe."

"It's pretty late for his collection, but we might go up for the sunset," said Fanny.

Deciding upon this, they continued across the bridge and up the road which led to the Mission. In a moment they came, by a turn in the road, into full view of the long, white pile of buildings that constituted the chapel and cloisters of the Franciscan convent of San Felipe. The monastery, situated on a sunny slope at the foot of the Sierra Santa Inez, commanded a lovely view. Between it and the broad sweep of ocean that filled the distance lay the pretty town of Las Flores, now a popular winter resort for invalids and climate-seekers. The most attractive situation in all the neighborhood had been selected, as is usual with the mother church, by the friars who a hundred years before had planted in the wilderness of the Pacific this mission, to redeem a few Indians, and to hold the ground for Rome until civilization should overtake it. The lonely brotherhood of Franciscans had established this outpost of Christendom in the days when the sturdy little belt of New England colonies, on the opposite shore of the continent, was fighting for the rights of English freemen; but the sunny air of the far-off mission hills knew little enough of all that stir. The century rolled slowly and serenely by, unmarked for them but by an occasional earthquake, or by a flood or drought; and four generations of missionaries had laid their bones in the Mission burying-ground.

But the century that had seen so much of national convulsion on the shores of the Atlantic; the century that had turned the Pope out of Rome, the lake of brimstone out of the Bible, and slavery out of the civilized world—brought at length a gentle wave of life to the Pacific coast, when Englishmen and the new world of Anglo-Americans came with their sick friends to breathe the dry, warm air of the south, at the feet, as it were, of the church. Every day a slender stream of gay life from the neighboring town trickled past the still, old white Mission, and the gay and polished of far-off lands stopped with idle curiosity to smile at the quaint, half-barbarous architecture, and to pity the lonesome friars.

Lawrence Stone and his two companions

halted in front of the long, low veranda that opened into the school-rooms, and in a moment a priest stepped from a distant door and came to meet them. His tasseled sombrero and handsome frock, no less than his portly person and easy bearing, indicated the Father Superior of the convent. His affability and ease of manner were anything but monkish, and but for the priest's gown and the shaven head he displayed when he lifted his broad Spanish hat, he too might have passed for one of the "inland-bred" summer travelers.

"The ladies would like to climb to the tower, Padre, to get the sunset view," said the young man.

"With great pleasure," said the priest; "the way is always open: and are you coming to look over my fossils? We have yet an hour before vespers, and the school is done."

"We'll come on purpose for that some day; I'm afraid it's a little too late to-day."

They alighted, and strolled towards the chapel. The place was familiar to them. They had more than once amused themselves with its hideous pictures and idols, but they were conscious this day of something impressive and even sacred in it. The foolish trappings of the shrines were beautified by the red glow of the drooping sun, and the antique picture of saints that hung above them looked even holy to them, as they felt themselves drawn irresistibly into sympathy with the devotions of half a dozen Spanish women who knelt in the aisle, their heads wrapped in faded shawls. A young man moved about the altar, lighting the candles, and making other preparations for the evening service. His friar's gown, and bowed head, and frequent genuflexions, were in strange contrast with his bright complexion, and singularly handsome head, and a figure whose comeliness even his frock could not perfectly disguise. The girls glanced at one another in sudden admiration, as their picture was thus unexpectedly heightened in effect. He followed the Superior, as the party passed out towards the stairway, and addressed a few words to him in German.

Padre Geronimo turned towards Prudence. "Signorita," said he smiling, "you speak the German tongue; can you help us to understand one another?"

Prudence turned her bright eyes full upon the young man with a smile, as she realized his picturesqueness. The young novice suddenly dropped his with an embarrassed blush.

"Brother Hermann," continued the Padre, "this is a Signorita who has lived some time in your land; you would like to speak with her."

"Kann ich dir helfen?" said Prudence kindly.

But the young man only blushed more painfully, and stammered some indistinct words, while he hardly raised his eyes. She waited a moment, regarding him with a kind of curious, impersonal interest; when suddenly he met her look with recovered self-possession, and with an expression of reciprocal admiration that almost brought the blood to her face. But he only said, "Ich danke Ihnen, Fraülein," and bowed, and turned away. She saw him drop a prayer on re-entering the chapel, and disappear in the beam of sunlight. She followed the others, who were waiting for her at the stairway, with a confused feeling of the romantic reality of the scene. There was something strange and not altogether agreeable in this sudden revelation of personality and sensibility in a being who a moment before had been so entirely a part of the place and its almost unmeaning ceremonies; so far off from the current of her life and feelings. But that sudden blush betrayed in the tall figure, with its dingy friar's gown, the sensitive young man. It was almost as if one of the gilded saints from its shadowy niche in the chapel wall had spoken to her.

"Brother Hermann," said Father Geronimo, as she came up with the others, "needs to be very patient with us. German is the language I have least occasion to speak here: we have not before had a German brother in the convent, and this one unfortunately knows neither Spanish nor English."

"I think he doesn't care for much conversation, however," said Prudence; "we didn't get on very far."

"O," said the priest, "he was embarrassed, I dare say. He has seen few ladies in his life. He is but lately from the seminary. Here he must see the world, however, and he will soon make progress."

Bidding the Father good by, she followed the voice of her sister, calling her to make haste. They ascended the rude flight of winding stone steps, which soon ended in a series of planks at all angles, supported on the short beams that were mortised into the tower, by means of which they climbed into the belfry, and from that out upon the monastery roof. Behind them lay the long cañon they had just explored, stretching up through woody slopes to the rugged mountain wall that filled the whole eastern sky; now it was a mass of crimson light and purple shadow and golden mist. Opposite lay the town hidden among its trees, and then a stretch of plain; and beyond, the ocean and the sinking sun. They sat down on some rude benches to enjoy the scene. On the east of the convent, and just at their feet, lay the burying-ground of the Mission. It was inclosed with high adobe walls, here and there a little ruined, shaken down perhaps by an earthquake, and was itself entirely unseen except from the back of the cloisters or from the roof. It was not the forsaken, revolting spot which often lies near a church in the Far West, witnessing to the absence of all gentle care on the part of the living; but was trimly kept, and filled with trees and undershrubs, and carefully laid out with adobe walks and flower borders. A somewhat pretentious monument marked the resting place of the Superiors and the priests who had laid their bones in this solitude; while on a few score wooden slabs were recorded the names of the humbler friars who had tilled the neighboring hills, and at the same time sowed the gospel seed in the stony hearts of Comanches and Pueblos.

"Prudence, you keep my heart in my mouth continually," exclaimed Fanny; "don't go so near the edge of the roof—don't! It was just so," she continued in a complaining tone, "when we were in Switzerland; if there was a dangerous place, she was there. Wasn't it ridiculous to name her Prudence?"

"Don't blame them; they couldn't foresee that I would like to go into dangerous places. But, Fanny, I never do fall from roofs nor meet any of the dreadful consequences you are always picturing, do I?"

Fanny laughed, and said that made no difference as far as her feelings were concerned—a statement that Prudence thought proved a weakness on Fanny's part, that might be put into the balance against her many sins, but she did not say so; she never found fault with Fanny, for she had a kind of gallantry and a sense of superior strength that made her gentle towards a nervous, half-sick sister, who must be excused for fault-finding.

Prudence bent over the low parapet and peered curiously into the graveyard, as if fascinated with the gloomy place. A vague tenderness crept over her as she thought about the voluntary exiles who had led what seemed to her a living death in this far-off place, and a dim pity for the young novice she had just left below mingled with her other feelings. She spoke to Lawrence, who stood close by her while she took such graceful risks.

"I suppose," she said "they found it very hard to give everything up."

"Who?"

"These poor priests and monks, when they give up the world, and all we care for."

"What, the monks? No, they were well-fed, lazy fellows, and had a first-rate time."

"O, that is impossible. I don't think they could be well-fed away off here, but I suppose they were devout, and their piety sustained them. Don't you suppose it was a dreadful struggle at first to renounce the world and leave their relatives and friends?"

"Why, as to that, they get started usually when they are children, and before they realize much; and after they're in the church she manages to fill up their time and thoughts with ceremonies and routine, so that

they don't suffer much. Look at the face of the next priest you meet, and tell me if you see marks of suffering."

"Well, I'm glad I don't take such low views of them; just put yourself in their place."

"That is impossible; they are a caste, and not like me."

Just then they were startled by the sharp clangor of the chapel bell ringing for vespers just above their heads The bell was cracked with age, and was as harsh and crude as the other belongings of the place. The girls laughed at the primitive fashion in which its dissonant notes were rung—a boy clinging to the scaffolding of the open bell tower, and playing on it with a hammer.

As soon as it ceased ringing, there floated up the notes of the organ and the chant of the monks from the choir below.

"Sounds almost like music," said Lawrence.

"It's perfectly beautiful," said Fanny, rebukingly; and it would certainly have been hard for any one to keep up much banter in such a moment. The sun had gone down; but the sudden rosy flush that fills the sky for a moment only in the dry South was shining, and the mountains were fast growing solemn and vast.

After a moment of silence they all moved to go. "Come," said Prudence, "before we grow too sentimental—and before we catch cold."

"Bless Mrs. Smith for her early dinners," she continued, as they descended; "here we can stay and enjoy our sunsets, while other people are hurrying home to gasp under the gaslight at the hotel."

Lawrence hoped Mrs. Smith would get as far as oysters, in view of their long ride; and so laughing and talking they mounted their horses and cantered homeward. After a brisk twilight ride they reached their boarding-house in a gay humor. They talked over the trip at supper, and it was settled that they must go some day in the following week and satisfy the Padre by looking over his fossils and relics.

Prudence was glad to find that no one had noticed her interview with Fra Hermann; or that they had not seen in it what she had seen; she knew she should not have escaped a rallying if either of them had noticed his embarrassment. She half resolved not to go again; but it was a thought quickly put aside. She would probably never see him again; and if she did, why should she hesitate to be kind to the poor fellow? "It was strange for a priest," she thought, when she remembered him; but she soon forgot him altogether in the days full of various pleasures and interest that followed.

Meanwhile, life at the Mission, usually so empty and monotonous, so choked with pious duties and ceremonies, was, as far as one being was concerned, a climax of passion and suffering. The young German novice had, as Lawrence had said, been consecrated to the church from childhood. Being a boy of unusual promise, studious, and with a singularly poetic temperament, he had seemed to a pious mother a fit servant for the church, and at fourteen he left the convent school for the seminary at Tübingen, where he received the theological training of a candidate for the priesthood. When, at twenty, and before he had yet received his ordination, he had been selected to duty in the distant convent of San Felipe, on the shores of the Pacific, he had cheerfully accepted the lot; as yet he had no wishes but to follow the behests of the church, and to fit himself for the priesthood. A remarkable Italian priest, Francesco of Salermo, had influenced him powerfully while he was at the seminary. This man had an unusual power over the young scholastics, and inspired them with the greatest enthusiasm. Into this boy he had infused the most ardent missionary zeal, so that he counted it a privilege to carry his talents into the remotest corners of the world; and it was with the most single-hearted devotion that he had accepted his novitiate in this far-off monastery. In a few weeks he was to be consecrated a priest. The trival, half-menial duties he was called to perform he had cheerfully undertaken: had tended the garden, waited upon the brothers in the refectory, and patiently tried

to teach the unwilling, dirty, half-breed and Spanish children that formed the convent school.

He had arrived in California in the midst of the autumn, when the brown, almost naked country presented the most forlorn contrast to the cheerful green fields and forests of his native Franconia; the harvests stacked in the midst of boundless acres, the wide ranges where the sheep and cattle seemed to him to starve on naked hills, carried an impression of solitude that was well calculated to deepen the feelings of homesickness which he found waiting to seize him. He had, however, one great creature comfort: it was his violin, and in his lonesome little room he fed his longings for his fatherland, and stirred up his sensibilities, by the plaintive, familiar airs of home.

It was unfortunate for a young man in this sensitive condition of feeling to be thrown upon the compassion of a beautiful young woman: it was especially unfortunate for the youth who was just about to abjure forever the thoughts and the society of woman; but he felt his heart melt the moment Prudence spoke to him in his mother tongue. Suddenly the one woman he had hitherto worshiped, and as he thought loved, his blessed madonna, became a cold abstraction. A beautiful girl, with bright hair and clear eyes, and a musical voice full of kindness speaking his native language in broken accents, possessed all his thoughts. Suddenly he had arrived at the consciousness of human longings that had never before been awakened. The life about him grew all at once dreary, empty, and hopeless; the goal of his ambition, the priesthood, and his approaching consecration seemed like a dreadful abyss, into which he was about to throw all his hopes of earthly happiness. His saints, on whom he called to be delivered from temptation, all seemed far off and helpless; but the mocking figures of devils, of which there were not a few in the grotesque and hideous pictures in the chapel, seemed very near.

He sat day after day, in the dull, ill-smelling school-room, surrounded by a score of dirty, evil-eyed boys, who ridiculed his broken English, and irritated his sensitiveness. He asked for out-door toil, and found a little rest for his feelings in drawing stones from the river's bed to build up the broken walls of the garden, and in trimming the shrubbery in readiness for the approaching winter. But when night came, within the empty walls of the little room there came a piteous struggle. The vows of the church and the expectation of his friends, the threatenings of the future unseen world, all swept over him, and in turn were swept away by the image of a young girl, and a longing to be loved. The confessional gave him no comfort—he could not confess a sin he could not forsake. Only his violin gave him any peace, and that, he felt quite sure, did not set him back towards his duty, but ministered to his longings. Poor Hermann! He did penance in the dark hours of the night, he doubled his diligence in all the duties and prescriptions of the church, but he thought of nothing so much as the possibility of again seeing the being who had made him wretched.

A rain, the first of the season, had occurred soon after the visit of the cousins to the Mission, and it was a fortnight before they again found themselves on the well-known road. The dust was well laid, and the landscape had all the fascination of early spring. The faint green of the "filaree" had spread on the low hills, the fields were covered with young grass, and echoed to the songs of early larks and rain-birds.

Our travelers, keenly alive to these new aspects of the place they were already so much in love with, galloped over the road in great exhilaration. Prudence had not thought of the young priest, as she would have called him, for many days; but as she neared the Mission, she became conscious of an uneasy wish that she might not see him again. Cousin Lawrence was much at her side but little in her thoughts; for, fancy-free, she lived in an enjoyment of the present, and a vague expectation of future happiness, which demanded very little of any one in particular.

Father Geronimo took his guests into his

private room, where they spent an hour in turning over shelves full of Indian pottery, and fossil and recent shells—curios that were a good deal more interesting to their collector than to the visitors, although they were able to find considerable pleasure in them; for it was a rich collection of shells from many seas, the fruit of a great many years of labor, and the gratification of one of many tastes with which this priest had consoled his years of isolation. Suddenly the wail of a violin struck their ears.

"It is Fra Hermann," said the Padre; "poor fellow! he has the *heimweh* badly."

"Who is Hermann?" asked Fanny. Prudence began to wonder what she should do to turn this conversation.

"He is a young scholastic, who was sent to us a month ago from the Seminary of Tübingen. He will take the full orders of priest next week, and a great addition he will be to our brotherhood, for he is a devout, learned young man. But he pines for his native land; and no one here can speak with him, for he knows neither English nor Spanish."

"Prudence, you might give him a word of comfort in German, if Father Geronimo would permit it. I have always thought," Fanny continued, speaking to the priest, "that one of the chief pleasures of knowing a foreign language is the opportunity it affords of speaking to an exile in his own tongue."

"Yours, daughter, is the true spirit of the mother church; and is your sister of your mind?"

Prudence started inwardly, as she foresaw the probability of another interview with the blushing friar; for an instant she resolved not to allow it; then she felt this was too absurd, and she allowed the conversation to drift on.

"Prudence, here is a chance to begin Sister of Mercy," replied Fanny. "My sister speaks German pretty well," she continued to the Father, "and I dare say she would like to talk to your poor young priest."

"Not priest yet, but he soon will be. Let me call him; you shall minister to the peace of his soul."

Prudence could not refuse to agree to this proposal without betraying a feeling which she did not want suspected; and another thought occurred to her: was the priest spreading a little Romish net to entangle her? She resolved to say as little as possible, and decided, at the same time, that visits to the Mission were not as romantic as they had once seemed, and she should come no more. As they spoke, the gray frock of Hermann appeared upon the veranda, and the priest called him:

"Here is a young lady who can talk about the land you are sighing for, Brother Hermann." He had forgotten apparently that this introduction had taken place once before; how it had affected the "peace of his soul," he was far from guessing.

Fra Hermann recognized Prudence with a momentary confusion, but instantly there was a change in his manner that quite reassured her. He stepped into the otherwise empty school-room, the scene of his daily toil, and seating himself beside her, they were soon launched upon a full tide of eager conversation about Germany. He had seen but little beyond his native village and the town in which his seminary life was passed; she had made the tour of both highways and byways; and there was not a great deal of common ground; but she asked him questions about his home and friends, the most natural, but in his frame of mind the most dangerous, topic. He was all ready to enlarge upon his personal experience.

"My mother and father and brothers and sisters live still in the town of Hochingen, and I have cousins all over the Neckar valley. Many years ago, while I was yet but a little boy, my mother settled that I should go into the church, and I myself have dreamed of nothing else. But now it is all changed. I have renounced the church; I will never be a priest."

Prudence grew alarmed, but commanded herself. Hurrying passionately on, he continued: "For I love you, lady! Since I saw you in this place two weeks ago, I have thought of nothing but you. You are now to me more than everything on earth or in

heaven. I will follow you into the world if you will give me leave to love you. I can never enter again into the bondage I have renounced. I can never serve the church. I will fly far from this convent, and be happy if I can be allowed to love you."

"O, hush," cried Prudence, as soon as she could speak; "this is dreadful: it is wicked; I could never have supposed you would feel so."

"No," he answered bitterly; "you think that I am only a priest. I cannot seem to you, in this frock, like another man. I will throw it aside, and if I cannot love you, I am ruined."

Prudence started up in distress. "O don't, don't talk so; I must go, and you must forget me! Of course you are just the same as a priest, and you will have to act like one."

"Will you not let me love you? I will be a Protestant clergyman; my education fits me for many things; I will take you to the beautiful Neckar valley, and live for you."

"You don't know what you are saying; it is all impossible. You would be very wretched, even if I could care for you, after you have been what you are." She grew more and more distressed, and rose to go.

As she stooped to gather up her riding-dress, he suddenly caught the hand she dropped, kissed it passionately, and then turned abruptly away, and she saw him no more. She could have cried with pity and vexation.

"What misery I have caused! Why did I ever come here again? Why did that stupid Padre bring him to me? it was positively cruel. Poor fellow! how can I ever forgive myself?" In such a tumult of thought and feeling she walked to her horse, and prepared to escape from the place.

In a few moments her sister and cousin joined her. She took refuge in a swift canter, in which she soon distanced them; but upon reaching a broad oak that made a landmark on the homeward road, she paused and waited. She had recovered herself sufficiently to meet their questions; but she trusted that Lawrence, at least, would never guess what had happened.

The painful romance haunted her for a few weeks with a kind of remorse. She took no more rides to the Mission, and, to the gratification of her cousin, was always ready for his company whenever she rode. The fear of meeting Hermann disturbed the remaining weeks of her stay in Las Flores, but they fortunately were few. Fanny's health was so little improved that they left early in January for the Sandwich Islands.

A few weeks after, the brotherhood at the San Felipe Mission were astonished one morning to find that the melancholy young German novice had abandoned the order. Another Sunday, and the archbishop would have administered the irrevocable vows of a a priest; Father Geronimo mourned the loss of a learned and spiritual young helper; but no one at the Mission knew that Hermann had followed a woman into the wide world, and left the church forever.

J. G. Oakley.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN MEXICO.—I. AT THE CAPITAL.

In the summer of 1868, for occupation and diversion, I determined to visit Mexico, a country that had always interested me greatly, and for whose success I was much concerned. On the 2nd of September I took the Juniatta for Havana, thence to continue to Vera Cruz on a Spanish steamer. The annoyance of the custom-house at Havana, in transhipping baggage, makes a through line desirable in case the passenger has no wish to stop more than two or three days at Havana. Passengers were not permitted to tranship baggage from one vessel to another without taking

it ashore to the custom-house and having it examined—with what object it is impossible to understand, for no matter what one has, if he has no intention of landing it, it does not seem to be possible that the custom-house can be interested. They probably knew what they were about if I did not; at least, it is to be hoped they did—even if they had no other object than to annoy passengers. We were only three going through to Mexico; the other passengers were principally machinists and mechanics, going to work on sugar plantations in Cuba. We arrived at two o'clock on the 8th, and were fortunate to find the Spanish steamer still in port, and to sail at five. The interval of three hours was taken up in getting from one steamer to the other, through the custom-house.

We found the Spanish steamer smaller than the American, but cleaner and with a better table, in the Spanish style, savoring strongly of garlic, onions, and red pepper. The officers wore a uniform, and kept much aloof from the passengers, none of whom seemed to be distinguished. They were mostly Mexican, two or three Spaniards, two Chinamen, a dirty old priest, and but two ladies, one of them an emigrant from Spain, with her husband, and a little boy two years old, in a semi-nude state, and of excellent good nature. The other was a young lady just out of the convent school in Havana, and on her way to her home in Tampico. A young Mexican from Laguna, Tobasco, just returning from two years at school in England, to follow his forefather's business of exporting logwood, was to us the most interesting passenger, because he could speak English. My two companions from the Juniatta were Americans, on business for houses in Philadelphia, and their destination was the same as mine, the City of Mexico.

We dropped anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz on the morning of the 13th, and left on the same afternoon at half-past one o'clock, on the train for Paso del Macho. Vera Cruz is admirably constructed for the cultivation and perpetuation of pestilential diseases. With about two hundred acres of densely built houses, inhabited by from ten to twenty thousand people; with very narrow streets, and a surface drainage in which the filth of the city wends its way so slowly into the Gulf that it has abundance of time to send forth all its poisoning properties upon the heated air—of which you are made fully aware in every nook and corner of the city by the reeking odors which offend your nostrils, and from which you only partially escape in case your bed-chamber is on the second or third floor—can it be wondered that Vera Cruz is so terribly unhealthy?

One of the Philadelphians had been in Mexico before. He was a warm advocate of the Juarez Government, and had taken part with the Liberals against Maximilian; he had labored hard to persuade his companion and myself that travel in Mexico was safer than in the United States; that the accounts of robbing and murders were exaggerations. I had, however, noticed that he was well provided with a Winchester rifle and a self-cocking revolver, with an abundance of ammunition, and that he had induced his companion to provide himself in the same way. He was the first to inquire about the state of the roads, and was unremitting in his cautions to us about the care of the baggage, which he would not permit to be left without one of us to watch it, for a moment even. At Paso del Macho he suggested that we stop one day, for the reason that the robbers generally robbed the stage that connected with the steamer. In paying for our tickets to Paso del Macho, we received a receipt for seventy-five cents for "public security," over and above the passage-money, which seemed also significant.

The railroad extended but forty-seven miles to Paso del Macho, and was in a wretched condition. Some of the passengers would not ride over the bridge at Soledad, but walked over from the station. The train went very slowly, and stopped from fifteen to twenty minutes at each of the stations, which are about six to ten miles apart.

It was about six o'clock when we stopped at the end of this wonderful evidence of Mexican enterprise. An old gentleman told me that thirty years before he traveled three miles on this road, which was then the extent to which it was completed. At Paso del Macho the road was still six miles from the mountains. We were told that eighty-seven miles were completed at the other end, from the City of Mexico to Apizaco. What financial management could have conceived the idea of hauling the rails and rolling stock from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico on wagons, to build a railroad from Vera Cruz to that city? The road was said to have cost already more than it should have cost to complete the whole, and yet barely more than one-third of it was completed.

Paso del Macho proved to be a miserable village that has grown into existence since the railroad reached there. The rainy season not being yet at an end, we had abundance of the most penetrating moisture in the two nights that we spent at this terminus. The streets of the town were fearfully muddy; the moisture penetrated everything; our beds were more like a pack in a water-cure establishment. Our discomforts, however, were greatly augmented when we entered the stage, which is one of those ancient vehicles that used to travel over the Alleghanies, on the National Road, before the steam-car; it is called in Mexico a *diligencia.* These vehicles have usually nine or ten mules or horses hitched to them, and are certainly well driven, if not otherwise a credit to the country. We were crowded to the full capacity of the stage. A Mexican woman with three children and a nurse had the back seat; the head of this family, an old man, with two fellow-passengers of the steamer, had the middle seat; and my two friends and I, with our backs towards Mexico, had the front seat. The middle passenger of the middle seat was the Spanish woman with the semi-nude boy. She was very timid, and in constant alarm about robbers and fearing the stage would upset. Whenever we reached a rapid descent, she would let go of her child in her fear and seize the straps on the back of her seat, and the little fellow would be left to tumble about on the laps of the six passengers that sat facing each other on the front and middle seats. He was wonderfully good natured, and took it all in good part, and seldom joined in the chorus that either one or the other, and sometimes all, of the three children on the back seat saw fit to keep up nearly all the time. Three or four passengers rode on top; among them the father of the good-natured child, the husband of the timid mother. As we set off at five o'clock in the morning, with an escort of five or six men of the rural guard of the country, miserably armed and equipped, we discussed the gallant defense we should be able to make in case we should be attacked by robbers, crowded as we were with women and children, and with such an escort. I think we each mentally commended ourselves to blind fortune, and hoped we should not be tried as to what we would do if attacked. The seventy-five cents we paid for *securi de publico* is a local tax to assist in keeping up the home-guard escort that accompanied us. I should have felt quite as safe if I had had the money and no escort, for the seventy-five cents would help to buy off the robbers and save me from abuse, which one is sure to get in case he has no money, as was my case.

The trip was certainly a very trying one, and our relative capacity for endurance displayed itself constantly on the journey. The greatest stoic of the party was the old man with the large family on the back seat; he left the care of the children to his wife, and no matter how much they cried or how much she worried, it did not disturb him in the least. The most unhappy man in the stage was a young Spaniard who was taken by us for an actor, from the fact that he was fond of declaiming in Spanish, on the passage from Havana, and reading aloud to such as were disposed to listen to him. He was of no use to himself, and a great annoyance to every one in the stage. He was incapable even of taking care of his hat, which he carried in a paper hat-box, and which

was constantly getting away from him, and rolling about in the laps of the other passengers—who as constantly handed it back to him, only to see it pass away from his control again.

The road over the mountains was stony and rough, and our progress very slow. Descending into the valley of Cordova, we found the way fearfully muddy, and just before twelve o'clock, coming near Cordova, we got out of the coach and walked into the town to the stage office, where we were nearly through breakfast before the stage arrived; it had upset soon after we left it.

We found the entire valley muddy, or where the road was partially dry, very rough. The soil is rich, and the vegetation tropical. Coffee, sugar, bananas, and plantains, and all kinds of tropical fruits, lined the roadside, until late in the afternoon, when we reached the table-land of Orizaba. Here the dense vegetation disappeared, a drizzling rain set in, and about dark we drove into the Diligencia Hotel, too late to see anything of the city, for at twelve, midnight, we were turned out to resume our journey. Day dawned as we began to ascend the Cumbres. We got out and walked up the mountain. As we reached the summit the cold had increased greatly, and the mountain fog drifted towards the valleys like storm clouds. It was a grand sight.

A few huts by the roadside showed a limited population. Some cultivated fields could also be seen along the summits, showing that irrigation was unnecessary in these elevated regions. The height above the sea is stated at near twelve thousand feet.

Soon after passing the second summit we descended gradually a thousand feet or more, and entered upon a dreary, cheerless country, so dry that it seemed suffering from a drought. On our right was visible the magnificent peak of Orizaba, covered with perpetual snow, and looking very refreshing in the dry and dusty region. The stages were long and tedious between stations. At Alsingo we came near having an accident. We started off as usual on the run; one of the leaders fell, and for a moment, before the others could be checked, it looked from my point of view as if there would be a general smash; but the horses were soon checked, the fallen brute after a little delay was disentangled from the harness, and proved to be still capable of doing his share, and we went on without further mishap. Before reaching Alsingo we came upon what at first seemed a dead soldier lying in the middle of the road, and his horse grazing near by. On investigation we discovered that the soldier was only dead drunk. The coachman picked him up, and finding that he could not stand, lifted him up and set him astride of his horse, where, to our surprise, he was able to stick as long as we were in sight. He evidently belonged to one of the numerous patrols that we saw along the road, for defense against robbers. The next day we had a fine view of Popocatapetl and Istaccihuatl. The country about Puebla, and that we passed through before reaching Apizaco, did not seem so desolate as that we had passed through on the previous day.

At Apizaco we took the cars, and found them very much better than those at Vera Cruz, and also the road much more smooth and secure. It passes through a comparatively level country, the plains of Appam and Otumba, through immense fields of maguey. We had comparatively few passengers, and stopped fifteen or twenty minutes at each of the stations. It was therefore nearly sundown when we reached the city. A heavy thunder-storm had been hanging over it during the afternoon, and when we reached it the streets were all flooded, although the storm had passed. We had to walk from the carriage on temporary gangways to get into the hotel. By morning the water had disappeared.

My time was given to making acquaintances and visiting interesting objects in the city and neighborhood. In the first two weeks of my stay I made search for rooms, and soon discovered that furnished rooms were extremely scarce, and very few—not excepting those of the hotels—were pleasant. To an American, the iron-barred windows,

and the bad ventilation produced by the system of building, are very objectionable features. Each house has a porter at the common entrance, and all the rooms open on a court or a balcony over the court. Sometimes this area, called the *patio*, is very small, and embarrassing to ventilation in proportion. There were many unfurnished rooms, but very few that were furnished.

Through Mr. Plumb, the acting *charge d'affaires* for the United States, I was enabled to meet such persons as I desired, and to whom I had letters of introduction. It was in this way I met Mr. Romero, and presented him my letter from General Sheridan, and he kindly offered to provide the opportunity for me to present a similar letter to the President, which I accepted. Mr. Romero was as kind and considerate as I had any right to expect as a mere stranger. There was, however, a want of method in his attentions and deportment that was a great drawback to my admiration. He fixed an hour for me to call at his office. I called, but he had failed to instruct the doorkeeper, and I could not get in, and was unable to communicate with him, as the man at the door refused to carry in my card or give me any satisfaction. After waiting half an hour, it occurred to Mr. Romero to send out for me. I was admitted, and at twelve o'clock he conducted me to the President's chambers, where I was duly presented, and in turn presented my letter from General Sheridan. The President made no attempt to talk English. Mr. Romero translated for us, and our conversation was limited to my stating the objects of my visit to Mexico, and a few comments on the country; and he in turn welcomed me to Mexico, and hoped I would find the country interesting, and wished to know what he could do for me, offering to do anything in his power to facilitate me in seeing the country; and so our interview ended. Romero showed me through the palace afterwards, which I found interesting; not so much on account of the character of what I saw, as of the fact that I was seeing the capitol of Mexico. There are a few pictures, the most prominent being the battle of the 5th of May, at Puebla, where Zaragossa repulsed the French: the government was seeking to make this date a national *fete* day. Most of the furniture was the same that Maximilian had used. The exterior is far from imposing, but it makes up in spaciousness what it lacks in grandeur of architecture.

I learned that there were very few Americans in the City of Mexico, not more than sixty or seventy, most of them Confederates (who had left the United States on account of the failure of the Confederacy); about three to four hundred English, about the same number of Germans, and about three thousand French; that whilst foreigners were very sociable with each other, there was very little social intercourse between the foreigners and the Mexicans; that there was considerable jealousy among the foreigners, and much gossip. I was told that the foreigners were deeply interested in the course the United States would take towards Mexico, and were universally desirous that interference in Mexican affairs should take place as soon as possible. There was no other hope for Mexico, in their opinion. On the contrary, the Mexicans regarded the United States as the only nation they had now to fear; they looked upon every foreigner with suspicion, but regarded Americans with more distrust than all others. On more intimate acquaintance, I found this information to be reliable and correct.

Most of the Southerners who remained were not very reliable; they were having rather a precarious existence, and some of them were even destitute and suffering. Much the largest portion of the Confederate element had left Mexico with the fall of the empire. Those who remained were either so involved in business that they could not go, or remained for want of means to get away. There was Mr. Clark, the editor and proprietor of the "Two Republics," who had his paper to look after. He could not sell it, and he could not abandon it. There were quite a number who had been engineers on the railroad to Vera Cruz, who were

waiting to get their pay. The greater number, however, had no employment, and no means to leave the country. Some of these Confederates were quite conservative and agreeable, and none more so than General Slaughter; it was a matter of some surprise to Mexicans and Europeans that we should be on terms of friendship, and go together as much as we did. Many were, however, unreconciled and bitter: one especially, who had been an officer of the regular army before the war, joined the Confederate side, and when the war closed settled in Mexico with his family. One day I met him in a store, and the conversation turned upon the war; his bitterness became irrepressible; he dwelt upon the vindictiveness of the South, and wound up by saying that he should teach his children to hate the North, and that he never intended to live under the United States flag again. To which I answered jocosely that he would be obliged to get out of Mexico: some day our flag would wave over it. He answered, "I hope to God it will soon, for the bigger a country becomes the sooner it will burst up."

The foreigners of all nations form a kind of clan, and sustain each other against the natives and their aggressions, no matter what may be their national antipathies. The English and Irish and German and French, all adhere together, and try to live as much as possible as they would at home. Mr. Davidson, the agent of the house of Rothschild, gave a reception dinner every Wednesday to about a dozen invited friends; on Sundays Mr. Kauffmann, the Danish Consul in days when Mexico recognized European consuls—otherwise a wholesale commission merchant—invited his friends; on Saturdays Mr. Newbold, of the Bank of London, Mexico, and South America, had his dinner. In the first week I had met all the leading commercial men at these different tables—at least, those of the foreign population. They dined at six, and served elegant wines, and the rest of the evening until eleven to twelve o'clock was devoted to whist or *ecarte.* They were intelligent and well-informed men, usually speaking French, English, and German, besides Spanish, and were conversant with all the topics of the day. At these reunions the existing government was freely criticised, and any objectionable features or measures fully discussed and denounced. The young Englishmen, and such other nationalities as like it, have formed a cricket club. They usually play on Sundays. When any foreigner meets with misfortune, there is generally a liberal aid furnished by the foreign residents.

Having delivered my letters, I was free to use my time as I might be disposed. I commenced "Ollendorf's Spanish Course," and every morning was devoted for several hours to studying and writing exercises. Having finished the Spanish lesson, I would sally out into the city and walk the streets, visit the Alameda, or some object of interest. My impression with regard to the city and people was one of general disappointment. Such contrasts of life one cannot meet with everywhere as one sees every hour of the day on the streets of Mexico. In the masses there is nothing attractive; they are generally miserably clad, with sad, melancholy faces, rarely handsome; both men and women are small and feeble looking; they subsist on "frijoles" and "tortillas"—the national bean and corn cake, seasoned with a great deal of red pepper, cooked in grease or lard—and have but little meat to eat. There are in the city many varieties of vegetables and fruits, but for the whole people corn and beans are the staples.

The immense numbers of *lepros*, or beggars, to be met with on the streets, particularly on Saturdays, is one of the most melancholy aspects of the city. It is also distressing to see how the poor live, and what immense numbers are crowded into the comparatively few houses. The city covers an area of about a mile and a half square; within these limits two hundred thousand inhabitants are said to dwell. When it is borne in mind that the streets are narrow, the sewerage bad, and the houses without any provision for ventilation, one wonders why pestilence is not always present. Nothing but the great elevation and

moderate temperature in the hottest months prevents Mexico from being one of the most unhealthy cities in the world. There are very few comforts in the houses of the poor; the floors are of dirt, brick, or stone; they sit and lie upon the floor, and seldom have chairs, beds, or tables. They have no table furniture, but take their meals from a common dish, and eat with their fingers.

The general aspect of the people is that of great poverty. Sorrow and suffering seem to be prominent everywhere, whilst the glimpses of happiness, comfort, and content are rare indeed. There is nothing gay or cheerful, nothing refreshing in any aspect of life, in this remarkable city. The drive to the Paseo is the fashionable custom of the wealthy and well-to-do; but it is so like a funeral, that if we did not know to the contrary, we should mistake the long line of carriages driving along the Paseo at a walk for a funeral procession.

There is, to an American eye, a lack of energy in everything: no progress, no force. The nation has every appearance of decline, and a closer investigation into the details of government and business life confirms these surface impressions. I was constantly undergoing experiences that excited contempt and disgust, where I hoped to be cheered by evidences of progress and improvement. I expected to find that the administration, composed in large part as it was of men who had spent a great deal of time in the United States, had initiated a new and progressive policy, and that there was now some reason to hope that Mexico would become a peaceful and progressive republic. All my experiences during my stay, however, were to the contrary; and before I left the country I was fully confirmed in the view that there is no hope for it, except another race to rule it.

Mexico is far behind other great cities in progress and modern improvements. Most of the people live as they did a hundred years ago. Very few and only the best and most modern houses have gas and water through them. In fact, it was only within the past year that gas was introduced. Its use is increasing every day, and at the time of my arrival they were beginning to light the streets in the central part of the city. In every portion, except within a block or two of the plaza, the lighting was still by lanterns hanging over the middle of the streets from wires stretched across; and at about every alternate corner was a policeman, whose lantern sat in the center of the crossing, while the night guardian himself was almost invariably ensconced in some doorway, sound asleep. Away from the central portions of the city the streets at night were regarded as very unsafe. The police were not at all reliable, and much less in this city than in more civilized places, for they are a more ignorant and illiterate set. By far the greatest number of arrests occurred among the poor, who would come to the city with a little marketing, invest the proceeds in *pulque*, get drunk, and find themselves in the Disputation before the Governor, Don Jose Baz, whose invariable punishment was a fine if the culprit had any money; if not, he (or she) went to the city prison, and was put to work upon the streets to repair them, sweep them, or water them. The Governor rendered no report to any one of the fines he collected, and it was generally understood that they belonged to him as perquisites; whether legally or not, no one seemed to trouble himself about it. He controlled the city with almost despotic power. He would turn people out of their houses, and tear these down to open new streets and thoroughfares, and pay with city scrip worth but a few cents on the dollar. He delighted particularly in tearing down churches. A few months before my arrival, on the anniversary of Maximilian's death, many people gathered to mass in the Church of San Andreas, where the emperor's body lay whilst it remained in the city. The crowd was large, and the imperialists had evidently come out in force for a peaceful demonstration. Baz witnessed it, pronounced it traitorous, and that same night an immense force was put to work to tear the church down. When I saw it, it was a mass of ruins. The Governor was an undignified and arbitrary man,

and often undertook the punishment of offenders with his own hands, in the streets and public places; I have myself seen him cuffing a miserable Mexican in a public crowd. At all public occasions he was present, and generally let his presence be known by some conspicuous act. At the theater, if the play was not to his taste he would stop it.

Still the city is governed quite as efficiently as it ever was perhaps, for there is a certain kind of energy in Baz's work that is not without some good. He has introduced some reforms that are not without good results. Bull-fighting, cock-fighting, etc., are prohibited. He has opened up many streets, and has improved the sidewalk paving and the sewerage. This latter feature, however, still needs material improvement. The sewerage is nearly all on the surface, or just below the flagging, in the center of each street, and the noxious vapors of these exposed sewers are very pernicious and offensive. The city is, however, so flat, and the elevation above the lake so little, that no improved drainage could be introduced without being much too expensive for the available revenues of the city.

When public works are undertaken, there seems to be no judgment or economy exercised in carrying them forward. The railroad, which one might suppose to be built on more modern principles, is an evidence of the greatest maladministration. The rails, cars, and engines are all imported. A just administration would have built from Vera Cruz toward the City of Mexico; but when the work was resumed during Maximilian's time, it was commenced at the City of Mexico, and to construct the eighty miles to Apizaco, the necessary material was first hauled from Vera Cruz to the city on wagons. I saw several teams, with as many as sixty mules and horses to them, hauling cars up the *cumbres*. The eighty miles exhausted the resources of the company, and the work was suspended during the time I was in the country.

The Citadella being something in the military line, General Slaughter and myself walked out there one day and visited it. As we passed the gate at the bridge, General Slaughter was reminded that, in the little guard-room on the right-hand side, our troops, in 1847, found the body of an American soldier with his heart cut out, on the morning of the occupation of the city by our troops. The unfortunate man had wandered through our lines into those of the enemy during the night, and was murdered in cold blood. We had no trouble in obtaining admission to the Citadella, and went all through it. It proved a most indifferent affair. This is said to be the only arsenal in the country; but in the United States it would be condemned as a blacksmith shop. In a country where war is the normal condition, one would suppose that there would be some provision for supplying the appliances and material for carrying it on. With the exception of a few hand machines for the manufacture of metallic cartridges, all the appliances in the establishment were of the rudest character. It was, to my mind, insufficient for ordinary repair of arms. For the manufacture of a musket or cannon there was no machinery whatever. To arm the Mexican army, it seems to have been the custom, from the character of the weapons, to buy the rejected arms of other nations, which generally go for a song. The inferiority of the Mexican troops is as great in their armament as in any other respect; and the smallest body of our army, such as it was at the close of the war, would be able to move comparatively unmolested throughout the Mexican states.

One night we were at Mr. Stucy's rooms, and were engaged at whist on the third floor, when we were suddenly disturbed by a shot and screams in the fourth and fifth stories above. "Stucy! Stucy!" "Ladrones! Ladrones!" Weapons were hurriedly brought out, and the gentlemen familiar with the house rushed up-stairs, but the robbers were gone. They had come in from the *azoteo*, which is the name given to the flat roofs of the houses, and had escaped that way. I learned that the robbers very frequently enter by the roofs, and there is

generally a watchman on the *azoteo*, as was the case in this instance. All the harm done was a hole through the watchman's hat, and a little excitement of the nerves of the female occupants of the upper stories.

Robbery seems to be a profession generally connected with kidnaping. Prominent citizens have been carried off from the heart of the city in broad daylight, and taken to the mountains, and held until ransomed. My observation led me to the conviction that prominent persons are concerned in this pursuit, for no kidnaping or important robbery takes place without a preconcerted plan, and in many cases the information on which the robbery originates could only be communicated by persons in position. I did not hear of any robbery except where the plan manifestly contemplated the capture of certain persons, with a certain object, on previously acquired information. This is so manifest that men of wealth and position never expose themselves. Their doors are locked and barred, and guarded by a porter, and when they go forth it is usually with an ample escort if in the night, or in the daytime when the thoroughfares are thronged. It is not often that foreigners are molested, because it is generally understood that they will resist, and as they are believed to be always armed, it is understood that it is dangerous to rob a *Gringo*.

The news from abroad reaches Mexico generally by way of Vera Cruz, by the four lines of steamers—English, French, Spanish, and American. Not more than a week elapses without a mail, which is brought up by express, called here the *extraordinario*. The news in the papers by telegraph is exceedingly meager, and they seldom contain more than the bare announcement of the arrival of the steamers. The mail (*extraordinario*) reaches the city from Vera Cruz in from forty-eight to sixty hours. All the letters thus brought cost double the price of the ordinary postage. The mail is brought through on horseback by traveling night and day on relays. Communication with friends abroad is very uncertain; the mail facilities are very poorly managed. The postage is high; letters frequently cost three or four dollars. A two-ounce letter by the *extraordinario* would cost two dollars. A list of all letters is made out, alphabetically arranged, and exposed in front of the post-office, very soon after the mail arrives. Such a thing would be utterly impossible even in one of the small villages in the United States, to say nothing of the greatest cities like Mexico, of two hundred thousand inhabitants.

One of the principal places of resort in the City of Mexico is the plaza. The Empress Carlotta improved this large cheerless square very much, by laying off a beautiful flower garden, with shrubbery and fountains and pleasant walks, leaving plenty of room still for military parades on the south and east sides of the square. The garden is directly in front of the cathedral, an immense building of a hard, muddy white limestone, and beautiful architecture. The two belfrys are symmetrical and very handsome. In the evenings between five and six o'clock the people would gather in the garden to walk, and if there was music, which occurred several times in the week, there was often a very dense crowd there—so dense in the circle that formed the center of the garden that it was difficult to get through the crowd. I was surprised to find so few handsome Mexicans of either sex, and astonished at the superiority of the foreigners over the natives in this respect. It required no practiced eye to pick out the foreigners at once. In manner, however, the Mexicans are very pleasant and agreeable; they understand the art of passing compliments and making themselves agreeable, notwithstanding that every one is aware of the insincerity of their hearts; and it was really interesting to witness their deportment toward each other. The customary salutation among acquaintance is the embrace, and the same at parting. In conversation their faces assume an animation and a variety of expression that they would not seem capable of when seen in repose; what the hands and shoulders

are to the Frenchman, the muscles of the face are to the Mexican.

Of the varied crowd that was to be met in this beautiful garden every evening, a large proportion were children accompanied by their nurses or mothers. I could not help but mark the contrast between the manners and play of these and a similar party of young Americans. There was nothing at all boisterous or violent in their play: it was gentle, lacking force and zest; the boys never fought and the girls never quarreled; offended parties retired to their mothers and nurses, and sulked. The children of the most wealthy could easily be selected. They were dressed like grown persons, walked through the garden like little gentlemen and ladies, and never played or romped: their clothes perchance would have become soiled. I could easily see why the mature and adult Mexican was indolent and inefficient.

Another place of much resort is the Alameda, a public garden filled with trees and shrubbery and fountains, and greatly improved and beautified during the empire. Two or three times in the week the military bands entertained the visitors. It is a large space, extending the length of several blocks, and one block in width; has half a dozen or more fountains, paved walks and driving way entirely around it, within the low wall of stone that incloses it. On the sides and at each corner there are carriage gateways, and the carriages pass in along one side of the Alameda on their way to the Paseo; and the *caballeros*, in their morning and evening excursions on horseback, generally make the circuit of the same going and returning. It is a pleasant place to walk, although rarely visited on foot except by the poor classes and by foreigners.

The first Sunday, with my fellow-travelers, we went to the cathedral to see the immense crowd collected there. I tried to get in, but failed. The crowd was very large, and we amused ourselves by looking at the people as they passed out and in. The poor people formed most of the crowd; the dirty shirt and cotton drawers predominated over the coat and pantaloons; the *robosa* was greatly in excess of the *mantilla*. Some young and fresh faces were visible, but mostly they seemed prematurely old and careworn, and singularly few were handsome. The state may have cast off the Catholic church, but the people have not.

One day I went with a friend to Guadalupe, the location of the shrine of the famous Mexican Saint, the Virgin of Guadalupe. The church is not particularly attractive, though large and imposing in architecture. It has no rare or notorious pictures except the famous representation of the Virgin. We were enabled to visit the church throughout by bribing the sexton with a few reals. A green baize curtain conceals the famous picture, which any artist of the modern school would pronounce a mere daub. The sexton lit some candles by way of ceremony, before he raised the green curtain, and we were permitted to approach it closely and examine it. If the Virgin Mary made this image of herself, as stated, she is not much of an artist. There seems to be considerable gold and silver in the way of gilt candlesticks and candelabra and railings. We visited the chapel on the hill, where the most we had for our pains was the splendid view of the city and the valley. It required an explanation to recognize the mast and sails which the sea captain has contributed to the notoriety of this place; built in stone and mortar, it fails principally in resemblance to what it is intended to represent. We came down by the strange monument, and visited the fountain or boiling spring within an ornamented chapel. To this spring the people resort from all parts of the country, to be cured of ills by bathing in its waters. The bathing takes place outside, and the place is so badly arranged that few can bathe at a time, and the water seems to flow back again into the main spring, which makes the idea of drinking it a little nauseating. The water in the spring has a yellow, dirty look, boils up with considerable force, but is not warm, nor is it nearly so cold as spring water usually is. The distance from the city is about

three miles, over one of the ancient causeways: not a very interesting road, still pleasant enough with its shade trees on each side, and its throng of passengers. On the 12th of December, and for several days before and after this date, this road and the village of Guadalupe is thronged with an immense concourse of pilgrims from a distance, to do honor to the patron saint of Mexico.

One day General Slaughter and I strolled into the garden of what was once the Convent of San Francisco. It is now the property of a Frenchman; he bought it for a mere nominal sum from the government, which had confiscated it. I was struck with the extent of the property that had pertained to the church of San Francisco. It was confiscated by the government, intersected by several streets, and the various parts sold. The chapel is now used for a livery stable, and the area inclosed by the quarters where the monks lived has been roofed over and is now a theater, and is visited nightly by crowds of people to witness the plays most attractive to the lower orders, known as the *tilteras.*

Romero purchased some of this confiscated property, and paid for it by his services as minister. He is now building a series of dwellings on it, that will cost him a great deal of money. The house is, however, an improvement on the Mexican houses, and will have gas and water through it, as in the United States.

I went one night to the National Theater, and was surprised at the size and beauty of the building. The house was poorly attended, and I was therefore disappointed in the audience. Attending the theater and riding at the Paseo are the two great amusements of the first-class ladies of the country. On occasions, it is said that one can see all the elegance and fashion there is in the city in a single evening.

General Rosecrans, then the new minister plenipotentiary, arrived in the City of Mexico early in December; also a General Sturm of Indiana. Such an arrival was a sensation for the foreigners in the city. It was arranged that he should present his credentials to the Mexican Government on the 10th of December, and Mr. Plumb and I were invited to accompany him. He wore the uniform of a major-general of the United States Army. Plumb and I were in civil dress. The presentation took place in the reception hall of the palace. Mr. Lerdo, the principal minister—corresponding to our Secretary of State—was a fine-looking man, and had the reputation of being in point of fact the head of the government. He looked the diplomat. He was of fair complexion as compared with the President, who was of pure Indian blood; and Romero, secretary and treasurer, was of mixed blood. Mejia, Secretary of War, Mariscal, Minister of Justice, Iglesias, Minister of the Government, and Balcarcel, Minister of Public Works, were all of them apparently of Castilian blood.

All these gentlemen are pleasant to meet on such an occasion, or at a dinner party. Romero and Mariscal were sufficiently long in Washington to acquire a fluent use of English, and they were fond of making a display of it. From my observation of the manners and deportment of these gentlemen, together with the experience that I learned from others who had much more to do with them than I had, they struck me as natural diplomats of the negative school, who knew the art of procrastinating, who never say no, and never do yes. When first introduced they are liberal to the extent of placing all their earthly possessions at your disposal. They never refuse you any request you may ask; but they never grant one that involves any expense or labor, and even in business transactions, when dispatch would be as much to their interests as to yours, they are forever postponing. *Manana* (tomorrow) is the word that is forever in their mouths, and is the invariable response to every proposition, however necessary its acceptance may be, no matter how urgent its requirements. The great majority of the Americans in the city had each his tale of procrastination and delay to relate in all transactions with the government officials.

Many of the principal merchants among the foreign population had similar experiences to relate to me. Time seems to be no object; energy and enterprise are sought for in vain. All those labor-saving machines so familiar to Americans, in every department of life and business, are never met with among the people.

One sees at once in promenading the streets, for example, that the sewing machine has not made its appearance among these people. Of fifty persons that one meets in the principal street, not more than one, perhaps, will be dressed genteelly. The masses wear nothing more than the shirt and cotton drawers by the men, the chemise and petticoat by the women. The majority will be in their bare feet.

A. V. Kautz.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ANNETTA.

VI.

WHETHER smiling upon her brother or nodding gracious willingness to oblige Mr. Shaw, Annetta was longing for supper to end. If those dreadful contingencies were not to prove dreadful consequences, she must find Dan's letter.

She thought to wear her anxiety secretly. It was observed.

"Far too much noise and excitement for you, Miss Annetta."

Dr. Bernard said this in his wonted undertone—an undertone suggesting physical feebleness and accompanied with indistinct enunciation.

"A downright imposition on good nature, even such as yours, for so many of us to rush in upon you. You remember our last descent? We all vowed, seeing how much trouble we put you to, never to be coaxed into another. But suffering humanity! What are we to do with a fellow like Tom? Let him begin his, 'Come on, boys!' and, as the saying is, we are forced to go with him just to get rid of him."

Annetta obliged herself to declare earnestly that nothing could increase her pleasure in entertaining them but to feel that they were really being entertained.

Nay, she was moved to add saucily, "So you have been dragged out here against your will?"

"Against my will!" echoed the Doctor gently, every pale feature beaming denial.

Involuntarily answering that beaming look in kind, Annetta felt herself blushing.

A conviction finding expression in fervid feminine tautophony possessed her. What a lovely lover Dr. Bernard would make!

A moment later, Bartmore pushed back his chair, giving the signal for all to rise. Acting, as it seemed, upon some settled plan for the evening's further enjoyment, he buoyantly headed a return to the parlor, declaring as he went, in a high, energetic voice, "We'll fix up two games, boys."

Annetta lingered behind, ostensibly to assist Maggy in clearing the table. There were, indeed, certain precious things never left to a servant's handling.

She had removed the showy *épergne* bearing the date, not so old, of her brother's hapless wedding, to its wonted place upon the sideboard. She had removed the gold-lined cake-basket, its Cupids and Psyches still busy making love in *alto relievo* around the legend *L'amour est éternel*, and the name *Caroline Bartmore*. There was left a suggestive bit of silver. That miniature dump-wagon running on golden wheels was inscribed, "Presented to Thomas Bartmore, Esq., by one hundred employés." It was weighted by no more sordid load than the choicest flowers of Annetta's garden. Lifting it carefully, she bent her cheek to

feel the velvety touch of a great brown pansy, but merely from a habit of affection. Her conscious attention given entirely to a study of Maggy's countenance, she asked, with assumed carelessness, where Dan's lesson-books had been put. Maggy answered, with a carelessness reassuringly free from assumption:

"I think I see yez throwin' them intil the closet your own sel', Miss Annetta."

"Ah, I dare say, Maggy."

But the airy indifference of this retort became a scrambling eagerness when Annetta presently found herself behind the closet door. Still tumbling books and papers about, not satisfied that her vain search had been sufficiently thorough, she heard her brother rushing toward the kitchen, and calling the name uppermost in her thoughts.

"Dan's gone," she said, emerging from her shadowy corner.

"Well, Maggy must do what I want, then —eh, Maggy?" so Bartmore cried, his voice at once dictatorial and gay.

"That depinds, sir, upon what yez want," exclaimed Maggy, displaying two gleaming rows of teeth set close together in the broadest of smiles.

"It depends!" echoed Bartmore, his tone thin and teasing. "It depends, does it?"

And immediately Maggy was screaming, "Och, will yez moind the dishes, now, Mr. Bairtmore?"

For catching the girl by either stout arm, Bartmore had begun to whirl her and the tray of china which she bore, round and round in a wild, helpless waltz. Minding the dishes as little apparently as Maggy's orotund remonstrances or Annetta's crisp outcries, he nevertheless conveyed tray and tray-bearer safely across the kitchen floor.

Permitted to deposit her burden, Maggy stood up flushed and laughing. Bartmore was flushed and laughing too.

"Does it depend still?" he asked, forecast of further discipline in his alert pose.

Maggy vouchsafed no answer; whereupon, willing to believe her thoroughly subdued, Bartmore explained that she was to go to camp, and bring Jerry Norris.

"Say to him that it shall be any game he pleases."

"I'll go an' welcome. But be afther kapin' your money, sir," said Maggy, slyly thrusting her hands behind her.

Taking prompt advantage of a yawning pocket in her apron, Bartmore relieved himself of the proffered coin, crying:

"It isn't my money now, Maggy."

Then he swung on his heel, ran against Annetta, and dragging her hand through his arm, whirled her off to the parlor and the piano, her post on many such a convivial evening.

"Give us something jolly now, Netta." cried he, taking his seat at one of the two card-tables, and wetting thumb and finger between his lips preparatory to dealing.

With no taste whatever for classical compositions, Bartmore liked a musical atmosphere in which to shout the points of a lively game of euchre.

Her back toward the company, soon completed by the arrival of the foreman from camp, Annetta went through with a gay succession of polkas, waltzes, and galops. Behind her, glasses chinked, and varying voices might be heard in ejaculations now loud, now low; but loud or low, meaningless in her ears. Rarely some voice, appreciative of some livelier jingle, would exclaim, "Again, Miss Annetta!" And Annetta invariably repeated.

Tom meanwhile enjoyed mere existence with a fullness enjoyable to note. If he was not drumming time with thick fingers, he was marking it with head or foot. Now and again an impetuous *crescendo* would stir a dubiously melodious reservoir in the very depths of his being, and he would sing whatever snatch of whatever old song happened to rise to his lips. Annetta bore these vocal inflictions without remonstrance.

By and by, her graceful back still toward the card-tables, and her wrists aching frightfully, an unusual hubbub of exclamations induced her to swing softly about on the piano-stool.

Jerry Norris, mindful of the morrow's early rising, was soberly resisting all entreat-

ies to remain longer. Foreseeing what face, flushed high with youth and pleasure, would be presently at her side, Annetta swung softly into position again, and gave her fingers, their zeal renewed, to the keys. Hardly a moment had elapsed when the expected voice was whispering ardently:

"I've been dying for one little word with you!"

"Can you pour forth your whole soul in a single word?" queried she, further dazzling Mr. Rodney Bell by a swift, roguish glance.

"In a monosyllable—a rapturous monosyllable."

"You stupid!"

"You darling!"

"You mustn't talk so to me; Tom would certainly object."

"But you don't object, Annetta?"

"I do!"—fierily.

Her hand darting forward to turn a music-leaf, Bell's lips, yearning downily toward manhood, darted thither to press the very corner of the very page touched by her light fingers.

"O insufferable!"

"O divine!"

"Can't you see that I am just laughing at you?"

"Can't you see that I'm just doting on you? But won't you sing? Do sing. Something saturated with sentiment. Something dripping dulcet notes like dew."

Then grasping three or four weakly blonde hairs between thumb and finger, and dragging them about under savage pretense of biting them, he added:

"I'm in a wild and desperate mood tonight."

Annetta laughed with quaking heartiness. Rodney Bell's devotion gave itself no expression that was not amusing in her eyes.

"Can I sing," she asked, "with Tom beginning to bawl at the top of his lungs?"

"Sing low and tenderly—just to me, Annetta. I don't want all those fellows to hear. You won't?—Say, Bartmore—O Tom, put on the soft pedal. Your sister is going to favor us."

But that vigorous lyrical performance was in no wise hindered. An instant's fuller leisure was afforded him while a new hand was dealing, and Bartmore had tipped his chair backward, and tossed his head high in the air. His whole soul surrendered itself to the enjoyment of a well-known sea-song sung threadbare more years ago than one cares to reckon. What cared he for poetical or musical accuracy? Never, to his thinking, had any set of vocal organs produced so great a volume of melody in such robustly sustained notes.

"Like an eagle caged I pi-i-ine"—

thus oblivious of critical listeners Bartmore sang—

"On this dull, unchanging sho-o-ore;
It's O for a sniff of the bri-ine,
It's O for the ocean's ro-o-o-oar!"

"Your roar is quite enough for me, Tom," came in dry ejaculation from Ben Leavitt. But without effect to arrest the chorus rotundly bursting forth:

"And it's O, and it's O, and it's O for the ocean's ro-o-oar—Pass!"

The closing and entirely irrelevant utterance marked the voluntary quitting of those high harmonious realms for prose and euchre.

Bartmore's sudden descent, chair, head, and voice, was greeted by a shout quick with humorous appreciation, and a jesting chorus of exclamations.

"If you're anxious for us to leave, just repeat that chorus, Tom."

"Another strain, and I'd have struck a bee-line, bare-headed, for the street."

"Now one stanza of Rory O'Moore, and send for the coroner."

"O give us a rest, Bartmore! How many yards of roar are there in you, anyway? Miss Annetta is waiting to warble."

"But I won't warble a note if you make such sport of poor darling Tom. Do you expect a man with his chest to squeak like a mouse?"

This last Annetta cried, although she had been spontaneously merry as the rest. For she knew by his glancing critically from one to another, and by his delicate laughter, void

of all heartiness, that her brother was reserving his opinion as to the good taste of this mirth. Not until Annetta's query did he join in delightedly.

Annetta now sang. Happily, many such voices as that in which she sang ring and thrill through many retiring houses. A fine musical instinct had served her in the stead of that culture so warmly desired, so unattainable because of Tom's indifference to its value. Much practice had resulted in flexibility. She made her little runs as lightly as a sandpiper skims the beach.

The game of cards meanwhile halted sadly. What is there so touching in the joyousness of a young untried heart, poured forth unstintingly?

The left bower being yet in ambush, Burwent fatuitously played the ace of trumps, while Treston sat listening unmindful of his turn, and Tony Shaw shed tears.

As for Rodney Bell, leaning upon one end of the piano, he thought to revel in the sole view of Annetta's face, but Dr. Bernard joined him, and by token of an air of intent observation, shared his pleasures of vision. For Annetta's countenance, always piquant and pleasing, had but to lend itself to the passion and stress of song to become inexplicably beautiful. How tenderly her lips played over the words they formed! How her white throat swelled with the fullness of melodious joy! How her gray eyes, ever liquid and clear, now gayly sparkled, now softly glowed, giving unmistakable proofs of a nature at once simple and ardent.

The Scotch ballad ended, Dr. Bernard was ready to ask, with quiet enthusiasm, if they were not to have that German air, his favorite. Didn't Miss Annetta remember?

"'Thou art Mine Own Love'?" cried the girl, lifting her face to his with the frankness of that sudden recalling. And for the second time during the evening her eyes fell before the Doctor's, and a blush heightened the color enriching her cheeks. Bernard, seeming not to notice, directed his attention to a heap of music, turning it over carefully. But young Bell, caring no whit to hide his anxiety, hastened to whisper with a nearer approach to earnestness than Annetta had ever seen upon his features.

"Don't look at him that way; I cannot bear it."

Then the Doctor, having found the song, set the same before her, and listened with rapt attention while she sang. When she had ceased, he reached forth his hand for the music-sheet. His fingers accidentally encountering Annetta's, closed lightly over them. The gentlest possible interest breathed in his tones, saying:

"Chill as a little ghost's, and your cheeks burning! This will never do."

"I am cold," Annetta acknowledged, carelessly shrugging off any particularity which might have clung to the moment.

"So. I'll have to watch you, little lady! Did I not see a wrap of yours in the dining-room?"

That was just Dr. Bernard. No item of dress or furniture, no peculiarity of drapery, tint, or texture, ever escaped his notice. He went away quickly, returning to drop the blue Shetland wool shawl about her shoulders. Annetta thanked him by a cozy murmur from amid the soft folds.

Nor was the Doctor's zeal for her comfort satisfied.

"If your feet are as cold as your hands, they must be warmed immediately."

He announced his further intentions by divers noises at the grate.

A clatter thence presently reached Bartmore's ears.

"Well, upon my word, Jim!" he blurted out.

"This little sister of yours," suggested the Doctor, and leaving the sentence unfinished, he imperturbably continued his somewhat elaborate preliminaries.

For Maggy's clumsy fashion of laying the fire not meeting with his approval, he had emptied the grate, and was using his penknife to whittle from one of the too generous pine sticks a little heap of delicate shavings.

"Cold this hot night, Netta?" exclaimed Bartmore, addressing his sister with an incredulous air.

"So wicked of me, isn't it, Tom?" Annet-

ta was prompted to flash back, her lips demure, her eyes dancing.

Had Bartmore's perceptions been finer, this ridicule, however playful, would have been highly dangerous. As it was, he fixed his eyes sharply upon his sister's face, a shadowy displeasure hovering about his own. He had a decided aversion to Annetta's even jesting use of strong language.

His friends, indeed, found him curiously sensitive to an uncertain number of words, and peculiarly given to misconstrue meanings. A business ally had once remarked, in the course of a conversation amicably enough begun, "Let no man think to bully me, Bartmore"; he had pounced promptly upon that offensive infinitive, had dragged its covert and insulting personal application to light, had quarreled with his good comrade, never to forgive him, and this in the face of positive denials of any such covert application.

So now he sat staring at Annetta, repeating, "Wicked?" and evidently speculating upon its present fitness.

But Ben Leavitt, ignorant of his host's state of mind, yet not ignorant of Annetta's meaning, shuffling the cards with mechanical smoothness, rattled off these sentences:

"Catch a man of Bartmore's build ever having an idea outside of his own epidermis. When the material self is represented in so vast a circumference, the spiritual self is generally loth to leap beyond. It's tropical weather in Tom's blood, with a cold fog out-of-doors which could be sliced like black bread. He has emptied three several goblets within an hour, while my glass—ah, thanks! Here's luck. Delicious punch, this. Ahem!" —smacking his thin, juiceless lips, and disposing of the last swallow with a liquid gurgle. "That's tinder that needs no match to set it ablaze."

Praise of his person and his punch being the salient points of this speech, Bartmore grasped them and began laughing with indulgent jollity.

Meanwhile, despite Annetta's earnest pleading that no one should be made uncomfortable on her account, Dr. Bernard had started the fire and had drawn two easy-chairs close before it, and necessarily close together.

Seated thus, Annetta's glance, happening to leap beyond her companion, lighted upon poor Rodney Bell. He was sitting behind her brother with shallow pretense of watching the game and studying Tom's play.

No experience of life prepared Annetta to find aught save amusement in the change which had taken place in that boyish countenance. Bell's unfortunate appearance, indeed, haunted her after-thoughts with comic effect. What sudden accession of dignity had taught him to cease craning his long neck, and so to double his chin between the stiff, flaring points of his standing collar? What palpable make-believe of neither seeing nor caring that she and the Doctor were in such close proximity caused him to so blink and roll his blue eyes? Rodney Bell's jealousy, like his expressions of ardor, appealed to her as something too ridiculous to be worthy of a moment's serious consideration.

But the Doctor, fitting his well-shaped, bloodless hands carefully together, palm to palm, finger tip to finger tip, was saying, in those low notes admirably suited to a confidential distance:

"Were you alarmed about Tom?"

"You mean because of his remaining away from home?" Annetta asked, dipping back, not without an effort, into a state of anxiety and self-reproach already half forgotten.

But Bernard sat lost in smiling reflection, until she begged to be told what so pleased him.

"The greatest fellow!" ejaculated the Doctor.

Tom, of course.

"He rushed into my office—let me see: this is Monday evening; yes—last Friday afternoon."

"Ah!" murmured Annetta, interestedly. It had been on Friday evening that Tom had forgotten their concert engagement.

"Nothing would do but for me to leave then and there, with the office full of people. Burwent and Leavitt were in a carriage

outside. Tom kept hauling me about, and shouting, 'Come on, Jim! Come on!' until—well, I gave in as usual, and got rid of my patients."

"O, Doctor!"—commiseration and rebuke contending in her voice.

The Doctor smilingly explained that he had prescribed for the worst cases.

"And away we went."

"Where?" asked Annetta, innocently.

"To Burwent's rooms"—after an instant's scarcely perceptible hesitation—"our regular, or, if you will, our irregular, rendezvous. Leavitt proposed that we play for French dinners at ——'s."

A lapse into smiling.

"Well?"

"We stuck Tom. Burwent proposed five games, the loser to pay for a box at the theater."

"Well?"

"We stuck Tom. Dinner discussed and Janauschek taken in, Tom insisted on three games of euchre. You know how he'd say over and over, 'Just three, boys.' He fixed the stakes at ten dollars a game, thinking luck would turn, and he'd come out somewhere near even—and lost. How we did run him! It was two o'clock when we stuffed him into a *coupé* and sent him home."

"I was awake listening for him," said Annetta, wistfully. "But he went away again Saturday noon. Where has he been since?"

"I've told you our regular rendezvous."

"Were you playing cards?"

"I should say so. We kept it up from Saturday afternoon until about two o'clock this morning. Tom richly revenged himself on us all. He's been sleeping all day in my back office."

"How dreadful!" murmured Annetta, sighing profoundly. "When will it end?"

"To-night. That is, it's understood between Tom and me that to-night lets us out for thirty days."

"If you might never play again!"

"To be sure, one or the other of us may break the pledge. Whoever does so pays the fine, and both are released. Tom stood out for a hundred dollars, but I said fifty was enough for me."

"I wish it had been a thousand dollars!"

With this exclamation from Annetta and an indulgent smile from the Doctor, the subject was dismissed.

"Isn't this sort of thing hard upon you, Miss Annetta?"

Dr. Bernard asked this *apropos* of the evening's noise and excitement.

"O," returned Annetta, looking at him with gentle seriousness from under her long lashes, her head resting on the back of her chair, "I am alone so much that I hail company, expected or unexpected, as a boon and a blessing."

"You do lead a rather shut-up life for a person of your warm, social instincts. Why is it? I have never quite understood."

Annetta sighed, saying after a little, yet not complainingly, "Tom's general wish is, of course, that I should come and go freely. Ask him, and I dare predict that he will be ready emphatically to declare that I am just so free. How it happens otherwise, it would be difficult to explain. But when Tom is at home, he expects me to be at home; and when he is away from home, he expects to find me upon his return, at whatever time of day. Then there are always houses to let in one or other of his tenement rows. The keys are here, and showing possible tenants about has somehow devolved upon me. As for having visitors of my own age, Tom never seemed particularly to enjoy the society of my school-girl friends. Their bookish affectations bored him; and if he didn't let them know it, he was perfectly frank with me. I ceased to invite Mattie Hensley first, then Nell Carter. There was Mabel Follinsbee left. I really loved her, and Tom tolerated her frequent presence with great cheerfulness. But one unfortunate evening he drew her into an argument on the advantages of education. It was very easy, such a subject being under discussion, to say things obnoxious to him. Tom doesn't object to education"—naively—"so long as its possessors are quiet and inoffensive. Poor Mabel went so far as to

venture to assert that more schooling might have made him more liberal-minded. He harped on her impudence for a week, and for a fortnight, at least, I didn't dare let him see me with a book. For a month I kept my darling music-box yonder under a pall of silence, and my guitar locked in its coffin."

Touching lightly upon these reasons, gently detailing these experiences, Annetta's voice, ever low, had somehow expressed much feeling in many delicate modulations. She ended, smiling to mark her closing sentences as sheer exaggeration.

She had never been quite so frank with Dr. Bernard, old friend as he was. His fingers playing idly with his watch-chain, his eyes fixed upon her with a studious mildness, her companion's lips presently formed the words: "You must see more life, hear more music. There are to be a series of orchestral concerts. I'll make a proposition to Tom—that is, if you will accept me as escort."

Annetta was still glowing delighted assent when there came an interruption. Laughing uproariously, Bartmore called out:

"Here, Jim! take a hand again, will you? I've beaten Treston until he wants to cry quits."

Dr. Bernard uttered an obscure protest in the form of an habitual exclamation. Bartmore minded that "suffering humanity!" no whit. He insisted.

"Is there anything in it, Bartmore?"

"Just two and a half, Jim," laughed Bartmore, adding, "only one more game, Jim; our last evening, you know."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and yielded with that complaisance which had probably kept him Bartmore's friend all these years.

Bartmore next addressed Treston. Waving his right hand, the fingers wildly spread, toward the chair vacated by the fire, he said, with a hilarious disregard of foreign orthoepy, "Frank, I want you and my sister to have a nice little *teety-teet.*"

He who had been the quietest presence of that noisy evening rose, not hurriedly, and seated himself by Annetta's side. Then first encountering Mr. Treston's open gaze, she found it strangely full of command.

"My impression is," remarked the gentleman, with a smiling deliberateness and perfect enunciation, "that this much-abused, long-suffering young lady should be spared any further conversational infliction."

But Annetta gayly declaring herself neither abused nor long-suffering, Mr. Treston entered immediately upon the suggested *tete-a tete* by saying:

"What a cordial fellow your brother is! A Californian type, I fancy."

"You are a stranger here?" questioned Annetta.

"I shall not continue to feel strange if I meet many men of Mr. Bartmore's hospitable stamp. This is my second week in San Francisco. Troy, New York, has been my home."

"Has been?"

"The roving spirit possessed me; I came whither it led. The change may possibly be final. Your brother strenuously urges me to remain. He promises me paying investments for my modest capital. He impresses me as being a person of great business acumen."

A slight pause preceded this last sentence, which was evolved with a modest consideration for the value of words, new in Annetta's experience. She turned her face, bright with awakened curiosity, toward him who had so spoken, to find him quietly contemplating her. Nor did his glance fall before she had surprised a ray of critical sternness in the blue eyes, carelessly voted turbid.

"Your brother tells me of political aspirations, too."

Annetta explained, averting her head with an undefined sense of uneasiness, that the whole matter had come up very suddenly. Her brother's friends were many. They had insisted upon presenting his name to the convention. Whether he was to receive the nomination or not would be known shortly.

"I half wish that Tom might fail here. I so dread the political struggle and excitement."

"The scramble for office is certainly not calculated to improve a man's moral tone," said Treston.

Again Annetta was moved to look at him. The lips, which could smile almost benignantly, were slightly curled under their thick blonde veil. The pale face, resting on one hand and turned toward the fire, had fallen into the wonted lines of its almost severe repose.

Annetta's silent inquiry had brought forth no satisfactory result, when Mr. Leavitt remarked, with a dry briskness unvivified by many bumpers, that unless they all left on the instant they would probably be obliged to walk home.

"And if we leave on the instant?" queried Treston, taking part in a prompt uprising.

"We may catch the last car at —— Street," said Leavitt.

To make the most of the chance, adieux were necessarily hurried. A moment, and the guests had gone as suddenly as they had come, leaving behind them a dismal disarray of half-emptied glasses, scattered cards, chairs suggestively grouped, gray little heaps of cigar ashes, and stale smoke—a disorder which, mindful of its dispiriting effect by morning light, Annetta set herself diligently to correct.

Her brother came in presently from seeing his friends to the garden gate and there dismissing them with jovial assurances of good-fellowship. A trifle chilled by the damp air, he strode vigorously toward the fire, poked it energetically, threw on a lump of coal, and stretching himself in two chairs, his slippered soles toward the blaze, he exclaimed with evident enjoyment of his immunity from enforced pedestrianism:

"They'll have to foot it now. I could have told 'em so, but wouldn't."

Annetta glanced at him, saw that he was in a talkative mood, and asked:

"Where did you meet Mr. Treston, Tom?"

"By Jove, Netta!" giving his thick, disordered mustache one or two subjugating strokes, and nodding briskly at her, "I shouldn't wonder if I'd be able to work off some of that —— Street property upon that fellow. He's been in business East, stationery or—I'm not sure what. That's neither here nor there, however. He has sold out. Darned if his money wouldn't suit me mighty well just now. We start in on the —— road extension contract next week. I'll have to rake every cent together, and put the boys on half-wages, to push the work through. A damned big job! 'Twill either make us or break us, Netta."

"Why do you undertake it, Tom? And grading at the cut not yet finished?"

"O, a couple of weeks will see me safe there and the work accepted. Bell's figuring on the assessments now. There's thirty thousand dollars hard money to handle even if I slip up with Treston. But I don't think I will slip up with him. He doesn't strike me as a man who's been swallowing saws. He's astonished at the rents I get. I'm going to drive him round—perhaps to-morrow—and astonish him some more. Of course it isn't worth my while to explain just why my collections are so certain."

Thus frankly expressing himself, Bartmore had never once thought of answering Annetta's question. That was his wont. He talked to relieve a mind overburdened with schemes rather than to gratify any curiosity. Let him recognize any curiosity about his affairs and he would flatly refuse to gratify it.

Annetta had sometimes waited days and weeks to find out his mind upon matters connected with house repairs, as in the case of old Monsieur Caron's windmill. Again, she had been forced to listen whole hours to her brother's plans. This happened, however, only when he was in the mood, and when circumstances hindered the immediate and active furtherance of those plans.

Now, sitting by the fire at one o'clock in the morning, no signs of sleep showed themselves in Bartmore's countenance. His hazel eyes were wide, shallow, restless. There was a business-like briskness about his every gesture, a tingling energy in his every utterance. Annetta saw that he hated the night, when no man can work.

The girl's self-appointed task accom-

plished, she drew near her brother, and slipping a slender arm about his thick neck, hazarded another question, or more properly, several questions.

"Why don't you bring Dr. Bernard home with you oftener, Tom? Don't you think that he is thoroughly happy and easy here—with you? Do you know why he has never married?"

Letting his head gradually sink back to rest upon his sister's bosom, and surrendering his brows to her soft ministrations, Bartmore also surrendered himself to silent laughter. When he condescended to explain, it was with chuckling indulgence.

"Darn that chap! Nobody can help liking him! But I must warn you: Jim's always seemed to look upon you as a little girl, and there hasn't been any necessity for a warning before. But you must never notice him if you happen to meet on the street; he has the best heart and the worst confounded reputation in the world."

A shock of repulsion quivered through Annetta's frame. A leaping sense of shame quickened the blood in her maidenly veins. Her hand still stroked Tom's temples, but tremblingly. When she spoke next, it was in a low voice carefully guarded from any display of scorn.

"And Mr. Treston—dare I speak to him if I meet him on the street?"

"Treston? O, he's well enough as far as I know. I'll tell you better by and by. He brought letters to Byxby and Fadwell, warm friends of mine. He's a man among men; but lordy! how he does sour on women!"

At these words, Mr. Treston's face rose vividly before Annetta's mental vision. By means of them, she fancied she could better interpret its expression.

"You won money of him, to-night, Tom?"

"A few dollars, sis. Nothing worth mentioning."

"Tom"—very softly, and smoothing the long wrinkles arching across his forehead with a steady finger-stroke, only to see each return again—"do you think it's just the thing to—to invite your friends here and—win their money?"

"Nonsense! Don't I take equal chances, winning or losing, as luck goes? Whoever doesn't like my ways needn't come here, that's all!"

With this impatient utterance Bartmore jerked himself free of that sisterly embrace, and kicked the grate so as to jar the fire-hollowed embers into closer contact. He rose then, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, turned upon her with almost angry suddenness.

"Look here, Netta!" said he, "what did you mean by calling yourself 'wicked' to-night?"

"I, Tom? Why—why, I really don't recollect."

"Yes, you do. Come now! Bernard was building the fire."

"Really, Tom"—the color pulsing in her cheeks.

Bartmore, towering above her, studied her closely a moment under fallen eyelids, to say in a didactic tone tinged with moral loftiness:

"No girl has the right to hint, even in fun, that she could possibly be wicked. It certainly isn't thinking much of herself."

Annetta answered mildly, "I will remember that."

Bartmore was satisfied. True, he walked the floor a little, needlessly dilating on the theme; but not harshly, confidentially rather. Annetta's eyes were heavy with sleep, when, yawning and stretching himself, he turned on his heel and went to his bedroom.

Glad enough was Annetta to be alone in her airy chamber. The excitement of the evening over, a sickening sense of weariness, a weariness of heart, oppressed her.

To please Tom, to help him love his home, to make him feel more than welcome to bring his friends there instead of meeting them—heaven knew where;—these thoughts were a part of Annetta's religion. But had the associations thus formed no danger for her, a girl of twenty?

Now the faces, familiar through the long, feverish evening, crowded her brain: Rodney Bell's, vapidly admiring or ridiculously

resentful; Tony Shaw's, flushed with fatal dissipation; Ben Leavitt's, petrified in lines of worldly care; Ned Burwent's, smooth even to polish, and therefore hopelessly harder; Dr. Bernard's, mild, beaming, yielding her a silent homage, seeming real indeed in her girlish vision—yet alas! what had Tom said? That other face, with its tender, benignant smiling, its covert sneering, provoked a quick, passionate resentment.

"You need not criticise me so sharply, sir. Can I help my surroundings? For all those calm measuring glances, you do not see much below the surface of things."

Having thus imaginatively addressed a pale rebuking image of Treston, she pressed a hand hard against either throbbing temple and wearily addressed herself:

"Am I doing no good in the world? Am I nowhere expressing myself purely and strongly?"

As if in answer to these questions, another face rose out of the vague darkness, but not wholly to bring peace. A forgotten anxiety seated deep in her heart revealed its presence, as a forgotten thorn pricks anew in the old place.

That lost letter of Dan's. It were dangerous not to find it. Perhaps, too, in the pervasive disenchantment of her mood, she yearned to see what that one humble and faithful soul had written. Throwing a shawl about her shoulders, and carrying her shaded bedroom lamp, she stole bare-footed to the kitchen. The lesson-books were still lying in the disorder induced by her search. She went through each carefully, unsuccessfully.

As she glided ghost-like back to her room again, her mind harassed by a trouble entirely human, the chill of very early morning was in the air. Her lamp quenched, the thin reluctant gray of the dawn was at her window. Shivering and weary she crept between her soft covers, thinking, "I need not rise until Tom does."

She had scarcely fallen into a dull, lethargic slumber, when her brain was pierced by a dreadful cry. That voice woke Bartmore, too. He started up to stare, red-eyed, into the real world, quit so lately for the confused labyrinths of dreams. A figure meeting his gaze was grotesque as a nightmare, wild-haired, ashen-pale.

"Eh, McArdle?" he stammered. "What has happened?—is Jerry—speak!"

The woman wrung her long, bony hands, then waved them frantically aloft, hoarsely screaming:

"Mr. Bairtmore dear! For the love o' God, Mr. Bairtmore! Two cairts has backed into the wather below, an' two min is gone under—Johnny Melody an' Dan Meagher."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

OUR PECULIAR NEIGHBOR: A REMINISCENCE OF SOUTH PARK.

It was from the children that we first heard of our new neighbor, and it was evident from the interest and excitement which they displayed in discussing him, that he was out of the usual run of people, and that our comparatively retired vicinity had received something worthy of comment by his arrival in our midst.

"Such a funny little man!" was the unanimous verdict of the children in speaking of him.

"He is just so high," said four-year-old Gertie, holding her tiny hand to the level of her curly head; but he wears a great big hat, and it makes him *so* tall"—stretching her arm to its utmost.

Her brother, who had arrived at the dignified age of ten years, allowed that the queer new-comer was about his height. "And cross—why he looks mad enough to eat a fellow up! He always scowls if we look at him."

We heard a great deal in this way, but did not see our neighbor for ourselves, until one Sunday morning when we met in church. He created quite a sensation by his appearance; the young people stifled their giggles, and even their elders had difficulty in suppressing smiles.

He was an elderly man, very slight and diminutive in body, but with a large, bald head and a striking face. He had an expansive forehead, and deep-set eyes surmounted by shaggy brows; a prominent nose, and a large, firm mouth with shorn upper lip. A bristly, iron-gray beard fringed his long, spare cheeks. There was an expression of grim dignity about his whole bearing which contrasted ludicrously with his insignificant stature. As he sat in the pew, he reminded one of a Jack-in-a-box, his head alone being visible, with a great deal of shirt collar and cravat.

A mild-faced woman and a bright-looking, dark-eyed girl accompanied him, and the quaintness of their costumes made them fitting companions for their odd-looking protector. Those were the days of inflated crinoline, elaborately draped overskirts, and very small bonnets. Imagine how those strange women appeared that Sabbath morning, the elder one's head-gear consisting of an immense bonnet with a flaring front, a huge wreath of purple flowers set in ruching surrounding her face, and terminating in a mammoth bow of ribbon under her chin; while the younger lady's pretty face was almost hidden under a wide spread Leghorn hat of umbrella-like dimensions. Clinging full dresses and queer little capes completed their costumes. It was as though a trio had dropped down upon us out of a by-gone century.

"Who are they? Where did they come from?" were the questions asked on all sides. Our curiosity was satisfied when, a few days later, our pastor called, and almost immediately introduced their names, by saying that he hoped that we would call on Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, as they were strangers, and had lately moved into our neighborhood. They were English people from Canada, and lived at number —— Third Street. Mr. Thornton had been educated for the ministry, and had come to California because he had been told that there was a wide field for missionary work in this State.

As we were urged to call soon, my sister and I started out one afternoon to make the Thorntons' acquaintance, and soon found ourselves on Third Street, nearly opposite South Park. Several stores had been built, but lacked occupants, as that part of the city was comparatively retired, and did not present the business-like aspect it now wears. The Thorntons (poor, unsophisticated people) had rented one of these places, and it looked doubly lonely standing among its empty neighbors. There it was, with "UTILITY STORE" printed in large, black letters over the window, and immediately underneath, "*Joseph Thornton, Proprietor.*"

A glance at the window showed a motley assortment of articles, and their arrangement was strongly suggestive of child's play and baby houses. There were saucers of peppermint lozenges, saucers with sticks of licorice laid precisely across them, saucers of pins and needles. Packages of tea and coffee looked gravely at each other. Tatting shuttles, thimbles, crochet needles, and dubious-looking bottles of perfumery were arranged at precise intervals, while half a dozen ancient dolls supervised the whole, and impressed one with the idea that they were sighing for the good old days when they made pastime for Noah's grand-babies in the ark. Within the store were orderly rows of slates and school-books, alternated with small bags of hominy, oat and corn meal; while on the counter were arranged articles of children's apparel.

Mr. Thornton received us with dignity; then turning and waving his hand majestically to the rear of the store he exclaimed:

"Elizabeth! Julie! Come forward."

The measured tones of his deep bass voice were still rumbling through the place, when the ladies had advanced and were courtesying to us; then the little man continued, with increased unction:

"These ladies have most kindly condescended to visit us in our unpretending abode." (Renewed courtesying from the female portion.) "Ladies, this is Mrs. Thornton, my wife." We shook hands. "And this is a maiden under our surveillance, an orphan, and our adopted daughter." (More hand-shaking.) "Julie, you will find chairs for these ladies, and make them comfortable."

We followed Mrs. Thornton and Julie to the farther part of the store, where a curtain divided it off into a sitting-room. When we were seated, Mr. Thornton took a chair opposite to us with his most imposing manner. That, and the ludicrous fact that his feet cleared the floor, was almost too much for our sense of the ridiculous, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we preserved our gravity.

"You ladies are sisters?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Hem! Yes! What did I understand you to say that your name was, madam?" (This to my sister.)

"Buchanan—Mrs. Buchanan."

"Ah! Buchanan! What is your husband's occupation?"

"He is a commission merchant."

"Ah, certainly! Where is his place of business?"

"Number Blank, Front Street."

By this time my sister's face was very red, and I had a stifled coughing attack behind my handkerchief. Mrs. Thornton and Julie were sitting with their hands crossed meekly, and nodding or shaking their heads deferentially, without attempting to take any verbal part in the conversation. Then came my turn to be catechised. I was not married. I had no father. I lived with my sister. Then I spelt my name, and all things considered, felt rather foolish. After these preliminaries, Mr. Thornton alluded to his coming to San Francisco.

"It is a wonderful place, ladies—a phenomenal place. I call your winter a moist summer. We had often heard of your salubrious climate, and all the advantages to be derived from a residence in this highly favored State; but we feel, in the richness of our own personal experience, that the half had not been told us. After encountering the severities of a Canadian winter, what a contrast is here afforded us!" He smiled blandly, and continued: "When I walk through the streets of this city and see such a prodigality of fruits and meats and vegetables, and everything so cheap, I am lost in wonderment. Surely, this place is the poor man's paradise." Another short pause, when Mr. Thornton again took up the thread of his monologue: "There is one thing that surprises me, however, and that is the number of meat-shops in this town. There are three or four in this immediate vicinity. I should not think they were a necessity. People ought to get along with very little animal food in such a mild climate as this."

Here we found our tongues, and gave him to understand that he was mistaken—that meat was an essential article of diet in our climate. People found that they needed it just as they learned that they could wear flannel with comfort the year around.

"Flannel, in such a place as this!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton. "Why, we purposely left our flannels and heavy clothing behind us. Is it possible that the people pamper themselves in such a foolish way? They do not know how to appreciate their benefits."

At this point a customer entered.

"Ladies, I am sorry for this interruption, but my wife is a skilled needlewoman. She will show you specimens of her handiwork. Elizabeth, you will entertain these ladies."

Mrs. Thornton seemed only too glad of the chance. She jumped up and came toward us with a beaming smile. She was almost affectionate as she thanked us for coming. She had one of those mild, lovely countenances which impress us as growing beautiful under sorrow and trials. The reflection of a "meek and quiet spirit" seemed to shine from her face.

She brought a frame of hair-work, and entertained us as we looked over the wreath with its blossoms and leaves of silver and

gold, of brown, black, and auburn. There was a thistle of soft brown hair that we especially praised.

"Yes, my dears, that is a lock from the head of a young Scotch lady, a pretty dear she is too. And do you see these coarse black tassels? Where do you think *they* came from?" Her eyes became very bright, and she straightened herself, while her voice thrilled with pride. "Dears, those hairs are taken from the tail of *the* horse that led the 'Charge of the Light Brigade.' You remember, 'Half a league,' etc."

Then we saw quilts of every description, and tidies, table-covers, and mats—the work of thirty years, she told us—and she sighed as she added, "More than I will ever do again." But we had made a long call, and must be going. We stopped first to inspect the articles on the counter.

"Little frocks and pinafores," explained Mrs. Thornton, "made of good washing prints," and as she held up the little antiquated-looking things, we feared that it would be a long time before she disposed of them. Old-time English fashions could hardly compete with the dainty garments made by American mothers for their darlings thirty years later. (My kind-hearted sister was the only person that ever bought any, and a droll little figure Gertie cut in them, although they only served the purpose of table-bibs.)

We became very friendly with the Thorntons after that. We exchanged visits and met them at church, to say nothing of trading with them whenever we could; but that was done for "sweet charity's sake." It pained and amused us to see Mr. Thornton strutting pompously about his little store, ike some diminutive but large-feeling chanticleer in a barnyard, and I grieve to write that the customers were few and far between. At first, children came in for novelty's sake, but they received so little for their small change (and the candies were by no means the freshest in the world), that they preferred to spend it elsewhere. The school-books remained unsold, for it never entered these good people's heads that there was any competition in that line. If a richly dressed lady found that she could get a tatting shuttle or an ounce of zephyr cheaper in another store, she would not leave five cents extra with the Thorntons, although they were worthy people.

So they did not get along well, and Mrs. Thornton and Julie slaved early and late over fine needle-work furnished by a wealthy lady who did not fancy machine-sewing. If it had not been for this help, I don't know what they would have done. More than once I have seen the overworked wife drop her sewing at her husband's bidding, to find his misplaced handkerchief, and it made my blood boil.

But as the custom dropped off, Mr. Thornton was seldom in the store. He would leave home early in the morning, and spend the day walking about. There is not a spot in this city but his feet have pressed, not a view but he was acquainted with. To use his own words, "he had traveled all over the peninsula." He saw the Golden Gate Park in its infancy, and predicted a glorious future for it. He has looked over the Pacific from our loftiest heights, and many a time have the hills echoed back the hymns he has sung. We did not know at that time that he was exercising any self-denial in those lonely tramps, but we learned afterward what brought the tears to our eyes, and made our hearts tender toward him.

Once, during our pastor's absence, Mr. Thornton was invited to fill the pulpit. How proud and happy the little man was! San Francisco would now know what a shining light she had possessed unawares. The people who only regarded him as a humble shopkeeper would find him capable of higher things. So one Sunday morning found him mounted on a box in the pulpit. But alas! his hearers failed to appreciate his efforts, for they were tired out when he began to preach; the hymns, the Scripture readings, and the prayers especially, had been so interminable! Yet he was not destitute of eloquence; but he had a ponderons, Johnsonian style, and an unction of delivery not in keeping with the age—the American age particularly.

There was but a handful at the evening service. The few that went probably thought of a patient face among the listeners, and were there to please her. At all events, it was ten o'clock before we were dismissed, and the people showed more than their usual alacrity to get home that night.

I shall never forget Mrs. Thornton's happy face as we were passing out.

"O, my dear, was it not a treat—a *rare* treat?" she exclaimed, clasping my hand. I had been terribly bored, but I could not withstand her touching appeal. I assured her that I had been delighted with the discourse, and caught a roguish look from Julie's dark eyes, although she was demure enough a second afterward. That Julie was a sad little hypocrite. I really believe that in her heart she enjoyed the fun that was poked at her queer guardian.

Mr. Thornton was invited to preach but once again, and that was at a morning service. He was told that the church would be closed in the evening, which caused him to wax warm. He would give his services gratuitously rather than have the door locked, he said; but his generous offer was unheeded.

By and by, the news came that Mr. Thornton, who had been ailing for some time, had taken to his bed. He was completely run down for want of proper nourishment. But people who had been indifferent before were all kindness then. They flocked in with delicacies, and showed friendship in many ways. It was a happy day for Mrs. Thornton when he was able to creep about the house, for he had been a great care during his sickness. It was noticed during those weeks of convalescence that a great change had come over him. He was gentle and humble, and showed a childlike faith in God. As he found himself growing stronger, he breathed his hopes into his wife's ear. He had heard that they needed a church of his creed near Santa Cruz. He would go there and see for himself, and the change would also be of benefit, and help to build him up physically. So one morning he bade her a hopeful adieu, and started on his trip. He was gone a few weeks, and wrote some very encouraging letters to his wife. He had met with kindness and hospitality everywhere. He would soon return and communicate his plans. He started for San Francisco, and while Mrs. Thornton was expecting him, she received a telegram saying that her husband was lying dangerously ill at Pajaro, and if she wanted to see him alive she must start immediately.

The poor woman rushed off on her heart-breaking journey, to find, when she reached San Jose, that she had to wait several hours for the stage; but the delay mattered little, as she almost instantly upon her arrival received tidings of her husband's death.

How well I remember the brief telegram that reached us the next day:

"I will return with the dead this evening."

My sister and I were at the station at the appointed time. How we shrunk from the solemn and painful duty of meeting her!

The train came in, and after a few moments we saw her coming toward us, leaning on her pastor's arm. There were tears on his cheeks, but *her* eyes, clear and trustful, were raised heavenward.

On the way home in the carriage, she told us of those hours of anguish she had passed while waiting at the hotel in San Jose.

"If I live to be a hundred years old, I will never forget the kindness I received at the hotel. The proprietor would not take any money from me; and when those sweet ladies heard of my trouble, they all came in and kissed me, and tried to comfort me. One dear little girl put a five-dollar piece in my hand, and when I left I was presented with a sum of money which had been collected for me."

A day or two longer, and Mr. Thornton rested quietly under his old roof. There was nothing contemptible about him in death. There was a serene smile about his mouth, a calm dignity upon his brow.

Then it was that we heard of his struggles and heartaches: how he had endured hunger, and gone off on long walks with a dry crust, that his wife and Julie should not be stinted; how Julie had wept when they

were leaving Canada, for they were her best friends, and she feared being left behind, and Mr. Thornton had said,

"She will go with us if it takes my last cent."

He had suffered untold torture on account of his insignificant appearance. He had been a fine scholar, but all his hopes had been blasted. It was a sad ending of a disappointed life, and it was with tender hearts that we followed him to his last resting place. A beautiful spot had been selected in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Far off the Pacific Ocean looked like a placid blue lake.

"This was his favorite spot," said the widow. And there he rests. We believe that he enjoys the sleep given to the Beloved.

A few weeks later, the goods were disposed of, and Mrs. Thornton went to live with a brother in an eastern city. Julie's brunette beauty had won for her many admirers; and one, more favored than the rest, persuaded her to remain for his sake.

Elsie Ange.

ORIGIN AND DECAY OF THE MEDIÆVAL GILDS.

THE word "gild" is of uncertain parentage, claiming several old Teutonic words as its ancestors. The majority of philologists derive it from the Saxon "guildan," German "gelten," to pay (on which derivation is based the accepted spelling, "guild"), implying that all who shared the benefits of the gild contributed to its support. This is a plausible argument, but there is historic evidence to show that the fraternities known as gilds originally required no fixed payments from their members. A more probable derivation is from the Danish "gilde," or Low German "gelde," meaning a feast, banquet, corporation.

It is a well-known fact in history that the modern German custom of celebrating important family events,—as marriages and christenings—by feasting and drinking was very prevalent among the old Teutons. The name "gild" was given to this gathering of kinsfolk and friends. Public social meetings were also frequently held to consider matters of general interest to the members of a community. Every freeman who attended these gatherings brought provisions for himself and his family. The name "gild" was also applied to the sacred feast made up of the common contributions. By an easy transition, the name became generalized, and came to designate the meeting itself, nothwithstanding the gild-feast was sometimes dispensed with. The term "Lord's Supper" is applicable to the Eucharist, even though wafers are substituted for bread, and the giving of wine is omitted. The "mass" of the Catholic church has quite a different meaning from "*mæsse dæge*," feast days, or holidays mentioned in the laws of King Alfred.

The old Teutons, even though clannish, were a hospitable, sport-loving people, fond of good living and hard drinking. The metheglin and the mead flowed freely at their banquets, whether sacred, social, or municipal. The Romish priest may have been justified in refusing the sacramental wine to his easily intoxicated parishioners. But the old Teutonic spirit is not dead. The college supper, the church sociable, the corporation dinners, differ only in degree from the old Teutonic gilds.

The gild meetings, almost entirely devoted to feasting and revelry, were soon put to a more practical use. Originally, all Germans, except criminals, were freemen, enjoying almost equal civil and social privileges; but gradually the shadows of the feudal system began to creep over the broad lands of the liberty-loving people, dividing them into sharply outlined social classes—the nobility and the common people. It was but natural that the latter, in their festal meetings, should discuss the growing power of

their lords, and endeavor, by unity of effort, to preserve their ancestral freedom. The discussions within the gilds led to many a valiant deed and bloody struggle.

The family appears to have been the first gild, or at least the archetype of the gild. The gradual disintegration of the family relations and of the patriarchal authority caused its members to seek protection in artificial alliances and associations; in those early days the central authority of the State was unknown in theory and in practice.

It was customary for nobles and rulers of mediæval Europe to form associations for acquiring riches and renown by deeds of co-operative plunder and rival daring. These societies could not be very permanent, for jealousies would ultimately cause them to split up; but those based upon the ideas of mutual protection and security, as were the societies of the common people, would continue to increase in usefulness and power. The members of each gild were united in one friendship and in one enmity. The closeness of the responsibility for each other, legally recognized to exist among them, is shown by a law of King Alfred, which ordained that in case of manslaughter, the homicide must pay one-third of the *wehrgeld*, or fine, the relatives another third, and the "gegildan," or gild members, the remaining third. The members were obliged to perform both police duty and clerical exercises. On the death of a member, each one of his associates must offer a loaf of fine bread for the repose of his soul, or sing fifty psalms.

The curious phrasing of the old gild laws indicates their antiquity. Some writers are fond of tracing the gild system back to the times of ancient Rome. There did exist in Rome, from very early days, turbulent bands of artisans, and in the times of the Cæsars they became very numerous. In the reign of Valentinian I. (364 A. D.) each trade had become a separate society, whose members and children could embrace no other calling. But they were doubtless scattered at the fall of Rome, since the great need of Rome in its struggles against the barbarians was for soldiers, and no other class would furnish such efficient ones as the strong, active artisans. They probably maintained a clandestine organization during their captivity; Gibbon says the mechanics were generally preserved by the Huns, on account of their usefulness to the conquerors.

The gild system of northern Italy is very old; in Piedmont, some charters are still preserved which date back to the year 707 A. D. These gilds, or confraternities, found their way to southern France, where they gained a strong foothold, and moved onward to Brittany and Normandy. When the Norman artisans passed over with the conqueror into England, they found organizations there somewhat similar to their own.

The records of Anglo-Saxon history are meager and incomplete, yet it is known beyond dispute that organized fraternal societies were common among them. Lingard says that gilds were numerous in England before the Norman Conquest, not only in the cities but also in the rural districts; so numerous, in fact, that all the Anglo-Saxon population of England was virtually organized into gilds. The old laws of King Ina (700 A. D.),of King Alfred (900 A. D.), and of other Anglo-Saxon kings, reproduce still older laws, in which the universal existence of gilds is treated as a matter of fact: it is presumed in these laws that all members of the communities were members of gilds. The old boroughs of England were composed of gilds that had obtained freedom. They had town halls, enacted borough laws, possessed property, and owned common pasture lands. The constitution of the Saxon gilds was not unlike that of our modern secret societies. The members were obliged to visit the sick, to bury deceased members, and to provide for the wants of their destitute families. The fraternal feeling was very strong.

Some of the old gild laws are extremely interesting. From the records of the gild of Garlekhith, we read:

"Also the brethren and sustern of the bretherhede, at on assent, in suyt byfore sayd, shul every yer come, and hold to-gedar

for to nourishe more knowlech and love, a fest, which fest schal be the soneday after the day of seint Jame apostle." Again: "If eny of the forsaide brotherhede falle in such meschief that he hath noght, ne for elde other mischief of feeblenesse, help hym-self, and have dwellid in the bretherhede vij yer, and done thereto alle the duytes with-in the time; every wik aftir, he schal have, of the comune box, xiiij d. terme of his lyf, but he be recovered of his mischief."

Some of these gilds were more strictly religious in their objects. The "gild of the Lord's Prayer" originated in the desire of some worthy people to perpetuate the drama of the Lord's Prayer; in this play, "vices and sins were held up to scorn, and the virtues were held up to praise." From the records of another gild, we read that the "priests in their surplices, and the masters carrying white wands, shall go in stately procession, to the glory of God and of the City of York." We are told of the gild of barbers, in Norwich, that "in the worship of God and ys moder, and seynt Johan the Baptis, that alle bretherin and sisterin of the same gylde, als longe as xij persones of hem lyven, they schulen offeryn a candel and to torches of wax."

Though the gilds prospered in England in the eighth and ninth centuries, where the people did not run into excess and presume upon their privileges and liberties, on the continent they were much burdened, and in some places almost suppressed, particularly during the reign of Charlemagne, whose absorbing desire to form a grand central empire led him to curb the freemen in their privileges; they were also charged, and not always unjustly, with engaging in wanton and heathenish practices, particularly at their banquets. But when Charlemagne died, and the great world-state began to crumble, and the conflicting interest of the royal family began to produce universal insecurity, while the terrible Norsemen were causing wide-spread ruin in their numerous incursions, the common people drew closer together in these unions for mutual protection. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these continental gilds acquired great power, and aspired to and obtained large municipal privileges. The more the nobles conspired against them, the more closely did they unite, especially in the towns and cities. They presented a strong wall to their oppressors, and in vain did Frederick II. and Henry VII. endeavor to suppress them.

The gilds, the societies, the fraternities, of the Middle Ages originated from various sources. No single influence nor country gave them birth. Beginning in various fountain-heads, remote from each other, they continued in different channels, though not always distinctly separate; now the currents would intermingle, and now they would recede in contrary directions; but in the main they may be divided into two classes—the religious gilds and the secular gilds.

When Christianity, with its precepts of fraternal love, began to spread over northern Europe, it amalgamated with the heathen sacrificial societies, and the union gave rise to religious gilds. It is true that religious feelings and impressions ten centuries ago were much stronger and deeper than in our era of modern thought, and that religious exercises were very pronounced even in the secular gilds; yet a distinction must be made between them and the religious gilds. These were subdivided into lay and clerical gilds. Neither had any organic connection with the then numerous monastic institutions. It is possible that the Brotherhoods and Sodalities of the Church of Rome are survivals of the religious gilds.

Some of the duties of the clerical and lay gilds were extremely praiseworthy. The members were required to offer candles, to render mutual assistance, to conduct funeral services, and to do deeds of alms-giving. They were under obligation to protect widows and children, to prevent wars between feudal lords, to guard churches and monasteries, to assist pious brethren to make pilgrimages to Rome and the Holy Land. To some was intrusted the care of religious processions, to others the representation of religious plays, then very popular. The lay religious gilds spread very rapidly. At one

time Hamburg had over one hundred and Rome at least two hundred in active operation. Each gild had its patron saint. The warm, graphic words of Peter the hermit were re-echoed in the gild meetings, causing the members to forsake all and join him in his holy wars.

The societies of the priests and clergy were social and religious. The members did not practice the austere discipline of the monastic orders. They looked after the education of the youth, assisted poor scholars, maintained schools, and provided school-masters. Some of their ordinances shed much light on the customs and manners of the times. Laws were enacted against the gluttony of priests at funeral meals and social gatherings; no priest was allowed to get drunk at their meetings, nor to empty goblets to the health of saints or of deceased members; they were not allowed to burst out into indecent noise nor roaring laughter; they were prohibited from singing vain songs or telling vulgar stories; nor were they to allow the scandalous performances of bears nor of female dancers to be given before them. Some of these admonitions curiously emphasize the unseemly lives of many members of these religious orders. The priests were enjoined to breakfast in honesty and the fear of God, to relate holy stories, to sing hymns and psalms, and to retire from the feast in good season.

Records of these gilds go back as far as 858 A. D. When the Reformation swept over Europe it caused many of them to become disorganized and their property to be confiscated; but there is no doubt that when Loyola began his great work, he found many warm followers and devoted missionaries in the former wine-drinking, high-living members of the religious gilds.

The secular gilds, though deeply imbued with religious fervor, were organized for some temporal purpose. The earliest industrial gilds were composed of traders and merchants. In southern Gaul, gilds of fishermen and watermen date back to the times of the Roman Emperors. Their chief officer was called "consul." As the towns grew and trade increased, the necessity of a strong bond of union between the individual traders was recognized. The protecting of their property, their liberty, and their merchandise against the violence of nobles, the greed of bishops, and the oppression of burgraves, and against the bold onsets of the robbers who roamed as hungry wolves along the narrow highways, through the mountain defiles, and in the deep forests, and the feeling of insecurity within the towns themselves, were strong incentives for the formation of these societies. Many of the gild members, being landed proprietors, were entitled to citizenship; hence it so happened that the municipal affairs of many towns were strongly and permanently influenced by the merchants' gilds. In the ninth and tenth centuries these gilds took deep root and penetrated into the most remote regions of Europe. Often from self-interest nobles would seek admittance as members. They frequently became aldermen and protectors of the gilds.

The Dutch and Flemish gilds exercised a most important influence through the entire Middle Ages. There is not a cathedral or church edifice of any importance in Holland or Belgium but contains some pictorial or sculptured monument in commemoration of some great event connected with these gilds, representing either their livery, banners, corporate seal, military and naval forces, or public festivities. The solemnly religious and secret tie that bound the merchants together was not easily sundered. London, the great metropolis of the world, owes its vast commerce, its municipal system, its crowded population, its enormous wealth, to the humble leagues of merchants. The numerous merchants' associations of our large cities may learn much practical wisdom from the merchants' gilds of the so-called Dark Ages.

The most important of these great unions were the Rhenish and the Hanseatic leagues organized in the middle of the thirteenth century. At the time of the interregnum in Germany (1256–73), when the Empire was left utterly without a ruler; when there was

no power to check the lawless deeds of princes, grinding the poor to the bone by exorbitant taxes; when knights and nobles pillaged and murdered the traveling merchants; when the strong oppressed the weak unpunished, and might was right in that classical age of club law—then the union of the Rhenish towns stepped for a moment into the plan of supreme power. The gilds of seventy Rhenish towns and of eighty Hansa town were leagued together, not in a mere offensive and defensive alliance; their objects were the maintenance of an entire system of order and law, and the authority of the empire; nobles and princes hastened to join their ranks. They would give strength and consistency to a weak and rotten government. By their laws, breathing strong fraternal feelings, cultivating and nourishing the better part of man's moral nature, they sought to inspire confidence at home; and by their extensive armies and powerful navies they instilled fear abroad. They were exempt from taxes, and had the right to coin money. They began to exercise a controlling influence in the towns, so that many of the laws enacted by the town officials had been previously agreed upon in the gild meetings held in the gild hall. The corporation of London still preserves customs handed down from the former gild *regime*.

As the members of the gild became rich and influential, they assumed aristocratic ideas, and thought themselves above the common journeymen who worked at manual labor. Many aspired to be ennobled, and to join the very class with whom they had waged numerous successful wars. These titles were often bestowed by impecunious kings in return for large donations from the merchants. Some of the Danish, German, and Belgian merchants' gilds enacted laws that no one "with dirty hands" or "with blue nails," or "who hawked his wares in the streets," could become a member of the gild. Before the craftsmen were admitted they must have "foresworn their trade for a year and a day." The exclusion of the working classes was followed by oppression. Common danger makes all men brethren, but the danger had been averted, and pride and arrogance were coming to the surface. The descendants of the old merchants wished to gain distinction by hobnobbing with the nobility, buying large estates, aping the extravagance of the courtiers, and passing their time in idleness and vice. The patrician merchants and their friends of the nobility sought to evade the paying of taxes, and to shift all the burden upon the dependent craftsmen, squeezing from them the money to pay the debts of the towns.

The craftsmen, in consequence, clung more closely together, and what they lacked in wealth they made good in numbers; by putting themselves under the protection of ambitious noblemen, who ever gazed with greedy eyes upon the wealth of the portly merchants, they were enabled to add strength to their unity, and not only to act on the defensive, but to take the offensive, and to assist in pulling down the fabric of aristocracy and wealth that had so completely overshadowed them. A sort of guerilla warfare was carried on for many years, victory finally siding with the craftsmen, who were enabled gradually to shake loose from their noble allies. Much blood was shed before they succeeded in obtaining their rights and privileges. In the weaver's battle in Cologne, in 1371, the craftsmen were defeated, and thirty-three of them were executed in one day; many others were ferreted out and put to death; some two hundred, with their wives and children, were banished. In their struggle for liberty, they were joined by numerous additions of runaway serfs and slaves, seeking freedom and protection in the cities. The influence of the patricians was finally broken, and the municipal power of many towns passed into the hands of the craft gilds. They did not, however, exercise their power arbitrarily; the old patrican merchants were allowed many privileges, and often in the legislative bodies they were allowed the majority of votes; they dare not return to their old oppressive ways. An ordinance of Edward II. (1307–27) declared that "no person, whether an inhabitant of the city or other-

wise, should be admitted to the freedom of the city unless he were a member of one of the trades or mysteries."

It is probable that the exclusion of the craftsmen from the merchants' gilds gave much additional strength and force to whatever organizations may have existed among the early artisans, and the necessity of a more close union for protection and mutual assistance was generally recognized. Whatever may have been their origin, whether from the Roman "*collegia opificum*," or the Scandinavian "gilde," it is certain that they spread like wildfire over Germany, France, Italy, England, and the Netherlands. The weavers' gild became the most aggressive and influential. They formed a sort of middle-class between the patricians and the bondmen. Their gild became the most flourishing and the wealthiest; they were ever foremost in the struggle for liberty.

In order to understand the nature of the contests between the patricians and the craftsmen, we must bear in mind that it was not a struggle for increased wages, or for diminished hours of labor; but for political rights, for representation in the legislative assemblies, for the removal of burdensome taxes and exactions. They aspired after liberty, toleration, and protection. Many of the craftsmen were masters and employers of labor.

The sovereign would frequently interfere, now siding with the merchants, now with the craftsmen; it was his policy to be on the winning side, and to use its influence against his own enemies, the nobility and feudal lords. The king, and sometimes the patricians, claimed the right to nominate the officers of numerous gilds. In others they were elected by the members. In London the craft gilds attained their greatest importance under Edward III. (1327–77). The king himself joined one of the gilds, followed by many of his courtiers.

The gilds of Italy have an interesting history. We here see the merchant gilds driving out the feudal lords and establishing an aristocracy of wealth; this in turn is opposed by the so-called lesser "arts," or gilds composed of small traders and artificers; they succeed in wresting the reins of government from the "greater arts," and so widely extending the suffrage that mobocracy and fanaticism are rapidly introduced.

In France the gilds were under the immediate control of the crown. The most important officers were appointed at the court, and were supported by taxes levied upon the gilds. The subaltern officers, masters, dean, and warden were elected by the members. The requirements for a candidate seeking admission were very exacting. The number of apprentices was limited to one to each master, not including his sons, but butchers and bakers could have any number. In order to become masters, the apprentice was obliged to undergo a most trying examination. He must work alone, under the supervision of judges, upon a masterpiece that must be faultless. All his work must be done by daylight. The candidate must be able to make all the tools and machines used in his craft. It was currently believed that many despairing candidates sought the aid of the Evil One to enable them to complete a faultless masterpiece.

The gild laws of England were much like those of France. The candidate seeking admission was initiated with solemn formulas in the presence of the town authorities. At the close of a long period of service to a master, he became a member in full fellowship, and also acquired the right of citizenship. The tools of workmen were frequently examined to see that they were in good order; no patched articles could be sold, nor was the mixing of inferior and good materials allowed. No one was permitted to work longer than from daybreak to the ringing of the curfew. Long holidays were allowed, sometimes continuing for several weeks. Prices were regulated by law, and no one was allowed to entice away another's customers. The organization of the gilds was very complete.

In the middle of the fourteenth century the gilds of cutlers in Germany were united into four great fraternities, having their centers respectively at Augsburg, Munich, Hei-

delberg, and Basle; all differences between the gild members were settled by the officers of the fraternities sitting as one body. Many of the continental gilds adopted a principle first established by Edward III. of England. He decreed that "all artificers and people of mysteries shall each choose his own mystery before the next Candlemas, and that having chosen it he shall henceforth use no other."

The brotherhoods of artisans, including masons, carpenters, and other mechanics, exercised a wide influence during the Middle Ages; civil and ecclesiastical authorities everywhere showed them marks of particular favor; they were taken under the immediate protection of popes, and being released from exactions imposed upon the other fraternities, they became designated "free gilds." Their organizations have long perished, but in the grand cathedrals of Europe their works do follow them.

The rise of the craft gilds from the darkness and chaos of prehistoric times, and their gradual emergence from the early dawn of history till they reached the noon-tide of power and importance in the Middle Ages, is exceedingly interesting history. So mighty did they become that kings and princes were enrolled under their banners, and municipalities were governed by their laws and ruled by their officers. But influences were at work to drag down the craft gilds from their high pinnacle, even as they had humbled and crushed the merchant gilds. On account of the severe demands made of candidates, the high entrance fees, and the arbitrary exactions imposed by the craft gilds, a large class of workmen, particularly journeymen, were unable to gain membership, and they formed independent organizations. Employer and employé became now for the first time antagonized, and a feeling of retaliation caused them to work to each other's injury. The question of wages began to be discussed, particularly after the great plague of the fourteenth century. Increased pay was demanded and refused, and the authorities were called upon to restrain the workmen in their efforts to coerce the masters. New and varied combinations of the workingmen were easily formed, and more intense rivalries, wrought from a deeper spirit of questioning and of doubt, introduced tactics before unknown. The gilds, after their centuries of historic usefulness, perished almost without a struggle, but from their ruins arose the leagues and associations of modern times, the trade unions, sources of much evil, and yet a strong bulwark against the dangerous encroachments of wealthy monopoly and of organized capital.

L. W. Wilhelm.

THE SPRING VALLEY CONTROVERSY.

Those who have lived in San Francisco twenty years recollect George H. Ensign, and those whose recollections go back six or seven years farther, recall his project to utilize for the supply of the city a spring which brought to the surface a small but steady stream of water, at the bottom of a deep depression in the hillside in the neighborhood of Broadway and Powell Streets. This depression was known as Spring Valley. Ensign soon discovered that this spring would not suffice, and sought for other sources of supply, first in the little stream which ran into the marsh about where the upper part of Seventh Street now is, and then farther to the south beyond the city limits. At that time the people of the city were supplied with water from wells, from water-carts which obtained water from boats that brought it from Saucelito, and even from the savings of the winter rains. There was, it is true, the Mountain Lake Water Company, which proposed to bring water from a little lake out near the Pre-

sidio, but it accomplished nothing practically.

Ensign associated some energetic men with him, who had foresight and courage. Very soon it came to be understood that there was a water company which was making a persistent effort to introduce the much-needed water supply into the city, and it was very favorably looked upon. It was still considered Ensign's project, though his pumps, machinery, etc., for distributing water were known as the Spring Valley Water Works.

On the 23rd of April, 1858, the legislature passed an act authorizing George H. Ensign, and his associates and assigns, to lay down distributing water-pipes in the streets of San Francisco. The city was to have the privilege of tapping any of the pipes and connecting hydrants for the extinguishment of fires without charge for the water used. The rates to be paid by consumers were to be fixed by five commissioners, two of whom were to be appointed by the Board of Supervisors, two by Ensign and his associates, and the four were to choose a fifth; and it was expressly provided that the rates established should yield not less than twenty per cent. on the capital actually invested in the works. It was further enacted that at the end of twenty years the city should have the right to purchase the works upon a valuation to be determined by a board of commissioners appointed jointly by the owners and the city.

This act also contained a clause that in case any other person or company should thereafter introduce water into San Francisco, then Ensign and his associates should not only furnish free water for fire, but should also furnish it for other municipal purposes. It was upon the construction of this clause that a litigation arose, out of which, as we shall see, grew very much of the controversy with the city, and, one may say, the present misfortunes of the water company.

On the 22nd of April, 1858—the day before the grant of the privilege to Ensign and his associates—the legislature passed a general act for the incorporation of water companies. This law—which was no doubt framed and its passage urged by the Spring Valley people—provided that all corporations formed thereunder should furnish to the cities which they might supply fresh water to the extent of their means, in case of fire or other great necessity, free of charge. It also enacted that the rates to be charged should be determined by a board of commissioners, two of whom were to be chosen by the city, two by the water company, and in case these four could not agree, they were to choose a fifth, and the majority had the power to fix the rates. Ensign and his associates then incorporated under this general act, as the Spring Valley Water Works.

They absorbed a rival organization known as the San Francisco Water Works, and proceeded to extend their operations with great energy. Business grew, and it became necessary to project and set about the building up of the elaborate system of catchment and distribution, of which so much has been said in the heated discussions of the past few years.

As we know, millions of dollars have been invested, and the insignificant enterprise of Ensign on the hillside near Mason Street has grown by degrees to be the practical monopolist of the sources of water supply for the great city of San Francisco. Its stock has within three months been as high as 119 or 120, representing a total value of over nine and one-half millions. It suddenly fell, within almost a few days, over one million and a half. The immediate cause of this shrinkage was the election of a mayor and board of supervisors upon a platform favoring a radical reduction of rates, and the introduction of an ordinance to lower them over thirty per cent.

The hostility between the voters of the city and the company is not a sudden access of passion: it is a growth of many years. As is the case with many long-standing quarrels when coolly analyzed, we can perceive reasonable grounds for the claims of each side. On the one hand, it is not to be permitted that a private business company shall plant itself upon the available sources for supplying a great city with water, and be

allowed to use and charge for these sources at its own will. All that may be said about the inviolability of private property, that these sources are only made available through the application of private capital, or that enterprise should be fostered and encouraged, falls upon unheeding ears, because the simplest minded cannot fail to see that these claims must be made subordinate to the common welfare; and a community, through the proper authorities, must be allowed to protect itself. In other words, that self-protection is the first law of nature for the body politic as for individuals.

Before referring to the proper method to accomplish this protection, let us for a moment point out what we deem the serious mistake committed by the Spring Valley Company. In a general way, this has been its extreme litigiousness—its constant disposition to stand upon what it has considered the strict letter of its legal rights; as noted above, Ensign and his associates, *as private individuals*—and this is to be particularly noted—obtained a franchise to lay down pipes in the streets; and also the privilege of having their water rates fixed by a board of arbitrators, in the choice of the members of which they had an equal voice with the city. Here was distinctly a contract between the State and Ensign, and his associates and assigns, which could not be impaired by any subsequent constitutions or legislation. The company succeeded to this contract, and stood in the shoes of Ensign, also protected against its impairment. Good judgment would have suggested that the company should have stood by this contract. But about the year 1869, the city claimed that the Ensign act required his successors not only to furnish the water necessary to extinguish fires, but also for other "municipal purposes." The company, on the contrary, insisted that their duty was limited to the fire supply. The Supreme Court sustained the Company's construction of the act, but also held that the statute required that in case another company should introduce, or had introduced, water into the city after the passage of the Ensign act, then Ensign and his successors would be obliged to furnish to the city, free of cost, their quota of whatever water the city might need for *all* purposes. The case went back to the lower court to be tried, when suddenly the Spring Valley Company shifted its ground; whether the fact that the old San Francisco Water Works by introducing water into the city had furnished the contingency which made it incumbent upon the Spring Valley Company to furnish free water to the city for all purposes, or whether some other reason was the moving cause, is not clear. All at once the water company itself took the point that the Ensign act was unconstitutional; because, in providing towards its close that the act should not take effect unless Ensign and his associates should, within sixty days after its passage, organize themselves into a corporation, it in effect created a corporation by a special law, which is forbidden in the Constitution. This point was strenuously urged by the company, and vigorously opposed by the city. The Supreme Court decided the act unconstitutional. In seeking to destroy the Ensign statute, the water company made a very serious, one might say fatal, mistake. It cut from under itself sure ground, upon which it might have stood; because the terms of the law furnished a contract which the subsequent change in the Constitution could not have affected. Of course it may be said that if the law was unconstitutional it could never furnish any protection; but it must be remembered that it was the company itself which, as it were, dug this point out of an obscure part of the law, and, through able counsel, pressed it upon the attention of the court. Now, courts do not go about hunting reasons to declare statutes unconstitutional; they decide a law to be in conflict with the fundamental pact reluctantly, and only when the point is distinctly presented. It is fair to presume that if the company had not thus forced the issue it would never have come to the front.

The company thought itself in a better position behind the general water act of 1858, under which it was incorporated.

This statute required it to furnish water free of charge to the city in case of fire "*or other great necessity.*" Presently it got into a squabble with the city as to what cases were those of *great necessity;* whether the phrase included sprinkling the streets and park. Finally, this also went against them. All this wrangling and hair-splitting at last exasperated the public, and when the new Constitution was framed, a clause was inserted in it which found its cause more largely in the course and attitude of the Spring Valley Company than in that of any other of the appropriators of water in the State. This clause makes it the duty of the authorities of cities to fix the rates annually. There is no limitation or qualification of this duty, or the power to fix the rates at any figure, no matter how ruinous. In vain has the water company taken refuge in the position that the act of 1858, under which it was incorporated, gives it a voice in choosing commissioners conjointly with the city, who shall have power to fix the rates. The answer is, that it has been uniformly decided, from the Supreme Court of the United States down, that where a State Constitution, as our old one did, provides that general incorporation laws may be amended or altered, a change of the law or a new Constitution, which in effect abrogates pre-existing rights of corporations formed under the general law, cannot be said to be the impairing of the obligation of a contract. The effort in the United States Circuit Court was to have this clause of the new Constitution as to rates declared to be in conflict with that clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which prohibits a State from making or enforcing any law that shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The court very properly decided, in view of the adjudications of the Supreme Court of the United States, that there was no deprivation of property or impairing of the obligations of any contract. It may be not unjustly said that if the water company had stood by its original bargain made in the Ensign Act, it would not now be in the unfortunate attitude it is.

On the other hand, the provision of the State Constitution which gives unqualified power to city authorities to regulate rates places a despotic power in the hands of a municipal body which is sure to lead to oppression or corruption. Moreover, it involves the radical absurdity that the consumers of a commodity may fix its price. The Spring Valley Company, for instance, has expended millions of dollars to bring water from a long distance to the houses of the citizens. It has shown skill, foresight, and prudence in its work. Its stockholders deserve to be liberally rewarded, and not only that, but they further deserve that their revenues shall be reasonably assured; yet the elected representatives of those who use the water are the arbiters of the price to be paid, and, as we have seen at the late election, are voted into office because of specific pledges to reduce rates. Practically, every guaranty for the protection of the property of the stockholders is taken away. Such a condition is anomalous under a civilized system.

The only reasonable way out of the difficulty is for the city to purchase the water works. She can afford to pay a liberal price, more even than they are worth by twenty per cent.; because there can be no doubt that, judging by what public improvements usually cost when built by the public, these works could not be replaced for twice what they actually cost. When the embittered feelings which now prevail shall have subsided, as they will in a little time, the good sense and instinct of justice which, after all said, exists in the San Francisco community, will suggest that the proper course for the city is to purchase the water works, even at a liberal price.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE controversy as to the respective status of the English and the American novel is in itself a flimsy one, and hardly worth noticing; but the subject controverted is by no means flimsy. It will be for generations one of the standard themes of criticism, like the Elizabethan development of the drama, or the drying-up of literary fountains after the Restoration; that is, the divergence in fiction-writing on the two sides of the Atlantic, with the growth of an unmistakably new school on this side, is, for good or ill, an epoch-making phenomenon, and as such must have an important place in literary history. England has long been looking for the American school of fiction that was to come; she expected it to be a sort of John Baptist, in camel's hair and with a leathern girdle—or rather, to suit his new environment, in war-paint and feathers; and while she said, "Lo, here, Fenimore Cooper," and "Lo, there, Bret Harte," the real American school was slowly developing itself through the American elements of Hawthorne, through Mrs. Stowe, through a host of magazine tale-writers—perhaps even through the fancy of the daily press for humorous realism; and in Howells and James finally took form to be seen and talked about as a school.

What is the "American school of fiction," then? It is not unfair to say that it includes every living American novelist or story-writer of what may be called first-class magazine rank. Its characteristic trait is usually set down roughly as "realism." But it has other essential qualities which make its realism different from that of the French or Russian, or of some English novels of the day. Its irreproachable *morale*, of course, is one distinction; but that is a quality it has in common with almost the whole body of American literature. Its seriousness of artistic intention is a far more characteristic trait; the most ordinary American magazine story is written in good faith to an artistic ideal, however crudely the ideal be realized. This is undoubtedly true of great work in all countries and times; the peculiarity is that in American fiction it should be true of small work; and this is one of the traits that gives great hopefulness to the prospects of this art among us. Another, and a still more characteristic trait, is the observation of human nature by its differences rather than by its resemblances. Local color counts for much with us; our stories might all be called studies of phases of human nature, of types of humanity. Indeed, "type" and "phase" have become such convenient words to the critic, such certain keys to the editor's or publisher's attention, that they are in danger of going the way of all too convenient words, and, like "culture," dropping as cant out of fastidious vocabularies. He who can truthfully describe the human being of any special environment, either as to his inner character or his external diction, appearance, manner, he is our successful novelist. That the reader's pleasure consists in finding under these differences common human nature, there is no doubt; but the author's method is to specialize his types. All this is only saying that fiction of the American school consists strictly of "studies"—however faulty, however ridiculously far from a faithful copy of life, still studies.

AND present English fiction? For a fair comparison, we must take only that which shows present tendency, not that which is the lingering remnant of past traits. In William Black, and in a less degree in Thomas Hardy, we see the same general artistic ideal as in the American school; yet even they write with much more waiving of realistic accuracy for the sake of effect than the best of the Americans; they strive for "atmosphere" and for situations. Putting these two men out of the question, what English pen is touched to paper today in fiction-writing with regard for the art as an art—as a poet would write, or an artist paint, or a musician compose? The names that in England correspond in rank to our American magazine story-writers are such as James Payn, F. W. Robinson, Mrs. Oliphant. That these are the typical English novelists of the present, as distinguished from even the immediate past, no one can deny; the great bulk (and it is enormous) of respectable, middle-class English fiction follows in their line. No neater expression was ever turned with regard to them than Charles Dudley Warner's hope that the patent for the English machine-novel would never be imported to America. These writers can turn out a given number of books in a given time; they do not seem to need any new characters, and no essentially new environments. Anthrony Trollope was probably the best of them, and among the earliest; but their evolution is not easy to understand. Dickens did not create them, nor Thackeray, nor George Eliot, nor even Charles Reade—these are now of a past generation. In spite of a ludicrous recent criticism as to what a real artist like James Payn would have done with "The House of a Merchant Prince," they are almost absolutely devoid of the art spirit. Yet they are more quiet, sensible, unobjectionable, than a majority of the American stories. The two schools compare as the custom-made products of a good chromo factory and the studies from an art school that range from hopeless failure to genius.

No one will doubt that the future development of art lies rather with the community that has an art school than the community that has a good chromo factory. It will be a curious spectacle, and, as we have said, one of great significance in literary history, if the center of development of the art of fiction—still the youngest and least developed of the arts—is to be moved, for a time at least, across the Atlantic, as the center of musical development has moved from Italy to Germany.

THE result of the Charter election in San Francisco is a great disappointment to all those who have been active in seeking to promote the welfare of the city. There are excellent features in the work of the fifteen freeholders. The one-dollar limit to taxation is an imperative incentive to economy, and the inhibition against incurring debts beyond the year's income is a constant check upon the almost irresistible disposition of local bodies to run up liabilities without regard to available resources. Then again, the power given to any citizen to cause improper payments from the city treasury to be investigated, the reduction in the number of offices, and the civil service clauses are all distinctively in the direction of decent, and what is of vital moment, cheap, government. Moreover, the entire city press, with one or two exceptions, was in favor of the proposition. Yet it was apparent from the beginning of the labors of the freeholders that there was wide-spread apathy concerning their work. It is difficult to satisfactorily account for this frame of mind, unless it be that a very large number of the citizens do not care anything about municipal affairs; and we are inclined to think such is the case.

Now and then you can stir them up, but it is generally only when some personal question is involved. Most people can only take an interest in politics when it takes on, as it were, a concrete form—when some particular individual is to be discussed and voted for and against. An abstract proposition, such, for instance, as a complicated scheme for a city government, is "caviare to the general." Fifty out of every hundred will not bother their heads about it, and these fifty will most likely be of the more intelligent classes—the merchants of all grades, the master mechanics, the professional men. In truth, these classes have substantially abdicated in favor of the classes which have the least property interest in the city. As it will be impossible to frame a charter fit to live under which will not contain some features which will excite the prejudices of those who control the politics of the city, it may be set down that San Francisco will not have a new charter for many years to come.

THE legislature, which has just adjourned as we write, was a fairly decent body of men. It is too early as yet to judge of its work critically. The Senate appears to have been the more conservative of the two houses, and to have had in it more men of talent. One could not but be struck, in looking at the *personnel* of the Assembly, with the youth of so many of its members: so very many of them appeared to be youngsters not very far away from their teens.

Notwithstanding this apparent callowness, there was really less of crudity in the debates than usual. This is a hopeful sign, a possible presage that the new generation is less possessed with *cacœthes loquendi* than the older one. There is certainly a decay in the art of stump-speaking and its cognate art, legislative oratory. The Websterian and Clay legend is declining in potency. Legislative and other deliberative bodies now demand more directness, more practicalness, than in former times. Probably one reason, and a controlling one, for this change of taste is, that the powerful emotional element furnished by the slavery debates has been taken out of our politics. Nowadays, the emotional stimulus is furnished almost entirely by the alleged wickedness of the corporations. If you can make people believe that they are oppressed, or that a great wrong is being committed, you have material for an appeal to the passions. A very large number of people on this coast believe they are oppressed by the railroad corporations. This is sufficient to furnish the "burning question." It is not surprising, therefore, that the best speaking in the legislature was on the railroad questions, notably concerning the resolutions protesting against the consolidation of the Southern California and Texas railroads. Still, with all its talent, with all its budding promises, the people are very glad that our Constitution did not permit this body of statesmen to draw pay beyond sixty days.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bancroft's Mexico.[1]

In accordance with Mr. Bancroft's plan of chronological order in his histories, this first volume of the History of Mexico follows next upon the first volume of the History of Central America. It will be seen by the briefness of the period—five years—covered by this volume of seven hundred pages, that the single subject of the Spanish Conquest has been sufficient to fill this and extend over into a future volume. The aboriginal history of Mexico, covering the whole ground up to this point, was included in the "Native Races."

It will be remembered by those who have read any of the many published accounts of the Bancroft Library, that it is specially complete in Mexican material, owing to the purchase of various collections. The prefixed bibliography, accordingly, though abou ninety pages in length, is condensed by the omission of all minor authorities, and of all mentioned or to be mentioned in the bibliographies of the other volumes on Mexico.

The existence already of one standard work in English on the period covered by this volume makes the work of the historian more difficult; and it is probable that Mr. Bancroft would not have taken up the Conquest of Mexico had it not been naturally and necessarily included in his series. As it is, the necessary reference to the comparison with Prescott's work into which his own must come is courteously made: "Prescott's opportunities for consulting new material were vastly superior to those of his predecessors. If mine have been correspondingly greater, it may perhaps to some extent be due to the example set by him in his earnest researches, and because since the publication of his volumes private individuals and learned societies have striven with increased enthusiasm to bring to light hidden material."

Specialists in this same line of research will undoubtedly be able to find minor points of inaccuracy in this as in the Central America; as a whole, it will stand its ground as the completest epitome of research on the subject now available. It must be regarded simply as a recital of facts: the estimates of character, though fair, are not profound; and philosophy of history, as the modern school of historians—say Freeman—understand it, there is none. The whole philosophy conveyed by the occasionally interspersed "reflections" in the volume may be summed up about as follows: The Aztecs deserved destruction for the cruelties of their religion and the tyranny of their government; yet by the cruelties of the conquest, Cortes showed his Christianity to be no better—rather worse; nevertheless, all that did happen was inevitably incident to the possession of this continent by mediæval Christianity. This impartial distribution of blame to Aztec, Spaniard, and destiny would doubtless be acquiesced in by the profoundest philosopher, as far as it goes; and to add that the philosopher would not stop there is hardly pertinent; for in the face of Mr. Bancroft's repeated declaration that he attempts nothing but a compendium of the facts gathered from his collections, it is absurd to insist upon criticising his deficiency in that which he has never undertaken to do. One must look elsewhere for the study of history as a branch of the study of evolution, the consideration of human society almost as an organism instead of an organization, developing to this, experiencing that, by the inevitable play of deep forces.

A thing for which the author should be held responsible, however, is the literary style of his book. There certainly is not to be found here either the narrative charm, the vividness, vigor, or fluency of the best historical literature; but the account is, as a whole, simple, straightforward, business-like. As a whole, we say: occasionally, as in previous volumes, one finds himself face to face with a sentence—rarely a paragraph—of the unfortunate "fine writing," every word of which should have been sternly elided before the work was ever allowed to go to press. Probably this is as bad as any: "For in the vast evolvings of their fast, unfathomable destiny, they were now all like sea-gulls poised in mid-air while following a swiftly flying ship."

This branch of our criticism we can hardly touch candidly without taking into account Mr. Bancroft's methods of compilation, and the somewhat exaggerated newspaper controversy that has been going on about them. To the reviewer, indeed, it makes little difference whether the author has written a given sentence directly or by proxy; by accepting it as his own, and so publishing it, he has made himself responsible for it. But, on the other hand, it is not true that the method of doing literary work—whether Hawthorne's or Bancroft's—is none of the critic's business. One might as well say, like Horace Greeley, that, having the modern languages ready-made to our use, it is none of our business to pry into the dead ones that produced them or into their process of growth. Such inquiries are in much better taste when posthumous than when contemporary; but once opened, they should be pursued to a fair conclusion. Where a man, retiring from business, devotes his whole time—as it is well known in San Francisco Mr. Bancroft does—to organizing, training, and supervising a corps of writers, whose work, however

[1] The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. IX. History of Mexico, Vol. I. 1516–1521.

intelligent and appreciative, is due to no inspiration or design of their own, the Mæcenas and Horace comparison becomes absurd. A more fairly parallel case would be the editorials in almost any newspaper, for which one man's name appears as responsible, and of which he is nominally author, though he may get them written by proxy of whomsoever he will, provided only he is willing to stand by them; or the last Webster, "thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged and improved by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D., and Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D.," when every one knows that the revising was done by these gentlemen in very large part by proxy. Where no secret is made of the proxy, no moral blame can attach to the transaction, a common enough one in all lines of literary work that require only industry and judgment. But from a literary point of view, it is doubtless true that one cannot thus expand the quantity of his work except at the expense of its quality. Herbert Spencer availed himself largely of proxy work in collecting and arranging the materials to be used in the sociological department of his great series; but when it comes to the actual writing out of the book, it is not conceivable that any hand but his would be allowed to touch the page.

The House of a Merchant Prince.[1]

Mr. Bishop's new novel, to our mind, shows a decided advance in ability, not merely of handling, but of conception. So entirely unexciting, so without intensity, is all Mr. Bishop's work, that the average reader is likely to fail in appreciating the unemphatic excellences thereof. For one thing, his use of the English language is good, clear, unaffected, and easy to read. This is a rarer merit than the uncritical realize. As an ordinary thing, the reviewer in saying that a book is written in good English—and especially a novel—means only that it is *not* written in very bad English, neither conspicuously gushing, stilted, awkward, or obscure. This negative sort of excellence seems to be included in the "patent process for the English machine-novel," and appears as regularly as the weekly installments of the never-failing stream of English reprints in our periodicals. American novelists have never been able to catch the trick of the machine-novel, and continue to do something better or worse: as a general thing, it is in the matter of style worse; it becomes a cause for congratulation when the American novelist produces a book that is even negatively good in style. Our best novelists are undoubtedly to be found in the serial writers of our leading magazines; but how few of these, whatever their excellence of matter, set it forth in language that never trips up the reader and diverts his attention annoyingly from the thing said to the saying of it; how few move in their garment of language as easily and unconsciously as if it were their skin, never stumbling over it, or getting it twisted round their knees, to the visible alteration of their gait, or pulling uneasily at it to keep it in graceful folds.

Mr. Bishop has acquired this difficult purity of style, and it is an excellence that would carry off writing far inferior to his. It has evidently been to a great extent the standard of selection for the "Atlantic Monthly"; and while that magazine may perhaps have carried too far its rigor on this point, and rejected substance for form, there is still much to be said in favor of making a pure style the *sine qua non*. We remember a critical gentleman, not greatly given to the reading of stories, who read with pleasure one of the thinnest serials the "Atlantic" ever published, avowing that its good English was so grateful to his ear, lacerated by other more weighty serials then current, that he read it in preference to them. And observe that the same good taste that shapes sentences, selects words, and arranges paragraphs gratefully to the correct ear, will guide the larger matters of style—the due choice not merely of how to say things, but of what things to say, and what not, and thus, in incident, in conversations, in the general putting together of the story, insures good work; and all this may be independent of any real ability outside of style—any ingenuity of plan, originality of thought, vigor of feeling, truthfulness of character-drawing.

When, therefore, we add to Mr. Bishop's excellent handling the several virtues quietly inherent in the stories, we are giving him a position only second among American novelists to the three who will (always excepting two or three books of Mrs. Stowe's) probably be admitted to monopolize our front rank—Hawthorne, Howells, and James. Moreover, *The House of a Merchant Prince* is a book that leaves the way open for indefinite improvement on the part of the author. It may turn out yet that while he lingers in the region of the mild and uneventful, he is merely getting his muscles and weapons well in hand for campaigns into that of profounder human experience. Or if Mr. Bishop preserves the every-day tone by deliberate preference, he is hardly the less true to life. In one sense he is truer, for life is a pretty every-day thing, after all; and if even anxious love and disappointed life-ambitions are presented to our minds with a pleasant serenity, he is following life truthfully enough as it appears to all of us—from an outside point of view. It is true that great work, however objective, must make human experience seem vital to the reader, more or less as in the actual experiencing. But no great work can fill the particular place that the sort of writing in question fills—this realistic reproduction of the every-day phases of life, or of unusual phases from an every-day point of view.

The House of a Merchant Prince has all the virtues of this every-day sort of realism. Its people are real. Ottilie is as fair a specimen as one need

[1] The House of a Merchant Prince. By William Henry Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

want of the most likable sort of American girls; Bainbridge of the most likable sort of American young men. Presumably, the picture of New York fashionable and business life is true, and true picturing of the social and business life of our country is the thing that is much more needed just now for the right development of American fiction than effective writing. Observation, comprehension, reproduction —that is the line in which our novelists should be working now.

We are giving thus much consideration to the novel under review, not so much for any intrinsic importance as because it is the best illustration that has come under our eye of this hopeful and healthful method in fiction—the best, largely for the very reason that it has in it no phenomenal or inimitable ability, and therefore holds the more encouragement for the younger writer. For the rest, besides its good style, its refined realism, its definite, unexaggerated character-drawing, there is a pleasant narrative flow, that, though occasionally verging perilously near dullness, never quite reaches it, and often goes far from it; and a more complete rounding out and significance than in the author's previous work. In avoiding the sensational he has hitherto left the reader with a feeling that there really was not enough to the story to have called for the telling of it; the present book is almost completely free from that defect.

Poems from the Harvard Advocate.

In connection with the Berkeley poems, noticed in our issue of January last, it is not without interest to speak of another book of college verse, somewhat less recent—a collection made from one of the college journals of Harvard, covering a space of some ten years. A comparative study of the verse of different colleges would cast a good deal of light on the obscure questions, What are the conditions for the evolution of the poetic gift? and, What is the next generation going to do for poets? In the comparison of these two colleges, which may very fairly represent extremes of East and West, the most conspicuous difference at once impresses the reader: the Harvard volume shows a very great facility in society and humorous verse, while its serious verse is, in general, motiveless, characterless, and conventional; the Berkeley volume is all but destitute of light or humorous elements, while almost all its serious verse has the air of genuine impulse. The immediate reason is not far to seek; a favorite theme for the Harvard verse has been love of the most inexperienced and superficial sort—the variety, in fact, known as "spooney"; while the range of subjects covered by the Berkeley collection is chiefly intellectual. The years of college life are those in which the most legitimate emotions are intellectual enthusiasms, aspirations, and the like "stirring of the blood." It is a phenomenal man who can experience or versify love of much dignity before he is twenty-two years old; but the years of American college life coincide, at least in part, with the period of the very greatest fertility in what one may paradoxically call intellectual emotion—a period that Tennyson has retrospectively characterized in well-known stanzas of "Locksley Hall" and "The Two Voices." That portion of the Harvard verse that lies within the intellectual range of subjects is dignified, genuine, and some of it poetic; but it would not have as much variety nor originality as the Berkeley verse of the same character, were it not for the poems of a single man, G. E. Woodberry, '77, who alone, in either book, impresses one as sure to have the making of a poet in him. The real excellence of the book, however, is its light verse, and to this F. W. Loring, '70, and J. C. Goodwin, '73, contribute almost all that is first-rate—besides some very fair serious verse. The Harvard verse is more careful in mechanical work—rhyme, meter, and a certain educated use of the language—than the Berkeley verse; and, oddly enough, more old-fashioned and prolix. There is much echo of Holmes, and more of Longfellow; but that was only to be expected.

Amicis's Military Life in Italy.[1]

A STRANGER to the writings of De Amicis is impressed from the first page with the thought that here is a writer with eyes that see everything, and with a pen facile in setting down the results of his watchings. His pictures are photographs, and the only fault in them is that the tone is not soft enough, so that the details are presented too plainly at the expense of the whole picture. Growing more accustomed to the style, this feeling wears off somewhat, and as the reader is brought into sympathy with the emotional Italian character tempered by the restraint of military discipline, he finds increased delight in following De Amicis as he tells of the varied scenes of the march, the bivouac, the barrack, the *cafe*, the battle, the rounds, the guard-house, the carnival, the garrison, the scout, the hospital, the farewell, and the welcome home. The most ambitious of the sketches is the story of Carmela. An officer sent to command the detachment garrisoning a small island finds a girl crazed at her desertion by one of his predecessors, and, touched by her beauty, spends his three months of service in the almost hopeless attempt to restore her reason. He succeeds finally, by presenting vividly before her a *fac-simile* of the departure of the faithless lover, and, it is needless to say, carries her away with him as his wife. This is the skeleton of a story that contains much good character painting. The mental state of Carmela herself, childlike, ruined, and yet with "virtue in her blood," the alternation of hope and despair in the young officer, and his growing love for the unfortunate girl, and the stupid, snuffy atmosphere of

[1] Military Life in Italy. Sketches by Edmondo de Amicis, army officer. Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882. Sold in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

the insular Italian town are all well presented. The mother, to whom the book is dedicated, may well be proud of the tribute, with its evidences of love and veneration on almost every page.

Oddities in Southern Life and Character.[1]

HUMORISTS, as a rule, indulge only in short literary flights. Long-drawn funniness is fairly certain to be strained. The paragraphs that amuse when taken singly are apt to fall flat when gathered between covers. Mr. Watterson has happily avoided this danger, by intermingling through his compilation much that is serious in the way of description of life, manners, and customs in the South.

Most of the sketches were written years ago, and exhibit phases of society that happily have passed away. The characters are for the most part drawn from the rough and illiterate classes, and at times—as in the prize fight described in the second article—the narration becomes almost sickening in its coarseness and brutality. But aside from this, the book overflows with rollicking, careless, jovial humor. Uncle Remus needs no sponsor in this connection; and Bill Arp, George W. Harris, "Sut Lovingood," and Joseph G. Baldwin are equally well known. The wit is keen and incisive, and sometimes verges on broadness. But behind the fun is always an underlying vein of human nature, and sometimes of earnest sentiment and opinion. Something characteristic has evidently been the editor's aim, and he has made a fair success. The opening sketches are long, but the latter portion of the book is remarkably scrappy, dwindling down to paragraphs of perhaps a dozen lines. Taken all in all, it is a pleasant, readable book, and will find a ready welcome among thousands who like a laugh in their leisure hours.

Miscellaneous.

THE *History of the Negro Race in America*[2] is perhaps a more interesting than important contribution to American history. This is not saying that it is not full of important matter, much of it well written, temperate and generous in tone. But it falls far short of being scholarly, and the friendliest reader will praise the book as a remarkably good one considering that its author is of the colored race. It would, of course, be more gratifying to the friends of the race to have this history take so high a rank on its own merits, that the fact of its authorship would not be needed to bespeak a more friendly reception from the reading public. As it is, it is plainly not the last word on the subject, but rather a clearing of the ground for the future historian. Passing over the eleven chapters of thoroughly worthless ethnography, and of rambling accounts of the present status of the negro in Africa, the facts all seem to be carefully sifted and treated with legal fairness. There is evident a certain desire to believe the worst in all cases of doubt with regard to the treatment of the negro, the sincerity of his friends, and so on; but it is rather remarkable that one of this race should not show more bias than that he should show thus much. Volume I. covers the period from 1619 to 1800; Volume II. from 1800 to 1880. The author was the first colored member of the Ohio legislature, and judge advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ohio.——The second series of William M. Hunt's *Talks on Art*[3] has been recently issued. Nothing could be more pleasing than the style in which these *Talks on Art* are published, and whoever is the deviser of this very satisfactory piece of book-making deserves hardly less credit in his line than the appreciative compiler in hers. Paper, types, and covers are by no means too inanimate a medium to express the book-maker's intelligent appreciation of the author.——Another appreciative work of the same publishers is a beautiful edition of Hawthorne, to be complete in twelve volumes. *Twice-Told Tales*, and *Mosses from an Old Manse*,[4] are the opening issues of the edition. Nothing could be more perfect in typography and make-up, and each volume contains a fine etching from some one of the leading American artists. ——Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*[5] is issued as No. 52 of "Lovell's Cheap Library"—a series of cheap reprints that certainly justifies its claim of having so far done the best, in convenience of shape and excellence of print, that can be done for ten and twenty cents.——Mr. Tuckerman's *History of English Prose Fiction*[6] shows a good style, a critical judgment, and sufficient knowledge and love of his subject to have produced a book both pleasing and valuable. He has, moreover, an unerring taste in the matter of quoting that adds much to the charm of his work. If there be a point on which we are disposed to cavil, it is the division of space that allots two hundred and seventy-three pages to the earlier periods, and only fifty-four to the fiction of the nineteenth century.—— With *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,[7] Rolfe's edition of Shakspere's plays ends,

[1] Oddities in Southern Life and Character. Edited by Henry Watterson. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[2] History of the Negro Race in America, from 1619 to 1880. By George W. Williams. Vol. I., 1619 to 1800; Vol. II., 1800 to 1880. G. P. Putman's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] W. M. Hunt's Talks on Art. Second Series. Compiled by Helen M. Knowlton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

[4] Twice-Told Tales, Mosses from an Old Manse. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[5] Progress and Poverty. By Henry George. New York: John W. Lovell Company.

[6] A History of English Prose Fiction from Sir Thomas Malory to George Eliot. By Bayard Tuckerman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[7] Shakespeare's History of Pericles, Prince of Tyre. The Two Noble Kinsmen, written by John Fletcher and William Shakespeare. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

though he will probably add the poems to his series. "Titus Andronicus" he passes over entirely, "because I believe that Shakespeare had little if anything to do with it." As to "Pericles" and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," he takes the ground of Furnivall and Fleay, that they are not the result of collaboration, but of the filling out by a later hand of unfinished fragments left by Shakspere. In "Pericles" he divides the Shaksperian part from the rest with great precision, but avows himself unable to distinguish with confidence between Shakspere and Fletcher in the other. Neither of the two is edited, like the former ones, with reference to school use.——The seventeenth edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*[1] comes down to the autumn of 1881, and has been Americanized by George Cary Eggleston to a certain extent; that is, without omitting any English dates, a few of the most important American ones have been added, and errors with regard to America have been corrected. The last English edition of this work was in 1878, yet forty-eight pages have been added in this seventeenth edition, even without the American revision.——Mr. Lanman, in *Leading Men of Japan*,[2] gives brief biographical sketches of sixty of the most important characters in the recent history of Japan. To these is appended the article contributed by the author to Johnson's Encyclopedia on the history of Japan, with several additional chapters. The whole makes an interesting book, rather of the encyclopedia character in its limited line.——Prof. Lounsbury is the author of the volume on *James Fenimore Cooper*[3] in the American Men of Letters series. The fact that there has never been any previous biography of Cooper, as well as the unquestionably important place he held in the history of American letters, makes this volume a welcome addition to the series. However little Cooper's permanent fame as an author may justify his place in the list, no one should underestimate the significance of his influence in forming the literary habit in America.——Among recent pamphlets received, are the *Third Annual Report of the Jackson Street Free Kindergarten*, which emphasizes the claim on beneficence of this good work (dependent on contributions) among the poor and neglected children; the *Hawaiian Almanac and Annual* for 1883, from Thomas G. Thrum, Honolulu, a compendium of valuable economic and other statistics, not without pages of literary interest; the *Report of the State Geological Survey;* and *The Attractions and Repulsions of Small Floating Bodies*, by Dr. John LeConte.

EAST AND WEST.

ANY one used to going below the surface of things finds food for anything but complacency in his estimate of human nature from the disclosures men inevitably make of themselves. We have a right to call ourselves an intelligent people, and, in distinction from the tribes of Unyamyembe, or the churls of the twelfth century, an enlightened one. Our silver dessert services are confessedly of better design than those of our fathers, our wall papers are attractive, our women know pretty well what becomes them best in dress, a taste for the lighter accomplishments is generally diffused, and most people are fond of books when they can borrow them or get them for nothing. Push the inquiry as to our advancement farther in the direction of moral sensibility and a nice sense of the rights of others, and indications too often crop out which prompt the inquiry whether we are so far ahead of the lake-dwellers of the stone age, and the villages embalmed under the peat bogs, as we are fond of supposing. A shrewd advocate wants no better evidence in a case than that his opponent will give against himself; and a whole year of argument would not have the force of some expressions dropped in course of those discussions going on between English authors and American publishers within the last three months.

This matter of authors' rights is not one of limited interest, as some persons think, and proper merely to the small body of writers, whose estates do not make any perceptible returns in the income lists. Reading in some shape has become as much a necessity to all civilized nations as food and clothes. Let the daily paper, the weekly journal, the monthly magazine, the cheap railway novel, the handbooks of art and artisans, be struck from existence, and the world would find—and be surprised to find—how much of its light and comfort it owed to the ten thousand of men and women on the face of the globe who make writing a profession, in shape of book and newspaper work. The disproportion between their services and the return for them would strike the business man as it has never done before. The demand of enlightened Congressmen who finger the international copyright intermittently, and of others who might be expected to know more, that authors should write for the good of mankind, without further pay than will keep their

[1] Leading Men of Japan. By Charles Lanman. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[2] Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. 17th edition. By Benjamin Vincent. Revised for American Readers. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

[3] James Fenimore Cooper. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

families off the parish, with no right in their own property, or protection for such pay as they do receive, would bring its advocates the signal credit it deserves. Considering the smallness of their numbers, authors exert more influence in this world than any other profession. Like all men who have done the best work of the world, most of them write from force of natural bent and insight, and with conscience of taste. They are authors by such necessity as made Nelson and Cochrane sailors and admirals, or Michael Angelo sculptor, Da Vinci and Titian artists, or Stephenson and Watt inventors. They work as the best clerks and book-keepers work, faithfully and keenly, from a motive over and above the rate of pay they get. In the case of the naval officer, the shrewd salesman, the clever workman, this faithfulness, this conscience is held by their employers worth all honor and encouragement. Let us see how it is with the author whose eloquence stimulates the spirit of the young officer, whose painstaking explanation makes the great invention possible to the brooding machinist.

The question of international copyright has come up in case of an English author who feels that he should receive payment for the publication of his book in America. Thousands have read his novels and been delighted with them, and their sale has put a pretty profit into the pockets of the firm who issued them here. Were it a new pattern of hinge, a new groove in a sewing-machine needle, or a new figure in carpet-printing, the author could demand and receive royalty for its reproduction in America, and the whole government force of both countries, if need be, would protect his rights. Why? The invention may not be worth more than sixpence, yet his right to his work is sacred and unquestioned. Nobody hears of English manufacturers taking the pattern of American stoves without redress by the pattern maker. The right of the author to the name and profits of his work into which he puts vitality and effort of a costlier kind than goes to mere hand-work, or to most invention, is so indisputable that it is acknowledged by publishers on both sides the Atlantic. The force of this obligation is so far felt that it has forced partial return from publishers in the shape of checks to foreign authors for reprints of their works. Everybody will admit that it is a very strong, plain claim which draws thousands of dollars from the pockets of publishers, in recognition of rights which could not be legally enforced. Pure decency has wrung this from them. Still, when an author is indiscreet enough to think that because he has a right in morals and common business honor to his profits he can ask for them, what is the reasoning which meets him?

The "London Athenæum," which inclines to treat the subject fairly, gravely reminds him that "it was purely a matter of favor, and at a certain risk to themselves, that the Messrs. Blank made arrangements with him; and when an American publisher makes any payment for an English book, it is simply a gift on his part"; and remarks further, that "our correspondents labor under the delusion that the benefits of United States copyright can be secured in a roundabout fashion," that is, by depending on the honor of reputable firms with whom they deal. Would an Englishman, who had arranged with an American firm to sell a new sort of needle, unpatented in consequence of defective laws, like to be told it was purely a matter of favor that the firm undertook to sell his needles? Wouldn't he say, "This is bosh. If a firm takes a risk, it is because they are shrewd enough to see a pretty good chance of making money by it, and the greater the risk the higher the profit must be which tempts them." Would any merchants of standing like to remind such a consignee, or thank any one to remind him for them, that what they might pay him was a gift in any sense? True, his claim might not be collectable in law, but the code of merchantile honesty would bind them stringently enough to make him safe in dealing with them, if they had any standing to lose; either they would sell his needles for him, and account for every penny of profit to him, or they would refuse to sell them at all. It is a simple matter of common honesty, and yet gentlemen of education and position can quibble and discuss it, and gravely remind their contributors they must take what they can get for their books—not their needles—across the water, and be grateful for it. A keener moral perception would keep many editors from "giving away" their own case in this fashion—to use the phrase whose aptness raises it out of the ranks of slang.

Again: the gentleman complains of the hardship that he has not received due profits from his republished book, whereupon the firm indicated conduct their defense by showing that they have paid A, B, C, and D such and such sums for their reprints, varying from fifty to five thousand dollars. And correspondents promptly recall that Messrs. Blank have paid them very handsome sums they never expected in the present state of copyright law, and have contributed largely to subscription lists for other authors. What has this to do with the matter? Were the claim in a court of law, submitted to trained and discriminating brains, it would not do the Messrs. Blank a particle of good to prove that they paid A, B, C, and D, or signed subscription lists, as long as they had not dealt fairly with E, and F. What if they have sent the Dean of St. Asaph their check for £700 for profits on his book, which they reprinted without asking leave; or paid Miss Marabout £500 after pirating her society novels for fifteen years; or given Heavysides $11,000 for his "Fulminations on the Prophecies"—while they deny some writer all copyright on his serial, when it appears as a book; or print a clever story without the author's name as stipulated, "to keep him in the background"; or, having a difference with an author, promptly shelve his books for three or four years.

and refuse to sell a copy to friend or public, as has been done, to the knowledge of most literary men. What difference with the character of the firm does it make that Messrs. Crank publish literature of high moral tone and superior presswork, when Mr. Crank opposes giving itemized accounts to his authors, "for they can take his total or go without," and openly tells those who complain that "if he takes a notion to a writer, that man's books sell, and if they don't agree, his books have a very poor sale"? or if he agrees to certain stipulations as to the name, style of illustration, advertising, etc., and then invariably neglects everything not convenient? The disinterested reader of these controversies will inevitably ask whether Messrs. Blank paid Miss Marabout anything like a just percentage on her very successful books, whose profits had a large share in building up the fortunes of the Blank firm, or whether they only sent her what was convenient because it would look well. How does $5,000 contribution to the family of a dead author compare with the $7,000 justly due them if royalties were paid on his books? Or how does the liberality to a score or two of well-placed writers compare with the petty dealings, the greed shown to hundreds of defrauded authors on both sides of the water? If money were not justly due English writers, why pay them anything? and if the publishers pay anything, why not pay the whole? and if they don't pay it, have they any right to call themselves honest men? That authors' rights are not protected by law makes not the slightest difference with the question in the threefold claim of commercial honesty, of a gentleman's honor, of a Christian's duty. We beg pardon for mentioning this last faded consideration. Possibly because Christian obligations are held so obsolete, the traditions of gentlemanly honor and mercantile honesty dim their luster. Publishers have been so in the habit of impressing it upon the public that they are not influenced by considerations of high taste, literary merit, or public benefit in issuing the books they sell, but by the consideration of making money, that we may be pardoned for recalling it now. And it may assist us to the natural conclusion that they must have made a great deal of money out of the Dean's and of Miss Marabout's books to have returned so much to those authors. We may question whether literature isn't a money-making business to somebody—not the authors—and lastly, that a pressure of some kind must have been pretty strong on Blank's and Crank's mind to compel them to return the money at all. If it were a gift, why not give to all authors whose books they publish, deserving alike; to those who have not influential friends and private property as well as those who have? As the publishers are fond of assuring us, they deal in books solely on a business basis, i. e., of paying as little and making as much as they can, what are we to call these return checks? Conscience-money, hush-money, or what?

OUTCROPPINGS.

Medical Science as Expounded in the Store at Grangeville.

So your brother's wife ain't any better? Well, now I'll tell you what you do: you go talk to a doctor I know of in San Jose, and he'll cure her. I hain't got anything against Dr. Frame, and I guess likely he cures more'n he kills; but he only knows what's in the books, anyway. Yes, that's so; he's practiced this twenty year, but he's practiced *according* to the books. Now there's things about doctoring your colleges don't any of 'em know; they're all theory, anyway. It ain't theory that does it, and it ain't practice that does it. There's a natural gift in it, sir—a natural gift—a sort of magnetism. And there's secrets about medicine, too, that the colleges don't get hold of, that have been handed down from ancient times. Most savage races have got secrets like that. There used to be squaw doctors when I was young—I tell you, sir, I've known 'em cure people the regulars had all given up. It's partly because they've got the power to see into the man's disease, when the doctors don't know what it is; and it's partly because they've got secrets about herbs and things. But the college doctors won't have anything to do with that sort of thing, so they go without learning a lot that they'd better know.

Now this man in San Jose. You tell your brother I know all about him. Diploma? Don't know anything about it, sir; don't want to know. All I ask is if a man can cure me; and if he can, that's the doctor for me. There's a magnetic doctor in Oakland that's done me a good deal of good; explained it all, too, so that you can see his theory's sound: about having the electric currents in you regulated, you know; no use fooling about your liver and your stomach and your lungs, when there's nothing the matter with them but symptoms—"symptomatic disturbance," he said: that's the trouble, symptomatic disturbance. The thing is to get the electric currents right. Now Dr. Frame don't know anything about the electric currents; and he's like all the rest of them—he won't investigate. The colleges make 'em so theoretic and so sure of 'emselves they won't investigate. That magnetism is all right, you know, when a man's only a little out of order; but for real dangerous sickness, I'd go to the man in San Jose every time.

Too sick to go there? Cost too much for him to come clear out here? Well, that's just it; he don't have to see her. Now, I'll tell you just how it was with me. When my wife was so sick last summer, Dr. Frame was coming to see her twice

every day, and he couldn't find out what was the matter with her. Said it was her liver and a cold and general run-down condition, and all that kind of thing—putting me off, you know. Well, sir, I knew enough to see through it; you can't make me believe that a woman is going to come down like *that* without she's got something the *matter* with her. Why, sir, she just began and *turned green all over*—began in one spot and spread. I tell you I saw it myself, sir. And suffered! Why she *felt* the green coming just like it was ice-water creeping over her. Says she to me just that: "O, Ike," says she, "it feels just like ice-water creeping over me," says she. And at last it got to her hair; and every hair, as fast as it turned green, got as heavy as lead, and every time one of 'em would touch her face it would send cold shivers through her. Well, sir, you bet I thought it was about time to be doing something then. And a man at the Fords told me about this doctor in San Jose, and so I went down to see him.

Well, now, I'll tell you just how it was I took a lock of Marthy's hair, and the stockings she'd been wearing last. You have to take him something the patient's just been wearing, and if you can have a lock of hair too, just cut, so much the better. He makes his diagnosis from what he can tell by feeling the things, and from what you tell him. There ain't anything supernatural about it, he says: the things from the patient just naturally retain infallible indications of the disease about them, that's what he said: "naturally retain infallible indications of the disease about them." But he has to have an intelligent account of some things the stockings don't tell, from the one that goes to him; and he says it ain't everybody that can *give* an intelligent account; so that's what makes the difference in his cures; some of 'em are just like magic, and some ain't so good. It's all in the intelligent account. He said Marthy's was one of the best cures he'd ever made.

Well, now, let me tell you: I just took him those things, and he went off into his inside office and studied 'em a while, and then he came back and listened as close as he could to my account. And the minute I finished, says he, just as quick as a flash: "Why the fool's been giving her green vitriol! I wonder your wife isn't dead long ago," says he. "She must have a wonderful constitution." That's what he said: "Why the fool's been giving her green vitriol."

"Well, says I, "that's just what I suspected myself." So he got up and hunted round, and got a bottle out of the other room. "Now," says he, "you give that to your wife, and it will take the green vitriol right out of her system. I know the disease she's got," says he; "used to have some cases of it in Russia, where I lived a while. It's very uncommon here," says he. "And that fellow never heard of it, and thought that just the opposite thing was the matter with her," says he. "He couldn't have given her a worse thing than green vitriol," says he.

He said green vitriol was a chlorate of lead, and that explained about the hair. You can see the sense to that right away.

Well, sir, I came back, and I gave that medicine to my wife; and that green just began with her hair and went off till there was nothing left but the spot where it began. I had to send for another bottle before that disappeared; but Marthy got right up, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. Why, I tell you, sir, I *saw* the whole thing myself; there can't be any doubt about it. You tell your brother, and see if he don't want to go try that doctor in San Jose.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE interest in and right of possession to THE OVERLAND MONTHLY formerly held by Mr. Warren Cheney has been transferred to Rev. Charles Dana Barrows of San Francisco, who will assist in its editorial management. Mr. Samuel Carson will be the publisher. It is believed by the new management that there is a permanent place for a magazine like THE OVERLAND MONTHLY in this Empire of the Pacific Coast. By the development of the fresh intellectual possibilities which exist in this section of the continent; by contributions from writers who in this western world are of the best and rarest type, and whose thought and feeling upon general or special topics commend them to the hearts and intelligence of the people; and by contributions from those who at the East and abroad are singularly apt in combining literary culture with attractive style—it is confidently believed the tone and influence of the OVERLAND will be such as to subserve the best interests of all classes. The MONTHLY does not intend to stand upon an eleemosynary basis in supplying its literary columns, though of necessity it cannot as yet vie with the older magazines in its pecuniary offers. Co-operative sacrifice is the foundation of all true enterprise. It asks a cordial welcome to the hearts and homes of the people, and it relies in promise of the fulfillment of its aims upon that loyal support and co-operation which a place in the esteem and affection of the public will insure.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES.)—MAY, 1883.—No. 5.

SAVILLE: A SYMPOSIUM AND A TRAGEDY.

I.

THEY were five friends who were accustomed to dine together around a table in an obscure corner of the club refectory. They dined generously, but not luxuriously. Their number varied from time to time, and occasionally it was re-enforced from the outer rim of the circle. Then another leaf was put into the extension-table, and it was no longer round. The *personnel* of the party changed, too, at times, and of the five who were present on this particular night, only one or two, perhaps, would be present, although plates were sometimes laid for six, seven, eight, or even nine. Of these incidental diners, Saville, a retired merchant and a famous *bon vivant*, had lately and suddenly died.

The five who sat about the table to-night were these: Wilder, a New England manufacturer, a non-resident, and wholly irresponsible member of the club; Adelbert, a portrait-painter, who had his studio down town, where he could catch the business men; John, in the iron trade, and noted for his reticence and fastidiousness; Perkins, a night leader-writer on one of the great dailies; and Sinclair, broker, art amateur, and connoisseur of wines and cookery.

JOHN.—Look at Perkins! Cunning old fellow he is! He has ordered salad mayonnaise. You don't catch him carving the canvas-backs and dressing the salad at the same dinner.

PERKINS.—Well, I hope you don't want me to do all the work. If "Rocky Moore" were here now—there were a carver who would make your mouth water! And if he were here, you know, I would make a plain French dressing while he carved. For you would watch him and not me.

ADELBERT.—Perk is afraid that we shall steal the trick of his salad dressing (and it's no great trick, after all), and then we mightn't be so particular about his being here every night.

JOHN.—I will not take anybody's salad dressing at this table but Perk's.

PERKINS.—Jack, you're a darling!

ADELBERT.—O yes, Jack will eat his own salad dressing.

SINCLAIR.—And mine, or Saville's. But I forgot: Saville will try to dress no more salads for us.

PERKINS.—Wilder, isn't that piece of duck too underdone for you?—Poor Saville! I wonder where he is to-night. Do you suppose he knows what is going on down here?

WILDER.—Why do you say "down here"? —Thank you, the duck is just right.—Perhaps it is "up there," instead of down, with him. —No, no jelly, if you please, John. I don't pretend to understand why you city men serve jelly and salad together. We don't do that in the wilds of Northampton.

SINCLAIR.—Speaking of guns, why don't some of you newspaper men tell the President of the United States that it is bad form to put on the dinner-table a great lot of drinking-glasses at once? In the papers yesterday it was said that at the state dinner in the White House the night before there were six wine-glasses and a water-carafe and a goblet at each plate.

WILDER.—Let's see. There were thirty-six at the table. Six times three dozen would be eighteen dozen wine-glasses, to say nothing of the carafes and goblets. What an awful lot of glassware! Why don't you advise the Administration, Perkins?

PERKINS.—People would say that the man who would write such a paragraph must be a snob.

ADELBERT.—And serve him right, too. But I am surprised that the President's constitutional advisers do not tell him that really genteel people bring on their wine-glasses in single files, not in battalions. It always makes my head ache to be obliged to count the number of wines to be served when I first sit down to the table, as I invariably do.

PERKINS.—This is a digression. Why don't some of you tell me about Saville?

ADELBERT.—Has he been heard from?

JOHN.—Adelbert, you are a giddy, giddy thing.

PERKINS.—It seems very strange and mysterious that Saville, who was with us last Tuesday, finding fault with the broiled lobster and grumbling about the bill, should have vanished quite out of the world.

WILDER.—How do you know he has? How do you know that he is not now listening to your injurious remarks?

ADELBERT.—Well, he is hearing some frozen facts if he is where he can listen to old Perk, you can just bet your life. I wonder if he took with him any spare cigar, since he could not smoke, to give to the conductor of the celestial railway?

PERKINS.—Peace, bestill, Adelbert. Your levity shocks us. But does anybody know what has become of Saville—I mean my fork? George, bring me a fork, and see if you can get me a bit of garlic—just the least little shred. This salad is tasteless.

SINCLAIR.—Right you are, Perkins. And do you really suppose that Saville is alive somewhere?

WILDER.—I don't know. I'm an agnostic.

ADELBERT.—What's an agnostic?

WILDER.—A know-nothing.

ADELBERT.—I knew that you didn't know anything, Wilder, but I never supposed that you would acknowledge it.

JOHN.—Seriously now, Perkins, what do *you* think about Saville's being "somewhere," as Adelbert puts it? Do you really think it is possible that he knows what is going on among the boys?

PERKINS.—That is a great question, John. I do not suppose that any man who has gone over the dark river would concern himself much about such unconsidered trifles as we talk of here every night. And yet it does seem to me strange, if not unnatural and unreasonable, that Saville, for instance, should suddenly drop out of this busy and pleasant existence, and that the waters should close over the place where he went down, leaving no trace of him, and that he should be so utterly dead to everything on the earth as to give us no sign that he is not wholly dead.

ADELBERT.—But he *is* wholly dead. He couldn't help himself.

SINCLAIR.—Yes; you remember the old story of the darky woman, who, when asked if her husband was resigned to death, said, as if surprised at the foolishness of the question, "Of course he was: he had to be."

PERKINS.—We saw only the sensuous side of Saville. We knew him chiefly at the dinner-table, when the feeding animal was developed. I suppose people who knew his spiritual side (for I am sure he had a spiritual side) can think of him as being now in the angelic state, never once giving a thought

to what he should drink and eat, and how much the bill was going to amount to. I must say, I cannot think of old Saville in that way—at least, not just yet.

SINCLAIR.—If Saville had a spiritual side (as I dare say he had, since he was a church member), why didn't he show it to us pagans once in a while? It might have done us good.

WILDER.—That's a question that John and Perkins can answer for themselves, as well as for Saville. They are both church members, you know.

PERKINS.—John thinks that one's personal religion is too sacred a thing to be discussed around the club dinner-table.

JOHN.—And Perkins don't like to talk of such matters, because he is afraid he will be misunderstood, and that some of you fellows will fancy that he is making a parade of his religion. You remember the story of the old-fashioned and reticent divine, who, when asked if his son had "got religion," said, "Well, none to speak of." Perk's religion is not to be spoken of.

WILDER.—You two fellows have made answer for each other very admirably; but for one, I should think much more highly of Christian men if so many of them were not so exactly like us pagans.

ADELBERT.—O, pshaw! No, you wouldn't, Wilder. What do you want to talk that way for? It was only the other day that you said you would like Van Zandt first-rate if he were not so infernally sanctimonious and stuck-up.

WILDER.—Well, he is sanctimonious and stuck-up—that is to say, pharisaical.

JOHN.—No, he isn't, Wilder. Van Zandt has it "borne in upon him," as the Quakers say, that he must preach the gospel in every action and word of his daily life. He believes that there should never be any doubt as to whether he is an active Christian or not. He says he wants to "be known and read of all men"; and in this he is most sincere.

ADELBERT.—Then why don't he wear an advertisement on his back?

JOHN.—One thing I will say for myself, Wilder, and that is, that I was not only brought up to believe in what are called the fundamental doctrines of an orthodox faith, such as a future state of rewards and punishments, etc., but I do believe in them. And what is more, I'm not going to apologize to any sneering unbeliever like you, for instance, for what I consider to be the truths of revealed religion. I should as soon think of apologizing for the weather.

WILDER.—Good for you, John! You remind me of the easy-going divine (although by the rule of contraries), who said, "Fellow-sinners, I am sorry to say, and I beg your pardon for mentioning it, that there is a hell, and that some of you are traveling straight to it." I suppose, John, that you can give us stacks of reasons for your faith?

JOHN.—Yes, I will some day, when you have time to give me four hours or so of your valuable time.

ADELBERT.—Say what you will, fellows, man is a religious animal, even when he tries hard to think he isn't. Wilder here, for example, is always hauling some true believer over the coals, just to make himself believe that he does not believe in anything.

WILDER.—I met one of Adelbert's religious animals one stormy night last winter, on the front platform of a Third Avenue car. The track was badly blocked by the snow, and the driver swore horribly at his horses. But in a moment of comparative good nature he glanced upward, and caught a glimpse of an illuminated cross on the pinnacle of a lofty church-spire, shining above the storm, and said: "I tell you what it is, Mister, I like to see that cross. It makes me think that there is somebody up aloft there who cares for us poor devils—horses and drivers."

PERKINS.—I will say one thing for Saville: no man ever heard him use a profane word; and, although some of his after-dinner stories were a little off color, I believe his morals were absolutely without a flaw. I wish the rest of you fellows were as clean a man as he was.

ADELBERT.—Come now, I like that; especially from you, you old rake.

SINCLAIR.—Why, Adelbert. What do you mean? Old Perk is impeccable.

PERKINS.—Never mind him, Sin. Adelbert's favorite amusement is to imagine that everybody is as wicked as he is. I wonder if Saville knows us any better now than he did last week, for example?

JOHN.—It does seem strange that a man who was with us so lately, enjoying his dinner, smacking his lips over the Burgundy, and insisting that he should have the odd three cents of his change, should be climbing the golden stair and twanging his golden lyre. Poor old Saville! I hope his halo will fit, and that the cloud they give him will not be too damp.

PERKINS.—See here, John, this is sacrilegious.

JOHN.—I forgot you were orthodox, and I beg your pardon.

WILDER.—Is he orthodox, John? I knew you were.

PERKINS.—Yes, I am a blue-light.

ADELBERT.—What is a blue-light? Another species of know-nothing?—Waugh! What horrid cheese! George, for heaven's sake take this cheese away and fumigate it. —Let me see, what did you say a blue-light was, Perkins?

PERKINS.—A blue-light is one who believes in the Saybrook Platform and the Westminster Confession of Faith.

SINCLAIR.—And you believe in those things?

PERKINS.—Certainly—all of them.

WILDER.—Do you believe in the divinity of Christ?

PERKINS.—Absolutely.

WILDER.—And in the plenary inspiration of the Bible?

ADELBERT.—What is the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, anyhow?

PERKINS.—Certainly I do.

WILDER.—And in the fall of man, the atonement, foreordination, and the miracles in the New Testament?

PERKINS.—To save time, I'll tell you that I believe in everything.

WILDER.—And what are the foundations of your belief? Your reasons?

ADELBERT.—Say, Perk, you don't believe in hell-fire, do you?

PERKINS.—That depends on what you mean by "hell-fire." Of course, I don't believe in actual fire—a fire that consumes. If there were such a thing, we might as well believe that Saville took with him his appetites and his frugal habits into the next world—the world of shadows, as we call it.

WILDER.—But you haven't told us your reasons for believing in those Calvinistic doctrines: not that I believe you believe them, though.

PERKINS.—I have no reasons.

SINCLAIR.—No reasons! What a lucky dog! You are buying futures without asking for points from anybody.

WILDER.—Say, you don't pretend to tell me that you believe all these doctrines without being able to say why you do believe them?

PERKINS.—That is just what I do believe, and just where I stand.

ADELBERT.—Well, that gets me.

SINCLAIR.—And you never undertake to inquire into the truth or probability of these things?

ADELBERT.—No; if old Perk attempted to make any inquiries, he would be all broke up. He'd be like the boy who cut open the bellows to find out where the wind came from.

PERKINS (smiling).—Adelbert has hit the nail on the head for once. I will not say that I am afraid to inquire, but I don't see the need of it. I'm very comfortable where I am.

SINCLAIR.—I will not believe anything that is not proved to me.

JOHN.—Then you are an agnostic.

ADELBERT.—And a know-nothing. What do you believe in, anyhow, Wilder?

WILDER.—Well, for one thing, I don't believe in the fall of man, as you call it, nor in a future state, nor in—

ADELBERT.—I didn't ask you what you do *not* believe, but what you *do* believe. Give us something by way of a starter.

SINCLAIR.—Good! Adelbert as catechiser—a sight for angels and men.

JOHN.—Adelbert has shut up the skeptic.

WILDER.—O no. I cannot formulate my belief: it is too hazy.

PERKINS.—Then until you offer me something better than the spar I am clinging to now, in an ocean of doubts and speculations, I shall decline to let go my hold.

ADELBERT.—Say, boys, we ought to have laid in with old Saville before he went, and had him send back word how things are on the other side.

JOHN.—But we did not know when he was going.

PERKINS.—Yes, that is what worries me. I cannot be reconciled to the fact that poor old Saville was here yesterday, as it were, and that he is so completely out of our reach today. Why, only a day or two ago, if I wanted to tell him that we had a saddle of Southdown mutton, I had but to send a messenger boy or a dispatch, and he would turn up at six-thirty sharp. Now, human ingenuity and enterprise fail to show me how to reach him where he is. We call, but get no reply. There is no more "Hello" and "Good by" through the telephone for him, it appears.

ADELBERT.—O, I say, Perkins, you shouldn't call Saville poor and old. He was neither the one nor the other.

SINCLAIR.—How much did he leave?

JOHN.—All he had.

SINCLAIR.—Old, but good.

ADELBERT.—Severe, but just.

PERKINS.—I don't speak of Saville, especially now that he is dead, with disrespect. We speak of the dead, though, as poor because we pity them. And I do not know that there is any occasion for our pity. When I looked at Saville, lying there so calm and tranquil in his coffin, I half envied him. Thinks I to myself, "He is having a good long rest; and he knows all about it now."

ADELBERT.—I didn't think so at all. I hate to look at dead people. It makes me feel creepy all over. But I did look at Saville just for old acquaintance sake, and I tell you what, fellows, he looked so reverend and dignified that I felt like apologizing to him for all the mean things I had said and thought about him.

SINCLAIR.—If he could have apologized to you for telling you to buy St. Paul Common when everybody knew that it was going down, it would have been much more to the purpose, I think.

ADELBERT.—Never mind. I bear Saville no grudge on that score. To be sure, I lost my trip to Rome on account of it, but Saville meant me well. He bought when I did, and that proved his good intentions.

JOHN.—And let us hope and pray that he has not gone to a place where good intentions are the principal paving materials.

SINCLAIR.—Hello! Here's another believer in a hereafter.

ADELBERT.—Don't you believe in a hereafter?

SINCLAIR.—No; I had that thrashed into me when I was a boy, and I made up my mind that when I was emancipated, I wouldn't believe in anything much. And I have kept my promise to myself.

WILDER.—There is a pair of you. Perkins believes in everything because he was so educated, and because it is comfortable to sit down on something. Sinclair believes in nothing because his parents and guardians tried to compel him to believe in everything that they did.

ADELBERT.—It would be rough on you, Sin, if there should happen to be a future state, with one of Perk's brimstone lakes in it.

JOHN.—O, I suppose Sinclair thinks that if the worst comes to the worst, there's the doctrine of Universalism that he might catch on to.

SINCLAIR.—Who will have a pony of brandy with his coffee? Bring us three ponies, George.—No; I don't go a cent on any such form of insurance as that, John. It is make or break with me. I am a hard case, I know—

ADELBERT.—O no, you are not, Sinclair; a little frisky perhaps—as which of us is not? But not a hard case.—No, I thank you, no brandy for me.

SINCLAIR.—Well, take it back to the pan-

try, George, and be careful and don't drink it yourself. There! I have hurt George's feelings, and I'm sorry.—As I was saying, I should be ashamed to sneak into heaven (if there is a heaven) on the back of some doctrine that I did not accept when I was alive. When alive! What a queer thing that will be to say! And yet, the day will come when you fellows will be saying around this table that I *was* so and so.

PERKINS.—May that day be far distant, Sinclair!

JOHN.—Ditto to Mr. Burke.

ADELBERT.—So say we all of us.

SINCLAIR.—Thank you, boys, I know you mean it; but I agree with Perkins. It is mighty queer that there is no way for us to open communications with Saville if he is alive anywhere. While he was alive (and certainly he is dead enough now), he was one of the most genial and companionable of men. I don't think he dreaded to be alone, but he would sooner be with his friends than without them. And he not only went away alone (for nobody could go with him), but he has sent no message since he went.

PERKINS.—Saville was fond of his men friends: did any of you ever notice that? And I think his friendships for men grew stronger as he grew older.

WILDER.—That's true of all men, I think. As life begins to fade, men have more comfort in the friendship of other men, and less delight in women's society. They have been taught by bitter experience whom they can trust.

ADELBERT.—What an old cynic you are, Wilder. What you want to say, I suppose, is that old men are selfish and cold, and that they care less than we young fellows do for the "girly-girly" element in life.

JOHN.—Adelbert knows how it is himself. He speaks feelingly.

WILDER.—Say, Perkins, don't you think sometimes that your religion and everybody's religion is all a mistake? Don't you wake up in the night sometimes and begin to believe that we are all shadows, pursuing shadows, and that there is nothing real—no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter, and no responsibility to anything but human and natural law?

JOHN.—Aha, skeptic! I have thee now! Law! that's the word! You admit that there is a human law that punishes you when you murder or steal; and a natural law that punishes you when you put your hand into the fire, or drink too much champagne overnight: but no divine law to get after you when you transgress it—neither here nor hereafter, hey?

ADELBERT.—See here, fellows, how much do you suppose this dinner comes to? Just three dollars and ninety cents apiece! That's awful extravagance. Three dollars and ninety cents would keep a poor family for a whole week.

SINCLAIR.—Not if they bought St. Paul Common on a falling market.

WILDER.—Or had their portraits painted by the gifted Adelbert at five hundred dollars each, frames not included.

ADELBERT.—Gentlemen, this is frivolous. John, I will play you a game of billiards to see if you shall pay for my dinner or I shall pay for yours.

PERKINS.—Well, good night, gentlemen. I must hie me away to my daily toil. If any of you fellows know what I am going to write about, I wish you would tell me; I'll be hanged if I know.

WILDER.—Hold on! Before you go, tell us if you don't often have a horrible suspicion that the world is hollow, and that we are all made of sawdust. You haven't answered that question, yet.

PERKINS.—You are like the young woman who wanted the philosopher to tell her all about protoplasm, evolution, and the survival of the fittest, between the dinner and the black coffee. Good night, boys.

II.

When Perkins had taken his seat in the elevated railway train, he noticed that the train-guard was a fresh-faced, handsome young fellow, with whom he had contracted such a comradeship as might be possible between two men in different stations of life

who met in this casual way nearly every day, passing up and down the line. The young fellow was regarding him with an expression of surprise.

"I am so bothered with my own thoughts that I actually failed to see that that was Charlie as I came in," mused Perkins. The young brakeman, having called out the name of the next station with melodious emphasis, and having carefully banged the doors of both cars so as to make the greatest possible amount of clatter, came up, and, leaning over the back of the seat before the traveler, saluted him with friendly and respectful interest.

"I thought you didn't see me when you came in?" half queried the young man.

"No; I was thinking so intently that I confess that I did not notice who it was," apologized Perkins. "I was thinking of a friend who has lately died."

"No near relation, I hope," said the brakeman, with sincere concern. "I should have known of it then, shouldn't I?"

"O yes, Charlie, you would have heard of it somehow. No, it was Saville that I was thinking of. You remember Mr. Saville, don't you? That thick-set, elderly man, with the heavy white mustache, whom you saw with me that day when there was a disturbance in the car and you had to put off those boys."

"What? The gentleman who helped us throw out those kids that insulted the people in the car? Why, certainly I remember him. I didn't know his name; but he was a mighty strong old gent. I shall never forget how he slung that young hoodlum clean across the platform at Seventy-second Street. And he is dead! Why, I saw him on the train going down—le' me see, it was last week, I am sure. And he is dead and gone. Dear, dear me! There's no telling how soon any of us may be called."

With this moral reflection the young man bounced lithely to the door, called out the name of the station, opened the gates, and let off his passengers. Then, the train being ready, he gave the signal and the cars moved slowly on.

As he turned to enter the car in which Perkins was now the only remaining passenger, his eye fell on a lunch-basket in a corner of the car. He hastily snatched it with the exclamation, "By jingo! Billy's supper!" and dashed out upon the platform again. The train was now moving with quickened speed, and while Perkins was watching the movements of the agile young fellow with something of a feeling of admiration mingled with censure rising in his mind, the last car of the train was near the end of the station platform. Charlie sprung heedlessly at the moving car, missed the iron frame-work, struck the side of the car, and with a reel and rebound, was thrown with tremendous force against one of the iron columns supporting the roof of the station. He fell heavily on the platform, and Perkins, who had instantly sprung out of the rear door of the moving car, alighted close beside him.

The train had gone, and only the gateman, who had rushed up from his post, was at hand to assist the wounded man. Wounded severely he was, and as Perkins bent over him, he opened his eyes and stared blankly about him.

"Are you badly hurt, Charlie?" asked Perkins, with solicitude.

There was no reply from the pallid lips of the young man, and the gateman said: "I'm afraid it's all up with him. Did you see how he struck against that infernal stanchion? Poor old boy! Don't you know me, Charlie?"

Others had come up to the station by this time, and some one hurried for a surgeon and an ambulance. Charlie lay gasping for breath, and an ashen gray hue, which Perkins knew too well, spread over the once ruddy face. It was clear that the young life was fast ebbing away. With a sudden impulse Perkins knelt, and placing his mouth close to Charlie's ear, whispered, "Good by, and remember me to Saville."

The young man unclosed his eyes, looked tenderly into Perkins's face, and a wan smile flickered over his lips.

"By George! He's gone!" said the gateman, and the surgeon who had arrived all breathless, turned coldly away.

By this another train came hurtling along the rails and stopped, and one of the men, when the tragical story had been quickly told, left his companions to do what was necessary to be done for the care of all that remained of the young train-guard. Into the train Perkins now hurried, full of sadness and burdened with the weight of a new sorrow. He had not thought that the death of a comparative stranger could have so shaken him. "I never knew how much I liked him until now," he murmured to himself. And then he was so young and handsome; so cheery and full of life. Perkins recollected the innumerable little things that had passed between him and the bright young man who had so suddenly gone into the land of shadows. Then he recalled, with a certain feeling of indignation, Charlie's confidential story of his struggles to save money enough to bring his mother to the city. Why should this young life, so necessary for the lonely widow in New England, be snuffed out as if it were a poor farthing rush-light? Why should this freight of hopefulness and exuberance of life go down into the mysterious depths of death without warning?

Then, going over the sudden tragedy, which, brief and hurried though it was, seemed to have lasted for hours, Perkins dwelt on each scene with fascinated absorption. "And I was foolish enough to burden the poor boy with a message to Saville," he reflected—"as if he did not have a hard enough struggle to take himself into the next world." And at this Perkins berated himself for his heartlessness. He did not notice that the passengers who had learned something of the accident were watching him with a burning desire to ask him questions. He did not see that they whispered curiously with each other, querying what the brakeman could have been to the passenger that he should be so wrapped in grief and gloom. When the train stopped at his station down town, he vaguely caught at the familiar name called out by the train-guard, and like one in a dream arose and left the car.

With heavy steps and slow he climbed the stairway leading to the editorial rooms, carrying with him an unaccustomed load of despondency, oppressed with a nameless horror that he could neither shake off nor comprehend.

Dazzled by the flood of light that pervaded the rooms into which he presently entered, he stood for a moment on the threshold, half dazed, and trying to "pull himself together" before he encountered his associates. He became aware of an undercurrent of excitement that flowed through the office. There was no noise or clamor, no rushing to and fro of excited men; but a suppressed intensity in the atmosphere, as it seemed, betokened some unusual happening. To Perkins, who had just come from what had appeared to him as the gates of eternity, this gentle stir was intolerable. He realized how trivial are the busiest concerns of life when they come too near the exits through which all men must pass. The busy newspaper, with its never-ending, still-beginning worries, was shown now to him like an empty and useless labor, a frivolous and fretful waste of time and energy.

But when he was seated at his desk, and was confronted with the news that the Russian Czar had been waylaid in the streets of St. Petersburg and killed, the instincts of the newspaper man arose within him. It was a startling event; no wonder that all the vast and varied resources of a great newspaper were put under requisition for material to present properly the astounding intelligence.

Presently, as if he knew and cared for nothing but the details of the work before him, Perkins took up his share of the burden of the night. He flung himself into his duties with ready zest. No time now for morbid thoughts of death and the dying. No room here for grief for the obscure dead or for sorrow for the living. There was work to be done, and to be done as quickly and well as was possible in the fast-flying hours of the night. The usual labors of the time were simplified, and each man performed his allotted share with entire absorption in the duty immediately before him. With the rest, Perkins concentrated his mind upon the theme that overbore all lesser topics,

and the outer world was for a while utterly forgotten.

It was far past midnight when Perkins, with his nerves still quivering and his stimulated intellect busy with the strange news of the night and with the train of thought awakened, mounted the steps of the elevated railway station, homeward bound. All that had happened in the early hours of the evening now seemed as far off as if it were a part of the history of the last century. But the clatter of the up-going train, as it drew up to the station, brought back with a rush all that he had carried with him when he left the line, hours before. And when he had taken his seat and was being hurried homewards, gloomy thoughts of the unseen world came and sat down, like a nightmare, beside him.

The sharp tension of the night's work was removed, and he thought of the bright-faced train-guard snatched from his side as if by the actual grisly hand of death. He remembered Saville with his manly strength, now vanished into the world of shadows. Where were they now? Where was the lad, so full of vigor and life? Would he see the shade of the Czar in the pale realm into which he had so quickly gone?

Speculations like these, and others more idle, flitted through the mind of the tired writer as he left the train and sauntered slowly towards his lodgings. The electric lamps on the avenue, like a bright vista of fireworks, stretched far into the darkness, as he turned the corner and walked straight for his own doorway. Letting himself in, he went wearily up-stairs, pausing on each of the many landing-places to rest and gain breath, for now he found that he was greatly fatigued. And when he had reached the long and narrow passage that connected his apartments with a neighbor's, he glanced into its darkness with a little shiver, as if expecting an unwelcome sight. Then, smiling at his own folly and weakness, he opened the inner door of his lodgings, closed it, slipped off his outer garments, dropped into an easy-chair, and began to think over all that had occupied his mind through the night.

The radiance from the street-lamps far below painted irregular patches of whiteness on the ceiling of the room, and in the dim, crepuscular light Perkins sat, and, without looking, took in the ugly figures of the wall-paper, the uncertain outlines of the furniture, and the black and cavernous opening into his dressing-room, from whose doorway the hangings were drawn aside. Sitting there, and slowly taking off one by one portions of his attire, he regarded with vague musing the floor, the shadowy carpet, his naked feet, the flecked ceiling overhead, and the hearse-like bedstead beside him.

From the open door of the dressing-room a wave of cool air seemed to strike the naked foot which he thoughtfully nursed upon his knee. Mechanically lifting his eyes in that direction, he saw, framed in the doorway, as if painted on the blackness beyond, the familiar form of Saville, advancing, yet pausing, then drifting out of the shadows. On his lips was the well-remembered and half-cynical smile, and the big white mustache was, as usual, carefully trimmed and curved upwards at the ends.

Perkins felt a cold chill creeping up his spine. He was even conscious of a bristly rising in his hair, and he said to himself, as queer darts of pain shot over his skin: "This is a ghost. This is the way people feel when they see a ghost."

Saville drifted noiselessly and without motion forward, and with a wintry smile extended his hand, and said, "Well, Perk, I got your message; and how are all the malefactors?"

Then Perkins remembered, as if by an effort, that Saville had always sportively referred to his dining-companions as "the malefactors." Then he recalled the fact that one of Saville's favorite toasts on convivial occasions, was "Success to crime!" So now he thought to himself, "This must be Saville."

But vainly did he attempt to speak to his unexpected visitor, although a multitude of questions rose in his mind. His tongue seemed fast to the roof of his mouth. He was conscious of making a gurgling sound

in his throat as he essayed to speak, and a cold perspiration broke out on his face. Then Saville, waving his hand, said, with a quizzical look passing over his countenance, "I wouldn't try it, my boy."

Just then, a clatter at the door attracted his attention, and, while his heart was beating like a trip-hammer, Perkins turned his eyes and beheld the rugged figure of the janitress of the building, who, jingling a bunch of latch-keys, stood in the open doorway and regarded him with undisguised amazement.

"Bless my stars, Mr. Perkins!" she cried, with honest solicitude, "you haven't been to bed!"

Then Perkins, all a-shiver, glanced around the room. The street lights were gone out, and the room was filled with the yellow radiance of the sun now high in the heavens. It was past ten o'clock, and full time for him to be up and about. Assuring the wondering woman that he was not sick, but only tired, he saw her go out and close the door behind her. Then he rose and explored the dressing-room. Nothing was there to recall the vision of the night. The simple belongings of the room looked even more than usually commonplace; and he curiously passed his hand over the folds of a big white towel hanging there, as if to reassure himself that it concealed nothing. Nowhere in the smooth wall was there so much as a crack for the entrance or exit of even a ghost. Rubbing his weary eyes, and wondering at his own self-delusion, he muttered, "It is very strange."

He changed his dress, made a careful toilet, and then slowly descended to the street, through which flashing equipages, loaded wagons, rumbling omnibuses, and crowds of passengers now were hurrying. Here was life in earnest. Nobody thought of tragedy.

From the entrance of the club house a coupé was just moving away. The driver half checked his horse as he beheld Perkins slowly sauntering down the sidewalk, and from within the vehicle the cheery voice of Wilder cried, "Good by, Perkins. I'm off on the eleven-thirty train."

Then with a look at Perkins's face, he said, "Why, bless my soul, old man, you look as if you'd seen a ghost!"

"Perhaps I have," said Perkins. And, with a faint smile, he turned and went into the club house.

Noah Brooks.

SEEING THE TRUTH.

Does a man ever give up hope, I wonder,—
Face the grim fact, seeing it clear as day?
When Bennen felt the snow slip, heard its thunder
Low, louder, roaring round him, felt the speed
Grow swifter as the avalanche hurled downward,—
Did he, for just one heart-throb—did he indeed
Know with all certainty, as they swept onward,
There was the end, right there, where the crag fell away?
Or did he think, with his last conscious breath,
Some miracle would stop them?
Nay, they tell
That he turned round, face forward, calm and pale,
Stretching his arms out toward his native vale,
And so went down. Brave heart!
'Tis something, if at last,
Tho' only for a pulse-beat, one may see
Clear-eyed the future as one sees the past,
From doubt, or fear, or hope's illusions free.

E. R. Sill.

THE PRUSSIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

In the United States, the Federal Government has exercised a decisive influence on the civil service system in State, city, town, and county. The same principles prevail, as a rule, throughout the entire administration of public affairs in this country. In Germany, a single state, Prussia, has been the guiding and controlling power. She has led in civil service as well as in other branches of government. The administration of public business is much the same in the German Empire, the separate states, and the local political bodies as it is in Prussia. In describing the civil service of Prussia, I am therefore explaining the principles according to which law and justice are administered, and the economic interests of the people cared for in one of the mightiest empires of modern times.

There are several reasons why I have chosen to describe the administration of Prussia. It is an old country, which has long settled the general principles of a branch of government which gives us great trouble at the present time. Many who have given the matter careful attention, and are qualified to pronounce an opinion, consider the Prussian civil service the most admirable of which we have any knowledge. Administration is the one department of government in which Germany excels. The civil service of Great Britain is instructive. It is, however, a later product. Its best features were modeled after those of Prussia. It is an error to suppose that England was the first country to establish a sound civil service. The truth is, Prussia was the first state to recognize the civil service as a profession to which the best material should be drawn, to adopt examinations as a test of desired qualifications, and to open the offices impartially to all citizens. She was at least half a century in advance of England. The Code of Frederick the Great, called *das Allgemeine Landrecht*, made the requirement of examinations as a condition of appointment to office a part of public law in the last century; and early in this the Stein-Hardenberg legislation added the democratic features of the Prussian civil service.

The growth of the separate states within the German Empire, or as it was called the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation, was of a character which seems strange to us. The states originated in large landed possessions. The proprietors succeeded in making free people dependent upon them to a greater or less extent. They exercised a sort of government over those who lived upon or near their estates. These powers were at first considered as derived from the emperor, but in the course of generations the proprietors came to look upon them as original, not delegated, rights. The rights of government uniting with the rights of landed property, and the respect due to ancient family, gave the proprietors the power of sovereignty over a greater or less extent of country, which was called a territory. The part of this growth which seems curious to one living in this age is this: all the rights of the proprietors were regarded as private property. The increase of their power was looked upon merely as an addition to a private fortune. The ruler of the territory could not only appoint such officers as he chose to assist him in governing, but could even sell, divide, or give away his own power. This is the true logic of the spoils system. If offices are confided to a chief executive, not as public trusts, but as places which he can dispose to further his interests or those of his party, why should he not regard his own official position as a private possession? A German territorial ruler of the Middle Ages would have replied that he could see no difference whatever. The Electorate of Brandenburg, out of which Prussia grew, was founded and augmented as a private possession of mighty nobles. In

the fourteenth century, Otho the Lazy, becoming heavily involved in debt, sold his rights as Margrave of Brandenburg to the Emperor Charles IV. for 200,000 florins. During this century and the following, Brandenburg was sold, divided, mortgaged, and transferred from proprietor to proprietor, like any private estate. It finally passed in 1415 to the House of Hohenzollern, to which the present king and emperor belongs. It has never left this house. But, in the meantime, the people of the Electorate began to perceive their political oneness, and to feel that their relation to their ruler was different from that of one private man to another.

The rulers of the land also came to look with disfavor upon the theory that their authority was merely a matter of private law, inasmuch as it placed the rights of the subjects in the same category as their own, and regarded them as private property. So long as this view obtained, the ruler of the land could not force the subjects to render any service to which he could not establish a claim in private law by means of treaty or acquired right.

The *Landesherren*, as the proprietors of these territories were called, exercised, however, in behalf of the emperor, a right of a different character. They maintained law and justice in their territories, using such force as was necessary without establishing a right to do so in private law. As the empire gradually became weaker, the territories increased in strength. The rights of the central government passed over to the *Landesherren*, who were inclined to forget that their judical power was derivative and not original. This was the entering wedge for a new view of the relation of *Landesherr* and subject. The judicial functions were exercised by the territorial proprietor, not for his own private aggrandizement, but for the territory as a whole. The influence of Christianity favored this development, since it taught that all power and wealth are granted by God, to whom they really belong, to be administered for him during a brief space of time. The *Landesherr* began to look upon his power as an office. This view of their power was taken by the electors of Brandenburg in the sixteenth century. Joachim II., in 1540, declared that the possessors of spiritual or worldly power held their offices as stewards and servants of God, and that they would be cast into the outermost darkness if they did not discharge their duties with fidelity and diligence. Sovereignty by the grace of God was thus at one time a step forward. It recognized the highest office in the territory or state as a sacred trust, and no longer as private property.

A further step in the recognition of the public character of the office of ruler was the establishment of a fixed order of succession and the indivisibility of the territory. It took place in Brandenburg in the fifteenth century. The order of the succession, the descent of the eldest son, became recognized as part of the public law.

The highest office in the state was the first one removed from the sphere of private law, which considered it as individual property or lawful spoil. The other offices were not for a long time to come considered as public trusts, but as the possession of the prince or of the feudal lords. The officers appointed by the prince were not called *Staatsdiener* — servants of the state — but *fürstliche Diener*—servants of the prince. They were engaged in much the same manner as the servants of a private gentleman. No sharp line was drawn between those who performed public duties and those whose services to the prince were entirely of a private nature.

After it was recognized, however, that the state existed for the people as a whole, it was impossible to avoid finally coming to the conclusion that officers of the Government were servants of the state—that is to say, of the public. Consequently we find that they are now described as *Staatsdiener* —state servants—and their service as *Staatsdienst*—state service. The *Allgemeine Landrecht* adopts this terminology. One section speaks of the rights and duties of the servants of the state, and describes their function to be the preservation and promotion

of the safety, the good order, and the welfare of the state.

The administrative civil service officers are divided into classes according to their specific functions. The business principle of the division of labor is adopted. Each one learns a specialty thoroughly, and devotes himself to it. The necessity of this kind of an organization was taught by that man who gave the old antiquated institutions of Europe such a shaking up at the beginning of this century—I mean, of course, Napoleon I. An ordinance of 1808 promulgated the principle of the division of labor for the civil service, and at the same time made the officers more independent, while it imposed additional responsibility upon them. It reads as follows:

"As small a number as possible of chief officers preside over simply organized departments, each one having charge of some leading branch of the administration. These chiefs, the ministers, administer public affairs in the closest co-operation with the ruler. They are independent, act on their own responsibility, and exercise a guiding influence on the subordinate official organizations, each of which is formed in the same manner." Each officer, from the lowest to the highest, until the king is reached, has his superior.

The specializing in administration, together with the careful preparation required for each office, has resulted in the making the civil service in Prussia a profession by itself: in its higher branches a learned profession, ranking with the law, medicine, and theology.

The common pursuit and close personal contact have, it is undeniable, developed a certain class feeling among government officials in Prussia. That this should be so to greater or less extent is unavoidable. Is it, however, certain that it is so objectionable as is often assumed? Among all men who have similar interests and the same calling, there must be a certain fellowship and sympathy. This is the case with doctors, lawyers, merchants, farmers, etc. They naturally associate together, as they have common pursuits, common topics of conversation, and understand each other better therefor. This class feeling among government employés and politicians is as evident in the United States as it is in Prussia. All that can be done is to give shape to it and determine the manner in which it shall display itself. Our wire-pullers, ward politicians, and holders of the offices they distribute are as closely allied in interests, sentiments, and personal characteristics as the permanent court-service officers of Prussia; but it is in this country, not in Prussia, that I have been offended by an unpleasant manifestation of the class spirit. Sometimes Prussian civil service officers resent the lordly overbearing ways of English and American parvenu millionaires; but those who treat them like gentlemen will rarely find occasion to complain.

There is an *esprit de corps* among civil service officers in Prussia. They feel that they belong to an educated, honorable body of gentlemen. They have a high sense of honor, and strive to do nothing which shall bring reproach on their class. They look upon fraud, defalcation, neglect of duty, as disgraceful. Faithful service is recognized, and gains the respect of one's fellows in office.

The professional feeling of permanent office-holders has other advantages. They come together, consult, talk over their employments, obtain useful hints from one another, and receive incitement to better work. They become identified with their offices, and filled with the spirit of their calling. It must be acknowledged that one is not so likely to succeed in a business which is taken up as a mere make-shift. Is the public business, indeed, so easy that it requires no special training to do it well? Has our experience, for example, with the administration of finance in Federal Government in state and city been so successful as to warrant such an assumption? Is it less difficult to manage a state than a school? Scarcely any one will be disposed to answer these questions in the affirmative. One desideratum of our Government is very evidently a certain firmness and steadiness of policy.

Something like meetings and associations of those engaged in the same branch of administration could not fail to be helpful. A meeting of the ministers of finance of the various German states, a few years ago, was an excellent idea. If our mayors and comptrollers were elected for longer periods, say six and twelve years as in Germany, yearly meetings of mayors of American cities, and similar associations of comptrollers, might assist us greatly in solving that most troublesome problem of city government.

But without now considering further the advantages to be derived from permanent tenure of office as a reward of fidelity in the discharge of duty, let us pass over to the manner in which appointments to office are made.

Offices exist for the sake of no party or individual, but for the state. The conclusion is self-evident, that the reason why one person rather than another should be appointed lies wholly in his superior qualifications for the place. This is the leading principle, the ideal which guides Prussia as all civilized states of Christendom—save America; of course, it is not to be denied that it is departed from in individual cases, nor can it be claimed that never in Prussia or England is there an unjust manifestation of nepotism or favoritism of some sort, although it seems to be comparatively rare in both countries.

The king, as the chief executive, makes all appointments; in other words, they are made in his name. Parliament has no appointing or confirming power whatever. The king's power is, however, so limited by custom and law as to be nominal rather than real in most cases. As matters stand, he has *comparatively* little opportunity, and less inclination, to discriminate improperly between rival candidates for offices.

We may resolve the question, How are appointments made? into two others, viz., What qualifications are required? How are those who are qualified selected? or What means are taken to discover the necessary qualifications in the candidate for office?

The enjoyment of full civic rights is the first requisite. An officer already appointed may be declared disqualified for office by judicial sentence. This disqualification may be permanent, or may last from one to five years. The penal code contains an enumeration of the offenses which disqualify and remove from office temporarily. One is the acceptance of presents.

Second, good moral character is required, as far as this can be discovered by outward life. Patriotism is the third requisite, and this is determined likewise by overt acts. But these qualities are possessed by all good citizens. The officer, state servant, must be practically and theoretically informed concerning the specific duties he has to perform, including a knowledge of the laws and ordinances which are to guide him. Not every one has the ability to acquire this knowledge, but the state has provided institutions in which all who are able may prepare themselves for the service of the state. The requirements vary with the office. This corresponds with the conditions of business life, and is eminently practical. The government does what private business men do under like circumstances. The government owns mines, and requires a thorough knowledge, practical and theoretical, of mining, in those whom it appoints to positions of responsibility in the mines. A forester must understand the important science of forestry. An officer in the ministry of finance is required to understand finance. A general intellectual training is required of all; but this varies with the character of the position. Aspirants for lower places are obliged to study at a gymnasium, i. e., academy or college; or, in some cases, only to have graduated from a grammar school. After this general education has been acquired, the candidates are placed in charge of an experienced officer, under whom they remain a longer or shorter time—one, two, three years, or perhaps longer—in order to acquire a practical acquaintance with their duties. They are called civil supernumeraries during this time, and receive no pay. Appointment is not made until after the candidate has

shown himself thoroughly qualified for the desired place in theoretical and practical knowledge. Under our system, in defiance of all business principles, we trust to luck that the appointee will acquire a knowledge of his business after appointment.

It is thought in Prussia that the higher offices require a ripeness of judgment and a mental development most likely to be afforded by university training; and at least three years in a university are consequently required from candidates for these positions, before they begin the practical work of the profession. An examination succeeds the university career.

A man is "seldom or never" appointed by the officers under whom he has served his apprenticeship. Appointment is regularly made by superior officers or the king. A second examination follows the practical training. This tests the candidate's knowledge, as well as the discretion and impartiality of the report of the officer under whom he has served. Great importance is attached to the record the candidate has made while acquiring practical familiarity with his work.

The previous preparation required limits greatly the possibility of favoritism. It can be shown only between rivals who have both prepared themselves for the same office. Other precautions have been taken with a view to securing the best men. It is even made a prominent part of the Prussian Constitution that all public offices shall be equally accessible to those who are qualified therefor—article four of the Constitution reading:

"All Prussians are equal before the law. Privileges of birth are abolished. The public offices are equally accessible to all who are qualified for them according to the conditions determined by law." It is significant that impartiality in the distribution of offices is considered an essential part of legal equality, and this is the first specific right granted to Prussians by the Constitution. Personal freedom, inviolability of one's dwelling, etc., are mentioned afterwards. The *Allgemeine Landrecht* contains a clause enjoining the selection of properly qualified men for office. This code provides further, that "superiors who, in consideration of presents, advantages, or promises to promote any one to office, nominate a candidate, or in any manner assist any one to procure office, shall be dismissed from the civil service in disgrace, and be subject to a fine." Superiors are responsible with their property for all damages suffered by any one at the hands of an officer in the administration of his functions, when it shall appear that they have appointed said officer without the prescribed examination of his abilities and moral character.

Examination commissions are appointed by the ministers. These consist of specialists in the branch of administration into which the candidate desires to enter. The character and profession of the members composing them, as well as their number, are determined by law. The discretion of the ministers is allowed to be exercised only within the law. One of the highest official boards in Prussia is the Superior Examination Commission for examining candidates for the higher offices in the civil service. It is placed immediately under the supervision of the state ministry as a body, and is under the special direction of the Minister of Finance and the Minister of the Interior. Fixed rules determine in every case who is to judge of the qualifications of the candidates for office and who is to nominate them. The ministers as a body—what we should call the cabinet—nominate for confirmation by the king the chief executives of provinces and departments, judges of the higher courts, the chief foresters, and other officers of like rank. Each minister, however, nominates his own ministerial counselors, and as a rule those officers whose functions connect them with his department. Nominations have to be confirmed by the king or some administrative body. In case of vacancy, the council of state nominate three men for membership in the body administering the state debt. The king chooses one of the three. Of course, nominations and confirmations are made subject to the regulations and limitations I have described, as becomes

a constitutional state. Unlimited rights partake of the nature of despotism.

There is not, of course, always a vacancy for every one immediately after his examination and the termination of his period of probation. Priority of examination and seniority in the service have considerable weight in making appointments and promotions; but they are subordinate to fidelity, diligence, ability, and aptitude or skill. Priority and seniority determine in doubtful cases. The need of exertion and distinguishing one's self never cease in an officer's life in Prussia. All that can be counted on is a reasonable probability of being rewarded for excellence and merit.

The most general principle of civil service appointments is given in a royal instruction of October 23rd, 1817. It reads as follows: "It is the object of the government to make use of the intellectual powers of the nation and of the individual in the administration, and to do this in the most simple and effective manner. Opportunity will be afforded to distinguished talent, without regard to social rank or station, to employ the same for the general good."

It is necessary to say a few words about the maintenance of discipline.

It would be manifestly unjust to dismiss from the service on slight provocation an officer who had spent the best part of his life in preparation for his position. It is not what private employers of the best class are accustomed to do. Yet there must be means of inciting men to diligence, of maintaining order in the service, and of punishing slight offenses. While this is a somewhat complicated matter, it is not so difficult as might be supposed. It is simply necessary to have recourse to the good sense of the successful business man.

We have to distinguish first between the judicial and administrative branches of government. The Prussian Constitution provides that judges shall be appointed for life, and be independent in their position. They are subject only to the courts. Judicial sentence may transfer them to another district, at their own expense, or with lower salary, or even remove them from office in case of crime or gross culpability. In their positions and livelihood, they are independent alike of king and parliament.

Officers of the administration are subject to their superiors, and in certain cases to the courts. In case of crimes which are enumerated as bribery, abuse of official power, embezzlement, defraudation, neglect to execute the laws, and official charges against parties known to be innocent, the court may imprison the guilty officer, and at the same time declare him incapable of holding office for from one to five years, according to circumstances. A crime which involves permanent loss of full civic rights disqualifies permanently for office.

Superiors may punish those subject to them, by warning (*Warnung*), reproval (*Verweis*), fine, in certain cases by imprisonment for eight days at the most. Those who are acquainted with the German character and the resources of the German language will acknowledge that reproof from a superior officer may be a very serious matter. A good example is found in Stein's reproof of an officer for treating his subordinates in an inhuman manner, as given in Prof. Seeley's Life and Times of Stein, Part I., Chapter IV.

Imprisonment of officers consists in confining them in some room provided therefor, and not in the common jail. It is only against lower officials, like messengers and servants, that a superior can decree imprisonment. The magistracy of Berlin, e. g., might imprison one of the lower officials employed about the city hall for intoxication. This is no more despotic certainly than to confer like authority on a police justice. Imprisonment was a more common punishment, however, under the arbitrary rule of Frederick the Great, before these matters had been settled by law and constitution. This king appears to have used it more than once to punish civil and military officers who could not approve his plans. Frederick's treatment of the great Blücher, who shared with Wellington the honors of Waterloo, is characteristic. When the son

of a margrave was promoted unjustly over his head, he objected and asked for his dismissal. Frederick replied by imprisoning the young captain, but finding that imprisonment for three-quarters of a year did not render Blücher less unyielding, dismissed him in the following summary manner: "Captain Von Blücher is relieved from his service, and may go to the devil."

The severer punishments at present are removal to another place, the officer to bear the expenses of moving, or removal with lower income, or removal with both penalties. The same rank is, however, retained. Finally, comes permanent dismissal from the service, with loss of rank and claims of pension. The punishment depends upon the offense. Every superior can warn and reprove. Only higher officers or boards especially designated are allowed to impose fines. Those punished retain the right of complaint to higher officials than those imposing the penalty. Certain cases may be carried to the king. Permanent removal from office can be made only after formal disciplinary trial. A preliminary examination is conducted orally and in writing by a commissioner of government. The highest administrative officers of the province form an administrative court, the ministers in a body constituting a court of appeal. Definite charges must be made, the accused informed of them, and allowed to defend himself. When the sentence is dismissal from office, it must be confirmed by the king if the officer was appointed or his appointment confirmed by the king.

A natural question is, How much freedom do the employés of government really enjoy? It is undoubtedly, on the whole, better to be on the side favored by the existing government, or if in the opposition, not to proclaim it too loudly. Many high officers, however, are in parties decidedly hostile to the policy of Bismarck. There is no doubt that Professor Virchow, for example, who is an active member of the Prussian parliament, and the most prominent member of the Berlin City Council, is a thorn in the side to Bismarck. He is a member of the Party of Progress, one of the most radical of the political parties, and almost invariably opposes the government. Yet he keeps the position, although as professor in the University of Berlin he is a civil service officer. He even obtains generous appropriations for carrying on his scientific work. The lower officers, to be sure, do not fare so well, but they are more independent than are often the employés in New England factories, or those employed by certain railroad corporations in this country.

I must not fail to mention the celebrated rescript of January 4th, 1882. This was a publication by the king, countersigned by Bismarck. It stated that the former expected the political civil service officers to support his government; that he should notice those who did it, and that they would not fail to receive his thanks. There is no doubt that this was a step backward—a step in the direction of the partisan spoils system. But it created a storm. The government was attacked in the parliament and in the press most vigorously; and when Bismarck came to explain what he meant, he interpreted the rescript in a comparatively harmless manner. He emphasized the king's declaration that he did not desire to influence the freedom of election. Bismarck thought it the duty of officers to correct reports concerning the intentions of the government which they knew to be false, and to abstain from violent agitation against government. He would leave the officers free to vote as they chose.

This rescript means a good deal, and it is to be condemned, but it signifies far less than has been supposed in this country. It is not a threat to remove political opponents, but to reward active supporters. A civil service officer who has offended Bismarck will receive few favors, and he may even be punished by a disciplinary fine. Not long since a teacher who signed a political programme accusing government of a design to crush freedom was fined five dollars. Now, all Americans think this very bad, and our illustrated papers caricature the old emperor. Would that our vision were as

clear in judging ourselves! If it is improper to fine a civil service officer five dollars for accusing the existing government of improper acts, what must it be to dismiss an officer summarily for merely asserting that, in his opinion, his race did not receive their fair share of the offices? Yet this fate overtook a colored Federal office holder a short time since for expressing such a view.

Extensive conversation with civil service officers has convinced me that there is, after all, *comparatively* little partiality shown. There is generally a manifest desire on the part of the authorities to secure the best man for the place, and in a majority of cases the best man is found. It is considered a serious crime for king or subject to neglect his duty—to consider his office as other than a public trust. Public opinion lends a support to an officer in the impartial exercise of his functions which is lacking with us, and every one who has given the subject the least thought knows that public opinion is one of the most powerful of forces.

While I should say that the development of morality in Germany is in some respects decidedly inferior to that in America and England, I believe it is undoubtedly superior in regard to the idea of duty accompanying a public trust. Prussian kings since Frederick the Great have delighted to speak of themselves as the first servants of the state. Duty (*Pflicht*), it is said, is the corner-stone on which the Prussian monarchy is built. This feeling, this "martial sense of duty—duty in its most imperious and absolute form"[1]—is the source of all that is best in Prussian public life. It is this which has made Prussia strong and mighty.

The necessity of a moral foundation for social and political life cannot be enforced too often. It makes little difference what the superstructure is; if the base is not built out of public and private virtues, we are at best erecting a stately edifice on the sands. All history, all experience, teaches this. America is the second great republic: the first was Rome. Roman history, here as elsewhere, furnishes us with profitable instruction. At a time when a division of the spoils of office was the chief concern of the aristocratic circles, and crimes and debauchery were increasing, the republic seemed to be prospering, to be "getting along pretty well." The state was being extended, and wealth was increasing. A man like Cicero was still able to work himself up from a comparatively humble position to one of the proudest places in the government.[2] Yet a fair exterior covered a mass of corruption and immorality which were slowly but surely preparing the way for the downfall of Rome.

Richard T. Ely.

SONNET.

CHILL and mysterious is the winter night,
  Heavily droop the trees above the snow,
  And the lone wind bewails some long-past woe,
While I lie dreaming in the firelight.
Old memories and old faces daze my sight
  Rising and vanishing as come and go
  The wavering troop of shadows to and fro
Across my baby's cradle small and white.
But hark! A sound of sleigh-bells, and the beat
Swifter and nearer of a horse's feet,
And a girl's voice is ringing wild and sweet,
Borne onward through the darkness all too fleet.
The echo of thy song is still my own,
And evermore I love thee, sweet unknown.

Katharine Royce.

[1] Seeley's Life and Times of Stein.

[2] Cf. Froude's Cæsar.

PACIFIC HOME-MAKING.

"Now, people," said a woman in family conclave, "I want you to understand one thing: that I've come out to the finest climate in the world, away from cold snaps and heated terms, ague, mad dogs, sunstroke, and lightning, where roses are in bloom the year round and strawberries ripen at Christmas, to live as long and have as good a time as possible, and I don't want to have my comfort spoiled by shiftlessness. We must live in a house half the year anyhow, and though a man's happiness may depend on the wife he marries, a woman's depends on the house she lives in. I inform you in advance that I decline to be chilled and catch neuralgia by living in any loose-built place with draughty framework, or without fireplaces, or where the sun does not enter each room half the day. Neither will I live in a house set on end, and wear myself out climbing from street to porch, and from entry to chambers, and chambers to attic, hour by hour. I was not born to live up a tree, even if my great-grandfather Ape did so. Neither do I want twelve-feet ceilings to keep chilly stagnant air in the tops of the rooms, hard to warm and to dust, which compel one to mount step-ladders perilously to hang a curtain or brush down cobwebs. What was high enough for a queen's chamber a century ago is high enough for my sitting-room. I don't want great double parlors to keep nice, dark, and close like Egyptian mummy chambers. I want to have a house that is as easy, sweet, safe, and delightful to live in as a house can be. Now you can go to work and build it for me."

The sole distinction this woman may have had over the rest of her sex was that she knew what she wanted when she saw it, and had some notion how to get at it. The only advantage that she had in carrying out her plans was that there was a mechanic in the family; a strong-armed, clear-headed, quiet young fellow, whose eyes had given out over his Greek at college, and who had dropped the idea of studying a profession for the trade of house-building. Let me add, that a young man who can design a creditable and tasteful house, lay its beams, chamfer and carve its framework, devise picturesque mantel, oriel, and balustrade, lay the roof and pack the plumbing; then make and turn the furniture and fittings after English models, and carve the frames of the pictures on the wall with intelligence and finish—has a profession as creditable and profitable as modern times can offer. If I were sketching an unreal character, it would still be practical and desirable; but knowing Richard Hardcastle, and prizing his joinery about my own house, I can only wonder that more young men do not choose the same calling.

These people had a great fondness for outdoor life, and the garden was more to them than the house in this climate. Nothing less than a half square would content them, so they had not over $2,200 left to build the house they wanted. As it was dangerous to plant a house directly on the ground, and the stilted style, inclosing a dark, ill-ventilated space under the house, was no better, a shallow cellar, stoned and cemented, with drain all around the floor, and broad area windows, was the first step in building. Although the neighbors all said it was impossible to make a cellar in California, because it would fall in when the ground was soaked with rain, and must infallibly be damp even if it did stand, that cellar was laid and remains the storeroom for the household, where trunks, boxes of books, and old clothes are kept without mold or musty smell. Provisions are kept in a separate room carefully ventilated from the outside. I would not mention it but for the fact that plebeian odors have been known to arise from potatoes, and apple bins, and meat safes, to haunt the entries and reception-rooms up-stairs. All such vulgar possibilities must be extinct

from the first in a house, for they cannot be put down afterward without more time and trouble than most people have to give.

The house is one story, in that simple Moresque fashion, with nearly flat roof spreading into deep eaves, with broad projecting windows taking up the sides, which will yet, by virtue of its fitness in every way, become known as the Californian style of building. There is no porch or veranda, whose roof cuts off the sun from the rooms where it is essential three-fourths if not all the year to have all the sunshine we can get. One side of the house, a broad balcony with low railing makes the out-door withdrawing-room for the family. The floor is twelve feet wide, with balustrade screened by trailing plants, and is protected from the sun, when too hot, by a gay Italian awning. However, this is seldom let down: the ladies of the family having too jealous a care of their freshness and superb health to permit the loss of the direct sunshine as long as it can be borne. The great luxury of the coast climate lies in the exquisite tempering of the air, which allows of fearless basking in full sunlight most of the year. All brunettes who wish to ripen brilliant color, all blondes who desire to preserve the fairness of their skin and hair, should accustom themselves to live in the open sun as much as possible. This was the way in which Venetian women dyed those amber and tawny locks which painters loved, and won that brilliance of tint and light of the eye which make Titian's Bella Donna alluring for all time. The receipt for a good complexion, warranted not to grow heated, mealy, or pasty by the time she is thirty-five, is for a woman to eat well, sleep well, work well, and live out in the sun. A touch of glycerine or cosmoline on the face before exposure to the outer air prevents tan or freckles, and is much preferable to powdering or white-washing after the act. The balcony was built to give the women and children of the house an out-door sitting-room, where study, sewing, lounging, and sketching went on as the rule every hour of the year possible. Crape acacia and rose trellises screened it from the street, the house sheltered it from the strong winds; both study and sitting room in-doors opened on it by long glass casements, which on warm days could be thrown back against the wall, and the openings hung with curtains in a delicious suite of airy, flowery, fragrant apartments, half *al fresco.* Camp lounges, bamboo and Shaker chairs, round tables and drop shelves, furnished this airy parlor; and fur rugs tempted to luxurious basking on the floor. Lunch and tea were often served here; the intimates of the family came and went among the flowers; the children recited their lessons; the mother mended their stockings and the house linen here, while her nerves and temper grew more even and sweeter in the soft air.

In-doors were eight rooms, with broad casements such as you see in pictures of old English country house; not deep, mullioned windows of single panes set close together, and losing half the light by their Gothic setting, but wide, square bays that held the sun as it wheeled and flooded the rooms with scarce winter sunshine, so that not half the usual fire was needed. I wish you could see the joinery of those windows, deeply grooved and tightly fitted so that not a thread of draught could penetrate or a frame chatter in the wildest gale. The few sunless windows in the house are double, and do not come down as low in the wall as others, which is a great advantage in keeping off November draughts. The walls are not over nine feet high, the perfect ventilation keeping them cooler and purer in summer than high parlors, where it is a solemn thing to open a window, and people seem to lay in air as they do coal—to last all season. Not one person out of five hundred knows what ventilation and pure air mean, or dreams that air which is constantly breathed should flow out and fresh come in as steadily and imperceptibly as it is breathed. All the philosophers know that a low room where a slight change of air is kept up is wholesomer and cooler than a high-ceiled one with no more care for ventilation then we find in most houses. The effect of modern furnishing, as we will see, is better in the low rooms.

The floors are laid with wide borders of dark wood, which the carpets meet. The beams show on the ceiling, in the rich hue of the native wood, planed and chamfered—that is, the corners taken off or beveled for intervals. We can't quite afford to carve our house-beams as the Norwegian peasant does for his farm-house, or as the Pueblo Indians worked the rafters of their beloved mission churches. But in some of the rooms cross-pieces divide the ceiling into square panels, painted pale blue or dull pink, which is very pleasant with the golden brown of the wood. The ceilings are not plastered, but the double floor above is laid with coarse mortar between, which discourages rats and other vermin, and the under side is painted as I said.

The House Comfortable prides itself on its heating arrangements, which were devised after careful study of the continental methods. There isn't a month on the coast when it isn't delightful to have a fire night and morning, which is the very voluptuousness of climate. To sit at evening with Lamarque roses crowding around the windows, with heliotrope, mignonette, and citron breathing on the dusk, and the glow of a mild fire before one, is a subtle delight which blends the charm of three seasons in one. Besides, fuel is dear on the coast, and people are tempted to economize by going without fire when it is needed. As soon as they learn to let the sunshine freely into their houses, and to keep rooms well aired by frequent fires, there will be less talk about "neuralgia and rheumatism being kept in California in supply and on demand." Everybody knows that a great deal of heat goes up chimney—the greater part, in fact; and also that bricks hold heat. Some people know that the larger part of the civilized world uses brick heaters instead of iron ones, to the great economy of fuel and comfort of their houses. The Hardcastles could not see why a good thing should not be used in America as well as in Europe; and as the idea of importing a large continental tile stove is almost like bringing a church across the water, young Richard set his wits to work for a substitute. Accordingly, on entering the rooms you find a delightful air in them, as if they were thoroughly warmed by sunshine; a genial heat and purity of air, without any of the damp, ill-bred rawness and stuffiness which belong to many houses. On a chill rainy day, you will see an open fire sparkling in an ample, shallow fireplace, above which the projecting chimney breast is tiled to the cornice with the creamy pressed tile, copied from the Arabic and Valentia ware, and this chimney is in reality a stove. When the fire of coal or wood burns down to redness, and the smoke has passed off, if an open fire is no longer wanted, a large flat plate of sheet iron with handle like a common grate blower closes the fireplace tightly as a stove door, checking the draught below. The crimson cord at the side of the mantel closes a large tile damper in the chimney at the top of the room, confining all the heat, which, instead of going out above the roof, is thrown out through the brick and tile in the same fashion as by an earthen stove.

The chimney has not been furred and plastered as usual, but plastered directly on the brick-work, so that the heat passes freely into the room; and the quality of heat given by brick is much softer and more lasting than that of iron or open fires. When closed, the chimney becomes, in fact, an air-tight stove, which keeps the fuel at low combustion, and throws out heat hours after the fire has died. In one of these heaters, a scuttleful of coal will keep alight thirty-six hours without attention. An office heater of this sort, of small size, will keep fire from Saturday night till Monday morning, if closed. Tile stoves in New York and Boston are much liked for offices on this account. I knew a chimney heater of this kind in a country house on the Hudson, which kept a room 15 by 24 at the most delightful even warmth all the time in the coldest zero days with one scuttle of coal in twenty-four hours, and could have warmed a much larger one with the same fire. In ordinary winter days the same amount lasted thirty-six hours, the walls and floor never were cold, night or day, and the room was as cozily warm in the farthest corner as near the chimney.

A ventilating chamber back of the fire drew in fresh air, and let it warm and pure into the room through perforations above the fireplace. The only caution to be observed was to let all the smoke pass off before closing the chimney damper. The tiles were solely for ornament in the best rooms, the others were plastered on the brick and finished in tints like the rest of the wall. In this ingenious heater, which is a real invention whose comfort I have found unrivaled through the coldest eastern weather, Richard Hardcastle has merely applied some of the simplest principles of science, known and used by all the older nations—the German, Swiss, Russian, and Chinese, who with half a dozen baskets of dry weeds keep their houses warmer than we can with expensive stoves and fuel.

Susan Power.

AMERICAN SHIPPING.

For more than twenty years last past the number of vessels owned in the United States and engaged in foreign commerce has been decreasing with startling rapidity. The value of our imports and exports in 1840 was $231,227,465, of which 82.9 per cent. was carried in American vessels; the value of our imports and exports in 1882 was $1,567,071,700, of which only 15.5 per cent. was carried in American vessels. During the twenty-seven years ending in 1882, the tonnage of vessels owned in the United States entered at our sea-ports in the foreign trade decreased 225,985 tons; while foreign tonnage so entered during the same period increased 10,418,446 tons. During a late year there were shipped from the city of Baltimore 53,323,043 bushels of grain, in 1,313 cargoes. Of these cargoes only eleven, containing 515,867 bushels, a little over one per cent., were carried in American vessels; cargoes carried in British vessels numbered 638; in Italian, 278; Norwegian, 213; German, 60; Russian, 40; Spanish, 33; Swedish, 20; Austrian, 15; French, 2; Portuguese, 2; Danish, 1. These figures, obtained from various sources, are sufficient to demonstrate the decline of the American mercantile marine.

It is hardly necessary to state that there has been a correspondingly enormous decline in the American ship-building interest.

These facts and figures represent the United States as a great producer and manufacturer, without independent means of carrying product to market. Our farmers and mechanics have become the feeders and supporters of the common carriers of other nations.

When it is urged that this condition of things should be altered, the first question put by all Americans not directly interested in shipping and foreign trade is, Why? Does not the fact that Americans have allowed affairs to drift unhindered into this present state prove that it is natural, necessary, and best at the present stage of our development to allow the sea-carrying to be done by foreigners? The best answer to this—if indeed it can be answered—is a recital of the disadvantages of the present condition of our mercantile marine, and the advantages of its revival, as they have been discovered, invented, and urged by the promoters of the late movement in Congress. Ship-builders, ship-owners, and merchants from widely separated portions of our country have united to bring pressure upon Congress to adopt some means that may revive American shipping interests. And the reasons they urge in favor of a forced revival, as gathered from letters, petitions, memorials, addresses, Congressional committee reports, and speeches, may be briefly detailed as follows:

1. The independence and prestige of our nation require it.

2. The assured security of our vast cargoes cannot be attained while they are carried in the vessels of foreign nations, liable

at any time to be engaged in war with one another.

3. Without independent postal and transportation communication of our own with foreign countries with whom we now trade, we cannot expect to preserve our present foreign trade; and

4. Certainly must look in vain for a sure increase in that trade, or for the growth of commercial relations with new countries lately opened and now developing.

5. That the fares, freights, and postage now paid by us to foreign ship-owners, and estimated as high as $200,000,000 per year, constitute an unnecessary drain upon our country.

6. That employment should be given to the idle capital now invested in American shipping, and to our present tonnage, though small, which is now not only earning nothing, but is actually decaying.

7. That revival of activity in our American ship-yards means the distribution yearly of many millions of dollars to American labor.

8. That the assured security of our foreign trade, its increase, the development of new markets, the saving to us of $200,000,000 per year now paid to foreign ship-owners, the distribution of many millions per year among us through American ship-yards, would all tend vastly to the development of our own natural resources, would employ our labor, and furnish needed openings for our young men.

9. The United States needs a better navy, or at least should be possessed of independent means of creating, on short notice, a more efficient navy. The cheapest and most natural way to accomplish this is to encourage private capital to build large ship-yards, and enter into the business of ship-building. In this way, skillful workmen will be trained, ingenuity encouraged, vessels built that may themselves in time of war be available to the navy, means made ready at hand for the building of regular war vessels when necessary, and finally, a body of American seamen brought up fit to man our war vessels should emergency come.

Together with these arguments, it is well to consider the fact that all great civilized nations have ever considered the prosperity of their mercantile marine of the most vital importance; and also that in times past America herself has adopted the same policy. Laws upon our statute books to-day concerning shipping, which are now regarded as most potent influences against the growth of our mercantile marine, when enacted were designed for the opposite purpose. They are injurious now because superannuated. But they are none the less monuments to the historical fact that America's policy has always been to encourage and protect her shipping interests.

It is perhaps unnecessary to explain or comment upon any of these arguments. They have been and are urged. Great interest in the question has been awakened, and the evil being demonstrated, attention is turned to discovering sufficient remedies. Before the restoration can be accomplished, the causes of the decline must be known. These are indicated in a measure in the following historical sketch, in preparing which I have been greatly aided by Henry Hall's pamphlet on "American Navigation."

Twenty-five years ago wooden sailing vessels controlled the ocean carrying trade. America then had a great advantage over England. We had an exhaustless supply of timber. We could make vessels better than any other nation, and cheaper than England. In 1833 England was the dearest place in the world for the building of wooden ships. The cost of vessels in the United States was from £10 to £12 per ton; in the more favored localities of England, £15 to £18; while in London, £28. It paid Americans to build ships, and the more they built the better they were able to build. The industry had grown through many years, bringing with it a long train of advantages. Americans acquired large ship-yards. A class of most skillful and ingenious ship-builders and efficient seamen grew up. American vessels cost less to operate than English, and this, although American seamen were paid first-class wages. The men themselves were so

efficient, and labor-saving devices so numerous and convenient, that fewer sailors were needed. American ships sailed faster than English, insured better, received more freight and better prices. Americans sold ships to foreigners. Our tonnage had increased with great rapidity. In 1789 it was 280,000 tons; in 1855 it was nearly 2,500,000 in the foreign trade alone. America was fast becoming the equal of England in the foreign carrying trade. This prosperous state of affairs was in large measure the result of the advantage Americans had in the building of wooden vessels.

In 1850 England occupied a position, so far as her mercantile marine was concerned, strikingly similar to ours at present. Her tonnage had been long decreasing, and her ship-owners losing money. It is clearly of the greatest importance to observe the steps she took to recover herself. Years before 1850 her citizens had been seeking for a remedy, and in their effort were aided by the active policy of their Government. They have now turned the tables completely upon us. Steam and iron have been the agencies employed in accomplishing this. Americans sent the first steamer across the Atlantic—the Savannah—in 1819. But confident in their growing superiority upon the seas, they left it to the English to develop and use the idea thus first promulgated by themselves. The plan of the English was to put steamers in competition with American sailing vessels. In carrying out this plan the Government was of great assistance. Large orders were given for steam-vessels for the navy. This created machine-shops, yards, and tools. Government contracts were awarded to steamboat companies to run to the Isle of Man in 1833; to Rotterdam and Hamburg in 1834; to Gibraltar in 1836; the compensation given being sufficient to enable the companies to pay expenses and a dividend. Then the Government awarded a contract to Cunard for mail service to America. England was afraid to do anything to encourage the growth of New York; so Cunard's first contract was for a trip twice a month to Halifax and Boston, and occasionally to Quebec. He was to have £60,000 per annum. The United States then attempted to offset the action of England. Two companies were formed in New York to send steamers to England, and Government aid was solicited for them. England immediately altered her contract with Cunard. He was allowed to run once a week to Halifax, and thence alternately to Boston and New York. His subsidy was raised to £145,000. Finally Collins's American line began to compete with Cunard.

Then the spirit of England was shown in a most striking way. She taxed letters brought by Collins's line twenty-four cents postage apiece more than those brought by the Cunard line. England abandoned this discrimination when America passed a retaliatory law. But America's subsidy to Collins was only half that paid the Cunard line by the English Government.

England continued this policy with great vigor. The United States did not act with sufficient promptness and generosity. The result was, that American steamship competition with England broke down in 1858. The United States had then only seven steam-vessels in the foreign trade, while England had one hundred and twenty. And this was the result more of England's aggressive and active policy and America's supineness than of any special advantage possessed by the former in the building and operating of steam-vessels. And England's policy paid her. In 1858 she was paying $5,000,000 a year in subsidies. In ocean postages alone she got it nearly all back. And in the increase of her trade and the development of her merchant marine, the advantages gained are almost inconceivable. Our loss has been proportionate to her gain.

But the substitution of steam for sail did not strike so fatal a blow to American shipping as did the introduction of iron instead of wood in the construction of vessels. England saw her advantage here. She pursued the same course she had adopted in encouraging the introduction of steam. But such aggressive steps as were taken in that case were not so necessary here. For her

coal and iron mines, "in juxtaposition near the sea," gave her the natural advantages which the American wooden ship-building industry had derived from our great forests. The advantages of iron vessels over wooden became apparent: the hulls were stiffer; they required less repairs; they accommodated much more cargo—an iron ship of 600 tons' burden being about the same size as a 500-ton timber ship; they were ten per cent. cheaper; their speed was greater and their cost of operation less. They secure a higher classification for a longer term of years, obtain higher rates of freight, and even at the enhanced rates obtain the preference. And this is true in the harbor of San Francisco to-day.

England's special advantage over us at present consists in the fact that with her supplies of iron and coal, her large shipyards, her experience, and especially her low wages, she can build iron vessels more cheaply than we. The testimony taken before the late Joint Congressional Committee showed that it now costs on the average from ten to fifteen dollars per ton more to build an iron sailing vessel, and from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars per ton more to build an iron steamship, in the United States than it costs on the Clyde, and this chiefly because of the greater cost of labor among us. It is stated that a first-class passenger and freight iron steamship of 2,131 tons, and having a speed of thirteen knots, costs in the United States about $286,317, or $134 per ton; whereas its cost on the Clyde would be but about $213,100, or $100 per ton.

From this brief historical review it appears that primarily the cause of the decline was the substitution of iron and steam for wood and sail in the ocean carrying trade. But special attention must be called to the action of the British Government. They did not trust to their natural advantages under the new state of things, but were untiring in their active efforts, and unsparing in the use of the public treasury to supplement the endeavors of their citizens. The British Government did more than simply supplement the efforts of English private citizens. It urged them to new effort, and in many cases almost took the initiative. The British policy is well stated in the majority report of the Joint Congressional Committee already referred to. It says:

"By liberal mail pay, and even by guaranteeing seven per cent. and eight per cent. dividends to capitalists, the English Government secured the establishment of steamship lines to all parts of the world. Parliament, in 1854, established a Board of Trade, with its president a member of the ministry, for the sole purpose of looking after the interests of British commerce and British shipping. The merchant shipping laws of the United Kingdom were revised so as to remove every burden from her merchant marine, and afford every facility for gaining possession of the ocean."

During the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1880, England paid to steamship companies for mail service $3,200,000.

In marked contrast with the policy of the British was that of the American Government. Her inactivity before the effects of the English policy began to be felt may be excused upon the ground that the long-continued success of our wooden merchant marine had inspired us with overconfidence. But for years after our shipping interests began to decline, and the causes must have become apparent, our Government maintained a state of almost stupid inaction, even leaving superannuated and injurious State shipping laws unaltered. Then the Civil War came upon us, and we were no longer able to help ourselves. The war injured us incalculably, and added directly and indirectly to the advantages England had already gained by her vigorous policy. How great the influence the conflict exerted upon the decadence of our mercantile marine may be inferred from the enormous rate of the decline during the four years from 1861 to 1865. In that short period the American tonnage employed in the foreign trade declined 40 per cent.; while in the seventeen years since the close of the war the decline has been only about 15.5 per cent. During the war

our flag was at a disadvantage; many ships were destroyed, and we sold to foreign nations nearly 800,000 tons. This accounts for the great decline during that period. And the after effects of the war—depreciated currency, inflated prices, and high taxation—have been scarcely less disastrous. And—to use the words of the Congressional Committee—"yet more serious still was the injury the war inflicted on us by the opportunity that it gave England to build up great iron-ship yards, and gain possession of the channels of trade at a time when our hands were tied."

The war left us crippled. Shipping offered no inducement to capital for investment. While, on the other hand, the great internal development of our country attracted the attention of capitalists, and the shipping interests were left comparatively out of sight and mind. When their money could earn from ten to twenty per cent. in the interior, capitalists would not risk precarious investments at three or four per cent. on the sea.

I have referred to the obstructive effect of many of our laws concerning shipping. These laws relate to the shipment, payment, and transportation of sailors; the selection of officers; the liability of ship-owners; the hospital tax; tonnage tax; State taxation; consular fees; duties on ship supplies; and transportation of mails. Many of them were framed over eighty years ago, and although suited to the then condition of affairs are now obstructive and detrimental in the extreme. Since the Congressional debate in January last on the shipping bill, and the passage by both Houses of a bill properly amending these laws, it is unnecessary to explain in detail defects which in all probability will be finally removed early next session of Congress.

With regard to State taxation, however, it is proper to say a few words.

Our shipping is taxed not only by the United States: the individual States also tax vessels in the foreign trade, and generally upon their value, and not on their income, as is the case under the English law. This gives English ship-owners an enormous advantage. Suppose an American and English line each invests $2,000,000 in steamers to run between England and America. Suppose the net profits of each line are $160,000 per year. The English company is taxed only one per cent. on these profits, or $1,600; while the American line, subject to State taxation in its American port, pays about two and one-half per cent. on its $2,000,000 investment, or $50,000. The discrimination against the American line is *only* $48,400 per year. John Roach gives the above illustration, and then exclaims very pointedly: "Forty-eight thousand dollars for the privilege of carrying the American flag, when that kind of tax makes it impossible for us to carry it at all!" Massachusetts and New York have recently exempted from local taxation vessels engaged in the foreign trade. In California, no such exemption exists. On the first day of March of each year, San Francisco ship-owners must include in their statements to the assessor any shipping owned by them and required to be registered, and registered, enrolled, or licensed in this city and county. At the time of the assessment, and also of the payment of the taxes, the vessel may be in fact at the bottom of the sea. It is claimed that the provision of our Code under which this taxing is done is unconstitutional, so far as relates to vessels on the high seas on the 1st of March. Art. XIII., Sec. 1, of our Constitution says: "All property *in the State* not exempt under the laws of the United States shall be taxed in proportion to its value," etc. Sec. 10 says: "All property, except as hereinafter in this section provided, shall be assessed in the county, city, city and county, town, township, or district *in which it is situated*," etc. The Constitution clearly makes the right of the municipality to tax to depend upon the locus of the property. The section of the Code requiring vessels to be taxed "where the same are registered, enrolled, or licensed," leaves out of view the actual locus of the property, and makes the taxing power depend upon the mere paper record of registration, enrollment, or license.

It is possible that a test case may be made

upon this point, unless the California legislature comes to the aid of the ship-owners. Until the recent debate in Congress it was hoped that relief might be granted there. The bill recommended by the Joint Congressional Committee on Shipping contained a section forbidding State taxation of shipping engaged in the foreign trade. It was supposed that Congress had authority to make such a law under the general power to regulate commerce. But the section was fiercely attacked on the ground of unconstitutionality, and was finally stricken out. Each State must now look to its own interests in this matter. Those following the enlightened policy of Massachusetts and New York will reap the benefits of the foreign trade.

Before leaving this branch of the subject I must speak briefly of the theories as to the cause of the decline of our American shipping entertained by a large class of anti-protectionists. They hold that the decline has been in large measure due, first, to our policy preventing foreign-built vessels as a rule from coming under our flag; and second, to our protective tariff. Let Americans buy ships from nations that can make them more cheaply than we, and the disadvantage we suffer from the greater cost of American-built vessels will no longer exist. Then remove all restrictions upon imports from foreign countries, and American ship-owners, with their cheap foreign-built vessels, will find profitable business for their new-bought ships. As it is now, they claim we have cargoes out from America to foreign countries, but, on account of the protective tariff, we can get none back, and vessels going empty one way must be run at a great loss. These views were adopted and earnestly urged by the minority of the Joint Congressional Committee referred to above. They advised the removal of all protective restrictions upon commerce generally, and especially advocated the adoption of the views held by the free-ship men. Without entering into the merits of this theory and plan, it is sufficient to say that at present it is impracticable. The United States is now wedded to the protective theory—perhaps more so than ever since the adoption of the present Chinese policy. And it certainly seems wisest in the present emergency to seek remedies which, while accomplishing in a degree at least the purpose desired, will not strike a blow at many of our established industries, thus antagonizing powerful interests.

I have now indicated most of the causes of the decline of the American mercantile marine. The very recital of these causes suggests the remedies. The causes of present importance may be briefly stated as follows:

1. England's advantages over America in the building of such vessels as trade now demands.

2. England's assistance to her ship-owners, to enable them profitably to run their vessels.

3. The obstructive effect of our antiquated laws concerning shipping.

The remedies suggested are:

1. Government assistance to ship-builders, to enable them to overcome the advantage possessed by England as to cost of building vessels.

2. Government assistance to enable ship-owners to run their vessels at a fair profit.

3. The elimination of all obstructive elements in our present laws.

Without stating the various plans proposed in different quarters for the purpose of accomplishing these ends, I will simply refer to the report recently made by the Joint Congressional Committee already referred to, the bill recommended by them, and the late action of Congress upon that bill. To accomplish the first remedy suggested above, the bill as amended by its friends provided that when any vessel should be constructed or equipped in the United States for the foreign trade, in whole or in part of materials of the production of the United States, the owner should be entitled to draw from the national treasury a sum equal to the duty which would have been collected upon such materials had they been imported, the whole amount thus drawn from the treasury not to exceed in any year

the tonnage tax paid into the treasury the same year. The supporters of this provision argue as follows: It costs more to build vessels in America than in England, because wages are higher in America. Wages are higher in America because of the protective tariff on materials used in the construction of vessels. As the duty which goes into the treasury has stricken the ship-building interest, let us take the amount of the duty out of the treasury again in order to revive that interest. Let the industries that have benefited by the protection now contribute to assist those that have suffered. And as there is a certain appropriateness in shipping helping shipping, let us take for this purpose that portion of the treasury funds collected as tonnage tax. And as a very large percentage of this tonnage tax is paid by foreigners, it will be made to appear that foreign ship-owners contribute by their tax to the building up of a class of American ship-owners. This style of argument was well calculated to confirm anti-protectionists in their free-trade faith. This section aroused intense opposition. It was denounced as unpractical, inadequate, as not striking at the root of the evil, as providing a subsidy. Finally, a free-ship clause was loaded upon it, and then they both went down together.

The second remedy suggested above found shape in the recommendations of the Joint Committee rather than in the bill. The committee speak favorably of the plan to establish in the Treasury Department a bureau or board of commerce and navigation, of which the Secretary of the Treasury should be the official head, with powers and duties in some respects akin to those of the British Board of Trade. They also recommend such a modification of our laws as will give fair compensation to American vessels in the foreign trade which may carry our mails, and adequate pay for mail service to American steamship lines that are already or may be hereafter established.

The third remedy suggested above is the only one that meets universal approval, and is in fair way to speedy application. The bill recommended by the Joint Committee contained provisions amending our shipping laws, so as to remove very many of the most prominent defects. These provisions, with slight changes, passed both Houses, and would undoubtedly have become the law had the bill with the Senate amendments been returned to the House a little earlier.

In this account of the American shipping question, I have devoted myself chiefly to historical statement, without comment or criticism. The conclusions are almost too clear to need detailing. A large class of Americans are awake to the necessity of at least watching the shipping interests with care. The Government will probably never enter the American treasury into a contest with the British in the matter of subsidies and bounties. But, on the other hand, our policy is to modernize and improve in the highest degree our laws directly applying to shipping. The future of our shipping interests is well indicated by the following remarks of W. S. Holman, representative from Indiana, in the late debate in the House. He said: "Our ship-building will be carried on and increased by gradual processes without subsidy. When it is profitable our people will force their way into the world's commerce without subsidy. It will become a part of the growth of our country when the carrying trade becomes more profitable than other enterprises—and not till then."

Joseph Hutchinson.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER V.

"Only a word, and it was I who said it,
And so it rings within my ear to-day;
Only a word; a taunting gesture bred it,
And—well, it had its way."

I WAS Neil's friend—God knows that I was his friend—and loved him too well, even though in my disloyal heart loving his wife a thousand times as much, to see him lose the respect of the strangers in the house, and become a gibe and jeer for them. I was exasperated, too, at the way in which he spoke to me, and still I was helpless.

That evening when he came in to dress for dinner, he came with a smile and a pleasant word, and I was content to forget the angry words he had thrown at me in the afternoon. But after dinner we went to the Beldons' parlor, where Mrs. Beldon was alone. We sat for an hour, and then I said: "Neil, come, I want you to go out with me."

A quick glance from Mrs. Beldon's bright eyes at my face, and she saw through my flimsy trick.

"No, Mr. Barras, *I* want you here with me."

"Will you come?" I thundered savagely.

"No, thank you, I will stay with Mrs. Beldon."

"Then go to the devil, both of you!" and I left the room with a new rage making my heart beat fast and loud.

The next morning Mrs. Beldon, when we met, did not recognize me, and I could not blame her; yet I was glad that I had uttered the ungentlemanlike words, and glad that she knew my feelings. Neil avoided me all day long; and so matters went until an evening when there was to be a masked party.

I helped Neil into the shape-dress of a harlequin (under which his great muscles showed with a curve and swell that would have delighted a sculptor of the Phidian age); then an hour later I descended to the ball-room, plainly clad in mask and domino of black satin. As I stood looking at the bright crowd a hand was slipped through my arm, and I turned quickly to find a Marie Antoinette standing beside me.

"Mrs. Beldon, why have you come to me?"

"Hush! come to my rooms in five minutes, please; I must and will see you alone." And five minutes later I stood, still masked, in the parlor. Mrs. Beldon was there with shining eyes and flushed cheeks. Her mask lay on the floor, and as I bent to pick it up she set her foot in its jeweled French slipper on the satin trifle.

"Do not stoop for me, Mr. Eldridge. You do not like me: you have never liked me; and why? I certainly have done more than is my wont to make you my friend, and to give you an opportunity for finding out the best that is in me; but utter disapproval of me is written on your face at all times, and you could not, even if you cared to, I think, keep a certain glance of supercilious contempt out of your eyes when you look at me. You *shall* tell me why this is!"

It was not an easy thing to do, to tell this woman what I had to tell her, and had I been the only one concerned, I should not have spoken the truth—should have turned off the whole matter with a polite society lie. But it was the last chance, perhaps, to help the man I loved; and I nerved myself to the task, slowly taking off my mask, and loosening the domino to make time for myself.

"Be seated, please." And Mrs. Beldon graciously pointed to a chair; but I preferred to stand before her, as she half sat, half reclined on the sofa.

"You asked me a direct question, Mrs. Beldon, and deserve and shall have as direct an answer.

"You say that I do not like you. We will let that pass for the present, if you are willing; although I can and must say that, until

my incautious outburst the other evening, I have never knowingly been rude to a woman in my life. Let me go to the root of the trouble that is on my heart. You are flirting with a man who is my friend, and whom I respect and love. The whole social circle in which we move here is commenting upon the matter, and giving it harder names than a simple flirtation warrants. You cannot help amusing yourself with men; it is a part of your nature: but Neil Barras does not—or will not—understand this. He thinks you are in earnest, appreciates to the full your beauty and grace, and is falling down before you in an admiration that is rapidly changing into a stronger, warmer feeling. He has a wife who loves and treasures the merest trifle that his hand has touched. I ask you for the sake of his wife, if not for his and your own good, to stop where you are. What is one man more or less in the train of your admirers? You cannot grasp Neil's nature, nor comprehend him in any way. He is not like other men, but takes all things for granted and as real. What profit is his enslavement to you?"

Mrs. Beldon rose from the sofa and walked back and forth across the parlor. At last she stood facing me.

"Do you realize how you have insulted me? Do you know that you have spoken to me as no man ever dared speak to me before? If you are a friend to Mr. Barras, and to his wife as well, you should have had sufficient tact to approach me in a different manner. Mr. Barras is nothing to me, but I deny your right to interfere, and I shall carry on this flirtation—as you call it—to what extent I please. You have lost your cause by your awkwardness; and take my advice in this: the next time you fancy yourself called to interfere in a matter of this kind, be more gentle, more lenient, or you may, as now, arouse all the obstinacy of a woman's nature, and find—as you will find—that it is a hard thing to combat against.

"I am satisfied, and you may go. We will not know each other in future, if you please. Good evening." And I found myself outside the door, with that mocking face and brilliant figure shining out of the brightly lighted room.

I turned away with a sigh. Surely I had done my awkward best to help Neil; was I to blame that I had failed?

I retired to my own room before the party had broken up, lighted my pipe, and was sitting thinking—thinking hard—when Neil came into the chamber. He made a magnificent subject for artist or sculptor as he stood there before me, every muscle showing through the tight costume that he wore, and his face animated with suppressed and excited feeling.

"You have been meddling with what does not concern you, Frank. I fail to see wherein my comings and goings need trouble your conscience—or whatever it is that is troubled by what I am doing here. I have found a friend, and am enjoying her society. Her husband looks on and finds no fault. A few old-maid gossips in the hotel, who have no better way of occupying their waste time than to discuss those who are younger and therefore capable of appreciating life more than they, do perhaps canvass what I have done. I expected better of you than that you should join their ranks. If I were a dissipated man-about-town, it would be different; but you as my friend have never before had cause to cavil at my ways, and have not now, except such cause as your poetical imagination affords.

"Let me tell you this: it was never well to oppose me; suspicion or watching always drove me, even when a child, to do what I would not have thought to do if let alone; and I am not changed in disposition since I was a child."

"No, I can readily believe that," I answered. "It is not my conscience but my heart that is troubled, Neil. True, I have no right to advise or caution you; if I am interfering with what does not concern me, it is not because anything that you may do will make or mar my life. It is for your sake, and yours only, that I plead—yes, and for the sake of your wife; but I can say no more. I will not quarrel with you, and no more harsh words shall pass between us:

I leave all to your own heart; it has been so warm and generous to me, I cannot believe that it will set you to deliberately ruin the life of the woman you promised to love and honor."

Neil threw himself down upon the floor before me, while I relighted my pipe to cover the nervousness that I felt was showing in my face and hands; for the hands are such subtle betrayers of nervous expression, that they need occupation to conceal what they would specially tell. I had said my say, and would leave my friend to work out his own moral problem; and yet there were few things I would not have done or said if they could have had the effect my heart desired.

When the morning mail came in, there was another letter from Madge—a repetition of what she had said before, and of what I had said. There was a note of bitterness running through the written words, too, that stung and troubled Neil, I saw; but he said very little about it to me, yet I noticed that he kept away from Mrs. Beldon, and went out by himself for a walk, from which he did not return until dinner-time. After dinner he came to me and drew me into a retired corner of the smoking-room.

"Frank, I must go home. Madge feels unpleasantly about my staying here, and I must go home to her. But I do not like to go and face her as she is feeling now about this matter. It is hard for me to explain such things at any time: it will be harder now when there is really so little to explain, and so much that she may imagine if she cares to be suspicious, as you see she already is. What shall I do? I wish"—and he turned his face away a trifle and lowered his eyes—"I wish that you could see her first and ease her mind before I go home."

I pitied him—pitied him for his weakness; but I was friend enough to the man to suppress the indignant exclamation that rose to my lips, and after a minute I said: "Very well; to-morrow will be Saturday. I will leave for Boston in the morning, and go to see your wife on Sunday, if you will give me your word that you will surely start on Monday for home. Will you?"

The face that he turned towards me was red, his eyes had tears in them, and I could see that, beneath a trifling shamefacedness, he felt relieved.

"Yes, I *will* go home on Monday, Frank. God bless you, boy! It will be better so, I am sure; you do not know how much better for both Madge and me. I am so obstinate, it is so hard for me to talk of things that I do or do not do—this will be the better way, I know."

So I went back to Boston the next day. As Neil left me in the train he said, with my hand held tight in his: "Forgive me the uneasiness that I have caused you, Frank, and forget as much of all this affair as you can. I have been in the wrong, perhaps; but I believe that there is a devil in me sometimes when I am so unyielding, so—whatever you please to call it." And then he went, and the train bore me on toward Boston and my friend's wife.

A hard task had been set me, to go to this woman and smooth the way for her husband's return to her. She was not a virago, a female tyrant, whom I had to talk with (it might have been easier for me if she had been), but a woman whose only fault, if it were a fault, was that she loved the man to whom she was married. And I stood in her presence on the following day very awkwardly, and wishing very heartily that I had not come.

"You have come home, Frank, and Neil not with you? I did not think he would stab me like this?" And she sat down before the fire and looked into the glowing coals with tears rolling over her cheeks.

"Let us be practical and sensible, Madge," I answered. "Neil did not mean to wound you; and I am only a few hours ahead of him at the most, for he will be here to-morrow."

"Why did he not come back with you? A few hours more in the society of Mrs. Beldon was, I suppose, the inducement for him to remain."

"There, let us drop that at once, or else talk it all over and out before he does come. For surely it will be the better way to have

no words with your husband about the matter. He is coming home, and that will probably be the end of his intimacy with Mrs. Beldon. Do not, if you wish to hold him closely to you, let him see that you are jealous or suspicious. The lighter the chains lie about his neck, the more firmly they will keep him at your side. He boasted to me last summer that his wife never 'nagged' him, and I am sure that it will not pay to begin now."

"'Nag' him! Is it 'nagging' a man to find fault that he turns from his faithful wife to a married woman who can be nothing to him that is loyal and honorable? Is it 'nagging' to sit here, as I have done, with such a pain about the heart that I had to press my hand hard against it in order to endure the anguish; to go to the piano and try to sing, and break down because of the tears that choked me? You are a man, Frank Eldridge, and cannot understand a woman. To you I seem to be making a mountain out of a mole-hill, an occasion for great grief out of a trivial incident. O, yes! I know how true you have in your friendship been to Neil and me: but you are a man, and can no more easily comprehend the workings of a woman's heart than you can understand the pitiful sorrow that some of the stories you write bring to the sentimental school-girl who reads and cries over them—a pitiful sorrow, I say, because, after all, she must one day come to realize that it was but seeing her own future, her woman's lot, drawn out by a cunning hand and set before her. I believe, certainly, that you would have saved me from this experience, and thank you for your goodness; but, Frank, I do not think that I can ever be rid of this new, hard feeling that is come to me. My husband brought it to me, and he should be the last to blame if it reaches even to him and brings him hurt."

"But, Madge, listen. For your own good and peace do not let Neil see that this feeling has sprung up in your soul. God in heaven knows that I did not come to you willingly; that I stand here pleading for belief and confidence in Neil, not for my sake, but for yours, my two friends. I am a selfish man, and care much for the bits of fame and comfort that I am able to reach out and grasp for myself; I do not like to come in contact with the woes and distresses of other persons, and I fight shy of all unpleasant things: but I should be sorrier than I can make you understand if I let anything go undone that could prevent a barrier rising up between you and Neil; and for that reason I have come as I have, not to be intrusive, for nothing but to assure you that your husband is coming back to you as pure and heart-whole as he went away, and to ask you to sacrifice your pride and the anger that has magnified its cause by unremitting thought, and to meet Neil as though nothing had happened; and all will be well."

Then I went away, and the next day Neil came home.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Bon voyage*, comrade, for we drift apart,
The distance widens as the current flows,
And I, who yesterday could feel your heart,
To-day can hardly see your eyes disclose
Their blue, so fast the space between us grows."

You know how warmly the sun shines down on the sidewalk of Park Street in the middle of the afternoon; how bright the light is that comes streaming across the snow-covered Common, making the bare branches of the trees stand out in all their skeleton meagerness, and showing up so plainly the English sparrows which flit from twig to twig that you could count them, if you had the time and patience to spare: yes, and even resting almost tenderly on the straight and unadorned envelope that hides the Brewer fountain from the storms and cold winds of winter.

You have seen the water go slipping and gurgling in narrow rivulets down the hill from the melting snow that lies heaped in grimy hillocks on Beacon Street, and perhaps have noticed how often an old man stands on the sun-warmed bricks and holds out a bunch—a large, odorous, nodding bunch—

of roses with long, leaf-covered stems to the passers-by. At any rate, you have seen that small old Italian woman with her rounded back, and her seamy, furrowed face that is puckered up into more wrinkles than many human faces come to have, who sits on a camp-stool and grinds forth from an antique hand-organ strains that are so faint you scarce can hear them, unless you stand still and bend your ear down to the instrument. You know the street and its frequenters, do you not?

I was passing down the hill toward Tremont Street one afternoon, ten days or so after coming from New York. The old woman ground out a few brisk but weak and cracked chords from her hand-organ, and I felt rather than saw the dark frown that followed me because I did not take my lazy hand from my overcoat pocket and drop a coin into the battered cigar-box on the top of her unmusical means of livelihood. The old man held his roses toward me, and they were so sweet and summer-like in the afternoon sunlight, that I stopped and bought a handful for the mere pleasure that lay in seeing the fragrant, lovely things. And a little farther on a lady tripped on the step of the carriage from which she was descending, and fell heavily against my shoulder. It was Adam Jaquith's mother, one of those stately, delicate old ladies who seem to have somehow caught up all the grace and refinement that a youth passed in the most cultured society can give, and to have carried it on into their later years, adding thereto a charm that nothing but delightful old age can give: an indefinable breath of attractiveness that is as elusive yet as decisive as a melody or a perfume.

She was about to go into a picture gallery when our abrupt meeting occurred, and I went in with her.

The slight accident of her fall had made her a trifle nervous, and she sat down in a chair to rest before one of those bright pictures by Appleton Brown, a painting that was like a morsel of spring-time taken bodily out of its season, and hung up on the wall, with all its melting and marvelous greens, the airy, changeful blue of its sky, and the apple-blossoms seeming to tremble in a light breeze that had blown open half the door to a rickety old barn where the straight, unshadowed shaft of sunlight shone on the floor with its wisps of scattered hay, among which a solitary hen was slowly wandering about.

I laid my roses in Mrs. Jaquith's lap and stood leaning against her chair.

"Ah, Mr. Eldridge! between this picture and the roses I feel quite as if I had shaken off all knowledge of winter, and was living for the moment right in the beauty of spring. I came into Boston only yesterday, and already your cold sea-air has struck terror to my heart and lungs. I hardly ever dare to come East at this time of the year, but Adam had business here, and I so much wanted to see a few of my friends in the city that I mustered up courage to take the trip.

"I sent my card to you this morning, and we were quite sure you would come around to the hotel to-night. I shall be in town a very few days, and my son has promised that I shall go to your house, for I have a desire to see the pretty things that I am told you have gathered about you, and the little 'den' that must be peopled by all the fanciful images you have created in it. I am an old lady, and so quite free to lay aside the formalities of social etiquette, you know, and to call upon young gentlemen—if they kindly permit me the privilege."

"Indeed, I shall be grateful to you if you and Adam will come to my lonely house, which seems so dreary and barren to me since my mother went away that I shrink from inviting visitors, fearing it may be as dismal and lonely for them as for me. I will call upon you this evening; and will you be kind enough to hold yourself and Adam bound to me for a tea-party to-morrow? A small tea-party, you understand, just a home-like coming together; for I never entertain but in a homely way, and when my friends are friends amongst themselves, and quite unstudied and unfettered in their sociability. Will you consider yourselves engaged to me?"

"Yes, with pleasure—thank you. I think that I may answer for Adam, as he is to be quite at my disposal while we are here, except for the two or three hours a day when he has to yield to the not very heavy demands of business.

"We shall like to visit you, and I am grateful for your cordial invitation, as I have been told that you do not often open your house to mere acquaintances, and I am sorry to say that is all we can claim to be.

"You are called a cold and haughty man, Mr. Eldridge—did you know it?—pardon me if I still exercise the privilege of my age—and I had believed it because of these somewhat cynical lines:

"'Sleep, heart; I weary of your waking!
Life is too hard and man too false for peace;
Die, heart; I anger at your aching,
This long distrust, these fears that will not cease.'

"Do you remember how long ago you printed them? But after I had met you, and after seeing this:

"'To-day I came with valley-lilies in my arms,
They were so warm with summer sunshine and so sweet,
And moistened with my tears, I laid them at her feet,
And some few snowy sprays between her folded palms'—

I said, No, he is not cold, but grief has met him by the way. Forgive me for making yourself the topic of a conversation; but I did want to tell you this once, twice, several times in New York, and have only now found bravery enough.

"But the room is filling up: let us look at the pictures, and then I must go back to the hotel."

So I left her remark about my reputation as a cold man unreplied to, and we walked around and enjoyed the bits of life and nature that hung on the walls: I the more because of Mrs. Jaquith's clear, critical comments.

The world owes such an unpayable debt to painters of pictures, who give it so much to be thankful for, that I wonder sometimes at the cool ordinariness with which we treat these men and women who, by a skillful combination of coloring and a hard-earned power to reproduce shapes and scenes, offer us an unending pleasure and means of relief.

On my way over to make the promised call that evening I stopped in at Neil's house. I had only seen him once since he came from New York, and then there was an unnatural and constrained awkwardness in his manner, and perhaps in mine. But this night he met me with a good deal of effusion and welcome.

Madge was looking pale; her eyes had dark shadows under them, and the long lashes went to rest too often on her cheeks.

"Mrs. Jaquith and Adam are in the city," I said to Neil, "and they are coming to my house to-morrow to tea. There will be a half-dozen only there altogether, and I hope that you and Madge are free and will come."

Madge crossed the room to where the piano stood, and began busying herself among the sheets of music that were scattered about on the cover. She kept her back sedulously turned to us, I noticed as I looked after her, and Neil said brightly:

"O, Madge will go. She will like Mrs. Jaquith, who is just the style of woman to please her, so quiet and refined. But I leave for the West early to-morrow morning, and shall be gone two or three weeks. I'm tired of Boston, Frank: it has grown monotonous to me lately, and I want a brisk run through the livelier cities over yonder for variety."

I looked straight into his eyes for a couple of minutes, and said nothing. The change in my friend's nature had come, and I did not find it an improvement on his old self. Madge still turned the music-books upside down, and I went over to her. As she looked up at me I saw that her eyes were brimming with pitiful tears, and there was a pained expression on her face.

"Will you come?" I asked; and she shook her head "No."

"Listen for a moment. You will be alone here, and it cannot but be more cheerful in my parlor, where you will find other and congenial persons to change the current of your thoughts and mood. Come!"

Neil came up as I spoke, and he laid his

hand on her shoulder; but Madge put up her own hand and took his broad palm from its resting place. He looked a little embarrassed, but said lightly:

"O, she'll go—of course she'll go. Don't be cranky, Madge; tell Frank that you will go. It will be as much for my pleasure as his, for I shall be glad to know you are not brooding here at home over my absence. You see, she doesn't like the idea of my leaving her so soon again, Frank."

"No, I do not like it!"—and there was the ripple of a note of tears through the words—"but I cannot help myself, and—Yes, I will go to your house, Frank, although I shall not be a merry guest."

"That I do not mind. Come in whatever mood you please, only come. And I must be off, for I have another call to make and it is near nine o'clock. Good by, Neil; you are a crazy creature, and I hope may return sane. Madge, I shall depend upon you to come early to-morrow, and to take the head of my table in place of Mrs. Norton. Again, good by."

Neil went with me to the door, and when I had reached the sidewalk he called after me, but I was in no mood for listening to anything he might have to say; and pretending not to hear, I walked quickly over to the Hotel Vendome, and sent my card up to Mrs. Jaquith's parlor, which was one of the pleasantest in that hotel celebrated for its pleasant rooms.

I think it was no sign of weakness in me that my eyes filled with tears as I stood unnoticed for an instant on the threshold. Adam was plagued by one of the headaches that came often to his excitable system, and sat on a cushion at Mrs. Jaquith's feet, with his head resting in her lap, while her small white hand—the pretty hand of an old lady—smoothed his forehead.

I was motherless, haunted by the memories of that dear companion of my youth, for whose sake and through whose interest I had sought the reward that the world sometimes gives for unremitting and careful aspiration. Ay, even the silken folds of my window curtains seemed to bear in their adjustment the slow, lingering touch of her fingers, that always brought a new grace to whatever they chanced to rest upon. My house and my life were full of these vague and various memories; and so I paused, with a hungry emptiness of heart, to look in upon this mother and son making a pretty picture, that my advancing into the room broke up.

I have spoken before of the deference that Jaquith showed his mother; a peculiar deference that had not the least savor of servility in it; no obtrusive attention or watchfulness, but just a sweet, manly courteousness that never failed to attract and impress me. He was a shrewd young business man, this Adam Jaquith, and a noted society man of New York as well; with a reputation spiced a little by the rumor of two or three imprudences that had somehow, in the most mysterious way that such things have of blowing lightly out among a man's acquaintances, come to the ears of his social circle: and yet a man about whom his manner toward his mother had built up such a fine surrounding of respect that I could never realize he was scarce older than myself, but felt always that he carried a special dignity that made him somewhat above the standard of and older than the fellows among whom I moved. Indeed, so substantial was this feeling that it kept me (in spite of a cordial readiness for frequent and friendly intercourse that was evident in his conduct towards me) from ever advancing to an intimacy with him.

The bunch of roses I had given Mrs. Jaquith that afternoon was now fastened at her belt.

I spoke, shortly after seating myself, of the pretty compliment she paid me by wearing these flowers, and Adam said:

"O, but my mother pays you a more unusual compliment by liking you, for there are few young men upon whom she bestows this honor, I assure you. Granted that from sheer vanity she finds me—of her own bringing up—worthy a generous bestowal of love, you could count upon your thumbs those other men of my age in whom my mother takes familiar interest."

"But, my son, this cannot matter to Mr. Eldridge; let us talk of some other thing. Tell me, Mr. Eldridge, where Mr. Barras is now, and if you have seen him recently. I have always a great fear for men who have, like him, nothing but their own wishes to consult, no daily business to steady them in their walk through life. And—forgive me, for I know that Mr. Barras is a dear friend of yours—it seems very certain that he is one who requires some steadying influence of practical necessity to bring out the best or hide the worst that is in him."

"My mother is not backward in showing that she does not like Barras, you see."

"You are mistaken, Adam. I do not dislike Mr. Barras. No, I think that I *like* him—that is, himself; what I do dislike is his careless, unreflecting way. Had he kept away from that Mrs. Beldon"— here Adam got up, and, walking to the other side of the room, drew apart the heavy curtains and looked out of the window — "and not brought her name and his down to being bandied about the hotel, I am sure that I should have found him full of attractive qualities. But a man who would bring such gossip about, and then care so little for the shame (for it would be shame to me if he were my son) as to make no effort to stop the current of talk and speculation, must lack some element that should be of vital importance in his character.

"Yet I am not well acquainted with Mr. Barras, and his nature may be cast in a different mold from that of my supposition. But we have not let you answer. Have you seen Mr. Barras lately?"

"Yes; I came direct from his house here. Neil leaves for the West to-morrow, and I shall have the pleasure to introduce his wife to you to-morrow evening, if—"

Mrs. Jaquith sat suddenly upright in her chair, and Adam let the curtains fall over him at the window.

"His wife?—his *wife?* I did not know that he was a married man. Adam!"—and her voice was sharp and the tone imperative—"Adam!"—and he came out from behind the curtains, and went to the mantel, where he stood breaking matches into small pieces, which he threw one by one into the fire. "Why did I not know that Mr. Barras had a wife? Why did nobody ever mention it to me? And why did *you* never tell me, Adam?"

"Why, I suppose"—his voice was rough, though he tried hard to keep it smooth, and he did not turn his face towards his mother—"I suppose I thought that you knew it, or that it was of very small consequence to you"—and after a pause—"or me."

"It was not of small consequence; it only makes him seem still less manly and honorable to my old-fashioned ideas about such affairs. You see, Mr. Eldridge"—and she sat back in her chair again, and let her head rest on the cushions—"those of my generation were taught that married men and women had certain duties to perform, and certain courtesies to show each other; and perhaps we were not so socially brilliant a generation as this of to-day, but we were more regardful of what might be said or thought by those who knew us."

We compared Boston with New York then, and chatted of mutual friends, new books, and politics, both American and European; but Mrs. Jaquith had lost the calmness that was her chief characteristic, and her fingers pulled nervously at the posies in her belt, until the pink and yellow petals were quite thick in her lap; and she looked at Adam now and then with a sort of question in her eyes—a question, as it were, that she dared not ask, but sorely wanted answered.

When I rose to go she rose too, and the leaves of the torn blossoms fell down upon the Daghestan rug at her feet. She did not notice them, but putting her hand on mine, said very slowly and impressively, as though carrying on aloud her train of thought:

"I shall be much pleased to meet Mrs. Barras at your house to-morrow, but"—and the words came hard, and her voice was low and constrained—"I cannot understand why Adam failed to tell me that Mr. Barras had a wife."

James Berry Bensel.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

JEANNE HACHETTE.

In 1472, during the long contest between Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, the latter laid siege to Beauvais—the site of the celebrated cathedral—with an army of eighty thousand men. The inhabitants, supported by an insufficient garrison, made the best resistanc possible; but, after thirteen days' fighting, were about to surrender, when an orphan girl, Jeanne Fourquet, or Laisné, as some chroniclers gave it (daughter of an officer of the King's Guard, killed in battle), after having invoked the aid of Saint Angadrême, the patroness of the city, led the women of Beauvais to the walls, where her presence and courage, and the enthusiasm of her followers, gave new life to the besieged, and induced them to hold out for another day, when the timely arrival of re-enforcements compelled the enemy to retire. The act of Jeanne in cutting down with a hatchet a Burgundian soldier, and snatching from him the Duke's standard as he was about to plant it upon the wall, has been especially commemorated, and has given her in the local annals the name of Jeanne Hachette, which she has ever since borne. The remains of the standard are still preserved in the hotel-de-ville, and are carried by young girls in an annual procession in honor of Jeanne on the festival of Saint Angadrême, October 14th. It is only within a few years that a monument to this heroine has been erected in the *grande place* of Beauvais. But though coming late, this statue is a worthy souvenir. Executed with delicacy and with force—a true work of art—it far exceeds in beauty and in interest any of the various statues known to the writer, of the more famous Jeanne d'Arc.

Of the fine historic faces none has ever struck me yet,
None has ever charmed or moved me, like the face of Jeanne Hachette,
As in bronze reanimated I beheld it flashing down
From its pedestal of marble in the square of Beauvais town.

'Twas to view the old cathedral of Saint Peter that I came;
Jeanne Hachette had faded from me as a vague and by-gone name;
Lofty choir and stately transept reverent did I survey,
But *her* image was the living mem'ry that I brought away.

Heroine whose presence rallied the defense when in despair
Beauvais saw her gates beleaguered by the ruthless Temeraire;
She whose daring and devotion saved her town from waste and spoil—
Well she won from modern art this station on her native soil.

Proud she stands, the famous hatchet in her right hand firmly grasped,
In her left the tattered standard with its broken spear is clasped,
Wrested from the bold Burgundian as he scaled the rampart's height,
And forever to be treasured as the trophy of the fight.

Free and artless is her vesture, and her loose-tied sash floats free,
As upon the parapet she plants her foot with half-bent knee,
And alert, with head uncovered, gazes down upon the foe,
Watchful for the moment when the ready arm shall sweep the blow.

Stern the front and dark the visage, by a mighty wrath possessed,
Fixed resolve and constant purpose in the firm mouth are expressed,
In the indignant eyes enkindled burns the passion of the strife,
And the strong defiant figure seems to thrill with nerve and life.

Yet, despite her stormy aspect, Jeanne is beautiful to me,
For a gracefulness informs her and a simple dignity;
And an air as if she shrunk one instant from her tragic part
Shows the woman and discloses that she bears a woman's heart.

And I leave her with the homage that instinctively we yield
When a high and loyal nature to our vision is revealed;
Feeling still a strange surprise that this wild face should move me so,
Flashing from the dim remoteness of four hundred years ago.

W. Winthrop.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN MEXICO.—II. EXCURSIONS FROM THE CITY.

TACUBAYA is the most delightful suburban village in the vicinity of the City of Mexico. It has figured more or less in every war and revolution. It is generally one of the first places seized by the *pronunciados*. There are some fine residences in the village. Most of the wealthy men own a summer house, and come here to live during the hottest months. It is only a quarter of an hour from the city by train. The finest houses in Tacubaya are those of Escandon and Barron. These are rival establishments to a certain extent. They are large, with elegant grounds and buildings. The houses are elegantly furnished, and supplied with numerous paintings from old masters, as well as the modern schools. The proprietors do not use the buildings much; on occasions they have a dinner party or spend a Sunday there. They must be expensive luxuries to their proprietors, for they can use them but little, and could not sell them for more than half what they cost. It is not considered very safe for wealthy men to live in Tacubaya, on account of robbers and *plagiadors*. Shortly before my visit a gentleman purchased a property in the village for eighteen thousand dollars that cost eighty thousand.

A long-talked-of trip to Puebla was at length realized, and on the 11th of October the party met at the railroad station. By half-past eleven we reached Apizaco, where about one o'clock we took the stage for Puebla, via San Pablo, Santana, and Molino Viejo, and reached Puebla about half-past six.

We made our preparations for visiting Chulula the night of our arrival, and after breakfast was fixed as the hour for starting. Before breakfast, however, we paid a visit to the baths. There are two places for bathing. We went this morning to those of San Pedro, and found them exceedingly uncomfortable and dirty. We could have no towels, and the bathing places are dark and repulsive. The water is quite warm and strongly impregnated with sulphur. My silver watch turned black, as did all our money, and the odor of sulphur is strong. They could be made very fine baths, and are said to have superior medicinal virtues.

The following morning we went to the baths near the new Alameda, and found them very much better than those of San Pedro. These could be made very convenient. There have been handsome gardens about them in former years.

Two hours' ride brought us to the wonderful ruin of Chulula. The town, as well as the pyramid, is all a ruin. There is evidence of its having been a large and populous city. The pyramid is almost directly west of the city of Puebla, and about ten or twelve miles distant. The road to it is good, but said to be infested with robbers; the same, however, is said of all the roads leading into Puebla. On our arrival we rode directly up the pyramid on the west side, two-thirds of the way up, to some steps that lead to the chapel on the top of the pyramid. Here we dismounted and walked up the remainder of the distance.

This pyramid is as wonderful as those of Egypt; it contains more cubic feet than any other in the world, and there has nothing yet been discovered to disprove that the whole is built of adobes and stone, and therefore strictly a work of art. It has no doubt been greatly diminished in size by abrasion, and its outline is rough and irregular on account of the growth of trees and shrubbery, and the washing of its faces. Viewing it from the top three terraces are still distinctly visible. The first has the outline of a bastion front, the angles projecting out at the corners, like the bastions of a modern fortification. On this stands the other, with a square base. On the summit it is flat, and protected by a

wall, within which stands a chapel now being rebuilt, an earthquake having a few years ago destroyed the old one. The view from the summit is very extensive, and beautiful in one sense. In another, however, one sees so much of ruin and decay in everything in view that it gives a feeling as if the whole world were moldering away. The principal portion of the town itself lies to the north-west of the Pyramid, and is a mass of decaying buildings where once may have been considerable splendor. The church bears evidence of having been an immense property at one time. On the west side are two other small pyramids that have been almost entirely cut away on their faces, leaving square blocks or masses of adobe to the very foundation, and as far as they have been penetrated. All around in every direction are evidences of the ancient city and of its vast extent. The energy of the present people seems to have been exhausted in the building of religious edifices; we counted from the summit about thirty belfries visible in the neighborhood. Returning, we rode rapidly and with much noise and shouting, creating quite a stir on the road among the travelers. We were evidently taken for robbers, as everybody we met had their hands on their weapons as we passed.

Next day we had our miserable little horses again, and visited the hill of San Juan and the fortifications of Loreto and Guadalupe. The officers did not object to our seeing the fortifications. Loreto was a miserable affair, and a few half-naked and barefooted soldiers occupied the ruinous interior. The guns were dismounted. A solitary twenty-four-pounder iron gun, on a ruinous carriage, occupied one of the bastions looking from the city. The upper fort on the summit is naturally stronger, but still more dilapidated. The commandant showed us the ground on which the French approached on the celebrated 5th of May, and told us how they were repulsed. We spent the remainder of the day in visiting the cathedral, which we found exceedingly interesting. It is more artistically finished than the cathedral in the City of Mexico; has some beautiful varieties of marble in the altar, under which are buried the bishops of Puebla.

The next morning one of our party left by stage for Apizaco, to return to Mexico; and the day after, we heard at the stage office that the passengers to Apizaco had been robbed, two leagues from the city, and with them our friend. We learned later that the robbery was supposed to have been perpetrated by some of the Rural Guard stationed in the neighborhood. The force was about twenty. They took two of the passengers prisoners, but released them again during the day.

The last morning of our stay we went to visit a glass factory in the city, and some pottery factories. The glass factory seemed to be in good working order. The potteries were very primitive, and evidently the art as transmitted from the Aztecs. In the afternoon we rode out to some other factories, extensive establishments about two leagues distant. As is the case in all the factories in Mexico, of every kind, the foremen were foreigners. They would be profitable and valuable if the country was quiet and certain of remaining so. We also visited the mill, El Molino de San Domingo, where Maximilian stopped for a day or two on his way to Orizaba, when he contemplated abandoning his empire. It is also conducted by foreigners. It adjoins one of the cotton factories that we visited. It was near this mill that the stage robbery had taken place. With this day's excursions our visit to Puebla ended. We found the city interesting in a few of its features. It is clean; free from the offensive odors common in the city of Mexico. The baths are delightful and some of the buildings handsome. It is, however, a lifeless place—lacks business and enterprise. It may do better when the projected railroad reaches it. We enjoyed ourselves very well because we were a party; any one of us alone would have found it terribly dull and uninteresting.

On our way back to the city we delayed at Apizaco to ride to Tlascala, an ancient place that figures prominently in the history of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez. It is the

capital of the state of Tlascala, and boasts of a palace, and some interesting relics in the way of pictures, grants, and a remnant of the flag of Cortez, and the spear-head of the flag-staff. The palace was far from being palatial in appearance, and consisted of nothing but a large plain building, in which the state officials have their offices, and the legislature has its sittings. The charters and grants were mostly of the sixteenth century, and contained the autographs of the sovereigns of Spain of that period. The church on the hill above the town was quite interesting. There were some of the best pictures in the chapel that I have seen in the country. The windows of the chapel were made of transparent spar.

The week after our excursion to Puebla we arranged to visit a woolen factory called San Ilfonso, about eight leagues from the city, on the Rio Grande. It belonged to an Englishman, the member of our Puebla party who had suffered from the stage robbers.

Early on the morning of the eighteenth we were all riding out on the San Cosmo road on horseback, by the old tree of the "Triste Noche," on our way to the factory, under the guidance of the *administrador* of the *fabrica.* For two or three leagues we passed through villages among trees, surrounded with thrifty and productive gardens, protected by a pleasant shade cast by the trees that lined the highway. We soon, however, entered a more sterile country, more or less hilly and rocky, destitute of trees, dry and glaring in the sun. Here and there we passed a mill, or a *fabrica,* nestled in the narrow valley of some stream—a pleasant contrast to the barren hills. As we approached the Rio Grande the appearance of the country improved, and we found Ilfonso quite an attractive spot, surrounded with trees, a garden, and a refreshing stream at hand, the largest that is so near to Mexico. The *fabrica* was surrounded by a wall, and had a main entrance, at which sat a burly porter. The operatives were of all ages and sexes, and seemed to do their work well, and to understand it. The men and boys attended the looms; the women were used for sorting and washing the wool, and picking the specks out of the cloth. The village where the employés lived was just across the Rio, in better quarters than the masses have in the city. They have a school and chapel erected by the proprietors, also a theater in which they have performances on fete days, and *bailles* when occasion requires. They had a band of music that collected for practice the first night of our stay. These people, therefore, seemed to be as happy as any I had seen among the working classes. The *administradors,* however, represented them as not very reliable or trustworthy, requiring constant watching and much patience in dealing with them.

It had been a part of our plan to visit the *desaugue* for draining the valley of Mexico, now in process of construction. We accordingly prepared ourselves for the ride the morning following our arrival. We started early, intending to return the same day. We found the road much longer than we expected, and approached some huts near at hand to inquire the way. Our appearance created no little commotion. Several persons disappeared in the huts, and two rushed forward and mounted horses. One of these came forward and asked us what we wanted. We made our inquiries through our *mozo,* who seemed very much disconcerted. The one who remained behind was a tall black-whiskered man of rather marked appearance. He watched us closely with his large black eyes, and seemed quite prepared to fight or run, as he was well armed and well mounted. Noticing the perturbation of the *mozo,* after we had received satisfactory answers to inquiries, and got off some distance, we inquired of him what was the matter. He said that the black-whiskered man who remained back was the celebrated robber, Frigosa, for whose arrest the government had offered a price; that he knew him, as he had served in the same regiment with him during the war. He was evidently alarmed at our presence; but we ascertained afterwards that the government could not be very desirous of arresting him, as he had a

contract with the officials for supplying stone on the *desaugue*, and that it was quite well known where he was.

It was a distance of two leagues from where we came upon the work to the end of the surveyed route. The places for the shafts were indicated along the whole route, and were about four hundred feet apart. In many places the shafts were already connected. At one point we found them putting up steam machinery to raise the dirt from the shaft. In a number of places they were drawing it up with horses and mules by the wheel and axle. The road ran along the line of shafts to the end, where the *desaugue* terminated in a *barranca*, which for several miles had been widened and deepened, to serve as the outlet of the tunnel.

We met an engineer and a paymaster at the end of the tunnel. We had the engineer explain it to us. There were quite a number of bones of extinct animals that had been taken out at different times; some of them of extraordinary dimensions; some teeth of the mastodon or elephant which weighed thirteen pounds, and whose grinding surface measured three by nine inches. These bones were found in a strata of white volcanic ash apparently, generally near the surface, and are not well preserved, being very friable and liable to crumble on handling.

In the office at Zimpango, an hour and a half's ride from the work, we obtained more definite data concerning the work they were prosecuting. The canal was to extend from Trezcoco to a stream about three leagues north of Zimpango. Trezcoco being the lowest of all the lakes, by draining it the entire valley would be drained. An extensive tract of land would be recovered that in value would pay for the expense. The canal was to be about thirty miles long, and would cost ten or eleven million dollars. At the outlet of the canal there would be a tunnel about seven miles long, fifteen feet wide, and thirty feet high. At the present rate of working, it would not be finished in thirty years. The engineering and working was far behind the age. For example, two or three hundred men and boys were excavating at the foot of the contemplated tunnel, and carrying the dirt out on their backs in sacks, from a depth of about sixty feet, where really no such excavation was needed, for the tunnel could have been continued, in place of excavating a mass sixty feet deep and about two hundred in width at the surface, at the point where they were at work. They were paying the men three reals per cubic *vara*.

We saw in the office the bones which had been found and were collected there; also many other curiosities that had been found at various points of the work. The bones were evidently from a variety of different animals. There were fragments of tusks five and seven feet long, and seven to nine inches in diameter; femurs five feet long, and weighing three hundred pounds. There were pieces of crockeryware, pipes, and other articles of human manufacture that had been found far below the surface. I was unable to ascertain whether any of these remains of man were found in any relation to the mastodon bones. As far as I could learn they were not.

We spent the night at Zimpango, and rode to the factory in the morning over a very varied country. At times we passed over barren alkaline plains, and then again rich garden spots with abundance of produce; at times a rocky, barren, and uncultivated region, without habitation for several miles; and others, grassy hills, with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and horses.

About seven leagues from the factory is the "Robber's Cave," a place in the mountains where tradition represents much treasure to be hidden. The story is that a negro chieftain had his headquarters in this cave, and for a long time successfully carried on his freebooting. At length, in robbing a *conducta* that was said to be valued at three millions, he succeeded in making the capture, and carried it into the recesses of his subterranean haunt. The robbers, however, were so closely pursued by the troops that they blew up the entrance to the cave, and as the robbers all perished, no

one had ever been able to find the lost treasure. All the information at present in the possession of any one had been transmitted by the confessions of an old man to a priest. A company existed for the purpose of making explorations, but funds are wanting for prosecuting the work.

Some weeks later I made a trip to the copper mines at Michoacan. We took the *diligencia* for Toluca, a nine hours' drive over a dusty road. The scenery was very much varied, and a portion of the road rough, although there was no occasion at any time to get out of the stage to walk. Toluca we found to be quite a large town, situated in the middle of a plain, surrounded by high mountains. The plain is considerably higher than that of the valley of the City of Mexico, and we found the climate much colder, and tropical products entirely disappear. The city has a fine colonnade, or *portales;* finer than any I saw in Mexico.

It was hard to get horses, and they were miserable ponies after all. We however set out, and did not reach Almonaco, the end of the first day's journey, until after night. The first part of the way was comparatively level, bare of trees, and evidently mostly sterile, for there was but little cultivated land. The latter half of the journey was more varied; first a few scattering oaks as the country became more rolling, then mixed with pine as we entered the mountains, and finally heavy pine forest on the mountains which we crossed. Almonaco was on the foot slope of a mountain. We stopped at a rancho called Toleo about noon, and had some *tortillas*, some eggs, and fried turkey, and a cup of our own tea. There were no knives, but two frail forks and as many spoons, and we were compelled to eat like the Mexicans—with our fingers.

The hotel at Almonaco was such as is usually found in small Mexican villages. There was nothing furnished but a bare room, without a particle of furniture, and no fire. We had to borrow from the parish priest the mattress for one of our company who was ill. The elevation is very great, and the night air was uncomfortably cold. There was frost on the ground the following morning.

Our journey, after leaving Almonaco, led us over rocky points and across steep ravines, through woods of pine and oak and a partially cultivated country. We passed the *hacienda* and mill of Santa Maria about ten o'clock, and reached Villa del Valle about noon. Villa del Valle is a romantic village of two thousand inhabitants, located on a bluff in a narrow valley, with high mountains surrounding it. The scenery is exceedingly fine, and we walked out and enjoyed the view from the extreme point of the bluff on which the town is located. One of us lost a revolver, and, to my surprise, on applying to the chief of police had it returned. He accounted for its return by the probability that it was of no use to any one without the necessary ammunition, which in this country is very expensive and difficult to get.

At Villa del Valle we procured ponies for Istapan del Oro. None could be had to take us to the copper mines on account of the distance; most of the Mexican horses would find it a hard trip on them, if they did not break down by the way. Our road continued westward, and we passed out of the valley through a narrow gorge down the stream that drained the valley. We then passed over a high mountain ridge, and descended to a village and stream, both known as Istapan del Oro. The disintegrated quartz and red soil, as well as the name of the region, indicate gold. The valley is much narrower and much lower than that of Villa del Valle, and the tropical fruits were to be had in abundance and cheap. The town is small, but its red tile roofs and white walls imbedded in a dense green of plantain and orange groves and sugar-cane, and viewed from the high mountain we had to descend to get to it, gave it a most charming effect. Its location is remarkably beautiful and interesting. The valley is very narrow, the mountains very high and steep, and the scenery very grand. The stream was about ten yards wide, and knee-deep to the horses —a clear, beautiful mountain stream. The

mountains in places were cultivated to their tops, and were generally green and grassy, with spots of timber and shrubbery. A few hundred yards below the village there are some warm salt springs, now used only for bathing, but once extensively used for making salt. The people seem to be Indians mostly, and they are probably the modified aboriginals.

We did not succeed in getting horses for Michoacan, so we spent several days in visiting the mines about Istapan. Several silver mines are high up in the mountain to the westward. As we ascended over the rugged mountain path, the Rincon mine was pointed out to me in a deep ravine on the mountain side. By a circuitous route we reached the steep mountain summit near which was the San Cristobal, where nothing but a shaft and inclined adit nearly filled with water is to be seen. We continued our course along the ridge or mountain summit, two miles farther, to the Espirita Santa. This mine we entered along a low narrow passage, nearly horizontal, with here and there a shaft filled with water. One of these shafts was said to be eighty yards deep, and tradition has it that at the bottom of this one the ore is very rich, paying $800 to $1,000 per monton (3,000 lbs.). Eighteen yards deep ore had recently been taken out, paying $250 per monton. These mines were discovered and worked by the Spaniards, it is said, and nothing has been done on them since. Their value is mostly based on tradition. They were abandoned by the Spaniards in 1780, the workmen being driven away by the Indians. The mountain is covered with a dense forest of large trees, and they were found growing on and among the ruins of the temporary works that the former miners used.

We continued along the mountain through the forest, and came to another shaft called the Capuline. The water came within thirty feet of the top of the shaft, and of course little could be seen. The wall rocks of the lead showed it to be thirty feet wide; we were told that it extends for miles, and that the direction and extent of it indicate that the mines of Trojes, far to the north, are on the same vein. Near by are the works of San Pedro del Monte, which we found in full operation, employing about eighty miners.

The next morning we visited a gold ledge near the village, on the opposite side of the stream. It is not worked, and was not in a condition to be examined as to its merits. Later we set out on foot to visit the Beneficiating Works of San Pedro del Monte, located several leagues from Istapan on the stream, and about two leagues from the mine. Our walk took us through orange and plantain groves for several miles, until we had ascended to the region of oak and pine. We passed through an Indian village, with quite a fine little church but for its present ruinous state. The groves of orange and plantain, and also some olives, were beautiful. The works consisted of a twenty-stamp mill, with a furnace for roasting the ore, and eight or ten barrels with water power. The ore is brought down from the mine on donkeys by a steep mountain road, crushed in the stamps—wet process—dried, then roasted in the furnace, and amalgamated in the barrels. About twenty men were employed. The whole work, being conducted in a way that was inconsistent with energy and enterprise, showed that it was exclusively in the hands of the employés of a foreign company. The location of the reduction works is very fine; wood and water at hand, and the mine convenient, and it could be made to pay, if we were told correctly that the ore yielded seventeen marks ($136) per monton.

Another group of mines that I visited were the Real del Monte silver mines, at Pachuca. They are reached by train to Ometusco, thence by stage to Pachuca. The road was comparatively level, but rough in places, leading through plantations of maguey all the way.

From Pachuca, accompanied by a guard of twelve mounted men, armed with the Winchester repeating rifle, we visited Real del Monte. The road between Pachuca and Real is a broad, macadamized highway about two leagues in length. The town is

on the top of the mountain, and must be ten or eleven thousand feet high. We found the town in a dense fog, although Pachuca was all sunshine. The strong guard which the director, Mr. Mallo, kept up, and the vigilance which was maintained about the house, which is quite a fort, having projecting towers on the corner, with port-holes, and only the double iron gates for entrance, was strongly suggestive of danger. I learned on inquiry that the country was infested with robbers. A man had been kidnaped from the center of the town the evening before. Mr. Mallo also told me the particulars of the kidnaping of an old man in Pachuca a week before. From these and other cases that occurred, it was easy to understand why Mr. Mallo always traveled with a strong guard.

The third day Mr. Mallo turned out his carriage and his entire guard of forty men, to visit Regla, about eight leagues distant. It is the farthest works of the company. Our view going over was obstructed by fog. After leaving Velasco we passed below the fog, and reached Regla about ten. Here we took horses and rode over to the Great Barranca. This is an immense cañon, or fissure in the earth, a mile or two wide and two or three thousand feet deep. Where we stood on the crest we were in the temperate zone, and below us was the torrid zone, with its tropical vegetation of oranges, bananas, and plantains. Up the stream is a fall and wonderfully beautiful columns of basalt. The formation consists of five-sided prisms, about eighty feet high, and about eighteen inches thick. They are perfect until within about thirty feet of the top, when the prisms disappear, showing clearly that the top cooled and prevented the crystals from forming. Regla is at the head of a lateral fissure of the Great *Barranca*, through which the water of the great springs of San Miguel flow, and furnish the power that runs the works of the *hacienda*.

While we were away, a soldier was killed near Mr. Mallo's house, and the day before an *arriero* was killed by robbers on the road to Real del Monte. Life and property seemed to me to be very insecure in the neighborhood of Pachuca.

Another excursion from the capital was to Cuernavaca, a day's staging south of the city. The road leaves the valley about twelve miles south of the city, and passes over a high mountain, descending much lower than the city on the other side. Some of the villages on this mountain are inhabited by Indians. From them come a portion of the products for the market, principally chickens and charcoal. We passed many Indians, one at a time, with a crate of charcoal on their backs and a few chickens in their hands, going to the city. At the base of the mountain, on the south side, is the town of Cuernavaca. Here is Maximilian's residence, with the beautiful garden pertaining to the house, and we also saw the house Cortez built. There is little of interest in the place itself. It is famous mainly for its climate, being the nearest tropical climate, or *tierre caliente*, to Mexico. Here the viceroys and the various rulers of Mexico maintained their winter residences. It is a point from which a number of interesting excursions to ancient ruins and other points of note may be made.

I also made an excursion to the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, near San Juan de Tetihuacan. We took the train to Tepespam, and there took the omnibus to Tetihuacan. These structures are exceedingly well preserved; their pyramidal outlines are still very perfect. They are nearly a mile apart, and connected by an avenue of *tumuli*. We examined some of the excavations that have been made. Much the most interesting object is the large stone, with its carved front, found in one of the smaller *tumuli*, near the Pyramid of the Moon. It is of granite, and about six feet square, and the work is well executed. No such stone could be produced at the present day without the iron tools that the makers were not believed to have known the use of. The Sun is much the largest and the most perfect. There must have been an immense population about these ruins, that could not possibly exist there now. There is no water within

three or four miles of the pyramids, although there are visible the beds of former water-courses. The builders and the object of these structures were unknown to the people that Cortez found when he conquered Mexico, and no light has been thrown on their origin since. There is a fine field for the archæologist in the Mexican valley.

The *hacienda* of Pena Pobre near Tlalpam, owned by Mr. Benfield, is an open place in the *pedragnal*, or lava field, near Tlalpam, and there are two pyramids on it, one about the center, and the other standing apparently on the lava. I examined these pyramids closely, and it is readily seen that they were standing there when the eruptions that produced the lava fields occurred. Humboldt expressed the opinion that the eruptions occurred before the valley was inhabited by man. Had he seen these pyramids he would have given a very different opinion. A dense population must have existed prior to the formation of the lava field. The field is ten or twelve miles in extent, and was a serious obstacle to our little army in our war with Mexico.

When I came to leave Mexico for the United States, my departure was made very uncertain on account of an attempted revolution in Puebla by Negretti. He had won a regiment over, and had possession of the city for several days, and there was no communication. Some of the revolutionists had seized the station at Appam, and cut the telegraph wires, and when we started we were very doubtful about getting through. When we reached Puebla, however, Negretti had evacuated the city, and Generals Alatorre and Garcia had possession. Fifteen minutes after our arrival, the stage from Vera Cruz arrived with the passengers in a destitute condition, having been robbed just outside of the Garita. I went up in the evening to the palace, and waited on the commanding generals. I showed my letter of appointment as bearer of dispatches, and stated the fact of the robbery of the stage, and asked for an escort. These gentlemen, in true Mexican style, were most obsequious, and promised everything. They assured me that the guards had not been removed from that portion of the road, and that special instructions would be given with regard to the stage in which I was to travel. As I anticipated, these promises were mere words. We did not see a guard on the way, until after we left Cordova, and of course no special instructions could have been given. We reached Vera Cruz, however, without incident.

We took on board the steamer at Sisal a young man named Peon, from Merida, who had a frightful story to tell of recent events in Merida. A Mexican colonel named Cevalles, with his regiment, was garrisoned in the capitol of Yucatan. On the 31st of January, whilst the people of Merida were at the theater, a mutiny broke out among the troops of Colonel Cevalles's regiment. The mutiny was confined to about one-half of the garrison, not more than two hundred men. They seized the citadel at the time of mounting guard in the evening, and held it until the 6th of February, when they evacuated, and took up a fortified position in the southern portion of the peninsula of Yucatan, and were still holding it at last accounts. All the Yucatan troops and the civil authorities, the former two thousand strong, were at the disposition of Cevalles, and he failed to capture or punish the mutineers. But as soon as they evacuated the town, Cevalles began to make arrests of citizens of Merida. He arrested about twenty. About half of them were young men of the first families in Merida. They were arrested about three o'clock in the afternoon, and at five o'clock eight of the prisoners were taken into the newly opened and retired street, called Juarez Street, and without previous intimation or warning were shot. The names were given to me as follows:

Joachin Gutierez Estrada, nephew of the famous Estrada of the empire, and brother-in-law of the U. S. Consul. He was about thirty years of age, and possessed of considerable property.

Sastre Barjan, son-in-law of Señor Ibarro, one of the richest merchants in Tobasco.

Dario Mazuena, publisher of the "Bibliotheca de tas Señoritas," a Granadian of respectability, and much esteemed in Merida.

Hosea Maria Roca, a youth of eighteen, son of a physician of good family. Roca was not killed instantly, and did not die until the following day. To the last, and after confession, he maintained his ignorance of the cause of his execution. He believed himself a friend of Cevalles, having attended him in an illness a short time before. When sent for he went to answer the summons of his supposed friend, without any suspicion of his fate.

Gustavo Canton, also a youth of eighteen, who had been a soldier of the empire, and was of good family. He died bravely, with "*Viva la Inocene*" on his lips.

Zagaceta, an exile from Mexico, and said to have been a spy of Cevalles.

——, an officer recently dismissed from the army, and also said to have been in Cevalles's employ as a spy.

Sergeant Espero, who is believed to have been concerned in the mutiny, and to have implicated the others who were shot.

Peon was much excited over the events. He represented that the greatest consternation prevailed, and that Merida was in mourning over the inhuman outrage. Martial law prevailed, and about one hundred soldiers were in Sisal, who were implicated in the outbreak, and were waiting transportation to Mexico. He expressed the utmost aversion to the Mexican Government, and deprecated the fact that Yucatan was governed by a military despot from Mexico. He said he could not see what was to become of the country. I told him I thought there was no hope except for the United States to come down and take possession. To which he answered, "No, no! If the United States do that I will fight for my country, I will fight for my country"; and he brought his hand up against his breast with an earnestness that showed he considered the United States worse than Colonel Cevalles. He had been banished by Cevalles from Merida, and was by great indulgence permitted to await a steamer at Sisal. Most of the young men who had suffered under the tyranny of Cevalles were or had been friendly to the empire of Maximilian.

I returned from this journey to Mexico with the conviction that there is no hope for the country except through annexation to the United States, and such must sooner or later be the end. For the great mass of the people that day cannot come too soon, for two-thirds of the Mexican nation are a poor, oppressed people, and their condition under the Republic is worse than it was under the Viceroys. It will be a measure of great humanity, for the Mexican nation is not capable of self-government without an infusion of northern energy and enterprise.

A few paragraphs from a newspaper letter published on my return will further express these general views of Mexico and her future:

"We cannot but regard the want of integrity and capacity in the governing classes as the principal cause of the troubles of Mexico. The history of the country for the past fifty years shows how incapable, how unreliable, and how dishonest they are as a class. Personal interest is the controlling idea; to advance it they will abandon a falling cause, and betray their greatest benefactors. There is no such thing as patriotism in the country. . . . . No people were ever so docile and submissive under such maladministration as the great body of the Mexican people. The masses have nothing to say or do in the disturbances that occur; a few hundred, or at most a few thousand, men are sufficient for a revolution; and by far the greatest number of troops used to bring about the changes of government are impressed into the service against their will. The great body of the people submit passively, without taking active part with any side. The masses are poor, and labor hard and patiently for a sum barely sufficient to keep them alive. They were conquered by a few hundred men under Cortez, and so they are still ruled by a few hundred in a manner that no other race could endure. . . . .

"The inefficient administration of justice is proverbial, and the writer has heard the

highest officials in the country—men who have the power to arrest it, if such power exists—ascribing the insecurity of life and properity and the want of prosperity to this cause. It is almost impossible to convict for crimes in any of the courts. This difficulty arises from many causes. A fear of retribution from friends of the accused is one of the most powerful causes. The people for this reason do not come forward to support the officers of justice; and this much is to be said in defense of the officers: it is hard to get any one to appear and testify, no matter how public the facts may be. In no other country could kidnaping be carried on to such an extent. It seems incredible to us that a prominent man of property can be carried off, often in the most open manner and to the knowledge of many, to the mountains, and tortured and starved into giving an order for a sum of money, which is paid by the friends of the unfortunate man, and the crime is condoned by the parties who have suffered, through fear of a recurrence of the same. Unwise sympathy is another force operating against justice. It is hard for us to understand this incongruity of the Mexican character, capable as they are of the most inhuman barbarities in times of popular excitement, when prejudice and enmity are called into play. Of the number of lives sacrificed under such circumstances it were both horrible and incredible to speak. The deliberate shooting of quite a number of the prominent young men in Merida, in Yucatan, by the Mexican Colonel Cevalles, in February last, without trial and without premonition, is an illustration of this ferocity. On the other hand, legal executions are exceedingly rare, owing to the existence of this ill-advised sympathy. One of the very few cases of capital punishment that have ever occurred in the City of Mexico took place on the 1st of February last. Domingo Benitez, whilst robbing a jewelry store in one of the principal streets of the city, was detected, and in his efforts to escape, killed three men before he was secured. This occurred more than a year before his execution, and was of the most public and notorious character, and yet it was regarded as a great triumph of justice when he was finally executed. The most extraordinary efforts were made to obtain his release from the law, and after his sentence to have him pardoned. Benitez was nothing but a common robber, and a man of no influence, wealth, or position, otherwise he would have escaped through the courts. . . . .

"Were the originators of these troubles the only sufferers, we might look on the Kilkenny cat fight with indifference. But the principal sufferers are a poor, docile, industrious, half-civilized people, who, it is believed, might be made comparatively happy and successful if honestly and wisely governed. If Mexico was so governed, we soon should see great changes and a rival republic; there would be economy in the administration, justice and firmness in the punishment of crimes, education provided for the masses, and a healthy state of society. Emigration would be encouraged, the railway and telegraph would be brought into general use, and the greatest freedom of trade between the respective states and with foreign countries maintained. Industry alone would make her one of the richest nations on earth. Nature has blessed her with every variety of climate and soil, and with an abundance of minerals of the richest as well as the most useful kind. Her various advantages are located within comparative short distances of each other, and the whole is surrounded by an immense seaboard that gives ready access to all the markets of the globe. With railroad communication, the laborers could work all day on the hot, unhealthy lowlands of the *tierre caliente*, and sleep in the *tierre templada* at night. Every market in Mexico could readily be supplied with all the products of *all* the zones as cheaply as with those of any one of them. Man could find within the most convenient distance the climate best suited to his constitution. Thus, with the right place to live in, and the privilege of selecting his food from the fruits of the earth, who would not go to Mexico to live?

"In this manifest destiny of the United States to finally spread over Mexico, the question is important whether we should hasten or delay it; also, whether it is not already so close at hand that we cannot help ourselves. We find many and various views on these questions, but no positive movement in favor of any one of them. The European world certainly looks to no other than the United States Government, and holds it responsible for the future of Mexico."

A. V. Kautz.

A VIRGINIAN UNIVERSITY TOWN.

At Lynchburg, some weeks ago, I stepped on board the train of the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad, and following its route along the bed of the recently abandoned James River and Kanawha Canal, through the Blue Ridge, and beside the windings of the James and its tributaries, amid the most romantic scenery, in a few hours I found myself in Lexington, the county seat of Rockbridge.

This little town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, nestled among the mountains, presenting from every point landscapes of the utmost beauty in an atmosphere singularly pure and invigorating, has long been, for its social refinement and educational advantages, one of the most conspicuous in the State. It is often called the Athens of Virginia. It was my own old home; near it my ancestors had lived, in successive generations, for a whole century; but for many years I had scarcely seen it. The stage-coach, with its relays of horses and inspiring horn, which had hitherto returned me to it after all my absences, was a thing of the past; and the whistle of the engine in the silence of those slumbering hills, and the rush of the train around the base of the mountains and along the sides of a river heretofore the sole possession of the flat boat with its cargo of flour, or, later on, of the canal boat with its dry goods and patient passengers, was all a wonder to me. The omnibus and hacks and baggage and express wagons, and all the usual noises of a depot, were likewise bewildering, and seemed strangely out of character with the place. But innovation had but just begun its work on the outside of the village: fairly inside, well-graded, well-paved streets appeared, with names affixed to the corner houses, and *lamps* at regular intervals all about; extensive ornamental grounds in many cases replace the somewhat cramped yards and gardens of my earlier memory. The Russian and Norway pines, the fir and other foreign trees, mingle with and threaten to supplant the maples and locusts and Lombardy poplars of the generation just passed away. The conservatory, a thing unknown to the former inhabitants, shows itself here and there, and the care of flowers in the open air is universal. Indeed, the whole town is more self-asserting than in olden times.

But nature has made no changes. She had no surprises for me, and by her side I did not seem a stranger. The cliffs on the river were as rocky and wild as ever; and the amphitheater of hills inclosing the little city is just the same. The Jump Mountain still cuts its sharp edges on the horizon, and the house, in grave dignity, pictures its blue head against the western sky; while the light and shade play at hide-and-seek over its broad surface with the same fascination that I acknowledged in my youth. The golden harvests, so familiar in the past, waved along the hillsides; and the very birds seemed to welcome me with the same chorus I had listened to a score of years before.

A century and three-quarters ago large numbers of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians emigrated to America. The generous offer of lands to the colonists under the king's patent was the prominent inducement. But their ancestors had suffered fearful persecu-

tions for religion under the Stuarts of Scotland, having fled from their homes in the Highlands to the north of Ireland for refuge; and many of these, their descendants, had received a new baptism of their faith in the horrors they had themselves experienced in the siege of Londonderry. Doubtless, therefore, the idea of freedom of conscience mingled largely with whatever other motives drove them to these western wilds. The high-spirited cavalier, a century before, had peopled the eastern part of the colony of Virginia; subsequently, the persecuted Huguenot had found a refuge in the soft climate of the southern border and Piedmont slope; and now the hard-driven Scotch-Irishman follows. Diverse as were these colonists in all other particulars, they had a common experience in suffering; and in their devotion to civil and religious liberty, the strongest bond of friendship and protection in the strange land in which they had met.

The Scotch-Irish planted their new homes in that vast stretch of land lying along the Alleghany range of mountains that Thomas Jefferson had called "the backbone of the country," which, beginning high up in Pennsylvania, traverses Virginia from north-east to south-west; dividing its eastern and western waters, and entirely crossing western North Carolina, penetrates the northern boundary of Georgia. In the rich and lovely valley of Virginia, inclosed between the Blue Ridge and this great Appalachian chain, and extending from the Potomac to the Carolina border, these vigorous colonists were most numerous. Having shown in their own land that they were good stuff to make martyrs of, they were prompt to develop the same qualities in founding a new nation here. With their religious zeal they had brought out also from the Old World a love of learning; and no sooner did the rude cabin shelter their wives and children from the storm and defend them from the savage Indians, than they banded together to erect a house of worship; one set doing the work, whilst the other, gun in hand, kept watchful guard against the treacherous foe. Every old family in the valley delights to rehearse its legend—how their grandsires toiled in this noble work; and here and there a church, built under such peril, still stands to attest the truth of their recitals.

Closely following the church, the log school-house went up; and frequently the same minister who filled the pulpit on Sunday was found at the desk from Monday till Saturday, teaching the rudiments of English to the children of the neighborhood; meanwhile indoctrinating them in sound Presbyterianism by a daily lesson in the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, proof-texts and all. No wonder, under such rearing, that our ancestors possessed stalwart frames and robust characters!

In 1749 a classical school of high grade was founded in Augusta County, by Mr. Robert Alexander, A.M., of Trinity College, Dublin University, who had come over from Ireland six years before. In 1753 he resigned, and his pastor, Rev. Dr. John Brown (whose large and influential family in Kentucky is represented in the present generation by Hon. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri), became its principal. It was known then as the Augusta Academy. For a long time it had no local habitation, but followed the pastoral peregrinations of Dr. Brown until 1774, when he relinquished it to Rev. William Graham, whom he had employed as an assistant. In his hands, rather from necessity than choice, it continued its migratory life, until it was, in 1782, established near Lexington, then a mere hamlet; Mr. William Alexander giving from his farm the land upon which the modest stone building was erected. After the first battle of the Revolution, in 1776, in patriotic enthusiasm the principal changed the name of the school from the Augusta Academy to Liberty Hall Academy. It seems to have been *l'enfant chérie* of all that part of the State; and when we consider the poverty of those recent settlers, the peril under which they obtained their narrow subsistence, and the demands upon them by the oncoming struggle with Britain, the collecting of £300 for a philosophical apparatus and library seems marvelous liberality. I am proud of the old

record; and when it shows too that the "up-country" men not only fought the battles of the colonies, but gave their thought and time as trustees and guardians of this earliest educational enterprise west of the Blue Ridge, I am prouder still, and grateful too.

To Rev. William Graham, more than to any one else, is the Academy indebted for its efficiency as an institution of learning. He molded and fostered it with singular ability and perseverance. An alumnus of Nassau Hall, he was ambitious to rear in Virginia a seminary upon its model, using as text-books copies of manuscript lectures of the renowned theologian, statesman, and scholar, John Witherspoon, then its President. That he was nobly qualified to carry out such a purpose, we have the testimony of Dr. Archibald Alexander, of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, who spoke with enthusiasm of the high mental endowments, the sound and wide theology, the pulpit power, the classical accomplishment, and profound metaphysical attainments of his early preceptor.

Mr. Graham was not alone preacher and philosopher, but patriot and republican as well. When the British were pressing us hard in Georgia and the Carolinas, in 1781, Tarleton with his Rangers gave hot pursuit to Governor Thomas Jefferson and the legislature then in session at Charlottesville, and would have captured them but for their flight to Staunton. Followed there, they fled so precipitately as to provide no measures for the protection of the town and country. Riding quietly home from a meeting of Presbytery, and learning the condition of things, Rev. Mr. Graham proposed to his co-presbyters that they should rouse the militia to oppose the progress of Tarleton; and did his part with such rapid effect, that on the evening of the same day he had mustered into Lexington, thirty-five miles from Staunton, quite a respectable force; and as they needed a captain, he dropped his cassock for the Continental blue coat, turned, as the story goes, his Liberty Hall boys into the company, and marched gallantly away to the defense of the valley. Following the enemy as far as Rockfish Gap, and finding Lafayette there in command, he relinquished his captaincy and returned home.

When peace came, and for years afterwards, the little Academy went on its way rejoicing. It had no endowment, but managed so thriftily the generosity of its friends, that in 1793 it reported its capacity to accommodate forty or fifty students. It had already sent out quite a number of educated men, one of whom I stop to mention: the Hon. James Brown, son of its former principal, who appears in the history of the Union as United States Senator from Louisiana, and ambassador to France under Mr. Jefferson. Lexington, too, began to take shape as a village, and assert itself as a sort of literary center. About this time General Washington seems to have waked up to the virtues of spirited little Liberty Hall, away across the Blue Mountains, and not wishing to appropriate to his personal uses the complimentary gift of the State of one hundred shares in the James River Company, handed them over as an endowment to her, contracting that the State treasurer should pay her the interest upon $50,000 annually forever. In acknowledgment of this benefaction, as also from patriotic affection, Liberty Hall Academy retired from view, and Washington College stands in its place. The vine-covered ruin of the Academy, which was burned in 1803, forms even yet a picturesque object in the landscape, and is pointed out with something like veneration to strangers; while the College, a mile away, crowns a beautiful hill in the midst of the town.

Washington seems to have brought the college into fashion; for not a great while after, the Cincinnati Society gave her $25,000; and then, in the next twenty years, John Robinson, an Irish soldier under Washington, as he had no family, left it his whole estate. He hoped it would reach $75,000; it never, however, came to more than $40,000. But these sums made a very good showing in those moderate days.

William and Mary, founded in 1692 by the sovereigns whose names it bears, and who

granted it thirty thousand acres of land, was planted under Episcopal influence at Williamsburg, a little city where the royal governor of the "Old Dominion" lived, where the House of Burgesses held their sessions, and which for a long period had been the seat of the refinement and fashion of the British colonies in America. This had been the intellectual rearing place of the rich, aristocratic planters of eastern Virginia, descendants of the gay cavaliers who had sought civil liberty by self-imposed exile generations before the clerical zeal and literary ambition of the Rev. Mr. Graham had expressed itself in Liberty Hall or blossomed into Washington College. Hampden Sidney, too, established by Rev. Samuel Davies and others of the Hanover Presbytery, was fostering the Huguenot and Presbyterian gentry of the Piedmont and North Carolina regions while the institution at Lexington was yet in swaddling-bands. But, however much William and Mary had the start, Washington College, moving steadily on among the level-headed, hard-fisted followers of John Knox in the valley, and as far beyond the Alleghanies as the State extends, soon came abreast of her, and attained a high and firm position as a school of sound learning. From the days of Mr. Graham, all the way down the century she rounds this very year, her presidents have been men of intellect and scholarship and worth. Where would you find a man of nobler mind or saintlier character than Rev. Dr. George Baxter, who, after long occupancy, was transferred from the presidency of the College to a chair in the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward? Or where could you lay your hand upon a more accomplished, enthusiastic classical scholar than Dr. Louis Marshall, brother of Chief Justice John Marshall, and father of the eloquent Thomas Marshall, an eminent physician of Kentucky, who subsequently filled the chair?

These presidents and their associates have turned out successive generations of professional and business men. Splendid names glitter in the galaxy of the College; and when at the centennial celebration the roll is called, she will seize the occasion to express her gratitude to the sons who have greatened her. Her benefits have overflowed her boundaries. She had soldiers in the Revolution, and her men on call in 1812–14. She lays her hand upon the head of at least one poor fellow in the Texan struggle, whose life depended upon the fall of a white bean in the decimated list of Santa Anna's prisoners at Mier. Her name was known in Mexico, and her blood flowed freely for the Confederacy. She has furnished governors to other States, as she has done to her own; and has given diplomatists and judges, and in the person of Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky an Attorney-General, to the Union.

But in 1861 the peaceful pursuit of letters was broken by the call to arms. The South was sending in response the best of her citizens, whether above or below the military age. Hampden Sidney sent its students under their president, Rev. Dr. John M. P. Atkinson, as captain; and Washington College, true to her history, threw down her books, closed her doors, and in the First Rockbridge Battery, commanded by the Episcopal Rector, Rev. Dr. William N. Pendleton, and in the Liberty Hall volunteers, sent her scholars to battle. At the same moment, along on the hill, the drum of the Virginia Military Institute beat the "long roll," and its fully equipped and finely disciplined corps of cadets defiantly displayed their glittering bayonets in the morning sunlight. These boy companies, following their illustrious leader, Stonewall Jackson, pressed into the thickest of the fight at Manassas, and afterwards marked with their rich, young blood all the battle-fields down the valley. They fought like men, these striplings, and fell as heroes fall. When I recall the smooth cheeks and ardent spirit and joyous ways of those brave lads—for the oldest among them had not much more than counted a score of years; when I remember how the agonized people gathered at night in the usually quiet streets of little Lexington to get the earliest news from the seat of war; as I am reminded once more

of the white-covered ambulance slowly moving with its precious freight to the door of the stricken house; when the sobs, never ceasing during forty-eight weary hours, of the young widow on the other side of the narrow street sound across these eighteen years once again in my ear—is it strange that the fires of that last dreadful period are kindled afresh, and that my blood, so long grown calm, boils up with its old heat?

The surrender occurred April 9th, 1865, and left everything in confusion and every respectable body poor. There were a few folks who had fattened their purses upon the vitals of the half-naked soldiers and their half-starved families; but they were not *respectable.* This was the time when poverty lifted an honorable head in the South, and took out its patent of nobility for future generations. But now something must be done. The Scotch-Irish are a practical people, and have a great idea of the value of time. The disbanded soldiers at once grappled their circumstances; took hold of the plow with their own hands; put their grown sons to work in similar ways, and then determined—what? Why, to educate the younger boys. God bless the far-seeing, self-sacrificing old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian! In the heat and burden and sorrow and loss of his own day, he yet looks out and schemes for and grasps after the greatest good and better times for his son. When easy and rich, he had valued education as more ennobling than money; now that he is poor and hard-driven, he esteems it as money. It is no longer the ornament of wealth but the tool of poverty, by which a living must be made and the family dignity preserved; and, cost what it may, he will pay the price in the labor of his own hands and the sweat of his own brow.

The trustees of Washington College, as the summer passes on, come together. Their ranks are thinned and their prospects dark: they have no money, or to say the best, their stocks and securities are doubtful; but against this dismal picture they are ready to pledge an undiminished love of learning and untiring energy in pursuing it. They decide to reopen the college, reinstate the old faculty, issue a call for students, and elect a president to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Junkin at the beginning of the war. Who he should be was anxiously agitated; but Colonel Bolivar Christian came to the rescue by presenting the name of General Robert E. Lee. The nomination was applauded and adopted. Doubts were expressed as to General Lee's mind in regard to it. He was notified of the appointment, and with modest, sound judgment he accepted. And the ink was scarcely dry upon his signature at Appomatox Court-house when he came unostentatiously across the mountains upon Traveler, to Lexington, to take possession of the highest post she had to offer him. Those were days of great surprises and rapid movements; but six months seem small space for the enactment of such scenes as these. It nearly takes one's breath away to follow them. Having laid down his sword and doffed his military regalia with no loss of personal dignity or forfeiture of the confidence or affection of his compatriots, General Lee, without murmuring over the past or gloomy foreboding as to the future, donned the black gown of the scholar with as much ease as his clerical predecessors, and addressed himself with assiduous fidelity to the routine duties of a college president.

The trustees now came up to the full measure of their duty. Having set the old institution on its feet again, with might and main they pushed it forward. They projected schemes of improvement, both material and literary, and sent out men to secure endowments for it. They enlarged the faculty also, offering increased inducements to students; and they did what men never *will* do until hard pressed, and never fail to do then—encouraged the ladies of Lexington to give their aid by sending an appeal to southern sympathizers in Baltimore to help them build a house for the new president. Many of these efforts were crowned with success. Friends in Kentucky united in creating a professorship of English Literature; and the Hon. Cyrus H. McCormick, whose birth-

place lies just beyond the shadow of the college buildings, came forward liberally, and established the chair of Experimental Philosophy. A handsome house—the handsomest house in the town—was built for General Lee; and his family, though they had lost their ancestral Arlington, here found a comfortable home. Students poured in in large numbers from all quarters; and the most extravagant hopes of the community were more than realized.

The popularity of the institution was largely due to the devotion of the South to her military chief; but other causes for it existed along with that. This was a *home* institution, and within reach of the slender fortunes sparsely scattered over the once royally abundant planting region below Mason and Dixon's line; it had a full corps of excellent instructors in the academic and scientific branches, together with a department in law, under Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, a distinguished judge, and upon his death, under Hon. Randolph Tucker; and there was, therefore, no need to knock at other doors for benefits already lying at their own. But superadded to all this was the glaring fact that sectional rancor had invaded even the republic of letters, and made Yale and Harvard and Princeton, the honored educators of earlier generations of southern men, undesirable now for their sons.

But Lexington is rich in institutions, and varied too. Like a good householder, she brings forth out of her treasury things both old and new; Washington College was a mature matron when the Virginia Military Institute first came upon the scene.

Towards the eastern end of the same hill on which the College spreads itself, and commanding a bolder and more extended prospect, there stood, more than two score years ago, a small brick arsenal. There was a company of soldiers to guard it; and Reuben Howard, who woke them up betimes with his drum and put them to bed correspondingly early. Reuben Howard, in the emblazonry of a scarlet uniform, and the light of conscious grandeur glistening upon his black face, was an important as well as picturesque personage. He was a splendid drummer. Old Dr. Louis Marshall, over at the college, said he was the finest he had ever heard. And surely he was good authority; for he had been a student of medicine in Paris in the days of Robespierre and Marat, and the roll of the drum in the ghastly processions to the guillotine had never quite died out of his ear. No wonder that it did not! For a price had been set upon his own head for the too free use of his American liberty of speech, and he had had to flee for his life back to his own country.

Well, the arsenal stood there for years in "the piping times of peace," with naught to break the monotony of its existence except the annual visit of General Bernard Peyton, who at such times, I suppose, paid the men, and settled points of discipline too responsible for the officer in charge. Doubtless the arms were kept from rust and the ammunition from damp. Nobody seemed to care anything about it. No one needed in such quiet parts a gun or shot and powder for any graver purpose than shooting birds. Still, all this time the State was putting down her precious dollars for that grim little affair. But this could not go on forever; and at last there came a day when a young lawyer in the town had his attention drawn to the profitless building, and gradually conceived a plan for turning it to account by transforming it into a State Military School, fashioned after the model of the Military Academy of the United States at West Point, and applying to its support the funds hitherto given to the arsenal: thus at the same time protecting the State's military supplies and educating and disciplining officers and men ready for any warlike exigency that should need them. These views, discussed in the town newspaper, gained ground, and were adopted by the legislature; and November 11th, 1839, Reuben Howard had the honor of beating in his finest style the first roll-call of the Virginia Military Institute. Seventeen cadets, in all the impressiveness of full military dress, appeared on the parade ground under the beautiful banner of the State, and with

them Major, now General, Francis H. Smith, a graduate of West Point, as superintendent and professor of Mathematics; and Captain, now Colonel, John T. L. Preston, the young lawyer who originated the plan, as professor of Modern Languages and English Literature; and Captain, now Colonel, Thomas H. Williamson as professor of Civil Engineering and Military Tactics.

The Institute became a sort of pet of the State—I may say a pet of fortune as well. Its plan allowed one non-paying cadet to each senatorial district, and as many more, defraying their own expenses, as the Board of Visitors, appointed by the Governor, chose to receive. The State paid all the salaries, and furnished all the buildings necessary for maintaining and carrying forward the scheme in the best manner. A handsome barracks, built of brick in the castellated Elizabethan style, and according to military custom painted yellow, surmounted the eastern crest of the same hill upon which, half a mile to the west, Washington and Lee University stands. Still farther eastward was placed a plain infirmary; and removed from it a short distance, on the decline of the hill, was added a large mess-hall and dwelling for the commissary. On the west side of the barracks, towards the College, the house of the superintendent and several professors' houses were erected. Between these and the barracks is the parade ground. In front of the barracks is a copy in bronze of Houdon's marble statue of Washington in military dress; and arranged at regular intervals on either side of it are some very savage-looking mortars, one of which, having done good work in fighting the battles of the Confederacy, is well employed now in keeping time for the surrounding country by firing a signal every day at noon.

In the short space of a dozen years, under the care of its able foster-mother and the indefatigable zeal of its wide-awake superintendent, the Institute rose to a respectable rivalship of West Point. The number of its cadets multiplied to several hundred, its material possessions augmented, its range of study widened, and its faculty increased. In a word, it became a powerful piece of the enginery of the State. Her "citizen-soldiers," as teachers of military tactics, were to be found all over her own and scattered plentifully through other Southern States. Her alumni were not soldiers only, but they filled the learned professions likewise; were farmers and merchants also; one alumnus has become an eminent sculptor, and another a first-class confectioner. But to whatever they became, they added the accomplishment of a military education. Thus, when the war broke out, the State possessed the drill-masters she needed for her hastily gathered militia, and well-trained officers to lead her own troops into the field.

In 1850 or thereabout, when the political sky of the Union seemed clear (though in Clay's compromise measures of that period the *hind*-sight of the South can now discern the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which overspread the heavens and burst with fury in the next decade), the Board of Visitors of the Virginia Military Institute counseled with the Faculty of West Point for a man to fill the chair they wished to establish of Natural Philosophy and Artillery Tactics. West Point submitted the names of five of its own graduates, Generals George B. McClellan, Reno, and Rosecrans, G. W. Smith, and Thomas J. Jackson. The last, having had a brilliant career in Mexico, and being a native Virginian, was chosen. He came to his post in 1851, without reputation for intellect, and no social attractions —a silent, conscientious, hard-working man, unambitious, apparently, of anything except fidelity in the discharge of whatever duty came to hand.

April 13th, 1861, Fort Sumter fell; on the 17th, Virginia seceded; and on Sunday, the 21st, Governor Letcher issued an order to Major Jackson to bring the corps of cadets down to Richmond to act as drill-sergeants at Camp Lee, the camp of instruction to which the Virginia forces were flocking. On Monday morning, when all their preparations were finished, Jackson drew up his young soldiers in battle array, and halted them in front of barracks for a

short religious service, held by Rev. Dr. White, pastor of the Presbyterian church. As the great clock on the tower struck one, Jackson's shrill voice shouted: "Forward! March!" The boys and their captain passed away from those quiet scenes forever; and we who were left realized with agonized defiance that the war had indeed begun.

On arriving in Richmond, the cadets were given in charge of another officer, and Jackson was sent to Harper's Ferry as colonel of the Virginia troops gathered there. Then commenced that career which, growing brighter and brighter to the end, ennobled not himself only, but all who served under him.

With scarce an exception, every member of the Institute faculty reported promptly for duty, and many of them held high military office and attained honorable distinction. The cadet corps, too, did splendid service on many a hard-fought field. But from the solemn spectacle of their departure, the 22nd of April, 1861, until the pageant of May 15th, 1863, when, wrapped in the flag of the Confederacy, his maimed and dead body was at his own request brought back to the home he loved, and laid in the old graveyard at Lexington, their leader had been the inspiration of his troops. And wherever military science is valued and military virtue admired, and a stainless escutcheon of personal rectitude respected, the conduct and character of Stonewall Jackson will be honored.

After Jackson's death, the months rolled along gloomily enough, each one doubtless pressing heavily upon the heart of our commander in chief, burdened and discouraged as it already was by the loss of his great lieutenant, and a constant struggle with adverse circumstances from almost every quarter. In the spring of 1864, Lexington—or the collection of men too old and boys too young and mechanics unfit for service in the army, with soldiers on sick-leave, and women and children, which went by the name of Lexington then—was continually harassed by threatened raids of the enemy. It is amusing, and pitiful too, to remember, at this distance of time, how, under such threats, the few white-haired men left would straighten their stiff limbs, and gather up the boys who were importantly stretching themselves up for the occasion, and start off double-quick to the defense of their women and their homes. During one of these raids a lady of social eminence in the town died, and there were not enough men in her own condition in life left to pick up the hand bier and carry her to her grave!

But as these alarms never amounted to anything, we rather grew callous under them; when suddenly, General David Hunter came swooping down upon us, thirty thousand strong, they said. That 13th of June, 1864, can never be forgotten. The enemy, planting his guns upon an eminence opposite, fired upon the Institute barracks, and (after a short skirmish at the river, which was to give General McCausland time to drive off his important but very decrepit wagon-train) raked the principal streets of the town. I sat at my front window on the main street, trying to quiet the panic of a little child, when a shell, whizzing past me, and burying the ball in my neighbor's house, threw the ugly fragments of its casing over my doorsteps. Not long after another shell penetrated the roof, doing some damage in an upper chamber, and shaking our nerves in the cellar, to which we had retreated. An old gentleman, the father of my neighbor, occupied this room, and peremptorily refused to follow his daughter to our place of refuge, saying he was too old and lame to get down to it. But the entrance of the shell, scattering plaster upon him as he was lying in bed asleep, effectually waked him, and with commendable haste he soon sat beside us. If "tears to laughter be allied," surely laughter may come, as it did now, to the relief of our fright and anxiety. Many escapes were chronicled, but not a life was lost or limb broken.

About the middle of the afternoon the troops crossed the river at the foot of the town on a pontoon bridge (the citizens had burnt the wooden one), and poured into the streets and highways, and we then for the time underwent the usual experience of oc-

cupied towns. Every large yard became a camp ground, and everybody's kitchen and supplies, scant as they were, were seized by the invaders. The morning of the 14th, crossing the main street to visit a sick friend, I saw volumes of flame ascending from the towers of the Institute barracks. One after another, all the buildings were burned, except the house of the superintendent, to whom they had accorded twenty hours' delay for the removal of a very ill daughter. Passing on to the college buildings with the same purpose of destruction, they were met by an old alumnus, and yielding to his reasonings, recalled the order; but, notwithstanding, the college was sacked, its apparatus destroyed, and library greatly injured. But their work was not completed till Governor Letcher's house was in ashes. Before leaving the Institute hill, they lifted the bronze statue of Washington from its pedestal, and carrying it off, presented it to the capitol of West Virginia, at Wheeling.

In those days the people lived mainly indoors, and behind closed shutters. Every few hours came the spectacle of squads of soldiers, dragging in from their places of concealment the Confederates who had been in the town on sick-leave. Nobody undressed at night, nor slept—for the night watchmen trailed the points of their bayonets over the pavements with a noise so peculiar as not to allow a moment's relief to one's excited nerves. Our great care was over articles of food—the chief of which were bacon and flour, and they far from abundant. Of the one, I had a few pieces carefully wrapped and secreted between the mattresses of my Irish nurse, with much ease to my mind. But my immense wealth in nine barrels of flour disturbed me greatly, inasmuch as I could not intrust a servant with the secret of their hiding place, by employing him to roll them into it. How I managed I forget; but eight barrels were carried into an upper passage, and I felt secure. After the enemy had gone, how great my surprise and disgust at finding them so placed that a tell-tale looking-glass was absolutely volunteering information of them to every passer-by. A much-valued heir-loom of Revolutionary renown was about as carefully concealed. My entire energies seemed to concentrate upon a book manuscript of my husband, about which he had left stringent directions. I disposed of it about my person with sanctimonious satisfaction, and left in the very desk out of which I had drawn it a bond bearing interest—not in Confederate paper, but in gold! It was well for me that mine was the solitary house in the village unentered by a search party. When the danger was over, and I saw how near I had come to the sacrifice of our living for that beloved brochure on metaphysics, my fright only equaled my indignation.

For this immunity from search parties, and from many other troubles incident to our circumstances, I was indebted to the loyalty of my cook, a very fat, very black, and very good-tempered woman, possessed of infinite tact and presence of mind and of amazing pluck. Having, as may be supposed, scant duty in her own department, she would lock her kitchen and spend her time on the front doorstep, where, by her wit and *finesse*, she kept at bay the crowd of soldiers surrounding her. Her resources in defense seemed exhaustless. Tossing her head about, she would joke, parry their attacks, evade their inquiries, slip from under their orders, circumvent their maneuvers, and resist their demands with a hilarious diplomacy as bold and presevering as it was successful. Her only assumption of independence that we remarked afterwards was in her vehement talk to the young negroes about her: "I ain't none o' yer Aunt Nancy; I am Mrs. Nancy Johnston, I tell you, and I want you to mind that."

We suffered no personal violence or insult from the enemy, though some loss and annoyance. They seized the cows that our old people and babies depended upon, and slaughtered them, which was a trial; and levied so voraciously upon the acres of onions we had cultivated for our own men, as that we could nowhere escape the odor of them; and that was hard to bear. A cup of cold water I could have given my suffering

enemy with every element of Christian charity, but to allow him one of those cherished onions was too much.

The occupation was short. One afternoon we recognized the sound of signal guns; towards midnight there was a general stir among the soldiers; wheels were heard rolling rapidly, and the tramp of men moving off in haste. By daylight nearly all were gone. We breathed freely once more, but were agape with wonder as to the cause of the sudden stampede. We soon knew. Breckinridge's army came in, in hot pursuit, but all too late; the game had fled. How grieved we were that such a splendid military situation for the capture of the whole division as that of the mountain fastnesses between us and Lynchburg had been lost!

Hunter's splendidly equipped army, as it appeared in our streets, seemed to me a magnificent military review on some gay Fourth of July. How great its contrast to our woe-begone division of half-clad, half-fed, poorly armed men, with a wagon-train incapable of sustaining any other than the light weight of the Confederate commissariat.

The war was fast drawing to a close. Provisions were getting scarcer and dearer as the men to till the ground and reap the harvests and grind the grain became fewer and fewer. Shoes were hard to get both for home and for the army. Clothing was scant likewise. I paid $200 for eight yards of linsey with the warp of Confederate cotton and the woof of wool carded and spun and dyed (with a wood dye) by an inexpert country woman—perhaps the wife or mother of a soldier. And I can truly say, a more hideous fabric was never put sacredly away in lavender for posterity than this garment; in which at the time, however, I felt royally arrayed. So much for female patriotism *versus* womanly vanity. At that same time in beleaguered Petersburg a barrel of flour would sell for $2,500! It is true, they were Confederate dollars, but nevertheless, it was very hard to build up such a pile as that while our soldiers sat bare-footed in the trenches and fought upon empty stomachs. At last the fatal day arrived, and April 9th, 1865, just four years from the fall of Fort Sumter, General Lee surrendered at Appomatox Court-house.

As I have said, General Lee, in December, 1865, became President of Washington College. In its advancement he spent the remainder of his life. The modest salary of $3,000 was, as soon as possible, increased to $5,000, and the trustees, desirous to relieve him of all family anxieties, begged that he would accept the house he lived in and the $5,000 per annum for his own lifetime, and that of his wife should she survive him. He was grateful for their kindness, but declined to receive anything for himself but a salary for services actually rendered; or for his wife any provision, especially one that might cripple a struggling institution. Many inducements to a more conspicuous life and an immensely larger income were of course during this period pressed upon him; but he never deserted those who had been so prompt to seek him. He became the center of the pride and affection of the whole community, and when, after four or five years of service, he died, the college and town naturally claimed the privilege of standing guard over the precious dust of their hero. Richmond urged her right, a very strong one too, as the seat of the Confederacy and metropolis of the State, to bring the body to Hollywood and let pilgrims seek it there under the flag of the capitol. But no! Mrs. Lee decided for Lexington; and there it lies in the vault under the chapel, having for a long time a student detailed daily to watch over it. After a year or two, Mrs. Lee—Mary Custis Lee—was laid beside him. A low, broad platform of dark grained wood covers the vault, and upon it are placed, side by side, two plain white marble slabs, inscribed with the names and dates of birth and death—nothing more: and there need be nothing more; for when the unprejudiced hand of the future holds the pen for posterity, we know that in the history of modern warfare no name will be written above that of the great captain who lies here, guarded not by soldiers, but by scholars. A neat railing incloses these slabs, within

which are vases constantly filled with fresh flowers; a lady in the town laying her own conservatory under contribution for this especial privilege. Outside the railing is the tomb of a lovely daughter, whose death preceded her mother's by only a few days. This tomb, though differing from the others, is characterized by the same simplicity. A recumbent statue of General Lee in marble, the work of Mr. Valentine, a native of Virginia, is finished, and will be put in place and unveiled during the oncoming centennial celebration.

After General Lee's death the trustees of the college, to emphasize yet more their gratitude and affections, changed Washington College into a University, under the title of Washington and Lee University. They then looked for a new president, and found him in the person of General G. W. Custis Lee, who for some years had been a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. It required much effort to overcome the self-depreciating scruples of this gentleman; but at last, to the great pleasure of everybody, he yielded, and has by his ability justified their choice, and proved a worthy representative and successor of his father.

It took but a short time after the surrender to get the Institute again at work. The State had had full proof of its value, and though she was loaded with debt, and had to adjust herself to new political and industrial conditions, yet she resumed her patronage of the Institute, and by degrees has fully repaired all the damage of Hunter's campaign. Even the bronze Washington is in its old place, and a new lease of at least ninety-nine years seems to have been taken out.

I must pause to mention one other school —the Ann Smith Female Academy. It is a pleasure to see that our grandfathers did not forget the educational needs of the girls, in the Latin and Greek and Mathematics and everything else they were providing for the boys. In the beginning of the century they put up, considering the time, a very large and commodious house for a female boarding-school, and imported a Miss Ann Smith as principal of it. Doubtless she gave satisfaction, as they complimented her by stamping her name upon the Academy. Female schools in such nearness to a college can never boast of success as to numbers. It has been so with this one: still it has turned out, in every generation from then till now, well-educated, excellent women in every walk in life, with some brilliant examples that would illustrate the highest stations.

After marking the changes and taking in the fact that the town is just twice as large as when I left it, sixteen years ago, I naturally stroll into the old burying-ground. A new territory has been added, and for a moment I can hardly find my way to the graves of my own household. But a short pause brushes away the present, and the distant past comes vividly before me. In that long-ago the "old church" stood in this ground. It was a frame building, a parallelogram in shape, with a multiplicity of doors and windows down its long sides, and capable of seating seven or eight hundred people. A gallery ran on three sides, which was entered by high, uncovered steps from the outside. The end gallery, when I first remember, was occupied by a gay choir seated behind red curtains on rings, through which ran the iron rod that stretched across it. When the singing began, these curtains were drawn before the singers with a great clatter of the rings, and put back with the same noise when the hymn was over. The rattle made edifying breaks in the service to us children, though the old people regarded it in such a serious way that the choir and the curtains and the new tunes threatened to make trouble in the congregation. Opposite the choir was a great high affair of a pulpit, with a bench below for a clerk or precentor, who in early days, before the choir existed, read out and then sang two lines of the hymn at a time, the whole congregation vociferously following; and a monstrous wooden sounding-board, innocent of architectural rule and defiant of architectural effect, was suspended in a dangerous-looking way, by wires over the preacher's head. There was a long aisle down the middle of the church, crossed by a short one in front of the pulpit. Where

they met, below the clerk's bench, there stood a table, upon which, in summer, was placed a bucket of water with a shining dipper. Thitherward the children turned their little pattering steps from all quarters of the building during every part of the service. My desire to join that throng was intense, and the number of fruitless journeys and pantomimic entreaties I made from my end of the pew to my mother at hers for permission to do so I cannot sum up. My life would have had a ruddier glow through all its history, I am sure, had I but once enjoyed the privilege of having old Davy Buck, the sexton, hand me some water out of that cool bucket.

By the bye, he was an institution in the church. I don't think he was ever young. He seemed to have been born old, and never to have grown any older. He made the fires in the huge ten-plate stoves on either side of the pulpit, with which the attempt was made to warm the church. They were insufficient, of course; but Davy was equal to the emergency. Before the hour of worship he would pack bricks within and on top of them, which, when thoroughly heated, he, with a long pair of tongs, would capture and distribute through the pews as the services proceeded. He was a very black man, bent nearly double, and as his large feet turned straight out, his step was slow and heavy, and this scene enacted every Sunday in the winter must have been strangely ludicrous.

Speaking of him recalls another one of his race conspicuous in her zeal for church decorum. There were no negro churches in those days, and the Presbyterian colored people came and occupied the right-hand gallery of that in which their masters worshiped. Colonel Ried's Winnie, a solemn old woman scowling under a big bonnet, sat just above the preacher at the end of a long bench full of children, armed with a switch of great length and most venomous look. Woe betide the little urchin who grew restless or yawned under the long sermon! At the least noise she would rise, and with a precision of aim truly wonderful, bring down her rod upon the offender with such effect as to restore order immediately.

These were primitive customs, sure enough; but no subsequent times have produced better preachers than those who, standing under that grotesque sounding-board, held fast the attention of the people for a full hour, in spite of old Buck with his peripatetic warming apparatus and old Winnie with her public castigations.

I cannot but feel kindly to the old sexton—not sexton of the church only, but the grave-digger for the town. His quaint figure and reverent air, as he stood leaning on his spade at the head of the grave, asserts its place in my memory, while the preachers and pall-bearers and other conspicuous attendants have entirely faded from it. How long ago he died I do not know; but he buried generations of the people before a younger hand performed that last service for him.

It must be forty years since the old church was abandoned for a handsome new one in the middle of the town, and very many since it was torn down and its site cut up into burial plots.

As I move among the graves, my mind summons back the friends who lie within them. There are the Blains, and Baxters, and Alexanders, brothers and more distant relatives of Dr. Archibald Alexander of Princeton Theological Seminary; the Grahams also, in whom are blended the Alexander with the blood of the learned and patriotic Rev. William Graham of Liberty Hall memory. Here are the Moores too—Andrew Moore, Sr., who long represented the State in the Senate, as his son, Samuel McDowell Moore, did in the House of Representatives; the Barclays and Davidsons and Cummingses, strong names in the town and country; Dr. Jordan, an excellent physician, and old Colonel Jordan, so energetic in the State's internal improvements; the families of William C. Lewis, and Chapin, and Smith, and Fuller, and Paine—this last lineally descended from John Knox; the Paxtons—Frank Paxton, who fell at the head of the Stonewall brigade at Chancellorsville,

and his brother, James Gardiner Paxton; the Whites, and Carutherses, and Lyles, and Esteles, and Rieds; Mrs. Ruffner, mother of Dr. William Henry Ruffner, the late Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State; and the Leyburns, men of character and influence—one, Dr. George Leyburn, an enthusiastic missionary, sleeps on his mission field in Greece. Here, too, are the Bowyers: Captain John Bowyer, an old gentleman in all my recollection, remarkably handsome and aristocratic in mien and manner, has left on my mind an indelible impression; and the coach and four, filled with his handsome daughters—one of whom was allied by an early marriage to the family of Washington, another married Judge Brockenbrough, and still another, the most beautiful woman I ever saw, became the wife of General Colston, long in the service of the Khedive—as it drove to the door of the old church, lingers like a romance in my memory. On a quaint black marble slab is the name Thomas L. Preston. He was a lawyer, and, in connection with Hon. Thomas Ritchie, established in Richmond very early in the present century the Richmond "Enquirer," a journal which, in Mr. Ritchie's hand, molded, more than anything else, the Democratic politics of the State; becoming in its long existence not the exponent merely, but the autocrat of the Democratic party. He married a daughter of Edmund Randolph, who was successively Governor of Virginia, Senator, and Attorney-General of the United States, and was entering upon a canvass for a seat in Congress from the district of which Rockbridge forms a part when he died. The grandsons were Confederate soldiers. Captain Frank Preston lost an arm at Winchester, but partially recovering, became an accomplished professor in Washington and Lee, and afterwards at William and Mary, where he died. William C., just seventeen, received a mortal wound in the second battle of Manassas. His body rests where he fell, but a memorial of him appears in the family plot.

All around lie the bodies of the boys in gray. Near the main entrance is the grave of Jackson's high-spirited adjutant, Colonel Alexander Pendleton, only son of General William N. Pendleton. In another part of the ground is the plot where Governor James McDowell with his wife and some of his children are buried. Passing out through the front entrance we come to the resting place of Mrs. Dr. George Junkin, wife of the President of Washington College, and their daughter Elinor, first wife of General Stonewall Jackson; and near by to that of General Jackson himself. An unostentatious stone marks the spot, and the beaten path shows how great the homage and how fresh the memory of him still.

At General Lee's I was shown pictures and relics brought from Mount Vernon and Arlington. There were fine portraits of Washington at different periods of his life, and also of his wife. All Americans have seen, in every variety of the art, from the dime tea-cup to the finest oil-painting, copies of these; but the great charm of them for me was that they were taken from life. I was getting them at first-hand, and seemed to be looking into the very faces of the originals. The portrait of Washington in the red uniform of a British officer, taken when unknown to fame, had in it greater intellectual vigor than any I have seen; and the one painted only a few months before his death gave the most agreeable impression of serene old age, being free from the mental and physical languor so observable in all the pictures of him in the last years of his life.

As I wandered round the rooms, admiring some and interested in all, I suddenly confronted a large, half-length portrait of a handsome, lordly looking man elaborately attired in scarlet and gold lace, with ruffs, a powdered wig, a sword, and all the emblazonry of semi-barbaric splendor. I live a good deal among students, and their slang, "What a gorgeous dike!" might have expressed my idea; but I simply inquired who the overwhelming gentleman in a frame worthy of the picture was, and found that he was one of the Custis ancestors of my charming young hostess, a Mr. Park (you see how that very familar name "George Washington

Park Custis" gives at a stroke two or three biographies), and that he had had the honor of being the first to announce to Queen Anne that the battle of Blenheim had been "a glorious victory." I wish I could write out the name and all the honorary distinctions of this august individual, but I much fear that they have faded out of the memory even of his descendants. But if they have, what matter? The Queen remembered the deed, and, as queens are not apt to do, rewarded it. On the mantel stood a pair of tall, very handsome, solid silver candlesticks, one of the dozen pair which the grateful queen had bestowed upon this "one of the Parks" with her own fair hand. How much better the royal gratitude would have appeared in one coronet than in a dozen candlesticks! A gentle tap of her Majesty's finger upon the shoulder of the kneeling Park, as he told his errand, would have sent his name down the ages in the glory of knighthood. She didn't look at it in that light; but, apparently with great good will, gave the dozen pair of candlesticks; and being very much pleased about Blenheim and the Great Duke, and doubtless having an eye to the pleasure of her dear friend "Mrs. Johnson," the Great Duke's wife, she went farther, and added silver urns and bowls with gracious open-handedness. When to these sovereign favors we add the fact that Sir Godfrey Kneller immortalized him on the very canvas before me, we must all admit that Mr. Park received abundant recognition for the agreeable service he rendered.

A couple of portraits, darkened by age, of two or more of the Custis ancestors hang in the hall. In the corner of each were the cross-bones and skull, the sign-manual of Van Dyke. Near them a handsomely framed landscape filled a large space, and bore the legend of having been a target for the Lee boys at Arlington in their earliest attempts at archery. Although I put my mind to it, I left without deciding whether the lack of merit was in the picture or in the boys, that this should be its history.

I must not neglect to mention the little baptismal bowl of General Lee's children as an object of very pleasant interest. A night or two before my visit General Lee had given a reception to the students, when the silver punch-bowl from Mount Vernon was brought into service, and a table laden with dainties was covered with a damask cloth bearing the letters "G. W."

As I lingered among my old haunts, the Washington and Lee Commencement approached; and, as in the olden time, all the hearty and handsome hospitalities of the town were brought into play for this gala season of the year. Young men and maidens were in the ascendant by universal concession. As I heard of their lawn parties and receptions, and — yes, even in strict Scotch-Irish Lexington — germans, I wondered if our earlier merry-makings had altogether dropped out of fashion. Gay parties on horseback, in those quieter days, would file through the silent streets while it was yet dark, and, to the chorus of the birds, climb the steep sides of the rugged House Mountain, to catch the glory of a sunrise from its top. But, splendid as was the view, the pleasure of the excursion could not compare with that of a picnic under the Natural Bridge, sixteen miles off. That furnished a red-letter day in one's history. A number of young ladies and gentlemen, after a very early breakfast, would set out in carriages and buggies and on horseback, to spend the day at the Bridge, a wagon following with the daintiest and most abundant lunch. The road in summer was good, and the scenery for the most part romantic; becoming, however, on nearing the bridge, unkempt and utterly wild. Dismounting at the top, the hilarious throng would wind a long way down the scraggy hill before they came in sight of the grand arch flung high above them, or caught a glimpse of the little stream, dashing and gurgling and eddying amid the big rocks of its narrow bed. A few minutes' walk from that opening view brought them directly under the immense span, where immediately they enter upon the struggle to discover the spread eagle imprinted upon it, with a lion's head under its wing—the American eagle, forsooth, with the overborne

British lion. The imaginative ones very soon saw them with entire distinctness; the others courageously asserted they were not there. But there were names cut by aspiring athletes, up a dizzy height, upon its damp, perpendicular sides. Many a decade back in the last century an expert climber reached a point and carved his name—George Washington—so high that, in all the generations of ambitious contestants since, few have reached, and scarce one has gone above it.

Strolling around in the shade, mounting to the top and peering down into the vast depths of the chasm, and the merry attempts to spread the feast on the stones of the noisy creek, filled the sunny hours of the long day, which the coming home in the cool hours of the evening with an exquisite moon to light the way brought to a bewitching close. But this was long, long ago, before the locomotive had roused those old hills, or speculation had brought a landscape gardener to lay his unhallowed hand upon the picturesque surroundings of this great natural curiosity.

But I have wandered away from the Commencement. It came on; and its exercises, continued through several days, were much after the style of other Commencements reported at the same season all over the country. The young speaker utters his final words, and the weary usher hands in his only remaining basket of flowers; one more shy glance between the gallery and the platform quickly passes; the last note in the many rounds of applause dies out; the benediction is said; the curtain drops. The boy of to-day, with his careless merriment, is behind it; the man of the morrow, invested with the responsibilities of manhood, the glow of hope mingling with the first sense of the realities of life, stands before us. The old South with her scars is passing off the stage. New political complications, new party combinations, are just on the threshold; and it is but fit that old men should step aside and young ones come forward. And when I hear these youths on the platform expound modern chivalry as the highest moral principle in all the labors and relationships of life, expressed in delicate courtesy of speech and behavior, leading one to hope that *integrity* is to be the rallying cry of the present generation, then I feel sure that we who belong to the old South, and love her, may, without a fear, confide to this vigorous new South the destinies of the State.

S. P. McD. Miller.

RONDEAU.

Beloved earth—calm vestal robed in white—
Neglectful priestess! In th'abyss of night
Hath slowly dropped his unfed fires the sun
Thou hast outwatched. And O, beloved one,
Beneath the wintry moon dusk broideries slight
The trees weave for thy garments' hem. And light
The loveless winds slip by, awed at the sight
Of thee. Night's murmurings about thee run,
Beloved Earth.

The stars that lean o'er the untroubled height
Of blue infinity, disdainful slight
Thy pallid grace. Their scornful eyes, O shun;
Lest I be left, forgotten and undone.
The nearer watcher thou dost ill requite,
Beloved Earth.

Ada Langworthy Collier.

ANNETTA.

VII.

ANNETTA had been awakened by Mrs. McArdle's first shriek; but only to thick throbbings of undefined terror. At that second shriek she started up to the glorious sunshine of a new day and to a horror of sudden death.

She was clothing herself in whatever garments came first to her cold, trembling hands, when Mrs. McArdle, darting from Bartmore's room, took hers on a wild way through the house.

"O, wirra, wirra, Miss Annetta, dear!" she moaned, diligently crossing herself.

"Tell me!" gasped Annetta. "Is anybody actually drowned?"

"John—ny Melody an' Dan Meagher"—heavily emphasizing those names. "I say no more. The wan o' top d'other. I seen the green pond smooth itsel' out where Dan's black topknot wint under—twict I seen it." And she shuffled hurriedly away, leaving her high-pitched voice lingering after in a long-drawn lamentation.

Simultaneous with this departure, a furious clash of the office window announced an irregular and impetuous exit thence.

A moment later, flying bare-headed through the hall-way, Annetta caught wildly at her broad garden-hat hanging by its ribbons on the hat-rack. The ribbons still dangled there as she ran, hat in hand, down the deep, rough descent past Mike Grady's house. Gaining the first cross-street, the scene of the tragedy spread itself before her horrified vision.

That pond had been a marsh until some recent and extensive grading had caused the water to rise in a narrowed basin. Green though its edges were, on sunshiny days such as this, its open sweep became a fleckless mirror, wherein a blue, mysterious hollow of summer sky had room and way gloriously to curve itself, and voluminous fleeces to form and to fade with passionate fidelity to the forming and fading far above.

Yet no reflections, however bright, could rob the vicinage of an air of desolation. For a few houses, once standing on dry edges of the marsh, now lifted high on manifestly insecure props, yawned black and tenantless; while other houses, their ground-floors submerged, their walls damp and moldy, gave token of a wretched occupancy close under their roofs. Out of one of these, a mere shed, careened and blackened, and accessible only by a single plank and broken ladder, Johnny Meagher had been carried to his premature grave. A stone cast from the open doorway of this building might easily have fallen at the end of the dump, about which the whole neighborhood was now excitedly gathered.

Besides the swarm of men, women, and children, an irregular line of carts, deserted by their drivers, effectually forbade that Annetta should catch any glimpse of whatever efforts at rescue were making. But Tom was there. She heard his voice issuing peremptory directions, with colloquial disregard of orthoepy.

"Be sure of your holt, then haul stiddy. Stand back! Give us more elbow-room, will you?"

A woman whom Annetta did not remember ever to have seen, ran up to her. A poor creature in a bedraggled calico, her shawl fallen off her frowzy head.

"Howly saints protect us! an' isn't this a sad sight, Miss Bairtmore?" she cried; and went on, garrulous with agitation: "'Twas Melody's cairt backed over. He jumped off to cut the horse loose, an' was thrampled under. Thin Dan Meagher, niver mindin' his fine clo'es, he pitches himsel' in to save poor Johnny— Glory to God! what's that?"

A sudden swaying from the bank's edge. The woman who had been talking with Annetta darted nervously forward. Annetta

was irresistibly impelled to do likewise. The throng divided, giving her a momentary glimpse of something which the water yielded up lothly—of something limp, dripping, hideous, yet awfully and unmistakably human. A dangling limb flung itself about, and was still. A countenance, terrible with slime, ghastly pale, blue-lipped, revealed itself, and was hidden.

Deep groans and shrill wailings spontaneously burst forth. Annetta turned dizzy and blind. Could that strange, unearthly face be the face which was wont so to shine upon her lonely life?

The skirts of a sudden mist whirled brokenly across the sun. The skirts of a sudden gust trailed hurriedly across the pond, blotting out its blue, domed depths, leaving to be seen only a thin, leaden surface teased into ridgy trouble. Then these words were borne to Annetta's ears:

"Poor Melody!"

She pressed forward. The body lay on the sand. A rake, its handle temporarily lengthened, two of its teeth bloody, was fallen close by. Tom Bartmore, hatless, coatless, knelt there questioning silently for signs of life.

"He's been under fifteen or twenty minutes," some one said in a discouraging tone.

Others pressed up. Bartmore rose, to exclaim peremptorily:

"Carry him to Dr. Portmeath's, next block, left-hand side. That's the quickest way. Tell the doctor to spare no efforts."

Volunteers hastened to do this bidding. A shutter was brought from the front of the nearest dwelling-house. Upon this the drowned man was borne away.

Meanwhile, Annetta suffered intolerable anguish. Why were they not searching for Dan? She put that question imperiously to a person rudely jostling her. The face turning about was ashen pale, with long, bloodshot eyes, full of a mere animal terror. The tones answering hers were huskily familiar.

"Dan? Och! sure they had him tuck out ag'in I came back from callin' the boss. He's not drownded; but badly hurted be a kick iv the horse or a bump iv the cairt. They're off wid him to the droog sthore."

Annetta was at camp when Dan was carried thither, on a rude litter formed of two boards from the bed of a dump-wagon hastily lashed together with hay rope. He was unconscious; pale as the bandage bound over his head; seemingly dead. But Terry, one of his bearers, said: "He shivered onct as we came along, and twict he let out a big breath. We're to put him to bed widout noise or commotion iv anny soart, an' the docthor'll be around himsel' in the course iv an hour."

In the course of two hours, as it proved. A withered dyspeptic, loosely folded in a sallow, wrinkled skin. Annetta was sitting by Dan's bunk, the poor fellow being still unconscious. She expressed great anxiety about the wound in his head.

"Let us have a look at it," said the doctor, taking no pains to hide a snarling impatience begotten of his own internal qualms. The bandage removed, he twice ejaculated, "Humph!"

The cut was diagonally upward and backward from the right ear. Blood flowing thence had matted Dan's black hair, and stained his cheek. Annetta found the sight horrible, but Dr. Portmeath muttered, "Insignificant!"

He drew the edges of the cut together under some strips of plaster, and replaced the bandage with what seemed to Annetta no gentle touch.

"Nothing here to stretch a young giant like this upon his back."

"Has he sustained other injuries?"

"Looks likely. I suspect something that can't be gotten at. Let us carefully note his condition."

Which he proceeded to do aloud, commenting incidentally in growling "Ughs!" upon his own condition.

"Extremities leaden. Cheeks colorless. Eyes partly open. Pupils contracted. Breath light as a week-old baby's. A ticking, uncertain pulse. Cry aloud in his ear, he does not stir. Scratch him with a pin, prick him sharply—thus—he does not wince. But

external wounds, other than the one we have seen, there are none. What do we conclude, therefore? That some internal wire is down. That the subtle and marvelous circuit of brain, heart, and nervous system" —a touch of enthusiasm, purely scientific, here—"is broken. Ever to mend? Time will tell."

"How soon shall we know, sir?"

The doctor proceeded imperturbably:

"The man may awake praying or cursing, as his wont is; he may never awake. He may roll over presently, to say calmly, 'How long have I been asleep?' He may presently fling himself about, his blood running through his veins like a flame meeting a train of gunpowder, his pulse beating like a blacksmith's hammer, life reasserting itself as a furious conflagration. Again I say, time will tell."

All this talk Annetta had followed closely, her lips apart, her soft eyes widening with anxiety into those lowering old eyes encroached upon by wrinkled lids and shaggy hairs.

"Can we do nothing to arouse him?"

"Nothing. He is warmly covered; he is quiet. Keep him so. A reaction may set in at any moment. Have ready some warm broth against his waking."

Annetta kept her post. Once Mrs. McArdle looked in upon her to gabble huskily:

"Here she sets in a pause an' a maze, an' me shweatin' ever since wid the worry o' work!"

Annetta motioned her away. She went mumbling, "An' there lies Johnny Melody, bedewed wid the death-damp, his toes p'inted up, niver knowin' it's night or day."

At four o'clock a loud lamentation suddenly beginning, Dan lifted his bloody, bandaged head, but only to stare wildly about and then to fall back again.

The wailing went on. Johnny Melody's sister had just come, hastily summoned from service in a distant part of the city.

At five o'clock Dan opened his eyes, stared quietly at whatever was on a level with his pillowed head, became somehow conscious of a presence near him, and flung his face over sharply, to meet a countenance full of gentle commiseration. Memory slowly asserted itself.

"Pain, Dan?"

"Is—is Johnny gone, Miss?"

Annetta could not deceive him.

Dan groaned.

"He called me in his chokin' voice, Miss Bairtmore.—Does the boss blame me?"

"You must explain just how it happened, Dan. Not to me"—for he was eagerly beginning an explanation then and there—"and not now. You are to have some broth."

She ran to fetch it herself, to feed him.

"If I could have got John out!"

"Take the soup, Dan. Be patient. You did your best; you offered your life."

At half-past five o'clock, Dan remaining conscious, Annetta went home. Fortunately, for Tom came in promptly at the supper-hour. The day had been a toilsome one, and trying even to his tough strength.

"No easy task, by jingo!" he said, "to get out that cart, with a dead horse tangled in his harness and lying in the shafts under eight foot of water."

But one cart, despite Mrs. McArdle's sensational morning news, had backed off the dump—Johnny Melody's cart.

"You've seen Dan this afternoon, Netta?"

"Yes."

"How is he?"

"He came to himself about five o'clock."

"Humph!" Then after a reflective pause: "Pity he didn't crack that thick skull of his while he was about it. The idea of his standing round to the tune of seventy-five dollars a month, with nothing on the Lord's earth to do but to watch a few men, and letting my property get destroyed in that fashion. Darn his pictures! I've a great notion to make him pay for the horse."

This and more in the same vein Bartmore loudly declared. Annetta looked wistfully for some softening of tone or manner, and found none. The day's occurrences, which had given her so many and varied emotions ranging from horror to a tender thankfulness, had affected him, as it seemed, solely in one particular—his pocket.

"Darn the luck!" he continued, still calculating the extent of his damages. "To have work in the 'cut' suspended just at this time is enough to tax the patience of Job. And I couldn't hire the boys to go on until after the funeral, even if I'd offer them double wages."

Then Rodney Bell dropped in upon them by way of the back door, his pockets stuffed with papers, which he was given to fingering ostentatiously, his manner a compound of business-like alertness, exuberant hilarity, and self-gratulation. He had not heard of the accident, so when he was invited informally to table, everything had to be gone over with again and in like jarring strain. There was afterwards much talk enigmatic to Annetta, touching per cents., cubic yards, road-beds, outside figures, private contracts, acceptance, and street warrants, into which both men entered with the greatest zest.

When Bartmore rose from the table, it was to say, "I'm going to 'camp.' Come along?"

Bell declined the off-hand invitation embodied in those last two words.

"I'll stay for another cup of tea, Tom."

But though Annetta instantly poured the tea, he neglected so much as to sip it for staring at her. His rosy countenance apparently guiltless of any recollection of the previous evening's discomforture, he began to reproach her.

"How could you flirt so outrageously with Jim Bernard, Annetta?"

One of Rodney's favorite methods of asserting his virility was by a familiar use of Christian names.

Flirt! The word evidently surprised Annetta. She answered by gay denial. And yet her gayety was not through and through pure sparkle. A reserve of gentle melancholy was to her spirit what to a mountain brook the hollow murmur under its petulant plashing. Her inner self sat brooding over thoughts best expressed in this fragment from the song of a great singer:

> "God is too near above, the grave beneath,
> And all our moments breathe
> Too quick in mysteries of life and death."

Delia Melody's bereaved wailing rang in her ears. Her heart was thrilling yet with the great compassion then awakened—a compassion not only for that sorrow, but for all sorrow, all disappointment. So now she looked into young Bell's face to say, with an impulse of sympathetic frankness:

"Rodney, don't you know that you must not really care for me?"

"Not really care for you?" he echoed, instantly rising from table, the better to assert his short stature and offended dignity.

"What do you suppose I have been doing all this while—the past three months, in fact?"

Annetta still looked into his face, but her eyelids gradually narrowed over spinning and sparkling evidences of silent fun. She was thinking, "What use to try to spare this silly fellow pain!" She was half scornfully querying, "Is he capable of feeling pain?" Moreover, noting the flaring self-importance of his wide nostrils and his lofty pose, a comparison occurred to her which she was almost tempted to give him some hint of.

"Rodney," it was on the tip of her saucy tongue to ask, "do you see a hawk hovering aloft, that you crane your long neck and roll your eyes upward so ridiculously?"

But indeed, it is more than doubtful—thanks to his high opinion of himself—whether he would have understood the allusion. And now he was repeating his question exigently:

"What do you suppose I have been doing all this while?"

Annetta answered pertly, impatient of his mood and of him:

"You have been flying a kite—a first kite. One of those frameless, tailless, paper-and-string efforts, which fill the ambitious infant mind. *Flying* a kite, did I say? Such kites never do more than flutter a little as they are dragged along the ground."

These teasing sentences, quiveringly alive with laughter as they were, did not improve the listener's mental condition. They did certainly push him on to a further exhibition of bad taste and bad temper.

"There's no child's play about this matter,

Miss Bartmore, except what you are indul g-ing in," he said, doubling his chin stiffly between the stiff points of his standing collar, his short stubby fingers feeling instinctively after that very tender and immature labial fringe. "I am profoundly serious."

What further might have been said on either side is not known. A shrill, increasing whistle barely warned Bell in time for a partial smoothing down of his ruffled plumage, before Bartmore, clearing the short flight of back stairs at a bound, was in the room. Some general conversation ensued, then Bell pleaded an engagement, observing, as he looked at his watch, that Miss McWicks must fear he was going to disappoint her; and adding, his air of connoisseurship secretly calculated to crush and wither Annetta, that Miss McWicks was positively the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Left alone with her brother, Annetta slipped an arm through his arm and drew him gently toward the parlor, where a fire had been lighted in anticipation of a quiet home evening. Bartmore flung himself upon the sofa; Annetta seated herself at the piano.

Did he listen to those selections rapidly following each other, all unflaggingly gay? No snatch of any song attested to even such listening as he was capable of. He lay quite still, only his eyes moving restlessly about for a while, as if caught by one object and another, held by none. Then nestling his curly head into a cozier hollow of the sofa's rolling arm, he fell sound asleep.

Two things sweet to the lover of home attracted his eyes when next he opened them—a glowing fire, and a fair woman seated by it.

"What time is it, Netta?" he asked, in a wide-awake voice.

"The clock has just struck eleven."

"Only eleven? Goodness! I hoped it might be near morning."

"I'm glad it isn't. I'm frightfully tired and sleepy."

"Why didn't you go to bed?"

"I couldn't wake you, and I hated to leave you lying here alone."

"Go to bed now," said he, flinging himself upon his side.

But the same anxiety that had kept Annetta from leaving him when asleep still held her. She rose, and stood leaning an elbow upon the mantelpiece, uneasily regarding him.

"Shall I throw something over you, Tom?"

"Nonsense! in this warm room?"

"You will go to bed presently?"

"Yes, yes; I suppose so."

This impatient assent did not reassure. Yet, being very weary, Annetta walked to the door, only to stop and look back.

That curly head had not found its easy hollow again. That attitude, although reclining, was tense. Tom's feet were restlessly moving.

Annetta caught the sound of a smothered ejaculation.

"What *is* the matter, dear?" she asked, her gaze full of longing to soothe, to help.

Bartmore rolled his eyes upon her, not answering. Recognizing in his silent lingering look some awakening to tenderness or to pain, she hurried across the room to kneel beside the sofa, laying her head on his breast so that she might turn her face towards his.

"You are a good little girl, Netta," he murmured presently. "I wish I could feel such genuine contentment as you seem to feel. I wish to the Lord I could! There are moments when I'd give all I'm worth to be able to sit down quietly at home."

Open confession is good for the soul. That is written since old time. Annetta encouraged this fraternal outpouring by silently pressing close and closer her warm round cheek.

"If I should go to bed now, I'd only pitch about and think, and think, and think. So what's the use?"

"No use at all, dear Tom. I'll sit with you. Let me get a book and read to you."

"Precious few books interest me, sis." And he tossed his head to one side away from her. That distance between them, he mumbled more to himself than to her.

"I planned to stay at home to-night; but

I can't do it. A man like me, whose brain is full of business, must have some distraction. He must."

"If I might entertain you!"

"You could entertain me, Netta, if any woman could. Poor Carrie!" He uttered his wife's name reminiscently, then paused in a smiling reverie.

"Poor Carrie!" repeated Annetta suggestively.

"O nothing; only she used to try to keep me home," said he.

His dry tone implied that a train of thought once silently worked out had for him no conversational interest.

He rose suddenly to a sitting posture, entirely careless of disturbing Annetta's affectionate attitude.

"You are not going away to-night, Tom?" —wistfully.

"Yes, I am"— with an air forbidding remonstrances. "I'll hunt up some of the boys. A little sociable game will steady my nerves."

"Not a game of cards, I hope?"

"Yes; a game of cards."

"But your pledge. You surely haven't forgotten?"

"What pledge? Who told you about any pledge?" glancing at her sharply.

She hesitated to answer that Dr. Bernard had told her. A hilarious allusion of Tom's own, uttered the evening before, came happily to mind.

"Didn't you refer to it yourself, Tom, when you were coaxing Dr. Bernard to take Mr. Treston's place?"

"I don't remember. But that agreement between Jim and me doesn't amount to anything. He couldn't keep from playing twenty-four hours at a stretch to save his soul. Get my overcoat, there's a good girl; I won't be gone but a little while."

When Annetta had helped him to don his thick outer garment, he kissed her lightly on her cheek and went away, leaving her to an instant and overwhelming sense of loneliness, of insecurity. She who could sleep with every door unlocked when he was in the house now ran up-stairs to make sure that the windows of the little-used second story were fastened. Instead of immediately attending to this duty, she threw wide one of the full-length sashes in the front chamber and walked forward upon the veranda.

That open-air silence through which her brother's footsteps were retreating with a startling distinctness seemed to her excited imagination mysteriously akin to the silence shrouding a stark form lying in the "camp" yonder.

When the retreating footsteps were still, the eucalyptus trees began to be heard clashing their sickles together with dry crackling sounds. Annetta felt herself weirdly near their high flexible tops, that writhed and tossed and cowered and leaped in wind-varied clusters of shadow. She felt herself thrillingly near the stars—a crowded skyful —throbbing with a dumb, passionate knowledge of all things past, present, and to come.

VIII.

At nine o'clock on the morning after the accident, old Refugio was moving about the garden with something more nearly suggesting a settled plan of action than an observer might ordinarily discover in his long-sustained postures and creeping locomotion.

Garrulously enough, meanwhile, he grumbled, grudging every flower he must cut for the bouquets Annetta had bespoken. Looking whole minutes at each rose, and questioning profoundly which blossom of a lavish bushful could best be spared, he invariably ended by choosing whatever was past the height of its bloom. So but one of the three bouquets ordered was ready when Annetta, clad for walking, and carrying a covered basket, joined him under the honeysuckle arch.

She did not scold, however, but stood to watch him as he placed spice-pinks tenderly cheek to cheek, and set sprigs of lemon verbena in scented supremacy over them. Who better likely than she to note the contrast between those horny, twisted, sun-baked hands and their delicate employment? Yet the effects produced did not altogether

please her. She frowned a little over those stiff, pyramidal nosegays, and reaching forth impetuously, she broke off some generous sprays of honeysucle.

"*Muy malo!*" wheezed the willful old gardener.

"No, it is good, Refugio. I will have them!" cried Annetta, stamping her foot in a make-believe of wrath. But she smiled, too, with conquering power. Twinkles of restored happiness darted from those irregular, dull-beaded openings through which Refugio's time-worn soul looked into that young, untried soul.

"*Hermosa Anita!*" he croaked, with all the trembling eagerness of senile adoration.

"Come, then," said Annetta, drawing him after her by another engaging smile.

He hobbled up overanxiously to take her basket; and as she gathered her flowers together and left the garden, he dropped with a sober dog-trot into her footsteps.

The road along which they were presently going leads toward the valley. It is open, red-dusted, encroached upon by the early grass. A road which tradesmen's wagons, after whirling around corners, clattering across railroad tracks, and rattling over cobble-stones, take to leisurely, almost noiselessly.

The first houses to be reached are six, built in a low, unpainted row. Of these, one was then occupied by Monsieur and Madame Caron. Standing at the end of the row, it stood also at the end of a cross-street, which stopped there as if loth to labor up the slope climbing steeply to Pioche's Quarry.

Summoned by Annetta's persistent knocking, somebody was at last heard shuffling to the front door. Monsieur himself, his white hair fringing the close edge of a black skull-cap, his contorted back upheaving the faded garlands of a once brilliant chintz dressing-gown, his feet spread wide in worn slippers, he greeted his visitor with elaborate courtesy.

Annetta had heard that poor Madame was worse again.

The little man vigorously closed his lifted right hand, only to open it and let it fall with a sigh and shrug of his shoulders. He had many gestures expressive of intense emotion, and these were of them.

He explained in language muddily figurative: "*Ma bien aimée* is depart to me already wiz a whirlwind of the desolation." And a tear, wrung forth with who can tell what difficulty from the dry cisterns of his heart—a very little tear moistened either eye.

"Not dead!" exclaimed the young girl, recoiling.

"Alas! bettare so. For the dead cannot to suffer. But you shall see hare, you shall see hare."

And he went hurriedly before, Annetta following, through a trio of rooms, each more dismal than the other; and in the last Madame lay, an immovable part of a black, broken bedstead. Something wonderfully yellow, wonderfully wrinkled, showed itself in grotesque relief against a low, white pillow. That was Madame's aged face. Over this face, stonily staring, over a form as rigid as if petrified, Monsieur hastened to hover with nimble motions and dulcet murmurs of affection.

"It is more than 'alf a *siecle*—century—we 'ave been one"—looking brightly toward Annetta.

"She had sixteen years honly when I marry wiz hare, *mon ange, ma pauvre chérie.* I had twenty-one years, no more. Mon Dieu! we were 'appy. I put to eat in hare mouth like a bird. It was two kisses and one bite of bread, of meat. Yes, we were 'appy."

Monsieur had given himself gayly to these reminiscences. An indescribable vivacity was imparted to the telling by a lifting and lowering of the heavy brows, a rapid closing and opening of the eyes and lips, by electric stirrings among the hairs of a thick gray mustache. Then his countenance molded itself to an expression of deepest melancholy.

"I will be soon alone! Feefty years togethare—and alone!"

Some dry tatters of what under careful tending had been thrifty vines tapped at

the dusty window-panes. A thin, jaded wind soughed through a rusty elbow of stove-pipe.

Tears dimmed Annetta's vision. She was thinking, "Here is a sorrow which no effort of mine can lessen." In this spirit, her gesture gently apologetic, she laid her little offering of flowers upon a table near the bed, and set forth a cup of clear, amber jelly. Seeing these things, Monsieur shuffled rapturously forward. He gazed into her modest face with devotion unutterable.

"*Non, non!*" he cried volubly, not refusing her gifts, but depreciating her sorrow; "weeping is not to you, the young, the so beautiful. You love, you are love. Is it not true? *Mon Dieu*, yes! One cannot to behold wizout to adore." Receiving these words warm from his lips, nay his heart, upon his finger tips he passed them by a graceful wave of the hand to his listener.

When she had reached the front gate, Monsieur gallantly escorting her, Annetta found old Refugio leaning against a leaning post, a sun-browned image of passivity. The sound of her voice arousing him, he eagerly took her basket for further following.

A few moments later, and the young girl was standing in a low doorway, her presence unnoted by the occupants of an interior disclosing the deepest poverty wedded to the most scrupulous neatness. A woman, gray-haired yet shapely, was bowed over a wash-tub. A child, a boy of ten years, lying prone along the floor, played with some bits of broken crockery and rude, unpainted wooden blocks. He, wearied presently of these toys, and leaning his chin upon one hand, his forearm forming a frail pillar 'twixt that and the floor, he stared into vacancy. His face was clear, dark, beautiful, but infinitely melancholy.

Still staring into vacancy, he said:

"Mother!"

The woman, her ears full of those work-a-day sounds, did not hear.

The childish voice came again, and imperiously.

"Mother—say, mother!"

"Ay, Joe."

"Who makes us—who made me?"

"God, Joe."

"Me?"—incredulously.

"'Twas God, just."

"Humph!"—bitterly.

Then turning over and sitting up to strike a fierce little fist down upon a limb stretched withered and lifeless, he cried:

"What was he thinking of, mother, to make such a leg as that?"

Annetta could bear no more.

"Joe, Joe!" she exclaimed, stepping forward and kneeling beside the child. His face became irradiated. The sunshine seemed to have come in-doors with her.

"See what I have brought you, Joe."

Toy books crowded with pictures from cover to cover.

Mrs. Flynn, never losing her sad and subdued air, took her hands from the soap-suds and stood near looking on, her heart full of gratitude, and her tongue speaking it. But Annetta said simply, earnestly:

"Don't praise me for what gives me such genuine pleasure."

"He treasures every little thing you've ever fetched him, Miss Bartmore, as they were relics of the holy saints."

A different home from Mrs. Flynn's was Mrs. O'Toole's, whither Annetta next went. Poverty was there, too; but a rampant, hilarious, beer-drinking poverty. Annetta merely looked in to leave some clothing for a recent addition to the family. The new baby was proudly exhibited wrapped in an old shawl, which had been to Mrs. O'Toole's rapid succession of babies like a second cuticle, only to be sloughed off by one when another came into the world.

At half-past ten o'clock, Annetta had gotten in due course to camp. Groups of idle carts and idle men gave a holiday flavor to the scene; yet there was no holiday sound in any voice, still less in Mrs. McArdle's, crying huskily:

"It's no lie to say the wurrld goes round, Miss Annitta!" wagging her head with a melancholy acceptance of all things. "We're here to-night an' away in the mornin'. An' there lies wan as was yisterday tattherin'

about wid the besht iv us, his shtiff toes pinted up, him niver knowin' it's daylight or dark!"

And then, swinging her gaunt arms wildly higher than her head, she exclaimed in tones simulating those of Father Patrick's fulminating from the pulpit in the old church: "Say to rottenness, dhou art me father; an' to the wurrum, dhou art me brother!"

Which oratorical noise brought several idlers promptly to the spot. Among others, one whom Annetta cordially addressed.

"What, Jerry! On your feet again?"

"That I am," was the mumbled response; "an' no t'anks to Ann."

It was indeed Jerry McArdle, whom his wife's evil prodigality had neither mollified nor yet killed, despite the doctor's opinion.

"And how are you feeling, my poor fellow?"

"A soart iv shriveled an' pale to me stummick, Miss Bairtmore; but wan soop o' something warrum—wan weeny soop—"

Annetta turned from him with all a young girl's indignant disgust for so ugly and abject a picture.

Jerry followed her up closely, to say:

"Have yez seen Johnny since he was stretched? Och! there was a good man for yez, late or airly. I niver come across a more ginerous wid thrates."

"A good man, faith!" assented Mrs. McArdle, quickly. "An I take it a pity iv him that worser min isn't in his room. But"—with that desire inherent in human nature to account for the misfortunes of others—"he was gittin' that ould and shook, was Johnny, he'd soon be to go out wan gate if not another."

Annetta caught sight of Dan. He was sitting on the steps in the sunshine. His countenance was pale and grave.

She walked straight toward him to address him with the decision of one who feels the necessity of making little time serve for much saying.

"Did my brother ask you about the accident—how it happened?"

"He did, miss."

"You were able to explain satisfactorily?"

Dan dropped his head upon his breast to question in a muffled voice:

"How could I blame wan who is held from speaking a word for himself?"

"It was Melody's fault!" with an expressive emphasis upon the verb.

Dan hesitated.

Annetta repeated her inquiry imperatively.

"Johnny always seemed—a bit contrairy, miss."

"You had warned him repeatedly against backing too near the edge of the dump?"

Dan remained silent.

Annetta continued, not interrogatively. Her tones were those of positive knowledge.

"You had that very morning reprimanded him sharply. He angrily retorted that he was minding his business better than you were minding yours. This happened on his first trip from the 'cut.' Between his first trip and this second he boasted to some of the men that he'd take no orders from a boy. You anticipated trouble when Johnny came again to the dump."

"But not the kind of trouble that's on us, Miss Bairtmore."

"You resolved to avoid any quarrel by speaking no word to him. He deliberately backed the cart until the wheels slipped off the planks. It was time for you to interfere. Johnny resisted your interference with the frantic rage of a man maddened by drink. You caught at the reins. Johnny seized a shovel and beat the horse furiously. There was a struggle. The cart went off the bank."

Dan groaned.

"Horrified at what he had done, Johnny thought of nothing but of saving my brothers' property. He threw himself into the water, and found himself beyond his depth."

"Then he called on me, Miss Bairtmore," exclaimed Dan, excitedly. "It was none o' the others he trusted, but only poor Dan. I went in—an' that's the last I knew till I woke an' found you setting beside me."

"So," said Annetta firmly, "I understand just how everything happened."

"I couldn't keep the rights o' it from you, miss," murmured Dan, dejectedly.

"You would have withheld the truth from

me, Dan. But Terry has been telling what he saw. He will explain to Tom as he has explained to me."

She paused a moment, and then said, in a less decided way:

"Dan, there is something which greatly troubles me."

"Can I help annything not to trouble you, miss?"

"Perhaps. I shall know now—that letter written by you at my request—my letter. Did you see it after my brother came home?"

"I did, miss," was the reluctant answer.

"You took it!"

"I did, miss, axing—asking your pardon."

Dan had risen awkwardly. Annetta looked up at him expectant of an explanation. An explanation which might indeed have proven satisfactory was in Dan's mind; but he knew not how to begin telling her that what had seemed a right and natural outspeaking when she and he were alone together in the warm, homely silence of the kitchen, had upon Bartmore's impetuous entrance appeared bold and presumptuous.

Annetta waited a moment. "Then I am to consider," she said, her countenance overshadowed, "that you promptly regretted what you had written?"

"Ye-es—no; I didn't so much regret as—as I—"

But the girl interrupted, speaking in a higher key and with a marked indifference.

"Knowing what you had written, you certainly know better than I whether I should have cared to read it; I am glad that you regretted before it was too late. I am glad the letter was not lost. Now that I am aware of its whereabouts, it has ceased to be of the slightest importance to me. I advise you if the letter be still in your possession—I command you, to destroy it immediately."

At these words, these tones, this air so unlike Annetta, a painful flush struggled upward from Dan's neck to the blanched cheeks above his black beard. The veins of his pallid forehead swelled. He opened his lips once, twice, but before he could choose which to utter of the exculpatory sentences formed in his mind, he heard Annetta saying with cold severity:

"I trust you will feel able to go to work very soon; I have been at some pains to have you exonerated from all blame on Melody's account. Yet Tom's patience has been sorely tried. Don't try it any further, or I'll not answer for the consequences."

Now Dan could speak with an eagerness almost touching in view of his physical condition.

"Indeed, Miss Bartmore, I'd be on the road to-day if there was anny work doing."

Sound of flying wheels here proved an effective interruption to further conversation, and brought Bartmore on the scene. He was not alone in his buggy. Annetta gave no outward token of recognizing that clear, grave countenance offering so keen a contrast to Tom's, until the latter called out gayly:

"You remember Treston, Netta?"

The two had shaken hands and had interchanged conventional greetings, when another buggy came dashing up.

"Who's that?" muttered Mrs. McArdle, staring with awe-struck anxiety from her kitchen door.

"The coroner, sure."

It was Terry who answered her.

"The coroner!"

"He's going to hould the autopsy now."

"The aupotsy!" starting her blood-shot eyes at him.

"Yes, the autopsy, which is a medical diagnosis to the corrups."

This explanation, loftily given, seemed entirely satisfactory. Mrs. McArdle uttered an ejaculation expressive of profound enlightenment; but at what window what ray of knowledge had entered, it were difficult to surmise. The passage-way between the camp kitchen and the camp sleeping-shed being narrow, Annetta and her companion stepped backward, allowing the newly arrived functionary all the room possible for his bustling progress.

"Where is it?" he asked of Treston. Treston motioned toward Bartmore, Bartmore nodded in the direction of the room,

one of six or eight, each containing a number of bunks, where lay what had been impersonally inquired after.

The coroner, mounting five rickety steps, disappeared. Bartmore followed.

And immediately there was a silent pressing forward and crowding in of rough figures gathering from the sheds and stables. Curiosity, awe, a certain latent animal terror, were there disclosing themselves in breathless parted lips, in dilated pupils of widened eyes, in laboring breasts. Annetta experienced a sudden sense of stifling, of horror. She may have appealed by an unconscious glance to Mr. Treston. At any rate, he drew her hand gently but firmly through his arm, and gently but firmly made a way for her through the throng.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE POTATO IN ARIZONA.—II.

In my former paper, I traced briefly the interesting history of the origin of the potato in America, its migrations by three or four routes to Europe, and the prejudices and opposition it encountered there for over two hundred years before its full acceptance, and its subsequent abundant cultivation throughout the habitable globe. I described the search made for the potato in Arizona, the several localities where it was found, and the general appearance of the varieties in popular language. In this paper I shall present botanical descriptions of these *Solani*, some general facts concerning the properties, uses, variableness, and cultivable nature of the potato, closing with an allusion to the great failure of 1845, its prospective repetition in the near future, and suggesting a timely prevention of serious effects by the introduction of native varieties derived from the Arizona stock.

The place of the potato in the vegetable world is in the order of *Solanaceæ*, a large and widely diffused order mainly affecting the warmer parts of the world. Narcotic and poisonous properties prevail in it, notably in *Atropa belladonna* (deadly nightshade), *hyoscyamus* (henbane), and *nicotiana* (tobacco). The potato itself contains the alkaloid solanine, an exceedingly active principle, four grains of which will quickly kill a dog. An extract prepared by evaporating the juice of the herb has been used in medicine as a narcotic, and as a remedy for rheumatism. The foliage of potatoes may be regarded as poisonous, but the dangerous principle does not exist in properly grown and properly kept tubers. These are mainly starch, and this substance, wherever it occurs, or however acrid and poisonous may be the plant producing it, is always wholesome. The solanine is produced within the sprouts forming tubers, and in the skin of the tuber when exposed to the light. Thus exposed, they turn green, and are very bitter and burning to the taste. Whenever any sense of acridity or burning in the throat is experienced after eating potatoes, it indicates that they have been allowed to become exposed to the light when growing or after digging.

In spite of its poisonous properties, the order *Solanaceæ* furnishes many important esculents, not only the potato, but the tomato and the egg-plant, as also the condiment *Capsicum*, or red pepper.

It contains about sixty genera, including *Solanum*—name derived probably from *solamen*, meaning solace. This genus is so typical of the order that its name is taken to form the ordinal name of *Solanaceæ;* and it is not only the largest genus in its order, but is one of the largest known. It embraces about nine hundred species, arranged by De Candolle in two sections, distinguished from each other by characters of the anthers:

I. *Pachystemonum*, with anthers short and thick, includes about five hundred species.

II. *Leptostemonum*, with anthers elongated, includes about four hundred species.

Of the first section, five subsections are made, of which the first, called *Tuberarium* —the tuber-bearer—is the only one with which we have to deal. This subsection contains all our potatoes, thirty-six species in number, divided into two classes, called by De Candolle, *Potato* and *Pterophyllum.*

His potatoes are nineteen in number, beginning with *Solanum tuberosum.* They fall under this description: "*Foliis impari et inæqualiter pinnatisectis, corymbis terminalibus*" —leaves odd-pinnate and with unequal pairs of leaflets, corymbs terminal.

His *Pterophylla*, which, for all I can see, are as much potatoes as the other group, comprise sixteen species, including *Solanum Jamesii.* They fall under the description: "*Foliis impari et regulariter pinnatisectis, rarius simplicibus, corymbis vel cymis simplicibus, terminalibus lateralibusque*"—leaves odd-pinnate as in the other, but with equal-sized leaflets, rarely simple, the inflorescence terminal and lateral.

The two species discussed at length in the preceding paper are all that are found in the limits of the United States; and Dr. Gray, in his late "Synopsis of North American Flora," says of them:

"The first species was first named *Solanum Fendleri*, Gray, in honor of the discoverer, Augustus Fendler, who found it in New Mexico about 1846. Though it differs in many respects from the cultivated plants, it is apparently not specifically distinct from *Solanum Tuberosum*, L."; hence, Dr. Gray regards it as but a marked variety of the common species, and names it, "variety *boreale.*" The other species, *Solanum Jamesii*, was so named by Dr. Torrey, for the discoverer, Dr. James, who was the botanist of Long's early expedition to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. This plant is described as having lanceolate leaflets, with no interposed smaller pairs; flowers and fruit few; corolla deeply cleft and white. "Seems on the whole to be distinct," Dr. Gray concludes.

Now there are some slight errors or discrepancies to be noted in these descriptions.

1. If the phrase "*corymbis terminalibus*," in De Candolle's description of his potato section covers the whole ground, then our purple-flowered, or *boreale*, plant does not belong with his potatoes; for the inflorescence of our plants is both terminal and lateral, as abundant specimens exhibit.

2. Under his section, which he calls *Pterophyllum*, occurs this phrase, "*foliis regulariter pinnatisectis*," which in the description of *Solanum Jamesii* (our white potatoes) is rendered, "no interposed small leaflets."

Specimens in my possession exhibit small pairs of leaflets, and occasional single ones, nearly as regularly and numerously formed as on the other plants, lending confirmation to a concluding suggestion of Dr. Gray's, that "it is probable that there are four or five varieties in the wild state, and it is likely that some of those forms described as species are merely marked forms of *Solanum tuberosum.*

A cursory mention of the various food uses of the potato will emphasize understanding of the importance of its preservation. Its ordinary use as a staple of food of course comes first. Potatoes do not contain all elements of a complete diet, being deficient in albuminoids and phosphates. They are corrected in this respect by the Irish peasantry, who take buttermilk with them; and it is well known that the Irish, as a race, are the strongest and heartiest people known. Potatoes are antiscorbutic, and hence valuable on long sea voyages and arctic explorations; and they enter largely into the dietary of prisons, hospitals, and other institutions for persons of sedentary habits. During the early days of mining excitement in California, when men were compelled to live almost exclusively upon salt meats and fine flour, scurvy became prevalent and very troublesome. The disease yielded readily to a diet of raw potatoes, the latter often bringing the high price of a dollar apiece. When the last of the Union

prisoners were released from Florence prison, March 1st, 1865, only one hundred and thirty could stand alone out of five thousand. Arrived at Wilmington, N. C., the poor fellows were carried out of the cattle-cars by agents of the Sanitary Commission, and fed four times a day with raw potatoes and onions, adding a little weak coffee and brown bread as they became able to digest more nitrogenous food. Those disobeying injunctions speedily died.

To pass on to less universally known uses of the potato, its fifteen per cent. of starch is used in various ways in cookery and the arts. It resembles the preparation called arrow-root, and combined with flour, makes a good, soft bread, and is commonly used as the basis of certain farinaceous foods. Potato starch, if heated with mineral acids or malt, can be converted into dextrine, and to dextro-glucose, useful for many purposes. Dextrine, as a substitute for gum, is obtained by subjecting potato starch to a temperature of 400°, Fah. By distillation, a strong, coarse spirit is obtained from potatoes, which passes under the name of British brandy. It is prepared in large quantities in France and Germany. Five hundred pounds of potatoes yield twelve quarts of this spirit. From potato brandy a colorless oil is derived, having a strong smell and a hot, bitter taste. It burns without smoke, but requires to be heated to continue burning. Beer is also made from potatoes by boiling them and adding steeped malt; also a kind of vinegar, useful in the arts. Potato sugar is obtained from potato starch in the form of sirup or treacle. It has not yet been crystallized. It resembles grape sugar, and may be used in the preparation of sweetmeats and as a substitute for honey. Sixty pounds of potatoes will yield eight pounds of dry starch, which can be converted into seven and a half pounds of sugar or treacle, extensively used by the Russians and their eastern neighbors. Potato starch, mixed with ground coffee and olive oil to the consistence of cake, has been highly recommended as furnishing material for a beverage superior to pure coffee. Another valuable beverage is made in the same way, by substituting cocoa for coffee. A kind of cheese is made from potatoes in Saxony, by boiling potatoes and mixing them with milk. When put into close vessels, it may be kept in good condition for years.

No plant lends itself more readily to development than the potato, as can be seen from its extraordinary productiveness and its variability, both of which are factors to be taken into consideration in introducing a new stock.

This productiveness is one of the leading qualities of the potato. It is computed to yield on an average thirty times greater weight of product to the acre than wheat, and twelve times greater than corn. It is also the most cosmopolitan of food plants, and thrives in the greatest variety of soils and conditions. Mr. Knight, in the "American Cultivator," gives an account of harvesting ten hundred and eighteen pounds of potatoes from one pound of tubers. The variety used was the Snow-flake, and he believes that a thorough experiment would result in the production of at least thirteen hundred pounds. Dr. Roulston of Raphee, Ireland, dug up in his garden five hundred and sixty-eight good, evenly sized potatoes from one plant.

As to the variability of the potato, no inhabitant of the garden changes more under the influence of different soils, climates, and treatment. The same variety will have a strong, unpleasant flavor in one kind of soil, but a sweet and agreeable one in another. In heavy, cold soils the crops are often fine and abundant, but seldom are so palatable as those grown in lighter soil. Silicious soils, even gravelly ones, in which the tubers may become corroded or scaly, are always productive of better potatoes than argillaceous or clayey ones. A dry, moldy, fresh, and moderately rich soil—one, in fact, resembling the mold beneath forest trees — is found to be the acme of desirableness in potato culture. In all cases the best varieties are of those that ripen earliest, are of a floury consistence, and that will keep late.

Samuel Bate, who went with the first settlers to Van Dieman's Land, took with

him half a bushel of potatoes of a certain choice variety, and planted them. To his great surprise, when dug, he had five distinct kinds. These varieties maintained their distinctness in the island for many years. Subsequently, he purposed to introduce his new acquisitions to other climates, and sent some to a warmer country, when lo! they all degenerated (as Phillips calls it) to one sort, and that one the original variety.

Most varieties of the potato, when planted in a warm climate like that of the West Indies, become waxy and of a sweetish taste. "We can never have potatoes entirely suited to the climate we live in," says an eminent writer, "until we obtain such from the seed, and then select over and over the variety that is best adapted to the locality." A common seed-ball rarely produces one variety only: generally from a dozen to twenty-four kinds.

Only ignorant or careless farmers will habitually plant small, ill-formed, or diseased potatoes; the crop is sure to be deteriorated by such practices. The greatest ultimate injury is done by the short-sighted practice of cutting the tubers. When a whole tuber is planted, a few shoots nearest the seed-end will start first, and at once appropriate all the nutriment for a vigorous growth, while the rest perish. Thus nature points out the better culture.

Dr. Hexamer of New York obtained interesting results by experimenting with potatoes. He carefully examined a hundred potatoes planted without cutting; ninety-eight of them started first from the seed-end. He proved that potatoes, like other branches of plants, have the power of producing adventitious buds. He destroyed the eyes of seventy potatoes by peeling them, then planted each in a separate hill; half the number produced shoots and ripened a crop. He planted eighty hills with pieces of potatoes without eyes, but having their portion of skin; thirteen grew to maturity, and in every case the sprout started from the *cut surface*. These sprouts were adventitious—produced without buds, from the interior part of the potato.

When a potato is placed in sufficient heat to excite growth, but under circumstances unfavorable to the development of leafy branches, a singular transformation takes place; the starch and other ingredients of the old tuber produce, instead of shoots, new tubers, either clustered all about the old one, or in some instances crowded in the interior. Such curiosities may often be met with by examining, late in spring, potatoes neglected in a box or bin exposed to warmth but excluded from light.

"The potato," says a recent contributor to the "American Encyclopedia," "is one of the few generally cultivated plants that are well-known in the wild state, and concerning the origin of which there is little room for discussion."

While this is granted, attention is called to the fact that Dr. Gray considers all the kinds found on the continent as but forms of one variable species. We have to consider that it has repeatedly been reproduced, but always from the southern stock. We have seen that Darwin calls the southern potato "watery and insipid." Orton "could not recommend it"; while of the northern forms, Dr. Parry says "they were of a good taste, and when roasted they resembled chestnuts." Our experience establishes the qualities of the Arizona potatoes as very palatable and nutritious, after preparing them in various ways for the table.

If there is any difference to be anticipated in the desirableness of potatoes derived from these native tubers, the indications are in favor of our northern indigenous varieties. This should stimulate patient and persevering endeavor to cultivate these Arizona potatoes, now first obtained and offered for experiment.

Some of those who have applied to me for tubers seem to have the requisite qualifications for making a thorough trial. Prof. E. G. Mumford, writing from Portlandsville, Otsego County, New York, gives a systematic method of procedure which may be instructive to others: "The box of *Solani* was received in due time and in good order. I have placed the tubers in dry sand to keep until planting

time. The seed-balls you sent are very interesting, so very different from *Solanum tuberosum.* These, when opened, were very fragrant—agreeably so—while seed-balls of *tuberosum* have the vilest odor. I am already impatient for the coming spring.

"The number of tubers you sent will enable me to vary the culture at the start. I am now mapping out methods of procedure, and mean to give your potatoes a good trial. I keep a journal of my operations, never trusting to memory. Thus, under date of November 20th, 1882, is the entry:

"'Received of J. G. Lemmon, of Oakland, California, tubers of *Solanum tuberosum*, var. *boreale*, Gray (formerly *Solanum Fendleri*, Gray), and of *Solanum Jamesii*, Torr., and of another *Solanum* unnamed; also seed-balls of the first kind. Tubers placed in sand November 21st.' When I plant them a record of planting will be made, and they will be correctly labeled; but as I do not trust to labels alone, on the map of my ground a record of positions will be noted. Every item of soil, treatment, appearance, growth, added from time to time, and finally harvesting and the results, will give a complete showing for the season. Each year I prepare a new map, and you, perhaps, can have an idea how intensely interesting these maps and journals become by comparison. In this diligence of record keeping, we but obey the behest of Dr. Elliott Coues: 'Make copious notes,' he says; 'do not trust to memory a single fact; for man may die, and he is *sure to forget.*'"

The reproduction of the potato from original sources is no idle or useless project. With the knowledge that is frequently brought to us of the failure of entire crops again in Belgium and other countries of Europe; the reports of extensive failures in the East, entirely sweeping off certain varieties; not to speak of the large per cent. of loss which may be observed any day during a walk along our principal market streets—the truth of the deduction, drawn by our best cultivators, is brought home to us: that long cultivation of the potato with unchanged conditions results in weakness of the constitution, followed by dissolution, disease, and decay.

Many readers may remember the terrible failure of the potato in 1845, and the four following years; a disaster that in Europe doomed to lingering death multitudes of people of all classes, especially in Ireland. The British Parliament voted £10,000,000 sterling, and the United States a like large sum, for the relief of the distressed in Ireland. The panic consequent upon the famine and pestilence paralyzed many large industries fatally, and it was many years before normal conditions were restored.

Relief was principally brought about by the philanthropic and unrewarded labors of the Rev. Chauncey E. Goodrich, of Utica, New York, who, by a long and patient series of experiments commenced in 1850, succeeded in creating new varieties of potato by tubers and seed-balls which he procured from the original stock in the forests of Peru. From these he raised thousands of seedlings. His experiments in crossing and raising seedlings continued for several years with great care, and whenever he produced a variety of unusual promise, he sent it to various persons for trial. Before he had seen the full result of his benevolent labors, he died, without other reward than a few hundred dollars in testimonials.

Most of his seedlings rotted after a few years, and the rest now show signs of weakness. Nevertheless, while most of the varieties existing before the epoch of the terrible scourge have been totally destroyed, most if not all the varieties now grown are due to the labors of Mr. Goodrich.

The cause of the potato rot has proven the greatest enigma of the nineteenth century, and it has given rise to the largest amount of literature ever produced upon one topic. In 1873, the Earl of Cathcart, of England, offered a prize of £100 for the best essay upon the cause and prevention. Judges were appointed by the Royal Agricultural Society. Ninety-four essays were examined, and of them twenty-three were re-read with care; but the judges did not regard the enigma solved by any or all

of the essayists, and so withheld the prize, and offered an exhaustive plan of experiment and deduction. Of the causes assigned by the competing essayists, six principal ones were set forth, and it was found that most of the writers united upon the *degeneration of the tuber* as the great underlying cause.

Many of our present varieties in cultivation are poor and diseased. I well remember that a few years ago a sudden blight attacked all the potato fields of the peninsula of San Francisco, destroying thousands of acres in one night. I know that this blight, like the great plague of 1845, is generally charged to the account of a fungus called *Peronospora infestans* (a discovery of Bishop Berkeley); but every student of fungi knows that all that class of vegetables only flourish upon dead or decaying organized matter. Death has already set in. The vital organic forces are previously impaired before any fungus strikes root in either animal or vegetable beings. So while the *Peronospora infestans*, or some other fungus, may at any time, as it appears, attack the potato, another factor always enters into the problem of causes. Something preceding has weakened the plant, and so invited the attack from this fungus, the resting spores of which are supposed to abide on the clover plant.

Another noticeable fact in connection with the enemies of the potato, is that we found the notorious Colorado beetle feeding upon those wild potatoes in the Huachuca. It is known that this beetle, *Doryphora decem-lineata* is permanently located in the higher plateau of the Rocky Mountains, and that it began its march eastward from Colorado. In its native habitat it feeds upon wild species of the genus *Solanum*. As civilization advanced westward, and potatoes were grown within the limits of its natural range, the insect soon acquired a habit of feeding upon the cultivated species. Abundance of food stimulated its prolificness, and it rapidly extended its ravages eastward. In 1859 and 1860 its effect was severely felt on the Ohio; and in fifteen years it has spread over the eastern United States and Canada, and the greatest alarm has been excited lest it should be imported to Europe.

A writer in the "American Cultivator" for March, 1850, gives the result of his experiment with seedling potatoes, that, while the plants of old varieties lack a healthy appearance, are yellowish, and seldom produce flowers, and never any seed, his seedlings were rank and literally covered with flowers, resembling rather rows of well-dressed bouquet plants than potato vines.

A writer in the Boston "Journal of Chemistry" for March, 1874, says:

"Cutting the seed is a fertile source of weakness. The potato is a perennial plant, propagated from year to year from the eyes or buds of the tuber, and the tuber is not a part of the root but of the top. The whole object of its formation, as far as nature is concerned, is the purpose of perpetuating itself. The roots, leaves, stalks, and all other parts of the plant are there in the tuber in embryo; cutting, therefore, rudely severs the embryo, and must inevitably weaken it. That potatoes continue to grow after this practice of ruthless assassination, only proves the great natural vigor of the plant. Try this practice upon the apple, pear, peach, or any other fleshy germs, and see if you can continue to grow them.

"If we would restore the potato, we must first get good seedling varieties, self-adapted to the locality; then cultivate upon high lands; cease stimulating them with animal manures to grow large crops, but give them, instead, mineral manures, with more room and fresh air. Overgrown tubers are deficient in starch, and are watery and less nutritious. Few of us [and this is especially true in California] have ever had the happiness of tasting this esculent in its best estate."

This trenchant writer continues:

"It is highly probable that if some man possessed of the requisite knowledge and skill were to go to South America and seek out the healthiest locality, and select from the healthiest wild vines, bring them by good cultivation to a proper degree of perfection in their native habitat, then select

from these the very earliest and bring them to this climate, with all their native vigor unimpaired, we might thus obtain seedlings of original health and constitution. The expense, of course, would be considerable, but if the Government could be induced to rise above political considerations and aid such an enterprise, the desired result might be brought about with but little outlay of money. But, better still, if some society or wealthy individual would undertake the matter, great public good to mankind might all the more speedily be accomplished."

When eastern people express so much interest in restoring the potato, even at the trouble and expense here outlined, how much more diligently ought we to seize upon the opportunities offered us to inaugurate experiments upon the native stock found almost in our midst; especially when it is considered that our northern plants must have the advantages of adaptability over any variety from the southern hemisphere; particularly if that southern variety is taken from the low, maritime districts of Peru or Chili.

I can testify, moreover, to the excellence of these Arizona potatoes, having eaten them myself, prepared in several ways. They are very delicious, reminding one of small potatoes of cultivated varieties, but harder of flesh, with thicker skins, and more pronounced qualities—as it were, a large potato condensed to these small tubers.

While at the Huachuca we often heard that the Pueblo Indians along the Rio Grande, also the tribes along the Gila, collect and eat a kind of potato; and I was recently shown by Mrs. Dr. Curran, of the California Academy of Sciences, some half dozen tubers sent to Dr. Harkness by a friend at Albuquerque, New Mexico, who said that they were collected by Indians. They are small, nearly round, and regularly marked with corky excrescences on the epidermis, indicating that they grew in hard, dry ground. They are probably tubers of *Solanum Jamesii.*

But one attempt is on record of trying to cultivate our northern natives. In 1869 or 1870 Dr. Palmer collected somewhere in New Mexico a handful of tubers of the *Solanum Fendleri*, as it was then called, the purple-flowered species described, and sent them to Dr. Parry, than in charge of the agricultural department at Washington. Dr. Parry passed them over to Thomas Meehan, who planted them, and continued their cultivation for several years with marked increase of size in the tubers, when, from some unaccountable reason, he lost the whole stock. There is no record that the other species, the white one, has ever been tried, and certainly there are many facts in favor of good results. In a recent communication from Mr. Meehan, he concludes a pleasant paragraph with: "Thousands may yet be blessed by the arduous labors and perilous achievements of the lone explorers of the Huachuca." But a greater thing to do is to utilize our labors by practical experiments with our collections.

Some of the foothill regions of southern California and of the Sacramento Valley are very similar, both in soil and climate, to the locality where these Arizona potatoes are found. Experiments should at once be instituted at various points, and carefully prossecuted for a long series of years if necessary. It is plain that if these potatoes are but varieties of a common stock, as Dr. Gray suggests, then it is almost certain that cultivation must succeed in bringing them up to valuable size.

But it should not be expected that the increase would be quickly accomplished—indeed, such a result is not to be desired—for it would indicate a too pliable constitution; hence, one soon overwrought and liable to quickly break down. The best results would be those that appear gradually. A slow but uniform increase in size from year to year would be certain to insure in due time who knows what valuable new potatoes from this fortunately found native stock from Arizona?

J. G. Lemmon.

THE LEGEND OF ST. VINCENT.

I.

In the year 187–, Appalachicola was in her "sear and yellow leaf"; the busy, driving trade of a few years back—before the opening of the Georgia Central Railroad—had departed, and with it many of the most enterprising of her people. Steamers on the Chattahooche had almost daily connected her with all points on the river; while vessels from Mobile, New Orleans, Pensacola, Key West, and Havana came and departed regularly. Thousands of bales of cotton had been annually received and shipped thence to New York and Liverpool; but now her industries were dead, and the houses were crumbling slowly but surely to the ground. The brick stores blown down in the gale of 186– still lay scattered in the sands, and grass grew in the streets. In place of the grand shipping, only a few oyster-fishing sloops and schooners, such as were used in the fish and sponge business, lay fretting lazily against the rotting wharf. An air of decay and the repose of death hung over the once thriving city. Its population, once six thousand, was now only two thousand, and was composed largely of Cubans, Mexicans, Italians, and other races from the Mediterranean, and their descendants. They were all poor, but it cost little to live. If they were hungry, the oyster reefs were only a few miles down the bay, and were free to all. These people retained generally all the superstitions, prejudices, and passions of their native lands.

The year in which the events of this story occurred the town had, by the falling away of the river trade, become more than ever isolated and microcosmic. This necessitated a social system peculiarly original, being the resultant of a mingling of customs from so many countries. Yet these people were in the main like other people; they were greedy, avaricious, loved, hated, sang, danced, married, bought and sold in a small way, sometimes violated the laws, and occasionally died.

One evening some of the citizens of the town had gathered at the residence of John Pompano, one of the oldest citizens, and rich in the possession of two twelve-ton schooners, which were regularly in the sponge-fisheries. Seated under the orange trees in front of the dwelling were a group of young people chatting and gossiping. It was a picturesque group in the moonlight that danced on the green and gold of the orange boughs above them and quivered down upon their heads. Paul Macenas was a tall, swarthy athlete, born on the lagoons of Venice. Jacko Murat, whose steelish-blue eyes first saw light in the city of Athens, was light and slender, but his voice was full, rich, and persuasive. One was passionate, dark, swift, and jealous; the other lithe, plausible, and pleasing. Paul was full of fire that flashed out at times, though he had sometimes a cruel and relentless cunning; Jacko was cool, soft, and wary. One had the impulse of a corrupted southern blood; the other, the poetry of a noble race, taught patience and policy by tyranny, and in whom the ingrained polish of a poetic people had wedded a consummate deception. These two men (Paul was thirty years old and Jacko twenty-four) displayed their different types in their postures. Paul stood proudly, almost gloomily, leaning against the smooth trunk of an orange tree; while Jacko lay upon the white sands with an easy grace, leaning on one elbow, and holding a cigar. A gay smile played over his face as he looked up at Katē Fisher and Pauline Bell, who sat on a rustic bench beneath the tree against which Paul was leaning. These young ladies were the belles of Appalachicola. Pauline was the daughter of the mayor; Kate's father had died in an epidemic, and she and her widowed mother lived in a neat cottage on the bay, from which one could look across

the water and see St. George, with the tall white lighthouse. Both were really beautiful, but Kate's large, dark eyes and wealth of blue-black hair made her the social queen of this little hamlet by the bay. Her saucy, coquettish manners had something to do with it too. Rumor had it that Paul and Jacko were both her slaves: be that as it may, Paul's eyes darkened and his brows knit when she smiled on Jacko; and Jacko grew pensive and restless when her smiles were bestowed upon the handsome Paul. These two men had been friends for years; and once, when a schooner went to pieces on the reefs and Jacko was drifting in the foaming waters, bruised and senseless, Paul rescued him at the peril of his own life, and swam to shore with him. This was in the days long gone by; neither had then loved Kate Fisher.

A gentle breeze sprung up from the southwest, and as it brought floating slowly the hollow murmur of the surf outside St. George, Kate raised her hand, and pointing towards the island, said:

"Since last summer, when I hear the surf I always think of a passage I read in a romance of the buccaneers, where the only requiem over the bodies of two of the dead comrades was the murmur of the surf. The picture was so gloomy! And thinking of that this evening, my avaricious nature leads me to wonder whether the legend that the freebooter of the seas, Lafitte, buried treasures over yonder on St. Vincent is really true."

"You would make a romance writer, Kate, or, what is still better, figure to advantage in a real life drama as title-role actress. Why do you trouble your head about Lafitte and his treasures? The gold he buried was stolen; there is blood on it. I would not touch it even if I knew where it was," said Pauline.

"What innocence, Pauline!" said Jacko. "That virtue of yours will not be tested, for old Henry Pollman has searched St. Vincent over, and found nothing but sand, shells, stones, and turtle eggs; and what he can't find with his cunning eyes other people may let alone. He dreamed over it like an owl at midday. But, Kate, you do really believe in this idle story?"

"Yes, I do; and if I were a man I would find it. Pauline, you may live to be three score and ten, and die rich in abstract philosophy, but poor as a toad in other respects. That reptile is your model; he carries his jewel in his head; yours will be there too. I prefer mine in my pocket and glistening in my hair. They tell me—the old men and women—that this treasure is guarded by the Devil, and only brave hearts can get it. I would try it; I can only adore the man who gets it. What say you, Paul? You seem to be counting the roubles and doubloons and gems now."

"I am ready, *ma belle*, to swear you would find it, for you are the queen of good luck; even I would risk myself to aid you. I am yours to command."

"What an idea, you flatterer! Well, I'll say this: I'll marry the man who brings me the treasure," said Kate, laughing. "I'll see. Till then, I am simply Kate Fisher; this alone can win me. Tell the brave boys on the reefs, Paul, you and Jacko, for neither of you will try it, I fear. Those brawny brave sons of danger and storm may love dark eyes that well."

With this she passed into the house, smiling back at the two men, coquette that she was. The group dispersed. That night Paul and Jacko each dreamed that Kate wished him to get Lafitte's legacy.

Paul Macenas was the owner of a sloop of seven tons, in which he fished and sponged at the reefs. The Belle Kate was a beauty, with her tall mast, white hull, and still whiter sails. She was the swiftest sailer at the port; and when she sped away before the winds, riding the billows of the bay or gulf gracefully as a duck, Paul was at the tiller. He had invested his last cent in her purchase and outfit, and like a true lover, had named her after the one woman whose eyes were in his heart. This smacked of the Middle Ages, when men did not care to keep their loves secret. This was Paul's way; but the people talked. When away on the sponge reefs, he saw the dark eyes of Kate

Fisher in the coral-paved depth; and when the sun set over the dancing waters of the the gulf, he would sing in a low sweet tone some lover's refrain born beneath the skies of far-away Italy. The Belle Kate was always neat and stylish, and the rude fishermen of the port would say among themselves, "He is foolish about that dark-eyed woman; he even loves his sloop like a thing of life because it bears her name." True: and when he fell ill, and the Belle Kate went out to the reefs with her crew, an old man and two boys, and came back smoked and untidy, Paul muttered a curse between his set teeth, and discharged the crew. "You can go," was all. Old Benot Wiltz went away shrugging his bending shoulders and saying to himself: "The Devil will get that man yet; there were lightning and storms in his eyes, and all about a little smoke and dinge on his sloop. He loves it as he does the woman herself. Presto! He is a dreamer, and keeps it all to himself. I'm glad I am off." And the fishermen talked among themselves about it.

Next day Paul was busy most of the time in the hold of the Belle Kate, that lay riding upon the throbbing bosom of the bay. Early in the forenoon he went aboard her with a boy, hoisted the mainsail, glided slowly out from the wharf four hundred yards, cast anchor, furled the sails, and there the Belle Kate lay all day. Soon after the anchor fell, the boy came away in one boat, and it was then noticed that she had left the wharf with two in tow. The boy made his boat fast to one of the rings in the decaying pier, and strolled away whistling. Paul kept close to the hold of his sloop all day. Had other men acted thus, all would have noticed and gossiped about it, but it was Paul Macenas, and no one said much: only that Paul was gloomy, and went out there to nurse his mood. Among those who noted this strange freak was Jacko Murat, who was loitering in the soft sunlight upon the deck of a dismantled schooner, and lazily puffing the white smoke from a cigar. He was less pleasant and talkative than usual, and occasionally turned a hasty glance towards the Belle Kate, some quarter of a mile away; and though there was no visible reason for it, his mouth twitched nervously, and his light, open eyes had a crafty and suspicious glance, scarcely observable, yet the signal of danger in one of his blood and disposition. When men of a southern clime forget their soft sun-bath and look thus, they are thinking; and most usually the heart is thinking also, in its blind, unreasoning way. All day long, as the Belle Kate rode at anchor and bathed her keel in the restless waters of the bay, Jacko kept his eye upon her from the schooner or the wharf, about which groups of fishermen loitered, chatted, smoked, and mended nets and sails. An occasional tiny sail would stand out against the darker shores of St. George's Island for a time, then sink in the distance; and two of the sponging schooners sailed out through St. George's Sound to the sponge reefs; and this pretty picture gave an excuse to Jacko for loitering away the day with his eyes upon the bay and the Belle Kate.

Towards nightfall a breeze sprung up, but the sky was clear; most of the spongers put to sea, and as the sun sent his last rays across the sands of St. George, they for a moment lit up the gleaming sails far away towards the Sound; then the heavy, leaden hue of approaching night fell upon the bay; the mullet ceased to jump, the glistening dorsal of the porpoise flashed no more, the lazy pelican flew heavily and slowly towards the islands, and gulls drifted like puffs of white smoke out of sight. Night settled down upon the quiet town, sleeping in the soft moonlight.

The clock in the tower of the Catholic church struck nine, and at this early hour half the population of Appalachicola were asleep. Not so Jacko. Gliding down the beach some half-mile, where his own boat was moored to a decaying private pier, he slipped the lock, pushed out into the water, and pulled up the beach, keeping as close to the sands as he could. He pulled rapidly, till within a few hundred yards of the Belle Kate, then hove to under the hull of the dismantled schooner, where in her

shadow he was hidden from view. Here he lay back in the bow, leaving the oars swinging in the locks, and the boat rising and falling slowly with the pulsing of the tide. One hour passed thus, and no voice disturbed the silence, save an occasional creak of the anchor-chain of the Belle Kate, and the low lapping of the wavelets on the sand. He was reasoning with himself, and had almost concluded that he was a rascal in the role of a fool, and that any man who owned a sloop had a right to moor it away from the wharf without being suspected and watched —except Paul Macenas.

He had reasoned in this most natural way, and arrived at the same conclusion after several efforts to rid himself of his suspicions, and was beginning again to go over the same process, when he heard oars lightly touching the water, and saw a boat glide out from a recess in the wharf and head for the Belle Kate. It held only one person, and carried no light. Waiting till it was fairly out, Jacko, who was nearly as skillful with the oar as a Venetian gondolier, pushed out from the shadow and headed square across the direction of the other boat, whose oarsman, seeing this movement while still some strokes apart, rested on his oars waiting. Jacko ran alongside of Paul's boat (for it was Paul), and the two rivals met in the pale moonlight half-way between the wharf and the Belle Kate. Each felt a consuming hate of the other; all the friendship of years was burned up in the fires of their mutual jealousies, like a drifting mote caught in a blazing furnace; but the blood of the East was in their veins, and each saw that his interest could be best subserved by hiding the feelings blazing in the heart. The flame was seen only in the flash of an eye, lit up for an instant only, and then both were tender and soothing as the air of their native climes. Jacko did it easily; it cost Paul an effort; but strong natures and deep passions can make efforts truly wonderful upon emergencies.

"Hallo, Paul! What is up? Going on a cruise to-night?" softly and kindly queried Jacko.

"Yes, friend Jacko; times are hard in our poor town, and as the wind is up a little and the sky clear, I thought I would put out for the sponge reefs to-night. A night like this is far preferable to day for the trip, especially to one who knows every shoal and reef from here to Cape Sable. I think we will have fine weather," looking up at the sky as he concluded.

A low laugh was the only reply.

"Why do you laugh, Jacko? And may I ask why you are out this time of night, when you love sleep like a mouse, and don't go out all sorts of weather as I do?"

"I am watching you. Paul, you are caught," slowly and quietly answered Jacko, at the same time fastening upon him his cold steel-blue eyes, while one hand glided swiftly but unperceived by Paul under his blouse where a Colt lay in its belt. Jacko was known to be desperate when crossed too roughly, and had once used a knife.

"Watching me, do you say, Jacko Murat? For what, pray? And by what authority? Do you know, young man, that I am not accustomed to being watched by any one?"

"That is why I watch you; this is a special occasion, and I honor it with my presence and attention. My authority is found in a common manhood, and in an instrument known as the Constitution of the United States. This is a 'pursuit of happiness,' and we are created 'free and equal,' Paul Macenas. Fudge! You are deceiving yourself when you think to throw me off by that beautiful but clumsy pretext of going to the sponge reefs. Where is your crew? One man can't take sponge. You need not tell me your crew is aboard. That would be 'too thin.' No one but yourself has been aboard the Belle Kate since Pedro left you, when you moored out there this morning. You cruise in the bay to-night, not out of it."

"You spent the day quite like a gentleman, watching me from the old schooner yonder, and no doubt you feel proud of the highly honorable achievement. *I* have had an eye on *you*, too, all day. My advice to you is to pull off for the wharf, go to your bed, and

let my affairs, whatever they may be, alone. Twenty years of storms on the gulf have not left me a coward, or likely to be quietly annoyed by a boy like you. Pull off."

Quick as a flash he drew an enormously large revolver, and before Jacko could draw his Colt, had "the drop on him," as Texans say. His flashing eye glanced along a lean, cruel tube into Jacko's face. Jacko was a Greek, and his soul was diplomacy; so when he spoke, which was at once, as if he had scarcely comprehended the meaning of the glittering weapon, his voice was quiet and almost friendly.

"Paul, put up that ugly thing. You might shoot me in the face, and then I should not look well. If you were to kill me here, you would hang for it; and besides, if you were to shoot, and leave life in me for one minute, I would send a bullet through your skull. Put it up. Why should there be any trouble between us, Paul? You once saved my life, and I will never harm you, if you do not drive me to it."

"But you watch me; you play the spy, and deserve to be shot."

"No, you wrong me. It is not so bad. I watched you from yonder old schooner to-day, but I ought not to be shot for it. I wanted to look out and smoke, so I climbed up to the deck, then saw you; and you call that a crime? I know where you are going; and you call that a crime! Anyway, I have come to tell you so."

"Why? for what purpose?"

"I saw it in your eye last night under the orange. You are going yonder," pointing to a distant bank scarcely discernible in the haze of the night "and Lafitte left his money for me as much as for you. You see I understand. Put down that ugly weapon. Let us talk like sensible men."

Slowly the weapon lowered till it rested on the gunwale.

"What do you want?"

"Paul, I want money, and have come to propose a partnership."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"Then you will find me troublesome, I guess. I have nothing, and care little for life; indeed, I think the best thing I could do would be to throw it away on some fool's venture like this. I must be taken in as a partner."

How consummate his art! There was no danger in the venture if Paul would be peaceable. He was putting him on a false scent. A thought flashed through Paul's mind; it was an echo. He said:

"Why should I do so, granting I am on such a fool's venture, as you call it?"

"Here is why. I can locate the place, and will make trouble if you say no. I have only to arouse those avaricious fellows sleeping in the huts and rookeries yonder, and there will be two hundred on St. Vincent by sunrise to-morrow morning. I will give you five minutes to decide whether you will divide by two or two hundred. It is a simple calculation. What say you?"

Jacko lay back in his boat, but kept his eye fixed upon Paul, and then several minutes elapsed; the low slapping of the water against the wharf, and the faint cries of night-birds in the distant marshes, alone fell on the ear.

"Are you decided?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Come aboard the Belle Kate"; and so saying, Paul glided along with swift, strong stroke towards the sloop, followed by Jacko; and in a few minutes they stood upon her deck; the boats were fastened, and drifted to leeward with the tide.

When Kate Fisher spoke of the legend of Lafitte's treasures buried on St. Vincent, Jacko saw by the flash and eager look in Paul's eyes that the idea of getting it, and with it Kate's hand, was taking violent possession of his sanguine nature. Jacko himself had been dreaming for months about it, and had already obtained a small, imperfect chart of the island, and studied it with an old seaman who was decrepit, and dying by inches in his hut, and who confided to Jacko the key to the place where the valuables were buried. Whether old Henry Pollman was with Lafitte, a freebooter on the seas, or

was simply reticent and a believer in legends, Jacko could never tell.

"Well, Paul, what is it to be—is it to be an honest partnership and a square division? You have the good Belle Kate and muscles of iron, I have the key to find what we want, if it really exists, and a desire to be at the resurrection. I warn you now, that unless you take me into your expedition for 'sponge,' as you call it, I'll rouse up the boys and we will all go, and your part will be very small."

"Bah! I am not afraid of your threats; but, Jacko, I don't care. What is your key? We are partners, and will divide what we get, and then—we are silent as the grave."

Paul had resolved, like the son of modern Italy that he was, to do the best he could under the circumstances; and these two men there in the moonlight pledged themselves to secrecy and fidelity, but each felt that it was a hollow truce.

The sheets were shaken out, the anchor weighed, and with Paul at the tiller, the sloop—already provided with lantern, pick, shovel, spade, crowbar, and provisions—was under way, speeding down the coast towards Indian Pass.

Appalachicola River empties into the bay of the same name, which reaches from the mainland to St. George's Island, lying at right angles with the mouth of the river, fifteen miles to southward, and running thirty miles east and west, thus forming the bay. The town of the same name is at the mouth of the river. St. George is separated from the mainland on the east by St. George's Sound, and on the west by St. Vincent's Island. A deep passage lies between them; this is Indian Pass, through which all the vessels for the ports westward enter and depart. Thus the bay is about thirty miles long by fifteen broad, and separated from the Gulf of Mexico by St. George on the south and St. Vincent on the west. The former of these islands is a long, low range of sand banks, with an occasional tree and some stunt shrubbery; but for the most part a barren bank of sand and shells, in some places only a few yards wide, while in others it is half a mile across. The only house upon this island is the lighthouse and keeper's residence. From this sand bank one can see Appalachicola and the mainland low on the northern horizon, the coast fading away to the east and west, while to the south lies the heaving bosom of the great gulf. St. Vincent is not so elongated as St. George, rises higher above the water level, and has more timber. The white-caps scarcely ever break in the bay; on the outside, the surf rolls and throbs and murmurs forever.

The moon was hanging midway in the western sky when the Belle Kate turned her bow towards the point of St. Vincent nearest the mainland. Paul was master of his craft, and held her with a steady hand while she bounded onward down the coast with a stiff breeze across beams. He sat, dark and silent; Jacko lay upon deck smoking, and looking at Paul with lids half closed. If he thought, his eyes told nothing. Above them were the million stars of a southern sky, glittering and flashing away off in the infinite fields of azure, with a half-moon slowly sinking down the west. About them was the ocean murmur and the cry of the night bird; beneath them the dancing waters, and each wavelet's crest was tipped with flashing sparks. It was an hour and an occasion for nobler thoughts and impulses than avarice and hate; but the dark, bewitching eyes of Kate Fisher as she disappeared, with her mocking, tempting, daring smile on her lips that plainly said, "I'll marry him—none other," were as deeply stamped on the hearts of these two men as is the memory of a great first crime. Paul loved her to madness—he would have bartered eternity for her smiles; he was her slave. Her eyes, as he had last seen them, held a daring mockery and a sweet promise that blinded him. Jacko loved her as a Greek usually loves. Plato was a Greek, and called it friendship. With Jacko it was something more, but not much. He loved her in a way because she was handsome, and men would envy him the possession of the superb creature with the rounded limbs. And then she had a small estate, and this was by no means a

minor inducement. It was quite a fortune among those poor people. Jacko did not love work; with him, as with Adam, it was a curse. He loved Kate better than any one; she pleased his taste, and would with her little fortune minister to his indolence. He was, however, no less resolved to win her than was Paul. As yet, neither they nor rumor with her prescience, could tell which she preferred. She smiled on both.

Throwing the stump of his cigar away, and watching its spark till it was quenched in the water and hurried away, Jacko said in a low, soft voice—the voice women love:

"Paul, why are we thus? We are in an unnatural relation towards each other. Let us change it. By the Holy Virgin, we are fools, both of us. Our lives are like that cigar—our lights shine, ministering to the fate that holds us in its hand, till our usefulness is gone, and then we are cast into eternity, to be swept away from the places that once knew us, just as that poor cigar-stump is swept away into darkness and the night. '*Vermis sum*,' says Father Bruno, and he speaks truth stripped of vanity. After all our strifes and sorrows, defeats and successes, life is nothing but a poor play, acted by a fool, with asses and death's-heads for an audience to bray and grin. In the hour of exultation, our selfishness makes petty achievements appear great. But what am I? My life is scarcely of as much moment to the great world in the drama of human destiny as is the drop of spray as it falls and is swallowed up in the hissing waters. What to the world is the cigar-stump now drifting in the waves back there? Quite as much as you or I in the sum total of existence. We live by sufferance; we are driftwood. I feel to-night that both of us are wrong. Once when my strength failed me, and the waters caught me out on the reefs, it was your hand, Paul, that bore me safely back to life. Since then we have been as brothers; let us be so again. Take my hand, and let us forget all ill between us. We will seek our fortunes together as brothers—not as enemies."

Reaching over a coil of rope, he offered his hand to Paul. The wind drove no harder, and the Belle Kate was on her best behavior; but Paul was straining at the tiller, and his broad hat was slouched over his eyes when he spoke.

"Jacko, I accept your words in the spirit in which you speak, but I can't shake hands with you till I can let this tiller go. How the wind whistles! I fear it will blow up foul weather before day. How far do you think it is?"

Jacko was foiled.

"To St. Vincent? Five miles, about." He could scarcely conceal his anger, but his voice was soft.

"What plan do you propose?"

"Do you know any inlet where we can hide the Belle Kate to-morrow, sufficiently near St. Vincent to easily reach it in a boat?"

"Yes. Beyond the point of the island towards St. Blas is the mouth of a creek where she can ride safely, and not be seen. We could anchor over there inside St. Vincent, but guess we had better not be seen, as you know the boys come for oysters every day."

"Where are the oyster reefs?"

"Just to the port, near St. Vincent."

"Shake her up, Paul, the moon will fall before we reach the island."

Sinking back on the deck, Jacko seemed to drift back to the mournful theme of human insignificance, and while he gazed vacantly at the moon sinking lower towards the water, he sang, in the low, soft voice peculiar to him, the immortal words of Dante to the no less immortal music of Rossini:

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miserio."

It was the gondolier's song in the Otello, and Paul had heard it on the canals of Venice, long years gone, in his happy infancy and childhood. A flush stole over his face for a moment; then it was dark as before. Visions of long-gone childhood in the land of music could not shake him from his slavery. The dark eyes and rounded form sleeping among the oranges back yonder on the

mainland were the vision of which alone his soul had craving.

When the moon was low the Belle Kate entered the mouth of the creek, the sheets were reefed, the hatch bolted down, and she swung to the drift under the shelter of some trees, where none from the bay or going out at Indian Pass could see her. The two men, with shovel, pick, ax, spade, lantern, crowbar, canteens, and haversacks in the boat, shoved off across the neck of water to St. Vincent. As the moon sank in a silver bath in the waters of St. Blas, the boat glided under a cliff on the gulf side of the island, and was made fast to the rocks. The lantern was lit, and taking a canteen of water, pick, and shovel, they sought a copse of stunted trees.

"Now," said Paul, throwing down the pick and sinking upon the sand beside the lantern which had already been set down, "give me the clew to the pocket-book, and let's at it before day, for old Mrs. Gracie, who lives on the other end of the island, may find a means of putting us off. This is her property, and the prison of Franklin County is just over the water yonder. Her flocks have been raided here till she swears vengeance upon the first person caught on the island."

"It is five miles to Mrs. Gracie's house, and besides, a compliment to her worn cheeks would grant us immunity, and open any prison-door if she held the key. I'll build a fire, for the air out yonder on the water has chilled me."

Soon they were warming themselves by a small fire fed with dry sticks.

"Well, let's begin," said Jacko. "We must find a rock covered with gray moss or lichen, with almost square sides fronting the gulf and St. George, and round and broken towards the bay and mainland. It is two hundred and forty yards from a small stream that does not run, but leaks—mind you, *leaks*—through the rocks of the bluff, and falls splattering into the gulf. When we find this we go north-north-east to the rock."

"Well, what then? We talk, of course, and box all points of the compass, mumble an incantation, and end where we began," sneered Paul. "But what next?"

The wily Greek was not to be caught in any trap, however artfully laid. And in this instance, as some time had elapsed since their arrival, he avoided the question by bursting into a laugh, and springing from the ground, caught up the lantern and shovel, saying:

"Let's be going. How you do jest, Paul!"

Hurrying along the island with rapid strides, they penetrated a tangled undergrowth, and came to where a bluff of a few feet jutted out over the water. Following this bluff, pushing aside the bushes, and carefully searching the ground, they at length came to a damp, moss-covered depression. No running water could be found; only moisture, and soft, spongy ground covered with gray and green water-moss. Feeling along the cliff some distance, they again reached the white sands and shells, and the bushes became scarcer; but nowhere could they find the water dripping over the rocks.

Going back to the boat, they pulled along down the island, and soon reached the cliff, where they pushed in under the rocks and overhanging bushes, and felt the walls. They were damp. The heaving and rolling of the boat made it troublesome to approach closely with safety. Paul managed the boat while his companions examined the rocks. They had not proceeded far before a low exclamation from Jacko announced a discovery. There from the walls in a dozen places, from as many little seams, drops of water were oozing. He had felt them. Both examined it without another word. Then Jacko turned to his companion with disappointment in his face. He had thought at first this was the place; now he doubted. The water drops were not more than a dozen an hour; the walls were damp, but little more.

"The waves may do that; see, they dash up a little spray now."

"No, Jacko, the waves don't do that. See, the drops have given the rocks a motley, streaked hue as they ran down its face. The

spray would not do that; or if it did, it would give the same appearance all along the cliff. Help me to shove out a little. That will do. Now tell me what you know about the treasure. When was it put there? What season of the year? And why was this place selected?"

"It was in 1805, many years ago, and Lafitte was driven into the bay by rough weather; it was in February."

"That explains it all. Bad weather generally means rain, and February is generally a wet month. It had rained, and the soil above these rocks was full of water, so you see it came through rapidly, and splashed down as you said; that is the point. Besides, it is many years, and such things frequently change. Mark the old stump with the one limb to the east, so that we will have the point from which to start when we get up."

It required only a few minutes to make the boat fast, and return along the bluff to the old tree. Taking the bearings (the sons of the sea are compasses to themselves), they soon found a large rock, whose shape corresponded to the rock of the legend.

"Let us rest here; and while doing so, let me hear the rest of the key. I hope it don't order us to turn over this rock. Forty Samsons could not move it one inch," said Paul.

"It will take daylight to go farther; let us sleep. It is not more than two hours to day now. I am tired and sleepy."

Paul knew that this was another evasion of the Greek, who, knowing that nothing further could be done till daylight, preferred to have his safety insured by telling Paul nothing till the time to act. He suspected that Paul would deal foully at first opportunity, for he had refused to shake hands and be friends on the sloop, but he felt an assurance in holding the key; to kill him was to destroy it. Each was suspicious and treacherous. A small fire was again kindled, and the two men were soon lying prone upon the ground, apparently asleep. But not so. While Jacko knew that he held the secret, he was not so sure that Paul did not himself understand; and though both eyes were closed and he gently snoring, when Paul in moving broke a small twig with a light snap, one of Jacko's hands stole under his blouse with a nervous, dream-like thrust, and one eye half opened, cast one swift glance at Paul, and closed again; yet the snoring, soft, quiet, and regular as the purr of a cat on a peaceful hearth, went on as though a Christian were sleeping. He knew Paul was awake, yet neither broke the thin tissue of pretense.

At first dawn the men were up, ate a few sea-crackers and salt pork, drank from the canteen, and they were ready.

"Now, Paul, *mio caro*, we will search the top of this rock for an arrow cut in it."

In less than half an hour the faint trace of a cut was discernible on the flat top of the rock, evidently made with an aged instrument, and covered with gray rock-moss. Though faint, it was sufficiently traceable to show that it was two feet long, and had the barbed head and feathered shaft. This latter was clear from a lighter depression in the rock corresponding to the location of the feather. It pointed north-north-west.

"Take the bearing, Paul."

"Yes, I have it. It is that clump of dead stumps yonder; to the longest one, the one with the burned top."

"We must step from the tip of this arrow one hundred yards, as best we can. Step to the edge of the rock, and I'll take it from the foot below, and you can clamber down and join me."

"Four steps and a few inches; say four yards on the rock."

It was done, and Jacko strided off over the bushes and rocks in the direction indicated by the arrow, while Paul sprung from the rock and joined him as he was ending the distance. It was near the clump of stumps.

"Here, if anywhere, is Lafitte's purse," said Jacko.

They were soon busily engaged digging, but made slow progress, as the ground was mostly rocks and sea-shells. Towards nine o'clock, when the sun had dispelled the

mist, they saw Appalachicola off low on the horizon, and a brig in full sail five miles out in the gulf. From their position they could look down upon the oyster reefs lying two hundred yards away. They saw the regular oyster-boat put off from the wharf, and when it was within two miles, they got under shelter and impatiently watched. The boat came, and the crew worked with tongs and grappler. In two hours they were under sail towards town, and Paul was in the excavation ripping up the rocks with his pick, which he drove furiously down among them. Jacko, who used the shovel, throwing out the loose rocks and dirt, and who was now idle for a time, saw the oyster-boat round to, and one of the crew raised his glass towards the island. After some five minutes, the glass was lowered and the boat sailed away. Jacko was sure they had not been discovered, for he was lying flat, and Paul was bending in the hole, now several feet deep.

They worked steadily on, and towards sunset found what had formerly been a walled apartment, square in form, but the rocks were broken and crumbling. A few Spanish and Mexican coins were found among the crevices, which, with the broken appearance of the vault-like walling, excited both hope and despondency.

Neither spoke, but worked on, the broken rocks and gravel flying and the hole sinking deeper, till all the loose rocks were taken out and the bottom of the walled inclosure laid bare. It was evident this was the place where the valuables had been deposited, and that nothing was there now but rocks and gravel. Only a few scattered coins with dates not later than 1800, and a few bits of decaying cloth, were all that marked human life—no, there was something else. A coarse canvas bundle, twice the size of a cocoa-nut, was wedged into a crevice in the rough walling.

Paul was just stooping to grasp it, when Jacko glided by him swiftly as an arrow, grasped the bundle, and sprung to the edge of of the hole, which was over waist-deep, when Paul dealt him a heavy blow with the pick, felling him to the ground. A piercing scream floated out upon the air. "Thief and traitor!" growled Paul, as he grasped the fallen Jacko by the throat, and tightened his grasp each second. Wild with pent-up passion and hate, he grasped his victim's throat with both hands.

The unearthly squawk of a gull, as it flew close over his head, startled him, and letting loose his grasp, he staggered backwards. Jacko rolled over on the rocks, limp and powerless. He was dead. The death-damp was on his brow; the blue lips and lusterless eyes told their story. In his hand, still grasped, was the bundle, which both, in the common thought that flashed into their minds at the sight of it, supposed to contain Lafitte's treasures.

Paul had all the time, since Jacko forced himself into the enterprise, determined to have it all in the end, and knew that Jacko was meditating the same. When Jacko grasped the bundle, he sprung out of the hole with his face towards the boat. He was as fleet as the deer, and had he escaped from the hole, could easily have reached the boat first, cut it loose, pushed out, and with his murderous Colt defied Paul. Paul divined this move, for he had thought of it himself. But there lay Jacko, whom he had once loved as his brother, his light hair matted and dabbled with the blood from the gaping wound in his head where the heavy pick had crushed the skull. His face was strangely handsome in death: not less so than in life. The high forehead and straight nose were the same save the pallor; the lips were slightly opened, and the white teeth showed.

As if fleeing from the desolation of a fruitless murder, Paul grasped the bundle, tore it hastily open, and found—only a ball of old yellow papers.

He was stupefied. The disappointment of this solitary man, alone with his dead friend of years gone by, and his dead hopes dashed from the rose-hued pinnacle of fondest anticipation down upon the cruel rocks that bruised and killed in an instant, was profound; words are powerless to tell the utter desolation and solitude of his heart.

He had sacrificed in blood, and it was fruitless.

"These papers may be worthless, probably are," thought Paul, "as they were left by those who have been here before; and for this I am a murderer. What is this so white, half hidden in the sands that cling to it? I had not seen it before. A skull covered with clay? Yes; who? Years ago that came here a living man. Was he buried here with the treasures, that he might tell no tale, or did he, like Jacko, fall by the hand of a comrade when the treasures were taken? Yes, it was long ago. The hole had filled over again; many rains fell on it after that deed. I can't bear the sight of that skull grinning up at the sky"—and he shivered and threw the dirt over it.

These reflections ran through his mind like a tangled thread, while he held the fatal papers in his drooping, nerveless hand, unread. The sun had gone down, and a red sunset had faded to purple; the city was a white speck upon the horizon; clouds were rolling up from the south, shutting out the last rays of the dying day; while pelicans drifted slowly away to the northward, and hundreds of gulls and petrels flew restlessly about overhead, squawking and flapping their white wings. As the stiffening breeze blew up from the water, now tossing wildly out on the gulf, and the hollow murmurs came stealing up, the curse of Cain fell upon this solitary, superstitious son of nature in all its terrible earnestness. As far in all directions as the eye could reach, no one was visible; no human being had seen the dead, and sea-birds tell no secrets. This solitude was safety to the flesh, a black curse to the soul. Here was the skull of him who had moldered to dust, dead these score of years; there the clay, dead but not yet cold; here the clay still living—all here at the scene of two crimes. The skull was a mute chronicler, whose only story was of years gone by—but how many? The few teeth left gleaming and grinning were silent. Paul shuddered and wrapped his coat closer about him, saying, "The air is growing colder." He knew it was not.

Night was settling rapidly, and Paul Macenas had work before him. Taking all the tools to the boat, he returned for the body of the dead. Lonely and awe-stricken in this solitude, whose only companionship was the elements and death, each stick that cracked beneath his feet, and each bird that flitted past in the gathering shadows, made him start; and he carried the lantern low lest it might be seen by some one. Though miles away from any one, he was fearful. The past was a relentless fate that held him; he was a slave. Seizing the body, he laid it across his shoulder, and soon had it in the boat, and pulled out into the foam and spray, heading for the Belle Kate. The boat rode the swell like a thing of life. Running alongside her, he put the dead man aboard with the tools, fastened the boat, and sprung aboard. The sloop always carried a small spare anchor, and this was soon fastened to a length of rope, and then to Jacko's neck. Out went the sheets, up came the anchor, and Paul passed out into the bay.

Two hours afterwards the sloop was buffeting the winds and waves in the Pass, and struggling slowly along. It was hard work to hold her in such a sea and wind. Towards eleven o'clock he had worked his way to the rocks adjoining the oyster reefs. Here he determined to sink the body of Jacko, for the rocks were rugged and uneven, and the anchor would not drag, and the body would stay there till eaten away by fishes and the water. He rolled the body into the swell. It was swallowed by the greedy waters, and the rivalry of Paul Macenas and Jacko Murat for the hand of the dark-eyed Kate was over. While Jacko sunk and Paul gazed after him, Kate was dancing amid the orange groves in the city.

It will be remembered that they left Appalachicola with two boats in tow, one belonging to Jacko. When the body of Jacko sunk, Paul cut that boat loose and left it to drift ashore and be found, and then they would say Jacko was rash and was drowned.

Paul breathed a sigh of relief as the waters closed over his victim and the Belle

Kate sped on her way up the bay. The direction he took was parallel with St. George, and hence easier sailing; and when day dawned upon the water, the Belle Kate had cleared the bay, and was far out the Sound toward St. Mark's, and no sail in sight. After lying to an hour to eat, and wash blood-stains from his hands and the tiller, he headed again for the Sound, and at ten o'clock cast anchor in the river in front of Appalachicola wharf. His hair and clothes were wet with the heavy fog that gathered when the wind fell, and he was haggard and worn. The tools were all cast overboard when he washed his hands, and they had gone down to tell no tales.

When Paul stepped upon the wharf from his boat, a few fishermen were moving about the streets, and a boat was putting off to the oyster reefs. He looked toward St. Vincent and shuddered.

II.

"Hello, Paul; where have you been?"

Ordinarily his answer would have been gruff and probably evasive, as the question was familiar, but John Pompano had asked, and he was to be respected on all occasions; and then Paul was in no condition to be cross to any one, for of all things, he wished to avoid suspicion. So he answered pleasantly:

"To St. Mark's, Father Pompano. As the wind was favorable night before last and the sky clear, I ran out, preferring the soft moon to the glare of the sun, and had a pleasant trip out. I had, however, rough weather returning. It was an awful night."

"Rather rough, Paul; and you look as if you had seen a ghost upon the water; but I know how trying a blow afloat is in a shell like that, and alone. I really believe these locks were whitened by a night I passed on the Mediterranean off Naples in my twenty-third year. I was white shortly afterwards; it may have been that. My limbs have been as strong since as before, but I have looked old many, many years. What news from St. Mark's?"

"None, Father, that I heard. You see, I was not after news. Mine was a pleasanter mission."

"What?"

"The belle of St. Mark's, Kat Pollman, is enough to compensate for a blow like last night."

"Ah, Paul! a rough sail for a peep at rosy lips and bright eyes. What will Kate Fisher say? Have you given her up?"

"Yes, Father, I am for St. Mark's. Kat told me a blow was coming, and wished me Godspeed. She would make a fine sailor, only it would be a pity to brown the lily in the spray."

During this conversation they had walked up the street towards Paul's home. The old man would talk, and Paul had to endure and talk too. Reaching home, he locked his door, flung himself on his bed, and fell into a long, deep sleep, broken by dreams in which he saw a body floating in the tide with an anchor to its neck. He slept all day and next night; he was worn out by the gale, they said, and let him sleep on.

The next day the absence of Jacko was noticed and spoken of by loungers on the wharf and about Labalut's fish-store. He was a wild, roving fellow, and none doubted but that he had gone out to the reefs with a crew, or put out in his shell to some point on the coast. But as none of them knew of his going, had seen him aboard or heard of it, it was pretty certain he was not off sponging, and inquiry became more active. He owned only one boat, a small yawl. He had crossed the bay in it, but that was long ago, and he was not so rash now. The boat was gone, and some suggested he was gone to another point on the coast. One fisherman said:

"I guess that is correct; for I saw him most of the day the spongers went out, on the deck of that old schooner, smoking and looking at the weather. Guess he had some wild idea then of going to sea in a yawl."

Winds and rains with lowering heavens followed Paul's return. The winds were from the east. Those winds muddy the water on the reefs, and prevent the fishermen taking sponge, which grows on the bottom

many feet deep. This had driven all the spongers in on the fourth day after Paul's return. On the afternoon of this day two oystermen discovered a boat bottom upwards on the sands opposite St. Vincent and westward from the reefs. They recognized it as Jacko's. It was out upon the sands above water; so, thought they, Jacko was drowned, and it was driven here by the storm. When they reached town and told where and how they had found it, all agreed that he was overturned and drowned in the west end of the bay. Even Paul came, looked at it, talked, and went away.

Soon the bay was alive with sloops, shells, and all available crafts, going to scour the bay and coast for the body. Paul was among them, for he was sure that Jacko was down among the rocks. They had been at the west end of the bay, scattered in search, about an hour, when near nightfall the waving of a handkerchief by a fisherman in the weeds on the north end of St. Vincent attracted attention, and others hurried to him.

He had found a body. It was covered with slime and sea-weeds, and the fingers and face were bitten by fish. The ooze of bottom waters was in his ears and hair. Around his neck was a piece of rope a foot long, and the end was frayed, raveled, and worn. He wore a blue blouse: Jacko had one on when last seen. There was a pistol-belt about the body, but the pistol was gone. It had fallen out in the water while the body was being rolled by the waves. The storm had disturbed the water and caused the body to sway about, and this had worn the rope across the sharp edge of the rocks, and then the waves carried the body ashore. A letter in the pocket of the blouse was addressed to "Mr. J. Murat, Appalachicola, Fla."

Some said, "Poor fellow, he was overturned by the wind and drowned"; while others pointed to the rope and asked, "Why then this rope so tight about his neck? It is murder." It was only after the body had been put aboard a sloop that the gash in the head was discovered. The body was swollen and loathsome; so they had not examined it carefully. When this was seen, all agreed that it was murder.

Great was the excitement when, that night, the body of Jacko was brought to town. Every one was talking and making suggestions, many of which were foolish enough, and had no possible connection with his death. The bells tolled all night; Jacko was a good Catholic.

Next morning the coroner summoned a jury and proved how the body was found, and that it was certainly Jacko Murat. The piece of rope and the gash in the head were examined. It was murder, they said, and the murderer had anchored the body among the rocks, and the storms had swung it till the jagged edges cut the rope. The murderer had stolen his pistol, and his pocket-book, if he had one, was missing.

Among the witnesses was the owner of the oyster pungy seen by Jacko at the reefs on the day of his death. He testified that he was at the reefs that day, and saw no boat nor person. On being questioned at length, he remembered that as his boat was leaving the reefs he heard a noise on St. Vincent, like ringing blows, and that he had examined the island on the bay side with his glass, but saw nothing. It was about five miles from Mrs. Gracie's house, and could not have been there.

The case was suspended, and the witness, with another person, was sent to the island to investigate.

In about six hours they returned and reported that they landed on the island near the oyster banks under the high point, and after clambering up the rocks and about for a half hour, found near three dead stumps a hole of considerable dimensions dug down several feet deep through what seemed a mass of rock, gravel, and shell. The bottom was filled with a rude masonry of rocks. In and about it were footprints, now almost obliterated by the rains. There was also a skull half hidden in the ground, which they brought back, and on a sharp spur of rock on the south-west side of the hole, they found a piece of leather seemingly scraped

from the hair-side by violent contact, and dark stains were on the rocks. Upon comparison, the piece of leather corresponded in size and shape to a rent on the front and outer side of Jacko's pistol-belt.

While the investigation was going on, a schooner from St. Mark's arrived, bringing merchandise and passengers. Attracted by the excitement, these passengers went to the court-room, where, among the first persons they met, was Paul, who was well known in St. Mark's, and who had gone with the tide of people all day hopelessly, like a piece of driftwood. Dave Molette grasped him by the hand warmly (they were old friends), saying in his rollicking, impulsive way: "Why, Paul, old fellow, what in the world is the matter? You seem unstrung. I have not seen you for months. Why have you not been to St. Mark's? You have waited till the belle is gone."

Others were talking, coming and going, and this salutation, trivial in itself, had escaped all the crowd but old John Pompano; he heard it, and saw the paleness of Paul's face when their eyes met, and a dark, sickening suspicion crept over him. The chain was nearly complete; and the guilty must suffer, is the mandate of the law of man and God, thought old John. Stealing out of the court-room, he walked the streets alone, to collect his thoughts and calm his feelings. He was sick at heart, suspicion-poisoned. He went to the wharf, jumped into a boat, and pulled aboard the Belle Kate. Finding nothing suspicious, he was about leaving her, when his eye caught a shred of blue cloth clinging to the starboard gunwale. It was small, but the texture and color could not be mistaken: it was identical with that of Jacko's blouse. He was staggered by the awful power of this frail shred: it held a man's life. He rushed into the court-room with it in his hand. He was pale; his white hair was scarcely whiter than his face.

"Make way here; make way! I must speak. Here, your Honor, see this! Can any one identify it?"

The officer and jurors examined it, and found it to be of the same material and color as the dead man's blouse, and that it fitted to a torn place.

"I'll tell you where I got this in a minute. Call Dave Molette to the stand."

Dave was called and questioned. He testified that he resided in St. Mark's, and had not been absent from his home in a month; that his store fronted the wharf, and that he had seen every vessel in that port for the past month, and that no vessel with which he was familiar had come into port there from Appalachicola during that time. That he and Paul Macenas were great friends. He further testified that Kat Pollman married and left St. Mark's with her husband for Galveston two weeks before. All this Dave told without knowing what it meant, nor did the officer or jury see its force.

Then old John Pompano stood up and asked to be sworn. He spoke hastily.

"I had a talk with Paul Macenas the morning after the storm in which Jacko Murat was supposed to have been drowned. The Belle Kate came in from St. George's Sound, and Paul told me that he was just in from St. Mark's, where he had been to see Kat Pollman, and that she had wished him Godspeed when he left. I asked him the news from St. Mark's, to which he replied that there was none. Now you see the Belle Kate was not there at all. He told me he had seen Kat Pollman, when in fact she was then married and in Galveston with her husband. Now, where was he and the Belle Kate when Jacko Murat was murdered? A few minutes ago I had my suspicions aroused, and went aboard her out there in the river, and on the starboard gunwale, clinging in a broken ring, I found that piece of blue cloth. It had escaped notice, as it is small. Paul Macenas is the murderer, and he sunk his victim with a rope and weight; and when he rolled him from the sloop at night his blouse caught in the ring, and the weight snatched this shred out. The morning after that was dark and foggy; so Paul did not discover it. He has not been out in the sloop since till yesterday afternoon, when it was again dark and foggy.

In the name of the people of Florida, I demand his arrest!"

Old John was one of the leaders of every movement; one can imagine the excitement this announcement produced. All seemed paralyzed one moment, and all action the next. Cries of "Where is he?" arose on all sides, and a rush towards the door, when the voice of the officer rose above the roar of angry speeches and clatter of feet.

"Hold, hold! Attention! I deputize every one of you here to arrest Paul Macenas for the murder of Jacko Murat."

Another roar and threat—"To his house"—echoed this order, and the motley throng of hardy and sea-bronzed men rushed out at the door and rolled down the street towards Paul's house.

He had glided out of the court-room when he caught old John's eye riveted with astonishment and suspicion upon him when Dave Molette spoke to him. He had also seen the old gentleman leave the Belle Kate and hurry to the court-room, and divined with an animal instinct of danger that he had some clew to confirm his suspicion. If so, it were dangerous to remain; in fact, his only safety was in flight. He passed down an unfrequented alley-way and disappeared.

The crowd rolled furiously down the street, expecting to find Paul in his house. With a gathering fury, which broke out in wild gestures and shouts, they rushed on towards the house. They had never liked that gloomy, dark man. The sound of blows came up the street; the crowd were breaking in the doors of his house, and yelling to him to come out. The officer and old John, standing upon the porch of the court-house, saw away out on the bay towards the Sound the white gleam of a sail through the gathering haze. Those who came up from the wharf said the Belle Kate had gone out towards the Sound. She was the swiftest craft at the port.

Jacko Murat was buried in the cemetery that afternoon, and many mourned his untimely fall, for he was popular. The sharp claws of the cat's paw had never been found by the people. His easy manner, open, kind face, and oily tongue had made him friends. Kate Fisher had fainted when the secret of the tragedy dawned upon her, and it was many days before the fever that followed abated. She saw her own hand in the bloody story, and in her delirium muttered in a low, frightened tone, "Paul," "Jacko," "St. Vincent."

As night fell upon the day of the inquest, a storm burst upon the gulf, and all night the winds moaned and roared, the waters bellowed, and all was dark as Erebus. Day dawned struggling, and the storm still raged. Old fishermen scoured the coast and islands with their glasses. They were looking for wrecks; but none came. Only driftwood and a hollow murmur, borne out in the wild elements of the gulf, came ashore. Towards noon the storm died, and in the late afternoon the sun came out.

Away to the east, on the coast near Tampa, several days after the storm, a passing schooner found a wrecked sloop upon the sands of a low bank, and a man tangled in the torn rigging, dead. A sea-bird sat upon him till frightened away. He lay with his head downward, and his black locks were in his face. A heavy pistol was hanging in a leathern belt about his waist. The upturned keel of the sloop was split and broken, the spar was shivered, and the sheets were in tatters. On the stem of the hull was the name, "Belle Kate," washed and bruised. In a pocket in the dead man's coat was found a paper, on which, written in a straggling hand in pencil, was the following:

G. OF MEXICO, Friday—, 18—.

The rudder is broken, and the sloop leaks. No land in sight. My last hour has come, and I must speak. I killed him on St. Vincent, after buried treasures. Kate Fisher was the cause. We both loved her. I did not want him, but he forced himself into the trip. All we got was a bundle which is in my house at Apalach. Bury me at home.

PAUL MACENAS.

He was buried in the same cemetery with Jacko, and from their graves the island of St. Vincent can be seen lying low on the horizon. Only the sexton and his attend-

ants and the priest were present. The burial services of the Catholic church were read, but no mourners were comforted by the story of "dust to dust, and then the resurrection."

Kate Fisher was seen but little. One day she was gone, and no one knew where. They said she was fled from her conscience. Her mother died and was buried, but no daughter came to mourn over her pall. Months passed into years, and two years had wrought but little change in the quiet town, save adding a few more walls to decay and a few more white hairs to the temples. Old John Pompano went to New Orleans, and one day, while passing along a street to see after the final preparations before sailing, a carriage dashed past him, and in it he caught a glimpse of a superb woman. It was Kate Fisher, but her face was flushed, her dark eyes were brighter, and she wore silk—this once simple girl of the crumbling town by the bay.

The old papers found in Paul's room were written in Spanish, and gave an account of one of Lafitte's cruises in the Indian Ocean. That was all.

Even to this day but few fishermen ever touch at St. Vincent, and it has become more than ever the home of the heavy, superstitious-looking birds of the sea; and when the surf murmurs loudest on the sands beyond the island, the name of Lafitte passes the lips of the fisherman only with a shudder.

TO-DAY.

No to-morrow ever seems
Yesterday except in dreams;
Words of wise men tell not how
Yesterday can change to now;
But to-morrow comes to say,
"You must call me yesterday."

Centuries have learned what art
Hides in yesterday's still heart;
But they cannot learn to span
What this day will be to man.
At its center it may fold
Wisdom cycles have not told.

God's resplendence would but kill
What one ray of his can fill;
Therefore is it that the grave
Keeps no secret that would save;
This to-day was made to give
All that man could take and live.

Irene Hardy.

THE MOUNTAIN-SLOPES AND RIVER-BANKS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ASHEVILLE, the county seat of Buncombe, in the State of North Carolina, is our starting point. Its name is taken from "Colonel" Ashe, a wealthy gentleman of that region, who owned extensive tracts of land "before the war." The houses of Asheville are pretty, and fancifully designed; they are principally of the cottage style, and are set here and there on the hillsides and along the little valleys, where the streets follow them up and down, entirely regardless of law and order. The court-house towers gloomily in the midst of and over the roofs gathered about it. From every opening or hidden recess of the tower hundreds of martins fly forth each morning, chattering and whirring away into the woodlands beyond; about the hour of sunset back they fly with the same rush and rustle into their shadowy nooks; and this they do day after day as the year goes by, as faithfully as the poetic birds of which Longfellow tells us—only that he has made their songs to reach across the world to the lands of every clime. Beyond the town, afar off, stands a perpetual wall of blue, sharp-peaked mountains, clearly defined against the sky, which in all its changes is beautiful. Spanned by a small bridge sings the Swananoa, which in our harsher tongue means Nymph of Beauty. Take an opposite direction, if you please, over the hills, along the edges of corn-fields and small vegetable-gardens, and the famous French Broad River glides before you, widening as it passes from the view of the town into the wild solitude of rocky glens.

The morning is perfect with its glow of sunlight and its refreshing breeze. There are four of us in the carriage, a light-topped vehicle suited to our chosen mode of travel; lunch baskets and a small amount of baggage are in a mule-cart that follows us, in charge of George, whose dusky face gleams joyously out from under the brim of a new gray hat set jauntily on the side of his head. Eight o'clock has not yet struck, and the town is lazy and heavy with sleep. At a turn in the road we are joined by a happy two-in-one, seated in a buggy drawn by a white horse covered with freckles, whose name is Bill. We go along the green banks of the Swananoa, and the air blows refreshingly about us from the ruffled surface of the water. The dark beech trees are bound about by clinging vines of a lighter green. Long festoons of the wild grape dip into the softly gliding current, and hang in heavy curtains of scalloped leaves upon the grassy-bordered road. Above us on the opposite river-bank is the estate of a gentleman, which is known as McDowell's View. From a point near the house a lovely picture of the Blue Ridge Mountains is presented to the vision; whilst in the foreground, across broad meadows, through a bordering of reeds, the Swananoa runs laughing and dimpling to meet the French Broad.

As we turn our backs on the river, the road loses its smooth character, and gains the usual characteristics of mountain roads, being rough with splintered rocks, and large, flat gray stones that send us jolting and thumping to the top of the hill. A broad gate bars the way; from a log cabin to the right springs a small negro, scarcely reaching above the hub of the wheel. The gate swings open, and a round woolly head thrust between the middle bars and a row of black toes on the lower slat go swinging back with it. We drive through, and this vestige of "The Irrepressible Conflict" flies into the dusty road to gather the nickels thrown from the carriage.

The mountains still rise before us, the broad, branching trees spread above us, and on every side are verdant meadows dotted and bordered with variously colored wild flowers. All along our way nature wears only an attractive mien; sometimes its grandeur approaches gloom, but the beauty is always the same.

Not far from the little wooly-head's gate we are met by a gentleman with a fine, sun-browned countenance; he is dressed in gray, and his boots are drawn over his trousers. This brown gentleman lifts his hat, as with a pleasant smile he points towards a field of corn, telling us, "The rest of the party have gone on to the ferry." Soon we alight upon the rich dark earth that rises in little plowed furrows about the stately green stalks. In the mountain region of the Old North State the corn never seems to claim "the right of way." The route that suits the traveler is generally the proper one, and no person questions the justice of it. The mountain being in one direction or another the objective point that *will not* come to us, we *must* go to it.

At the ferry we join our friends. The ferryman is a tall mountaineer, broad-shouldered and sturdy-limbed. At the farther end of the boat, pole in hand, his thin, sharp, black visage turned towards us, is an old servant, who is known as "Time." His keen eye is fastened on us, his figure slightly bent forward, and as the water flows in rugged lines about our rude craft, I feel that the wily old Charon has us at last on the swift-flowing tide of the Styx.

On the other side we step out upon the green turf and enter the grand old forest. We rest a while beneath the trees. It is only a little while back; I can hear the birds singing overhead, the squirrel stirring in the close, shining leaves, and the water rippling not far off, below the mossy bank. The forest lands stretch away on every side, and in the shade, still dappled with sparklets of dew, are wild flowers. One of the most beautiful flowers growing naturally in this country is the tiger-lily, with yellow, velvety petals curving outward from its long, smooth, green stalk.

Once more our road becomes smooth, and so continues during the rest of our delightful journey. We pass by many cots or cabins standing in the shade of some large tree, or having a patch of corn or sugar-cane for a background. The house of the common countryman is usually built of logs, unplastered within and without. There are no windows to these buildings, and the doorway alone serves as a means of lighting the one apartment of the household. During winter months the door remains open as in summer, while in one end of the apartment is a roaring fire.

The men, though hardy, are usually lean and lank. Six feet is a common height with them. Their skin is usually of a sallow tint, which gives them a melancholy and unhealthy look. These mountaineers are not the "clay-eaters" of whom we so often hear—they in fact are not so numerous nor so frequently met with as we have been led to believe. The mountain women have a much better appearance than the men; and the young girls and children are as a rule pretty, with dark eyes and flaxen hair. The mountaineer generally makes for himself a respectable living on his small farm of a few acres. They are industrious and law-abiding (save where the "moonshiner" element crops out), and are possessed of the intelligence common to the same class throughout our country. They are said to be endowed with a native shrewdness akin to that usually claimed for Connecticut, and have been known to out-Yankee a Yankee on more than one occasion. They are hospitable in their simple way, and show a rude form—if I may so designate it—of politeness, most particularly to strangers. Meeting them constantly on our road, we were saluted by the lifting of hats, and a "good morning" or "good day."

As we proceed on our journey, we leave behind us the picturesque French Broad curling away amid rocks and sand-drifts, until it becomes a dot of silver in the distance. Still onward we go, crossing again a bright stream of water known as Davidson's River. It is so clear that we see the smooth white sand at the bottom. Next after that we ford the Mills River, a pretty current of water flowing amid wavering shadows cast from overhanging trees along its banks. A little above the border of Mills River is the house of a Mr. Allen, just at the meeting of the cross-roads. On the long porch a table

is placed, and we spread thereon the contents of our lunch-baskets.

No meal was ever more heartily relished than this one, consisting of sandwiches, fried chicken, Rhine wine, etc. Having finished our meal, we walked to the brink of the narrow, shallow stream, so limpid that we may almost count the pebbles on its sandy floor. Here we find lying an empty, idle dug-out, into which scramble the younger people.

Some of us walk about gathering relics as mementos, whilst our nautical friends paddle back and forth, screaming and laughing at every turn of the rickety boat, like a pack of careless, happy children. The bridge spanning this little river is formed of rotten logs holding a few scattered planks; we cross it, gather our property, and start afresh on our journey. It is not possible to describe minutely a country so lovely and of such varied scenery. Rising like giant fortifications, mass upon mass, through the clear autumn light, the "inviolate hills" seem to stand as silent mentors of the past and the future, utterly severed from the present—so grand are they, so lofty, so sublime!

Through rich meadow-lands and fields of waving corn we pursued our journey. Our pathway lay along the right bank of the French Broad, which we could not see for the intertwining foliage; yet the pleasant, murmuring ripple of its waters came refreshingly to our ears. Half-way up the mountain side, and overshadowed by the great gray rocks, stood a picturesque dwelling, in the style of a Swiss *chalet*. No lovelier scene than this one, of the quiet home, from whose chimney curled the smoke towards the serene evening sky, met our gaze as we traveled. Over the smooth, hard roads we bowled joyously along, every step of the way bordered about by the perfect beauty of Nature's gardens and vales, velvety slopes and dusky nooks, that with but little exercise of the fancy might seem peopled with satyrs and wood-nymphs. Each mile brought us nearer to the blue, cloud-like mountains before us, that looked as though resting against the sky. The twilight soon folded down about us, and by the time we had gained the Davidson River the moon was shedding upon us its mellow light.

Crossing from bank to bank, ten or twelve feet above our heads was a log foot-bridge. Two men, distinctly outlined in the moonlight, were walking over, and we hailed them:

"How far is it to Brevard?"

The customary reply to such questions (no matter how far or near the point might be) came to us:

"Two miles ahead." The sound went echoing away amongst the hills, "—iles ahead!"

Trotting briskly on, we were soon greeted by the twinkling lights of the village. Halting before the cottage-door of the village doctor, we inquired the way to the hotel. We were directed to cross the hill, and just out of town we should come to the hotel kept by the Widow Lee-Gash. Our party now formed in line (we had been straggling before this), and as we came to a turn in the road a negro hurried by, heard but unseen in the darkness.

"Hello! I say! Are we on the right road to the hotel?"

"Yes, sah. Dey's jist eatin' suppah down dah. I'll run ober an' tell em you's a-comin'. I'se jist a guyen to de sto'e fur te git a raizer an' bresh."

"Turn and run back," called Mr. Dawson; "we want hot coffee, corn bread, and beefsteak."

With a bound out of the road into an open field, our dusky acquaintance ran before to announce our coming, crying in a high key as he went over the fence: "Yes, sah! Yes, sah!"

At the doorway of this cottage-hotel, we were met by the manager, who told us he would try to make us as comfortable as he could. We were provided with quarters—two rooms to seven ladies. We were tired, however, and the balmiest of sleep visited us, and remained with us until day dawned. By the bright morning light we beheld a pretty scene of village and rural life combined. The grass and foliage were freshened by a light mountain shower, which soon

ceased, leaving the air purified and the leaves glittering in the sunshine.

Not far from this village is an Indian mound, where many relics have been found. Dozens of arrow-heads and various ornaments have been discovered, as well as human teeth, mingled with the dust. These remnants of olden tribes, who have long since passed into the presence of the Great Spirit, are common in this portion of North Carolina.

Brevard is in Transylvania County, and is the resort of many summer tourists. The name of Brevard, if not kept fresh in remembrance for the sake of the village that wears it, will not be forgotten by many who have heard of the county sheriff bearing that name. Upon one occasion a lawyer, who had acted as counsel for a man brought to justice for some misdemeanor, failed to save him from the penalty of six months in jail. Riding out a few evenings after the sentence had been passed, what was his surprise to meet the condemned man walking along the road.

"Why, Jim!" exclaimed the lawyer, "I thought you were in jail."

Stepping hurriedly forward, the countryman held up his finger warningly, saying: "See heer, I've allers thought you was my friend. Now Sheriff Brevard, he let me out for a night or two home, an' ef *you* don't say nothin' about it, *nobody* won't ever heer of it."

Not long after concluding breakfast we left Brevard, the sun glowing warmly down on us as it did on every tree and flower. Much of the beauty of this country has hitherto been as unknown to the explorer and artist as though it were bound about by the spell of some wicked magician. We visited on our way a lovely cascade, so perfectly hidden that save for guidance we should not have known of its existence. Even the fall of the water that sweeps through stony channels into shadowy depths cannot be heard from without. Completely walled about by rocks, it is only accessible through a cleft so narrow we were obliged to enter singly; a temple standing amid the solitudes of nature, with chanting winds and rushing waters for a choir. The floor is composed of a slab that, from its proportions, might have formed the roof, where, looking up, we now see the azure tints of the heavens. Far past the high walls, frescoed by time and tempest, just on the dizzy margin of the roofless temple, stands—or stood a few years ago—the skeleton of an olden mill, the wheel of which is not only silent but gone. We asked the name of this sparkling stream singing its wild hymn to the mighty rocks about it, but our questions were in vain—no one knew. Perhaps since our visit its name has been revealed, or one has been bestowed upon it as a guiding mark, else many a pilgrim to Nature's shrines, who would gladly turn aside and enter, must pass unawares its hidden portal.

Thus from Brevard to Cesar's Head in Greenville County, South Carolina, there is a continued road of picturesque change, representing every phase of mountain view. The roads are smooth, white, hard, and broad, seldom marred by the unseemly presence of a rough stone; the mountain sides are curtained by vines, the graceful branches and leaves of which are nourished by natural cascades, that slip in silver threads across the gray stones to moss-rimmed basins at the road side; then bubbling over, they ripple away. One may readily believe that in these dusky retreats bold robbers, not so gentlemanly as Robin Hood, had, during the war, their abode, from whence they made incursions upon their neighbors, preying without mercy on their kind.

We are told that Cesar's Head derives its name from its supposed likeness to a well-known negro of that locality. Although this fact is somewhat opposed to the prejudices of romance, let us hope that the wooly head of "Uncle" Cesar rested more easily than did that of the laurel-crowned conqueror whom the name more naturally suggests.

From many points about the Head, the view across the country is magnificent, seeming to the naked eye continuous and illimitable. It is as though an ocean had been instantaneously petrified, with its crested waves, its heav-

ing billows, thousands upon thousands chasing each other, and extending miles away, until lost in the mystery of clouds and distance. From whatever point of view one looks over the mountain lands of western North Carolina, in the days of summer or autumn, one sees only grandeur softened by the loveliness of green vales, winding streams, and brilliant flowers; whilst away above in the sky are wonderful pageants of fleecy, floating clouds.

The hotel at Cesar's Head was a large, roughly built frame house, two stories in height, with walls unpapered and unplastered and unpainted, standing in their native nakedness of yellow pine. The bare floors and hard beds were clean, nevertheless, and their very roughness had attractions for those travelers accustomed to the luxurious hotels of a northern climate. The general congregating hall, extending along the greater portion of the house, was imperfectly lighted at night by a lamp at the end of the apartment, opposite to a huge fireplace, which sent forth a ruddy glare upon the numerous groups of people scattered here and there, some upon the long benches at the sides of the hall, others sitting at tables playing cards, knitting, chatting, etc. The varied scene was picturesque.

On the evening of our arrival a slow and constant rain fell, spreading a gray mist over the surrounding country. The next morning the mists were rolled back, and standing on a vast rock we looked upon the valley lands below, clad in deep hues of dazzling green and delicate yellow. Beyond the slopes lay Greenville, South Carolina, with slanting roofs, and many chimneys cropping up from behind the trees. Farther on, rising above the horizon, we saw the historic summit of King's Mountain. Its coloring and rugged lines were softened to us by distance, as are the memories of the fatal struggle that helped to win us independence. Looking on it, we think only of victory, and the shining crown she laid upon its heights.

I but mention the Saluda Falls, worthy in themselves of a long record and a long journey. Dashing perpendicularly, as though from the heavens, they descend hundreds of feet along a solid body of rock to a bed of stone, from whence, foaming and tumbling with deafening roar, the turbid waters wind away to regions far below. We visited these falls in 1877. Only two years before, they had been discovered by a hunting party.

Esmeralda Boyle.

A JUTLAND SKETCH.

I WAS sojourning in North Jutland, Denmark, and engaged one day to accompany a family party of picnickers to a wood presumably not over a mile distant. Our programme was simply a short walk, an hour or two's bask in the fragrant and cooling shade of a rural grove, forest, or something of that nature, quite near at hand; that was all.

I could see a fine lot of young, cultivated firs, from ten to twelve feet in height, growing on the sides of adjacent hills to the east of the ancient little town, Hjörring; and these, being the only group of trees open to public use visible within a considerable radius, excepting the town park, which I well knew was not the wood referred to, I concluded the thriving young *naaletraer* were to give us the shelter and shade in which our delicacies were to be unfolded for lunch.

Not so, however. Our party took a northerly direction, clambered up the slippery, mossy sides of a hill on which, overlooking the surrounding landscape, stood Niels Ipsen's mill gleefully and defiantly swinging its four long arms, a straw-thatched sugarloaf body holding aloft a whirling wheel against the blue dome of heaven. As we neared the utilizer of the west wind, and I still looked in vain for another patch of wood,

though we were now on the most elevated point of that vicinity, I ventured to ask if a joke were being played upon me, or should we promenade in a circular route and "take in" the firs for luncheon on our way home?

The answer mystified me. I learned the firs were not included in our programme. Our goal was an oasis far superior to their quarter, containing grand old oaks, glorious old beeches to welcome a long absent native, stately lindens to enthuse the poetic and artistic mind, and many other handsome specimens of trees, shrubs, and vines of mature age.

I was somewhat incredulous. There was nothing in any direction that I could discover to impede my range of vision. If my eyes were not to be trusted in their denial of any such place within a reasonable distance, then I felt there was danger of my soon becoming converted to the worst of the many striking superstitious beliefs, miraculous appearances and disappearances, and mystical possibilities of that land of my childhood.

When we turned our backs upon the mill, which seemed to enjoy my perplexity with demoniacal hilarity, I launched another query, and learned in reply that we should soon be there. I felt by this time like openly disputing the apparently earnest assurance of my companions, but thought better of the suggestion and held my peace. Suddenly a small bush loomed up a few hundred feet distant in the foreground, and I asked with sarcasm if that was to act the part of an imaginary grove of majestic forest giants, waving their graceful limbs and rustling their abundant foliage over our deluded heads.

"*Denne busk?*" said Kirstine by my side, laughing heartily; "*det er toppen af et tra.*"

"*Toppen af et tra?*" I repeated. "Impossible! How can that be the top of a tree?" I soliloquized, thinking the picnic party must only be a dreamland fancy of the midnight hour.

I shook and pinched myself, to be sure it was not, and then followed, wondering if we were to sit in a body about this shrub fifty or a hundred years, Rip Van Winkle like, waiting in a state of slumber for the predicted beautiful wood to grow around us to perfection befitting our prospective luncheon hour. We should be a hungry lot by that time, ravenous enough to devour more in quantity, and something more bracing than that we had with us. But wait; my curiosity was soon to be satisfied. Expectancy of we scarcely know what very often conjures up wild, extravagant, and wide-of-the-mark mental pictures. Perhaps some miracle as regards the hasty growing of the forest awaited me.

The latter idea proved to be nearer the right. As we neared the bush it increased in size, and soon we were standing on the brink of a ravine, in the bottom and on the sloping zigzag sides of which grew in all their boasted beauty the trees, vines, and ferns as promised.

To a wanderer in the Sierra Nevadas, or in any mountainous portion of America, there is nothing very strange about standing above a forest—or above the clouds, for that matter; but in Jutland, where the land is very low-lying, with small undulations; where there is not a hill worthy the name—there is something marvelously picturesque in standing close up and looking down into and over the tops of these deep green and heavily foliaged trees, which, though slow in growth, look brighter and handsomer, I think, than they do in a more southerly climate. There are absolutely no hills, only little heather-grown knolls and numerous moss-grown, cone-shaped tombs of ancient heroes, as perfect as if cast in molds; but the country is nevertheless deceiving, in that it has many little crooked valleys and round or oval basins where you least expect to find them. I stood with a park before me of no mean pretensions, of which one might well be ignorant at only a hundred feet distant to right or left.

With some attention and slight protection from the severe west winds, which make every bush and shrub lean to the east, trees that shed their leaves will grow almost anywhere in North Jutland, but the historic

woods of spontaneous growth are in that region usually found hidden from view until you reach them; and a stranger, joining a party of picnickers to the neighboring forest, must naturally have his doubts of its existence until "the mists have rolled away," as he stands looking down upon the Eden in all its reality.

From the inviting depths of the ravine came the note of a cuckoo, as we stood gazing beyond at the placid waters of the sea, the few sailing vessels visible, the Hirtshals lighthouse dimly seen at a ten-mile range (the air is heavier and less transparent than that of America's western plains and the higher altitudes), and the whitewashed and straw-thatched farm buildings, and small fields crowding each other for room, with here and there a bunch of humpy little hills, and a strip of golden-hued meadow reposing in their midst. On the hills are sheep staked out, in the meadows sleek and short-legged little cows, their full udders sweeping the high grasses as they lazily move about.

Denmark, as a whole, is very verdant; flowers of every species, color, and tint imaginable grow here in abundance. The floral brightness and the freshness of the country in spring and summer baffles description; on the country roadways vegetable life is only trodden down in the wheel-track and near it on the inner side; between the horses runs a strip of matted grass studded with dandelions, and on either side of them Flora's children wave defiance and lean over the brink in tantalizing spirit to brush their feet as they pass. The soil in this part of Jutland is of a sandy nature, but even the hills unfit for cultivation are beautiful; fine rootlets so closely intertwine as to form a solid sod, a clean emerald matting, pleasant to walk or look upon. Hence, though one looks in vain for a semblance of a bluff, cliff, or mountain, the panorama set forth from an elevation charms the beholder, and makes him feel half vexed at nature for her extraordinary prodigality; yet her nimble fingers, ever busy at her artistic work, the harmony displayed in her coloring, the charm awakened with every vagrant breez, delights the human soul, and dulls the senses to the painful phases of life.

By a well-worn path we descended into the bowels of the earth, so to speak, and promenaded leisurely about in a veritable Garden of Eden, to find that other parties of family picnickers had preceded us to this delightful haunt. Our luncheon was spread in due time, but as myriads of gnats claimed that particular spot, we were driven up the hillside again, where we ate our *melma* in peace. Afterward we took a tour into a neighboring meadow, and to the top of Kjampe-bakken (Giant-hill), in shape like a bowl bottom side up; if not a tomb of uncommon size, it probably holds ancient secrets and relics of some sort, as it is evidently not a production of nature. We returned home at half-past eight o'clock, while the sun yet dallied above the dividing line between the sky and sea in the western horizon.

Hjörring lies to the extreme north of Jutland, near the base of Skagen, an uninhabitable sand-bar, a horn-shaped peninsula running far north-east, and dividing the waters of Skagerak on the left from Kattegat on the right. It is only six miles from Hjörring to the sea-beach in the west, and the temperature of the water is in summer delightful for bathing. The sea-beach to the east lies farther away; yet it may easily be imagined that, being thus located in fifty-eighth degree northern latitude, totally unsheltered from the aerial sweep of arctic waves, there are seasons in the year when bleak winds stalk over the land with a vengeance. The snow falls deep in winter, and the cold is simply Greenlandish. In historic war-time we read of armies, cavalrymen, artillery, and all the equipages for battle, crossing on the ice of the broad *fjords*, ever teeming with herrings, flounders, eels, crabs, lobsters, and the like. This will give some idea of Jack Frost's powers in Denmark when the days grow short—and they do grow remarkably so in winter; while in June and July there are no nights; a twilight all-sufficient for reading one's correspondence intervenes between the sinking of the sun at nine and its rise at three or thereabouts.

In the early summer the midnight hour acts indeed as a promoter of superstition in the most skeptical mind. From all appearances, the sun seems trying to come up all around the horizon; the earth seems swimming in a sea of light; the white-walled farmhouses won't stay in their places: they flutter upward like birds, float in the air, and hover over the ground as if undecided whether to go or stay; while the storks, perched on chimneys or the edge of their nests over the barns, look ghost-like, and seem monsters outlined against the sky. The world seems wrapped in a pleasing sort of mystery; the air is impregnated with an unworldliness which enfolds you in its arms, a half-willing captive.

N. Dagmar Mariager.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Aristocracy and Civil Service.

EDITOR OVERLAND:

One of the objections—the chief objection, the only objection—offered to the establishment in the United States of a system of civil service similar to that of Great Britain, is that it would tend to the creation of a "civil service aristocracy" and the encouragement of "insolence in office." The "American idea" looks with distrust upon the one, and surely every gentleman or lady must condemn the other. The possible relation of a term of office during good behavior to aristocratic tendencies and insolence of office is worth inquiring into.

Only the most uninformed person could assume—if any one does assume—that there is no aristocracy in the United States to-day, or that any enlightened country or community could exist without aristocratic inclinations. We have in the United States an aristocracy of wealth, an aristocracy of intellect—literary and scientific—an aristocracy of virtue, an aristocracy of industry (which is particularly abhorred by the tramping gentry), and an almost endless variety of aristocracies composed of those persons who are ambitious of being the best and doing the best in their power. Pride of ancestry has no influence in these, nor in many other aristocracies; but there is, also, an aristocracy of birth. Yet even the hereditary or blooded aristocrat has his uses in any community; for his first duty to himself is to be honest and respectable, at least in appearance, and so, in endeavoring to maintain the honor and dignity of his family name, to set a good example for others. When he fails to do so, he is no longer an aristocrat but a renegade, despised as a fool even by his lowest associates. He no longer furnishes an example, but a warning.

It is, however, the "aristocrat of office" against whom the warning has been proclaimed by the opponents of a stable civil service. The aristocrat of office is one whose experience and character cause him to be retained in the public service for the common weal during his good behavior, while administrations are built up and broken down by prestidigitators with the talisman of "political expediency." There should be no aristocrat of office who does not excel in official ability; for his tenure should be determined by his record. Ambition to excel in any field of labor or in any walk of life is what makes the "aristocrat"; and excellence gains him the hatred of the hoodlum.

The man who worms his way into office through "political expedients," which have for their success the prerequisite of ousting an incumbent without cause, is the man who hates "an aristocracy of office-holders." Having no ability to learn and no inclination to perform his duties, he stands in no danger of becoming an aristocrat.

The "insolence of office" is a phrase which combines the cutting qualities of a dagger with the crushing effects of a sandbag. It is applied in a sweeping way

to all who are in office by those who would be in. And it is sometimes quoted by the honest citizen, who, in applying to get a letter or to pay taxes, demands that the progress of all other affairs shall be arrested and the services and attentions of all officials present devoted to himself, while the claims of other equally honest citizens be allowed to wait. It is a phrase too frequently fired through the teeth of dogmatic gentlemen, who know nothing of rigid forms in the public service, at patient officials who have spent the better part of their lives in a conscientious discharge of their duties. It must be admitted that there is an "insolence of office," but it is found among those who owe their positions to political influence rather than to merit. A politician who finds himself temporarily in office, as a reward of questionable political services, and who feels that he is liable to removal as soon as his party's or patron's power wanes, and not sooner, may not be expected either to take too much trouble to learn his duties, or to patiently answer questions concerning his office which he does not understand.

A permanent tenure of office may be open to the objection of aristocratic tendences, but it is the aristocracy of merit. The "insolence of office" is most found among ignorant and transitory incumbents, who have neither the ability, the inclination, nor any sufficient encouragement to master the often complicated duties of their temporary places.

A Plebeian.

The Decision of Columbia College.

EDITOR OVERLAND:

When a good old Methodist divine once asked a despondent and somewhat wayward young convert if he had expected to enter the kingdom of heaven at a bound, he replied, "Ah, no! but by an occasional rebound." So when the good President Barnard tells us that the report of Columbia upon the late petition for admitting women to its privilege is probably "all that the petitioners expected," he might favor the impression that this kingdom of higher education is to be carried for woman by a form of resilient action, in which, as a rebound from the refusal of '76, the present position is not a discouraging one.

Certainly, if taken in good faith, it does not seem a hopeless one. It is even in the power of some wealthy and benevolent sisters, by further "munificent endowments," to reverse it entirely.

But until large aid comes of this character, the lack of it forms, of course, as unexceptionable an argument against the admission of women as Columbia could advance. Even the losing parties must admit that poverty is not really disgraceful, though, as Carlyle said of old age, it is very disadvantageous. Hence, if this "great, distinguished, and opulent" institution is not opulent enough to share its benefits with women, who shall blame it?

Neither could it be expected that it would "leap at once" to the advanced position of co-education. The conservative spirit which has so long brooded over it was not to be so easily laid. No one could be surprised that it fortified itself at the outset by an emphatic resolution against admitting women to the regular classes with young men. The favorable verdict of those institutions that have tested such practice, the vigorous logic that connects it with what is strongest and best in the intercourse of the sexes, and above all, the known views and sympathies of the president, could not shake its determination in this direction. And though this has the appearance of a very old prejudice, yet it is claimed to be only a fresh exercise of the best wisdom of the schools. A very remote western paper, indeed, declares that there is no pretense of any new light in this position, and at the very intimation is wickedly "reminded" of the conciliatory judge who approached a case of repeated intemperance with the insinuating question, "What is the new difficulty this time, Joe"; and was rudely awakened by the sturdy reply, "There am no new difficulty in this case, your Honor; it's only the same old drunk."

But at any rate, whether wisdom new or old controlled the leading resolution of Columbia, the form of co-education it touched

upon was not the one its petitioners were seeking, and assuredly not one to "be expected" at its hands. Perhaps, however, it might have been expected that the concessions it did make would contain something a little more substantial and in the direction of the good sought than yet appears. If a simple course of study, pursued without college aid or instruction, be the best it was able to offer, perhaps woman might have achieved this much with considerably less pains. Probably no one would deny her the right to private study or the adoption of a college curriculum; and an examination in the case, while it might test her education, would hardly further it in the manner she desired. It is doubtful if a very large number of young men would be moved to accomplish a college course under such conditions; and it is rather a refined compliment which assumes that innate ability and genuine love of wisdom are strong enough in woman to sustain her in that which man would rarely undertake.

But it is a form of compliment of which women are becoming a little doubtful as the hollowness of it grows more apparent. Touching special tuition, it is true that Gibbon tells us that "the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy except in those happy dispositions where it is almost superfluous." But the testimony of the ages shows that wonderful things have been accomplished through its agency, both in rich and poor soil; and how well the scholar knows what Columbia's offered crumb left wanting of the true bread, the forcible words of her president can clearly testify:

"There is a great deal," said he, "in being in the atmosphere of special instruction." And then, quoting the famous statement of Agassiz, that a student could learn more in a month's contact with a teacher who was master of his subject than in a year with an instructor who knew but little more than his pupil of the matter in hand, he adds, "And he was right. One of the great advantages to be derived from such teachers as Agassiz or Dana is, that they make a man imbibe the spirit of the professor, and lead him to original investigations. He tries to teach himself."

Such, then, are the special aids and advantages that woman is seeking, "the elastic spring-boards" by which men have so long leaped up to higher planes of thought and knowledge. And these will eventually be granted women here as elsewhere. And this is, perhaps, the really significant and happy point to dwell upon at this time. The present action of Columbia, whatever immediate good it falls short of, is certainly, as we are told by the far-seeing president, an important movement in the direction of co-education.

The true kernel of wisdom for woman, then, that seems to be contained in the whole matter, is simply that, reading the signs of the time, she proceed more zealously than ever to prepare herself for her kingdom. The next time she petitions Columbia, its doors will open to her. The present effort, though ending in refusal, has left her farther than she was before, and has called out some of the ablest and most irresistible arguments in behalf of this higher education ever put forth.

But, as is continually set before her, yet with none too deep insistence, the accomplishment of these great ends depends mainly upon woman herself; and it is unfortunate, at least, that she does not more fully realize this. In general, it seems probable that the higher paths will be open to her quite as soon as she shall be ready to enter them. This would be an enlightened age, after all, if the majority of women faithfully availed themselves of the best advantages already allowed them. And though this affords no argument against yielding the fuller light to those prepared for it, yet it should contain a strong plea for more energetic work within the rank and file of the moving forces.

It is due the noble men and women who have so long believed in her, that woman should sustain that faith by more extended effort; that, when the higher gates at length swing open, the women of any fitness to enter may prove the rule, and not the rare and "paragraphed" exceptions.

Irene A. Safford.

CURRENT COMMENT.

LATE events have shown that the educated discussion of public topics in our higher-class periodicals is able to affect legislation. But it is not by direct influence on the legislators. Congress did not pass the Civil Service Bill because those Congressmen who voted for it had been reading Mr. Curtis's and Mr. Godkin's editorials, and had become converted to their views: it was because hundreds and thousands of private voters had been reading them, and were making the opinions they thus learned tell powerfully on elections—as well as because of a turn in political prospects that made the bill a measure of self-protection rather than of self-sacrifice. Therefore let the intelligent editor or magazine-writer be slow to plume himself on the approach of the time when educated opinion will act habitually on legislation. The natural field for the influence of journals is public opinion; and wherever the question is such that the public opinion thus formed can formulate itself in a vote, law-making and law-mending will quickly follow.

A SUBJECT now much discussed in the best journals is the divorce question: not only by serious reviews, statistics, and arguments for Federal laws; even the fiction of the day must be made to yield its contribution to the discussion. The domestic infelicities, the matrimonial mismating that are just now so common a subject or incident in our novels, are seized upon to form texts for editorial comments on the divorce laws. Now the divorce question is certainly one on which a vote can hardly be brought to bear; and as for the influence of all this discussion in making social opinion more rigid, social opinion in the classes chiefly reached by educated discussion is already rigid. All this is no reason why thoughtful persons should not continue to think and write about the difficult question of what is to be done with people who wish to draw back from the marriage contract; to work toward a unanimity of judgment among themselves as to what law ought to do; and to exercise such limited influence on legislation as may be possible. But it *is* a reason why the moral-drawers should not neglect a far more weighty moral to be drawn from mistakes in marriage than that divorce is a poor remedy: and that is the well-worn wisdom that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

The reviewers insisted on finding in "A Modern Instance" a tract against divorce; and this in face of the evident fact that the wreck of Marcia's and Halleck's lives was accomplished before there was any divorce in question, and was very slightly affected by that transaction. If the book had been a tract against anything, it would have been against the social conditions that made such a young man as Hubbard and such a young woman as Marcia, and made them likely to marry. The conditions that made Hubbard are too inherent in many complexities of our society to be easy to base a "What shall we do about it?" on; but it is perfectly easy to see where an ounce of proper bringing-up would have saved Marcia more misery than a pound of divorce laws. No education will take a passionate, jealous temperament out of a woman; but it will guide her in the selection of the man upon whom to stake her happiness. No girl whose parents see to it that she is trained by the rousing of her intellectual appetite, by genuine mental work, by knowledge of and sympathy with the wider interests of her race, by contact as broad as possible with interesting, reasonable people, will drain the whole life of her girlhood into one hot wine, and then go wandering about unoccupied and uninterested in anything else, ready to put the glass into the hand of the first plausible vagabond who presents himself to her untrained, undiscriminating eyes. Undoubtedly, if her mother sees to it that she learns to endure rather than to resent, she may make the best of a bad job; but it is better to train your daughter to choose her husband wisely than to train her to get along well with a bad husband.

THERE is a real work to be wrought upon public sentiment toward the training of boys and girls in its bearing on their choice for life companionship. It cannot well be wrought by direct hammering at the subject, for people are jealous of advice on this point, fearing to see the domain of sentiment encroached upon by cold calculation. In point of fact, the strongest affections are those that are first moved by a real or fancied perception of good qualities; and all that we argue for is such a training for the young person's mind that this perception shall be real and not fancied, and such training for the character as to make it instinctively fastidious, and not ready to be indiscriminately moved to affection. Nor does it seem that the work is likely to be wrought by fiction; for when a novel is written that shows with unusual power the miseries following on a narrow, ignorant girl's unwise marriage, the lesson that people draw from it is never by any chance that such results must be expected to follow from narrowness and ignorance. George Eliot generally took the pains to explain herself on this point: a broader education would have saved Dorothea the blunder of her marriage; a higher ideal of female intellect and wifely companionship would have saved Lydgate the disaster of his; and so on. But it never made any

difference. We have not seen a single review that deduced from "Middlemarch," any more than from "A Modern Instance," such a lesson as, Let young men be educated to expect and demand intellectual companionship from women, instead of regarding it with suspicion and jealousy, and they will not so often find their lives spoiled by an unreasonable, tedious wife; and let young women be educated to estimate men and things rationally, to realize the gravity of the step they take in committing their happiness into any man's hands, and to put themselves into a position—both as regards means of support and sources of happiness—where they shall not be compelled to make a bad marriage rather than none at all. Yet this is the real lesson of almost the whole list of unhappy marriages.

Let us add one illustration, which, though it depends on rough observation instead of statistics, can, we believe, be overwhelmingly verified. That is, that while the proportion of marriages among college-bred women is less than among other women, the proportion of unhappy marriages and of marriages only negatively happy among them will be found to be almost incalculably small as compared with those of any other class. The ability to read Latin is not an essential to choosing a good husband and being a good wife; and accordingly, we shall find much the same habit of wise marriage in women for whom the exceptional good fortune of wise and mentally inspiring home and social surrounding has supplied the same habit of living "the intellectual life," of looking at realities and knowing a spade for a spade, that college life alone supplies to those less fortunate.

BOOK REVIEWS.

American Statesmen: Monroe and Jefferson.[1]

THOMAS JEFFERSON was most fortunate in his life. His boyhood was passed in the midst of the generous social surroundings of the later and best days of the Virginia Colony. With much that was coarse and narrow and reckless, there was still a fine-tempered manliness and scorn of pettiness among the slavocrats of those days. There was a large way of looking at affairs, and an easy tolerance in religion, which trained the strong men to be leaders on the broad field opened by the Revolutionary War. The social conditions approached nearer to those of an aristocracy than any that have appeared on this continent since. It is true that Washington and Jefferson, the two great Virginians, did not spring from the uppermost ranks of the provincial society. Still they were reared within its influences, and are its best products.

Jefferson's education was completed at the best college of the day, and he made the most of his advantages. He was long enough at the bar to acquire habits of mental precision, and yet not long enough to become the slave of mere precedent. He began early to acquire legislative experience in the House of Burgesses, and when only thirty-two years of age he stepped upon a broader field as a delegate to the Congress of the States. He was immediately recognized as a leader, and the following year received the largest number of votes for membership of the committee to draft a declaration of independence. This honor came mainly from the appreciation of his power in written statement. It could hardly be said that at that time he was esteemed the superior of John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, his colleagues on the committee. Jefferson, however, had the happy faculty of saying very well on paper what those about him were thinking of and talking about. Naturally, the drafting of the momentous document fell to him, and thus he was again fortunate in that his name is associated, in the popular mind, indissolubly with the great Declaration; while the names of Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and Livingston, his co-committeemen, are seldom thought of in that connection.

Again, he had the happy fortune to be our minister to France from 1784 to 1789, five years of won derful interest to a man like Jefferson, who always looked closely at the popular currents. He thus had an opportunity to study the premonitory symptoms of the greatest social and political upheaval of modern times. He reappeared on the scene of home politics at a period when the country was beginning to settle into the new lines projected by the Constitution, and when new parties must inevitably arise. Fortunate once more in his opportunities, he was able to found a party, and to be carried by it almost overwhelmingly to the presidency. This party for many years was dominant in Federal affairs, and has shown a tenacity of life under stinging defeat, which bespeaks elements of great future endurance. His eight years as Chief Magistrate of the Union expired before the strain of the war with England might have endangered his great popularity. He retired to his farm at an age when repose is grateful; and yet again the good fates smiled upon

[1] American Statesmen—Thomas Jefferson, by John T. Morse, Jr.; James Monroe, in his relations to the Public Service during half a century, 1776 to 1826, by Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co., and A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

him, for he lived yet almost a quarter of a century, declining by degrees to a venerable age, revered by a people who placed him only below Washington in their grateful remembrance. We may say also that he was fortunate in the circumstances of his death, for his final wish was gratified, that he might live until the anniversary of the signing of the great Declaration which he wrote; and there was a certain dramatic climax to his own career, and that of his great opponent, and yet friend at last, John Adams, that while he was at the portals of death, and but a few hours before he entered them, John Adams whispered at the moment of dissolution, "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

So much has been written about Jefferson, and the details of his life are so fully given by Randall and others, that it is not to be expected that any new facts can be presented. In truth, an attempt even to fully restate those known would be accounted tedious. The time, however, has arrived when we are able to judge Jefferson more dispassionately than ever before. Mr. Morse, in this moderate-sized volume, has given a terse and in every way admirably balanced presentation of Jefferson's career. He writes with grace, and has understood how to picture what is characteristic, so as to leave the reader with a well-rounded impression of the man and the times. For the general reader, who wishes to get such an impression without encumbering himself with too many details, we do not know of a better work than this of our author.

Mr. Morse has brought out very distinctly the two antithetical qualities of Jefferson, which contributed to make him so great a politician, and at the same time so great a statesman. Speaking of him when in the Virginia House of Delegates, in 1776, he says:

"From these earliest days of his public career, we find him always moving and feeling with the huge multitude, catching with sensitive ear the deep mutterings of its will long before the inarticulate sound was intelligible to others in high places, encouraged by its later and hoarser outcry, gathering his force and power from its presence, his incentive and persistence from its laudation." And again, in discussing his controversy with Hamilton, while he was Secretary of State, we are told "he enjoyed a political vision penetrating deeper down into the inevitable movement of popular government, and further forward into the future trend of free institutions, than was possessed by any other man in public life in his day."

And further, "not merely did he appreciate and foresee their [the people's] invincible power in politics, but he had a perfect faith in the desirability of the exercise of that power; he anticipated that in this exercise the masses would always show wisdom and discrimination, that they would select the most able and most honest men in the country to preside over the national affairs—men like himself and Mr. Madison." He never lost his faith in his principles, or his faith in the people; and the people rewarded him with a degree of trust confided to very few others. He was no hypocrite in this: he did not preach his faith to tickle the ears of the groundlings; he proclaimed it as an apostle. Withal, he was an astute politician, a manager of men with a long look ahead, and great courage in a party crisis, or when in an apparently hopeless minority. As a party man, he was not always ingenuous, not always rigidly truthful, not always above a petty meanness. Generally open-minded, he yet never disabused himself of the absurd belief that the Federalist party, prior to 1801, was aiming to introduce monarchy into the Government; nor was he ever candid enough to disconnect Hamilton from this supposed royalist party, or to justly weigh the services of that great man to the infant republic. He was in many senses an idealist in politics, and yet he showed that he was an apt statesman in sacrificing his idealism at the shrine of hard facts, and in boldly running counter to his previously professed principles when he thought the occasion had arrived. He had preached the duty of the strictest construction of the Constitution, both in season and out of season. He even wrote the Kentucky Resolutions, the seed of the subsequent doctrine of secession, and yet he did not hesitate to buy Louisiana from France, confessing at the time that it was plainly in violation of the Constitution. Again, he insisted on the extremest doctrines of *laissez faire* in Federal affairs, and yet urged upon Congress, and through his great weight with that body was instrumental in imposing, the Embargo on the country in a time of peace. Our author justly says of this measure, "The endeavor to take care of the property and persons of American citizens, by shutting them up, as it were, within doors, was the extremity of paternal government."

The sketch of the life of James Monroe, by President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, is also an able contribution to the "Statesmen" series. Unfortunately, President Gilman has not as interesting a subject to deal with as has Mr. Morse; nevertheless, he has been able to present a lucid and instructive compendium of the career of the fifth President of the United States. The intrinsic difficulty is, that Monroe was a dull man. There is nothing about him particularly worth remembering, except that he was scrupulously honest, did his duty always to the very best of his ability, and has attached his name to a rule of national action which has become an article of national faith. Unless it were for the "Monroe Doctrine," its author would have had very little to mention during the last fifty years. President Gilman at the beginning compresses into a paragraph the titles of Monroe to remembrance:

"He served with gallantry in the army of the Revolution, and was high in office during the progress of the second contest with Great Britain and during the Seminole war; he was a delegate and a

Senator in Congress; he was called to the chief legislative and executive stations in Virginia; he represented the United States in France, Spain, and England; he was a prominent agent in the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; he was a member of Madison's Cabinet, and directed (for a while simultaneously) the departments of State and War; he was twice chosen President, the second time with an almost unanimous vote of the electoral college; his name is given to a political doctrine of fundamental importance; his administration is known as the 'era of good feeling.'"

The most interesting chapter of the book is that devoted to a consideration of the Monroe Doctrine. It took rise in the annual message of the President, of December, 1823, and may be found almost in a single sentence. Referring to the threatened, or suspected, interference of European powers to re-establish the power of Spain over her former colonies in America, the President said:

"We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that *we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.*"

The author in this connection gives a detailed specification of the various expressions in books, messages, letters, and other sources, indicating from the time of the origin of the Government the drift of public opinion in the direction of resistance to interference of European powers with the republics on this side of the Atlantic. In the appendix is a very carefully prepared bibliography of Monroe and the Monroe Doctrine. We can commend the book as maintaining the high standard of the series.

Björnson's Magnhild.[1]

VOCATION, especially for women, is a prominent question of the times. The growing spirit of willingness to place women on the same social and political level with men has given rise to a multitude of schemes for accomplishing this end, as contradictory in purpose and effect as the opinions of the interested parties who advance them. Most of these plans, however, have to do only with the tearing down of present barriers so as to widen the general field of feminine activity. The individual development of the woman, the question how she is to move in this widened field so as to be of the most and highest use to herself and to others, receives far less attention. The question of destiny, perhaps, cannot be formulated to rule. Magnhild is evidently an exposition of Björnson's ideas on this latter proposition, and deals entirely with the ways and means by which a young girl's influence acts on others for good, in her endeavor to carry out an ideal of high-minded living. Magnhild believes she has a mission. Her own romantic nature suggests it, and the natural events of her early life seem to confirm it. The impression becomes so strong that she looks constantly forward to something unusual that shall change her life. As is usual in such cases, this event never comes. On the contrary, the degradation of her union with Skarlie, and the colorlessness of her daily existence, imbue her with the idea that her life is a failure, and it is long before the discovery comes that her true destiny has been fulfilled in the quiet ministry and helpfulness she has shown toward others. The keynote of the whole book is struck in the following passage:

"The innocence of your soul became, amidst your peculiar circumstances, a moral atmosphere, which in you, more than any one I ever met, proclaimed itself to be a power. It was all the more beautiful because so unconscious in its manifestations. It was breathed from every manifestation of your bashfulness. It revealed itself to me, not alone in your blushes, Magnhild: no, in the tone of your voice also, in the immediate relations you held with every one you had intercourse with, or looked upon, or merely greeted. If there were those in your presence who were not pure, you made them appear abhorrent; you taught even the fallen ones what beauty there is in moral purity."

This idea that the presence of high moral purpose as a guide to right living will make itself felt for good, even when the individual is unconscious of its effects and most afraid of failure, is certainly healthful in tendency if nothing more. Being a story with a purpose, the book is not as truly artistic as many of Björnson's other tales. The idioms and the abruptness of his style are more painfully apparent. On the further question involved—how far a wife is called upon to submit to the degradation and torture that an incongruous marriage forces upon her—the conclusions are more open to question. Björnson may, however, safely be classed among those who would allow the greatest warrantable liberty to the woman in the premises.

Gesta Christi.[2]

THIS is not a religious treatise, but the work of a layman for laymen. In place of its Latin title, meaning the achievements of Christ, it might, perhaps, have appealed more directly to "men's business and bosoms," if it had been called "Christ and Civilization." For the real purpose of the work is to illustrate the influence upon the civilization of the last eighteen centuries of "certain practices, principles, and ideals—now the richest inheritance of the race—that have been either implanted or stimulated or supported by Christianity." It was a happy thought of Mr. Brace's to attempt to skim in this

[1] Magnhild. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[2] Gesta Christi, or a History of Humane Progress under Christianity. By Charles Loring Brace. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1882.

way the cream of history, and anybody who desires to know how much the practical living of men has been bettered from age to age by the moral teachings of Christ will find the answer in these scholarly pages. The author conveniently divides his work in three parts, considering the humanizing influence of Christianity first upon the Roman world, secondly upon the Middle Ages, and lastly upon modern times. Each division abounds in interesting topics, only a few of which can be indicated here. In Roman life, for example, the modifying influence of Christianity is shown in the improved position of women, the increased regard for personal purity and the sanctity of marriage, the opposition to the exposure of children, the end put to cruel and licentious sports. In the Middle Ages, again, it is pointed out how Christianity had power to restrain feud and blood revenge, to elevate woman, to check private war, to oppose ordeals and trials by combat, to restrain torture, to extend humanity to the stranger and shipwrecked. Finally, in the modern world we are shown its effect upon divorce, slavery, international law, dueling, prison reform, intemperance, and other topics. The religious opinions of the author are not obtrusive, and do not interfere with the wholly distinct merit of his work as a piece of historical study. It is certainly very opportune that such a record of the influence of Christ's moral teachings upon human life should appear at a moment when many people, in view of the modern criticism which aims to deprive Christianity of its divine sanction, are inclined to relinquish also their respect for its morality.

Corea, the Hermit Nation.[1]

THIS is a readable book about a very interesting country, by the author of "The Mikado's Empire," and one which is likely to meet with as hearty a reception as was accorded Mr. Griffis's first venture in the fields of Far Eastern literature. Its appearance is particularly opportune, as the coming summer is to see the Hermit Kingdom thrown open to foreign commerce. The publishers claim for the book that it is the first attempt to treat of Corea and the Coreans in a systematic and serious manner. This seems just a little pretentious, the Rev. John Ross of Newchwang, and the traveler Ernest Oppert, having first produced works as exhaustive in their way, and probably quite as important, as that of Mr. Griffis, the value of whose labors is considerably diminished by the fact that the author never enjoyed an opportunity of setting foot within the borders of the Hermit Kingdom, and is indebted for his knowledge of its people, language, and literature to the writings of the authors mentioned, and of other travelers, Caucasian and Mongolian, who have managed to penetrate within its jealously guarded wails.

Fully two-thirds of the whole book is devoted to a history of the Corean people, from the very earliest times down to the signing of the treaties last year, which is shortly to result in the opening up of the country to foreign trade. This history is dull reading, and its value questionable. Oppert's version of the history differs from it materially; and whatever may be said about the authenticity of the rest of his narrative, the historical portion of his work is entitled to a place of equal rank with that of Mr. Griffis, the authorities consulted being to a large extent identical.

The rest of the book is interesting, and on the whole valuable; though here and there errors crop up. For example, the statement is made that "steamers ply between Nagasaki [Japan] and Fusan [the most southern of the Corean ports] in four hours." As a matter of fact, the two ports are a hundred and fifty miles apart in an air-line. Again: in a reference to the foreign settlement of Shanghae, the *habitues* of the club are made to indulge in "the pleasures of wheelbarrow rides, and visits to the bubbling springs." A buggy drive around the Bubbling Well Road was doubtless what the author had in mind when he penned the concluding portion of the sentence; as to the wheelbarrow rides, none but the poorest of the Chinese ever dream of employing such a mode of conveyance.

Not much is said about the ethnology of the Coreans; but we are told a great deal that is entertaining about their social habits, their out-door life, religion, education, and culture. A couple of chapters are devoted to legends and folk-lore, proverbs and pithy sayings, and quite a number of pages to an account of the attempts of French missionaries to introduce Christianity into the country. In an appendix we are taught something of the construction of the Corean language, measures, weights, money, time, and other matters necessary to be known by Americans contemplating a visit to the peninsular kingdom. A handsomely got-up map accompanies the volume, which is furthermore embellished by illustrations reproduced from photographs taken by the Japanese. A valuable feature of the book is a most exhaustive list of works pertaining to the country, which cannot fail to prove of the utmost value to students of the language, literature, and customs of the Land of Morning Calm.

[1] Corea, the Hermit Nation. By William Elliot Griffis, late of the Imperial University, Tokio, Japan, and author of "The Mikado's Empire." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A Handful of Translations.

The Eagle and the Lark.

(From the German of Gleim.)

An Alpine eagle on his sun-path met
A little hovering lark;
And while she warbled to the silent sky,
A moment stopped to hark.

His wide wings lost their wonted speed,
More tardily they flew,
And while he poised, the very breeze
Grew silent too.

"Thou singer, seat thee here," he said;
"My wings thy chariot be,
And I will bear thee heavenwards,
If thou wilt mount with me."

"Nay," answered she; "on earth below
I sing God's praise,
But as for thee, go honor him
In higher ways."

Seddie E. Anderson.

A Morning Song.

(From the German of Uhland.)

One looks not yet for golden day;
Not yet in shadowy vale the lay
Of morning bells is ringing.

How still the widening forest seems!
The birds but twitter in their dreams,
No song is upward winging.

Into the field long since I came,
And happy thoughts came too, the same
That now my song is singing.

Songs.

(From Heine.)

Faintly in my heart
Sounds a lovely chime;
Ring out, little song,
Song of fair spring-time.

Ring out to the spot
Where the flowers are meeting;
When you find the rose,
Give to her my greeting.

In the wonderful month of May,
When the buds begin to start,
Arrayed in the beauty of spring-tide
Love came into my heart.

In the wonderful month of May,
Ere the red rose burst into fire,
Then I confessed to her
My longing and my desire.

Jane Barry.

"Ach, Lieb so Lang du Lieben Kannst."

(From the German of Freiligrath.)

O, love so long as love you can!
O, love so long as love you may!
The hour shall come, the hour shall come,
When by the grave you weep and pray.

O keep, O cherish still your love
Within a heart no colder grown,
As long as yet another heart
Beats warm in love against your own!

And who unfolds his heart to you,
For love's sake serve him all you may;
Make every hour glad to him,
No hour sad through all the day.

And see that well you guard your tongue:
So soon an evil word outleaps.
O God! it was not evil meant,
And yet the other goes and weeps.

O, love so long as love you can!
O, love so long as love you may!
The hour shall come, the hour shall come,
When by the grave you weep and pray.

Then kneel you down beside the mound
And hide your sad, wet eyes (alas!
They see the other never more)
In the long, wet churchyard grass.

And say, "O, look upon me here,
Who weep, above your gravestone bent!
Forgive that I have troubled you,
O God! it was not evil meant!"

But he can neither see nor hear,
Nor come, that you may serve him so;
The mouth that kissed you never says,
"Dear, I forgave you long ago."

He did it, he has long forgiven,
Yet many a burning tear-drop fell
For thee and for thy bitter word.
His end has come—now rests he well.

O, love so long as love you can!
O, love so long as love you may!
The hour shall come, the hour shall come,
When at the grave you weep and pray.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

(From Bodenstedt's version of A. Puschkin.)

O were it true that at night,
When all life is silent in sleep,
And only the rays of the pale moonlight
Over the gravestones weep;
O were it true, love, that free
The dead leave their dark dwelling place,
I should wait for thee, thee to embrace.
Hear, Leila, hear! Come to me!

Come down the dim shadow-way
  Just as you were when we parted,
Like to the end of the cold winter day,
  Pallid and still, broken-hearted.
  O come, distant star, come to me,
O come, faintest breath, lightest tone,
Or in shuddering beauty, my own.
  All is as one. Come to me!

Leila, I call to thee now,
  Not the grave's secret to prove,
Not with a trace of reproach on my brow
  For those who have murdered my love,
  I call not my spirit to free
From the torture of doubt—No! to say
That my heart pulses faithful to-day
  And forever. O love, come to me!

K. Royce.

IMMORTALIDAD.

CUANDO en el eter fuljido y sereno,
  Arden los astros por la noche umbria,
  El pecho de feliz melancolia
Y confuso pavor sientese lleno
Ay! jiraran cuando en el seno
  Duerma yo inmovil de la tumba fria!
  Entre el orgullo y la flaqueza mia,
Con ansia inutil suspirando peno.
Pero que digo?—irrevocable suerte
  Tambien los astros a morir destina,
    Y veran por la edad su luz nublada.
Mas superior al tiempo y a la muerte
  Mi alma, vera del mundo la ruina
    A la futura eternidad ligada.

IMMORTALITY.

WHEN by ethereal light serene,
  The stars illume the darkened night,
  The breast with saddening delight
And mingled awe respires the scene.
Ah! they shall shine when buried deep
  I sleep unmoved by chilling wind!
  Between my pride and weakness blind,
With useless fear I sighing weep.
But what say I?—a fatal breath
  As well the stars to die decrees,
    They see for aye their light extinct.
Superior to time and death,
  My soul shall see the world's decease,
    Itself to future æons linked.

Translated by J. G. McMurphy.

February, 1883.

ALMOST it seems that summer did not cease;
  With fevered foot has far o'erstepped the year
  Seeking a draught. Now herdless hills are sear;
From weltered cañons gathers no release.
The sapper squirrel, doubtful of increase
  To meager store, filches oak-gamers near.
  Peers out the sand-sunk stream 'neath flood-rock sheer
A space, then of its cisterns takes new lease.
The trickster rain plays sleight; with anxious mien
Masks he a while, a cloud-cowled Capuchin,
To dust-grimed farmers bearing cool relief.
  Then sudden drops his gleaming, empty bowls.
  Ever from patient plows the brown cloud rolls
Toward unreaped harvests and the unbound sheaf.

E. T. N.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I. (SECOND SERIES.)—JUNE, 1883.—NO. 6.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

IN the summer of 1857 I was a member of a small community who by the aid of rockers, toms, and sluices extracted a precarious livelihood from the placer diggings of Gold Cañon—a broad and shallow ravine, dry in summer, but in winter, spring, and fall sending a diminutive tribute of muddy water to the Carson River. Around on all sides sand and sage brush stretched interminably. East, north, and south the outlines of the foot-hills, clothed with scrubby cedar and pine, rose and fell in long, rolling undulations; while to the west, in full view, the Sierra Nevadas lifted their bald summits against the almost constant blue of the sky. Immediately at their foot lay Carson, Eagle, and Washoe valleys, each occupied by a few ranchers; while the mining population of the Cañon might have been three or four dozen. Our total number reached perhaps a couple of hundred souls, scattered over a country thirty or forty miles across in each direction. To the east, our nearest neighbors lived seven hundred miles distant, on the shore of the Great Salt Lake; across the mountains to the west, we reached by a walk of a little over a hundred miles the westernmost mining camps of California; north and south as far as our knowledge extended the barren slopes of the foot-hills were still in the undisturbed possession of Washoe and Piute Indians; along the highlands towards the head of the cañon, where now stands Virginia City, Silver City, and Gold Hill, the mountain-sheep suckled her young, unmolested except by the gray wolf.

The social state of this small community was genuinely Arcadian in its simplicity. No civil, military, or ecclesiastical organization existed among us. Utah Territory, in which we lived, had at that time no laws or courts, and Gold Cañon possessed no church of any denomination. In spite of the absence of these signs of civilization, I have never known a community the members of which were better disposed or conducted. There was no theft, no violence, and hardly ever even an instance of drunkenness or a quarrel. Each worked steadily all the week, and after a general wash-up on Sunday morning, it was the rule to adjourn to our general headquarters at Johntown, and spend the afternoon and evening over a social game of cards.

Among the miners of Gold Cañon were two brothers, named Allan and Hosea Grosh. They were Pennsylvanians, and had gone to California through Mexico in 1849. They

were well educated, had a fair knowledge of mineralogy, possessed superior intelligence, were industrious, persevering, and enterprising in a high degree, and devotedly attached to one another. Throughout their life in California they had always lived together, and had worked in many different diggings—on the whole, without much good fortune. At first, like all early Californians, they expected to make a fortune gold-mining; later, they abandoned this notion, and for some years it had been their habit to work at this until they accumulated a little money, and then to travel about prospecting for gold-bearing quartz veins, silver, copper, and other metals. As early as 1854 they had extended these explorations across the Sierra Nevadas and into Gold Cañon, had ascertained that native silver existed there, had found silver ore near the forks of the Cañon, and from that time they felt certain that the metal existed in large quantities in that immediate neighborhood.

It now became the great object of their lives to make such examinations as should convert these moral into physical certainties. Ill health and bad luck in gold-mining made it impossible for them to do anything further in this direction until the autumn of 1856, which they spent tracing the silver veins they had found and looking for others, with the result of making themselves confident that those they had found were immensely rich. Early in 1857 they returned for the last time from California to Gold Cañon, still further examined their silver lodes by the actual reduction of ore and the separation from it of a certain quantity of pure silver, definitely located what they judged the best situations, and took up as much land as they could hold under the mining laws of the district. Their plan was now to go to San Francisco, form a company, come back, erect machinery, and begin at once working the ore. Just at this moment began the extraordinary series of catastrophes which at once ended their hopes and lives, and almost closed that of the present writer, who, becoming associated with one of them, escaped his fate only by a hair's breadth.

The Grosh brothers, as they were commonly called, though friendly to all about them, seldom took any one into their confidence, and only one man shared with them the exact knowledge of their discoveries; his name was George Brown; he and they were associated in all the business that any of the three did. In the summer of 1857 George Brown was murdered at his trading-post on the Carson River. A party of emigrants from Arkansas, spending the night near his post, lost some cattle, accused him without evidence of having caused them to be driven away by the Indians, and shot him.

On the 19th of August, just as the Grosh brothers had located their "claims," and were about to leave for the coast to raise the capital required to work them, as Hosea was doing some final work before starting, his pick glanced from a rock, struck his left foot, and passed nearly through it. On the 2nd of September he died from the wound; and Allan, overcome by grief, was left alone in possession of their common secret.

I had known the Grosh brothers for some time, had seen more or less of them during Hosea's illness, and had assisted at his burial. A friendship now arose between Allan and myself, and thenceforth we were a great deal together. Allan's plans remained the same as before Hosea's death, but that event caused some delay in carrying them out. It was arranged that he and I should go to California together as soon as possible, but it was the middle of November before we were able to leave Gold Cañon; and after that we were still further delayed until the 20th of November by the straying away of a donkey which we took with us to carry our effects. Upon the afternoon of the last-mentioned day, however, we left Washoe valley, and after a slow and toilsome ascent of seven miles reached a small lake within a few miles of the eastern summit. In the valley we had just left the weather had been warm, with very little frost even at night: here we had to cut through ice more than six inches thick to get water from the little lake on the margin of which we encamped.

It will be proper in this place to give some description of the Washoe trail, by which we were now about to attempt the passage of the mountains; it was used by Indians and by occasional travelers on foot or horseback, but was not practicable for wheeled vehicles. From Washoe valley, going west, it ascends the eastern summit, which has here an elevation of about nine thousand feet; then runs down this summit to the shore of Lake Tahoe. From the valley to the lake is about twenty-five miles. It then skirts the north-east shore of Tahoe for about ten miles, till it reaches the point of exit from the lake of Truckee River; then runs north down the right bank of the Truckee for eight miles; crosses the Truckee and runs westwardly up a small stream for about six miles, to Squaw valley, which lies close under the western summit. From Squaw valley the trail runs over the western summit, or main ridge, of the Sierra Nevadas, which is here about eleven thousand feet high; and then descends the long western slope of the mountains into California. From Squaw valley to the first house on the California slope that is inhabited during the winter is about fifty miles; and the whole distance from house to house was at the time of which I am writing about one hundred miles.

On the 21st we crossed the summit, reached the shore of Lake Tahoe, and kept on till night around the lake. That night it rained where we were, and doubtless snowed on the mountain summits. By the middle of the forenoon of the 22nd we reached the point where the Truckee River leaves Lake Tahoe. It still rained, and was getting colder; we knew it must be snowing on the mountain summits, and we pushed on as rapidly as possible, hoping to cross over before the snow got too deep. We kept on down Truckee River, and crossed it by wading; early in the afternoon passed through Squaw valley, and attempted to ascend the mountain beyond. We soon came to snow, then lost the trail, hunted for it until it began to get dark, and then turned back to Squaw valley, lit a fire, had supper, dried ourselves as well as we could (for it continued to rain), and lay down by our fire until morning.

November 23rd.—It kept steadily getting colder, and this morning it was snowing in Squaw valley. We however, although the attempt seemed—as it turned out to be—hopeless, determined to try again to cross the summit. We had not got far up the mountain before we found that in the first place we could not keep the trail, and in the second place the snow was too deep for the donkey—he could not walk through it. After hunting for the trail until we were quite wet through and very cold, we gave it up for that time, and returned to our camp in Squaw valley. We got back there about the middle of the afternoon, and found the fire still burning.

November 24th.—It was still snowing. We saw plainly that, whatever our own fate might be, it would be impossible ever to get the donkey out of Squaw valley. Besides that, we were out of provisions. So we shot, skinned, and began to eat him. We set to work to improvise a tent: we stretched a rope tightly between two trees, about three and a half feet from the ground; to this we fastened, with a needle and strong thread such as miners are always provided with, the ends of two blankets side by side, and sewed the blankets together; the other ends of them we fastened to the ground with stakes. We thus had a shelter similar in shape to half the roof of a house, and large enough to sleep under. This tent we took down in the morning, and made a fire on the ground that it would cover when put up. In the afternoon we moved the fire so that it would be across the open front of the tent, swept the coals off the ground with a broom made of small branches, and put up the tent. At night we had the warm, dry ground to sleep on.

November 25th.—It was still snowing. In the forenoon we considered carefully our situation. The question to settle was, What to do? Four courses were open to us, and we discussed them all fully. They were as follows:

First, to keep on—at least, to try and keep on—and either get to California or die on the way. The great difficulty in that direction was the high western summit, not less than eleven or twelve thousand feet above the sea, and therefore some four or five thousand feet above where we then were; for Lake Tahoe, and consequently Squaw valley, is seven thousand feet above the sea-level. We thought that if we could once cross the summit, we could easily get down the mountains into the inhabited regions of California.

Second, to attempt to return to Washoe valley. This would involve the same length of journey as to go on. The eastern summit, however, is not so high as the western by about two thousand feet, and therefore it would not be so cold upon it. On the other hand, the eastern summit is densely wooded, while the western is almost bare of trees; it would therefore be more difficult (the trail being hidden by snow) to find a route that would be practicable over the eastern than over the western summit. Upon full consideration we decided that we had as good a chance of reaching settlements in California as in Utah. We decided, therefore, to go on in preference to turning back.

Third, we might have attempted to follow the Truckee River down to where it emerged from the mountains to the northeast. We both knew something of the lower part of the course of the Truckee, and we knew that if we could get down it to the open plain without being too much exhausted, we should have no difficulty in finding houses. But neither of us knew anything about the course of the Truckee through the mountains, and those who know anything at all about mountain rivers know that they are generally difficult and often impossible to follow. We did not think seriously of adopting this plan, and I do not know to this day what chance we should have had of carrying it out. The fourth and last alternative was to stay where we were until spring. We thought seriously of doing this. We had about one hundred and fifty pounds of meat; it would not spoil, for it would freeze and remain frozen until used. If we could live in Squaw valley and keep in health until March, we could then cross the mountain with comparative ease and safety. We finally dismissed this plan, however, as being perhaps the most hazardous of all. Exposed to the elements, as we then were, we required a large amount of food, and we did not think we could make the donkey hold out. Then we thought that, living such a life and upon such a limited dietary, it was doubtful if we could keep in health. Neither did we know exactly how long we might have to wait for the spring to open. We decided to cross over, or at least attempt to cross over, into California at once, or as soon as possible.

The next question was, How could this be done? The snow was already quite deep on the mountains, and was still falling fast. Even in Squaw valley the ground was covered a foot or more deep. We should have to find our way across the mountains by the observation of mountain peaks and the general shape of the country. Until it cleared up, we could see nothing. By the time it stopped snowing, it seemed probable that the snow would be two feet deep in Squaw valley, and at least four or five feet deep on the mountains. Would it be possible to travel through such deep snow, over rocks, bushes, and the inequalities of the mountain ground? This was the question, and our lives depended on the answer. We had an ax, knives, the donkey's hide, and plenty of wood. We set to work to make snow-shoes.

November 26th.— Still snowing. We worked hard at snow-shoes, and finished a pair apiece.

November 27th.—Still snowing and cloudy. We tried to cross the summit, but failed. We could not see the peaks. After some hours' walking, we did not know which way to go. With a good deal of difficulty, and at last by following a stream down into Squaw valley, we found our camp again. Our snow-shoes were not well made, and as neither of us was accustomed to their use, we could do nothing with them, and after a short trial we threw them away.

The 28th was a fine, bright day. We took as much meat as we could conveniently carry, and started. We climbed all day. The snow was about three feet deep. During a great part of the ascent the ground was too steep for walking. In such places our mode of procedure was to clear away the snow, catch hold of the bushes, and with hands and feet together climb up. By about four o'clock in the afternoon we reached a high summit, and found that a ravine at least one thousand feet deep, with perpendicular walls, divided it from the main ridge which we had to cross. Our day's labor, however, was not thrown away, for from the lofty point where we now stood we could see plainly the course we must take to reach the true summit. As soon as we had fixed upon our minds the route we should have to follow in order to gain this, we started back to camp, which we reached, tired out, about ten o'clock at night.

November 29th.—Another fine, bright day. We made an early start, and after a terribly hard up-hill walk of some ten or twelve miles, through deep snow and over rough ground, we gained the western summit about two o'clock in the afternoon. At the very top of the ridge is a broad plateau about three miles across; over this the wind blew hard from the west, and therefore in our faces. The cold was intense. I thought we must be frozen to death before we could get to the western edge of the ridge and begin the descent. However, we did not freeze When we reached the western slope, which is pretty steep at this point, we ran down it for our lives. In a very few minutes we were a thousand feet below the summit, sheltered from the wind, and safe from the frost for that day. Before dark we reached a small cabin that had been occupied the previous summer by some men who had herded a drove of cattle in that part of the mountains.

To make this part of the narrative perfectly intelligible, I ought to say that Allan Grosh, though he had crossed the Sierra Nevadas many times, had never before crossed by the Washoe trail, but that I had crossed by it in the previous August; and at that time I had stayed some days with the men I have mentioned, who lived in the hut we had now reached. While I was with them a violent snow-storm came on, which soon covered the ground four or five inches deep; although it was midsummer, the weather became quite cold, and it seemed that the snow would lie on the ground for some time. The men were afraid that their cattle would suffer, so drove them down the mountains, and I went with them. They left behind them, hidden in the cabin, some flour and bacon. I knew of this, and we had counted upon these provisions. When we reached the hut we found the Indians had been there and the provisions were gone. However, we were over the summit and within twenty-five or thirty miles of settlements, and we supposed that we had seen the worst of the journey. We were terribly mistaken. In Squaw valley our matches had got wet and spoiled. We had a gun and some powder and caps. When we got to the cabin we started a fire with the gun, had supper, and made ourselves tolerably comfortable.

The 30th it snowed hard. From where we now were the trail ran for some miles along the side of a high ridge; it then followed along the top of the ridge for twenty miles or more, down to a place called Robinson's Flat, where there were people living. The mountains here are wooded, and the trail marked by blazes on the trees. These afforded us our only chance of keeping the way. To follow the trail by the blazes, clear weather was necessary. We stopped in the cabin all this day, and worked at some more snow-shoes.

December 1st.—Still snowing hard. We stayed in the cabin and finished two pairs of snow-shoes. The 2nd was a beautiful, bright morning. We had put ourselves on short allowance of meat while we were in the cabin, but still what we had brought with us from Squaw valley was now almost gone; this morning we had only about half a pound left. We might possibly have carried more, but we had a hard road to travel over the

summit, and dared not try to take much; then, also, we had counted upon the provisions that I had seen left in the cabin; and besides, we had hoped to keep on right down the mountains, if we once crossed the summit alive; and if we had been able to do this, we should have reached settlements the second day after leaving Squaw valley.

We left the cabin on our snow-shoes; but after a trial of them for an hour or two, we found that we could not advantageously use them, and threw them away. The snow was three to four feet deep, and in places even more. We could not keep the trail, but kept finding and losing it, and finding it again. We got on slowly; but we worked hard, and we got on. In a couple of hours we reached the top of the ridge, some five miles from the cabin. Here there was very little snow, as the wind blew hard and swept it off. It had become terribly cold, blowing hard from the west. We continued down the ridge until the middle of the afternoon. All at once it spread into a broad plateau. As long as it was wooded we followed the trail by the blazes, but toward evening we came to a place where the ridge, continuing very broad, was also bare of trees. Here we had nothing to guide us. It had become intensely cold. We kept on and on. It must have been nearly sundown when I saw fresh tracks just before us. My first thought was that there were other people in the neighborhood, and that perhaps we were near help. A moment afterwards the truth was plain. These were our own tracks. We had gone in a circle. We had been afraid that we were off the trail, and here was the proof of it. What to do next? It was snowing hard. We could not see a hundred yards. Our first thought was to build a fire. We tried this, but our gun had got damp, and we could not get it to go off. We worked with it for some time, until we were almost frozen—in fact, until we were frost-bitten.

Then we saw that our only chance of life was to find shelter immediately. We threw away our gun, and everything that we had brought with us from Squaw valley, including Allan's papers. We kept nothing but our blankets, a butcher's knife, and a tin cup in which was the miserable remains of our meat, and ran for our lives. We struck south. In a few minutes we reached the edge of the ridge. The descent was very steep, but the snow was deep upon it. We ran down it full speed. When we got to the bottom of the hill, we found ourselves in a tolerably broad, flat valley, well wooded with evergreen trees. These, and the high land about us, protected us from the wind, and we found the temperature quite pleasant as compared with that of the top of the ridge. In the valley it was already beginning to get dark.

Our first thought was how to pass the night without being frozen to death. There was only one way, and that was to bury ourselves in the snow. This we proceeded to do at once. We cleared it away with our hands and feet from a piece of ground as large as a bed. We then covered the ground three or four inches deep with green boughs, cut from small trees. Upon the boughs we spread our blankets, and covered these about a foot deep with snow. We ate about half our meat, then crawled, feet first, under the blankets, and lay there until morning. We slept very little. The warmth of our bodies thawed the snow, and before morning our clothes were wet. We had not been perfectly dry for a good many days, and we did not get dry again during the remainder of our wanderings.

December 3rd.—When we got up in the morning the first thing we did was to consider what course we had better adopt next. It was still snowing, so we knew it would be useless to attempt to find the trail on the ridge. We did not know what mining camp was nearest, nor did we know the direction of any one in particular. All we really knew was that if we could get down the mountains far enough we should come to mines and miners. Our conclusion was to keep down the ravine we were then in to the river, which we knew it must fall into not many miles away; then follow the river down, and if we came to any small stream falling into it that

was muddy, follow up this. For if the stream was muddy it would show that there were miners at work up it. We traveled all day down the ravine, but did not reach the river. The snow this day was about two and a half feet deep, and the surface of the ground very uneven. We often walked into low bushes hidden by the snow. The walking was exceedingly laborious, and exposure, want of sleep, and want of food were beginning to tell upon our strength. We might have made this day at the most ten or twelve miles. In the evening we finished our meat, which amounted to not more than two or three mouthfuls apiece, made our beds as the night before, and lay down.

December 4th.—About noon we came to the river. I learned afterwards it was the middle fork of the American. This day we suffered a good deal from hunger. We were still pretty strong, however. The snow was not so deep. We probably traveled as far this day as on the third. We kept down the river till night, and then made our beds as before.

December 5th.—We kept down the river until about the middle of the day, when we came to where it ran through a deep cañon with very steep, rocky sides. We could not follow the river through this cañon, so turned up the bank to the right, to the top of the ridge between this stream and the next. We followed down the ridge some little distance, then kept again to the right, and descended to a large stream to the north. We waded through this stream, and prepared our bed a little up its northern bank. We had hoped that it would be muddy, showing that there were miners in the neighborhood, but it was quite clear.

This day the weather was bright and warm. The snow did not average a foot in depth, so that the walking was much easier; but we were getting very weak, and we could hardly have made more than six or eight miles. We did not feel very hungry, but we had a sinking feeling much worse than hunger. Allan was manifestly weaker than I was, so I walked in front that he might place his feet in the tracks that I made. Though I was the stronger, Allan was the more courageous and determined; for this afternoon, when, exhausted and despairing, I sat down, and weeping, proposed to give up and lie down and die where we were, he would not consent to it, but said, "No, we will keep going as long as we can walk"; and represented to me that, as we had left no friends in Utah who would look for us, and had none in California who would take much pains to try to find us, should we die where we then were our friends in the East would never know what had become of us; and so, after a little, he persuaded me to make another effort. When we reached the stream in the evening where we were to camp, I said to Allan:

"Let us make up our bed for the last time, for we shall never leave this place."

But Allan said he thought we should get in somewhere yet. We did not talk much. We were too weak. We made our bed and lay down. For my part, I felt so exhausted that evening that I hardly expected to live until morning, and I thought even if we did live till then we should probably not be able to walk.

December 6th.—We slept a little, but only to be tortured by horrible and extravagant dreams. In the morning, rather to my surprise, we were able to stand. The snow here was only a few inches deep. We were getting down the mountains, and the last few days had been warm. If there had been much snow we certainly should not have been able to walk; as it was, we were barely able to crawl along, and went almost as much on our hands and knees as on our feet. We went northwest, in a direction slanting up the bank of the river we had lain by. About ten o'clock we reached a flat piece of ground. About eleven o'clock Allan said he heard a dog bark. But I did not hear it, and did not believe it. I thought he only fancied he heard it. He was so positive, however, that we went in that direction, and had not gone far when we came to a ditch with water running in it. This showed that we were close to mines that were being worked. We followed the ditch, and in a little while saw houses. I

can recollect distinctly to this day that even then I did not feel sure that we should find men in these houses; but a few minutes later Allan said, "There is smoke"; and I saw a thin blue column slowly rising from one of the chimneys. Then I felt certain that our troubles were over. This was the worst delusion of all. Our troubles had just fairly begun.

When we reached the houses it was nearly noon; and upon talking to the men we found in them, we learned that we had walked or crawled just three quarters of a mile that day. We were no longer hungry, and when food was offered us we found we could not eat. A very small quantity which we took made us feel sick. The next day after we got in we could not walk. Our feet were badly frozen. We could not sleep. The miners were kind; everything that could be done for us as far as it lay in their power they did. We got worse and worse. After a few days we became delirious. The miners sent down the mountains for medical and surgical assistance.

On the twelfth day after we reached the mining camp, Allan died. Thus, by the most extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, the details of their discovery were entirely lost. The three men (all young and healthy) who shared the knowledge of these details perished almost simultaneously, though by deaths that had no connection with one another; and the papers containing the records of their discoveries were lost in the heart of the Sierra Nevadas. No knowledge survived of the work of the Grosh brothers in Gold Cañon and its neighborhood, except the bare fact that they had found silver.

Two years afterwards, in 1859, this knowledge, by making the miners watch for indications of silver, led to the finding of the Comstock lode, and that discovery to others, until the faint and soon almost extinguished spark of knowledge, struck from the rocks of Utah by the intelligence and perseverance of these two young men, resulted in the enormous silver-mining industry of western Nevada.

R. M. Bucke.

ATHLETIC SPORTS AT HARVARD.[1]

Among the many changes which have taken place at Cambridge during the last thirty years, one of the most striking and one of the most important is the relation of the college to athletic exercises and games. It is striking even to a superficial observer, for it affects the habits and the dress of the students so as to attract the attention of a mere passer-by; and it is important in the effect that it now has and is destined to have hereafter upon the health and strength of the students, not only while here but during their lives after leaving here. Within the period mentioned, the little delta was given up to the little old gymnasium which still stands upon it, and the first attempt was there made to furnish to the students an opportunity for systematic exercise. Out of this movement has come the inspiration which led to the endowment of the Hemmenway Gymnasium, a beautiful building which stands near the Lawrence Scientific School, and is fitted up with various appliances and ingenious devices for the harmonious development of the body, nearly all of which were unknown when the first building was erected. The proper use of the opportunities thus offered the students for physical development is of such importance that it has compelled its own recognition; and in place of the mere athlete who superintended the exercise in the old building, we find in charge to-day a college graduate, holding a medical diploma, who is recognized as being at the head of a department co-ordinate in importance with the several departments of mental development, and who is admitted as a member of the faculty

[1] Read before the Harvard Club of San Fancisco.

Compulsory attendance might well be required of many of the students upon prescribed exercises in this building during certain hours each day, but no such attempt has as yet been made. Indeed, it would be foreign to the general spirit of the college as shown in the greater latitude allowed in the rules as to attendance upon lectures and recitations, and in the tendency to enlarge the field of elective studies. Notwithstanding this, however, such a system finds advocates, and there can be no doubt that it would prove of essential benefit to many who are not wise enough to avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered for the improvement of their general health and physical condition.

The director of the gymnasium stands ready at all times to make a physical examination of each student. This examination consists of a series of careful measurements of the various portions of the body. These are recorded and are compared with each other, and with the theoretically perfect man of the same size. The portions of the body which are disproportionately developed are thus disclosed, and exercises are prescribed which shall tend to bring the whole into more perfect harmony. All of these are graduated to the physical condition of the student, the extent as well as the character of the exercise being indicated, with a view to preventing injury from excessive work—a danger which is recognized equally with that resulting from total neglect.

Each student who submits to this examination is furnished with a book in which the result is recorded. He is also furnished with the prescribed list of exercises intended to overcome his deficiencies and to harmonize his physical development. A careful study of these will show him the object of the various movements which he is required to take, and a comparison of the measurements of his body from time to time will disclose to him their effect. So intelligent a system necessarily commands the approval of that class of students who have come to college for work and not for mere fun; and it is found, as a matter of fact, that the most conscientious among the patrons of the gymnasium in the performance of the prescribed exercises are also those who are most faithful in their studies. Runners, wrestlers, tumblers, rowers, work in their various departments, training for specialties, developing portions of their bodies for specific purposes, and amusing themselves in competitive efforts; but it is the *student* who accepts the decision of the director, and confines himself within the limits of the exercises prescribed for him as beneficial.

At first sight it would seem improbable that the hard-working student would be the one who would derive the most benefit from such an institution; but a moment's reflection will serve to show that those who patronize it for amusement will vent their energies in the lines of exercise which amuse; that those who train for a special purpose have their exercises prescribed with a view to meet that purpose, and not to harmonize their bodily development; and hence that the workers upon the theoretical line prescribed by the director are limited to those who come there because they recognize the value of the opportunity.

The gymnasium would not prosper, however, if it depended exclusively for its patronage upon those who would make use of it in what we might admit to be really the wisest way. Even those whose use of it is strictly conscientious, and who would not frequent it for the mere sake of amusement, are stimulated in their attendance by the popularity given to it by the patronage of the athletes. Strip from its patrons the enthusiasm derived from witnessing the competition of the various performers; remove from them the interest taken in the drill of the different crews; deprive the daily gatherings of the amusement furnished by witnessing the feats of dexterity and skill upon the bars and rings — and the humdrum work of swinging the various weights would become irksome and intolerable. It is, after all, they who themselves derive amusement and pleasure from the exercises which they take there who make it popular, and thus help the others along in their work.

It is here that the function of the annual athletic contests, the rowing-matches, and the intercollegiate games, is felt. Through them the attention of the college is directed to athletics, and by their means large numbers who might otherwise neglect habitual exercise are led to take an interest in such matters, and to join the numbers which daily throng the gymnasium. The greater the number that join in these daily exercises, the greater the tendency to draw in those who would otherwise neglect them; and as the influence of the various competitions is far-reaching, the ultimate effect is, that but few escape the call to join the crowd which wends its way each afternoon to practice, and to witness others as they practice, the routine work which their physical needs or their tastes dictate for them. Thus it happens that after recitation hours each day the hall of the gymnasium is filled with a merry set of young men, who are leaping, wrestling, running, vaulting, tumbling, swinging on the rings and bars, or engaged in the thousand and one movements devised for developing the deficiencies of different parts of the body.

The boat crews, if the weather prevents actual rowing, may be at work in the rowing machines, or raising in unison, with different movements, the chest weights. Generally a few spectators are gathered at the end of the hall watching the active movements of the lively crowd, for the scene is one of unflagging interest, and well repays the visitor.

When the weather permits, runners in tights, with loose woolen shirts on, will be met taking their mile at a double-quick on North Avenue or Brattle Street, or in some other direction; and when these runners number eight or upwards, swinging along in step, one recognizes a crew winding up its exercise with the daily run.

In the spring or fall the numbers that throng the gymnasium diminish. The crews can get the practice of actual rowing. The teams of the various games can play practice games in the open air, and then Holmes's and Jarvis Fields present a spectacle which daily draws its crowd of spectators, and which is so different from anything that could have been seen in Cambridge before the days of this interest in games and athletics, that graduates of the olden times look upon it with deep interest.

In place of the old rough and tumble game of foot-ball, where all that came could join in the contest—the more perhaps the merrier—the number of players of the new game is limited to eleven on a side. The ball in use here is known as the Rugby, and in shape is an oval. The game is a contest of skill and strength—of running and of passing the ball from hand to hand rather than of kicking. To make a goal, the ball must be kicked from the ground between the goal posts, and over the cross bar; but the game may be decided without a goal being kicked, and there may be little or no kicking during its progress. The ball can never be thrown forward. It may be thrown, however, from hand to hand so long as it is not thrown forward, and it is always considered good policy to run with it when opportunity offers. The rules of the game are intricate and complicated, but strength, avoirdupois, fleetness of limb, and good judgment inevitably win the day. Practice soon discloses the policy essential for victory, and the game calls for tactics and strategy, as plainly as does the field of battle in actual war.

Lacrosse has not as yet made serious inroads upon the popularity of base-ball, the latter being the favorite game among the students; but it is an interesting game, and it is destined to grow in popularity. The players have rackets about four feet in length. The ball is started in the center of the field. The sides, twelve in number, are stationed about the field so as to protect and to threaten the respective goals. The endeavor of each side is to pass the ball from player to player, or to run with it on the racket, so that it may be passed between the goal posts of the opposite side. The ball must never be touched with the hand. The player who secures it upon his racket runs for the goal; failing to secure what he is after, he seeks to pass it to one of his own side. The efforts of his opponents are of course directed to-

wards preventing him from accomplishing what he is after; and in case they secure the ball they reverse the process, and strive to secure a goal for themselves.

Simultaneously, perhaps, there may be going on practice games in foot-ball, lacrosse, and base-ball, and occasionally a game of cricket. Around the edges of the fields innumerable tennis-courts are laid out, and towards them at the same time the players wend their way with rackets and nets under their arms. When the nets are spread, the fields are white with them, and as the different players all adopt some sort of playing costume or uniform, the scene is always brilliant, the green field being flecked with splashes of moving color, caused by the bright shirts and caps of the various uniforms.

No person can witness the lively scene exhibited upon these grounds of a pleasant afternoon in the fall or spring without feeling that a great stride has been made toward improving the general physique of the students.

It is a certain thing that during the hours devoted to these games the great numbers that we see engaged in them are withdrawn from the temptations of billiard-saloons, beer-gardens, and kindred haunts. Nor does this influence hostile to dissipation cease here; for not only are the crews destined to row in the races trained, dieted, and compelled to keep early hours, but the teams in some of the more important match-games also submit to a similar course of treatment. Competitors in the athletic contests are also obliged to work up their physical condition to the best point if they would stand a chance of winning; and thus it is that all along the line the influence of the athletic department, not only where expressed through the advice of the member of the faculty who has charge of it, but also through the example and the methods of those organizations exclusively under control of the students themselves, is exerted in opposition to dyspepsia, dissipation, and late hours.

Much of the popularity of the gymnasium comes from the patronage which it obtains through trainers for the contests and games, and much of the interest that is taken in these is due to their intercollegiate matches. The gymnasium would not be abandoned if there were no boat-races, no base-ball contests, no foot-ball matches, but it would not be the source of attraction that it is to-day: nor would Holmes's and Jarvis Fields draw out the same number of spectators and players into the fresh air each afternoon, were it not for the interest taken in the impending matches. This much can be truly said for the intercollegiate contests: they stimulate athletics, and to that extent their influence is good. The evils that follow in their wake are also plain: they furnish occasion for betting, which appeals to the pride of the weak; and the gathering together so many students in a state of excitement furnishes an opportunity, for those who seek such chances, for carousal. Furthermore, if permitted in excess during term-time, their games necessarily interfere with studies.

Some of the colleges have gone so far in their opposition to intercollegiate contests as to prohibit them. Others, in a wiser spirit, recognizing their beneficial influence, have sought simply to restrain them within proper limits. Harvard has sought to eliminate all "professional" character from them, and to restore them to the region of strict amateur contests by prohibiting professional trainers. No opposition is interposed here to matches or games which do not interfere with studies. The faculty recognize their power to restrain the games within moderate limits; they recognize the fact that the influence of athletics upon the health and habits of the students is good, and they see that these games tend to popularize athletics. Therefore they do not prohibit them.

And such, I think, must be the ultimate decision of all colleges. A well-equipped gymnasium and a recognized department of athletics is to be an essential part of every college in the future. When that happy day shall come, a severe blow will have been struck at dyspepsia and dissipation.

Andrew McF. Davis.

CATCHING OLD JOHN BROWN.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the border war broke out in Kansas over the question of slavery. Congress had referred the whole matter to the people of the Territory—to the so-called squatters upon its soil—for settlement. They were to take it under advisement—reflect, talk, discuss, hold conventions, cast votes, and what not—then come to some conclusion, which, so far as the Territory was concerned, should be final. When the situation came to be generally understood, a lively strife had sprung up between the North and South, each vying to outdo the other in colonizing the debatable ground with its own partisans. Emigrant aid societies were organized among the abolitionists of New England; while Louisiana and the Carolinas sent on delegations of fire-eating chivalry. That a board of arbitration selected on this plan—gathered promiscuously from Moosehead Lake to the Rio Grande, comprising patriots, fanatics, doughfaces, reformers of numerous stripes, as well as a sprinkling of rogues and "boys" who came to see the fun—would disagree hopelessly and explosively, was plain from the first. The discussion swiftly passed from words to blows—even that fearful and wonderful sort of talk styled stump-oratory proving too tame and limp for the occasion. So the squatters fell to fighting, after a guerrilla, bush-whacking fashion, and the whole nation watched the struggle with a feverish interest.

The splutter of rifles on the border caught the listening ear of old John Brown. Years before he had taken a solemn vow against slavery. The long-prayed-for opportunity to strike an effective blow had come at last. Every other interest bent before it like the long grass of a prairie before wind-storms. Never was a man less swayed by motives of selfishness, or of what we call ambition. He went to Kansas to put slavery down, but it was not in order to put himself up.

John Brown was prodigiously full of fight. "I believe," said he, in a company of friends assembled to prescribe for the sick Territory —"I believe in hard knocks, and plenty of them." He advised the hitting of all border-ruffian heads in sight, and if some of them were broken it would not in the least disturb his cheerfulness. His principles and practice were inconvenient for the other side. The swearing about him in that quarter is said to have been of the strongest stamp. "Anything to catch Old Brown," came to be a pro-slavery watchword. More than one border brave struggled with the problem of his capture—lavished upon it an infinite deal of stratagem and prowess—with what success we shall see.

One bright September morning, in the year 1856, a company of United States troops, under the command of Captain Samuel Walker, happened to be drilling on the open prairie just west of Lawrence. The gruff-voiced military orders—shoulderings of arms, markings of time, right and left dressings—were suddenly arrested by the appearance of a courier, riding at a break-neck pace. He dashed up to Walker and handed him a letter. The messenger proved to be from Lecompton, and the bearer of dispatches from Territorial Governor Geary to the Captain—then almost the sole officer of outspoken free-state sentiments in the local Federal service—which ran somewhat thus:

"I understand that Captain Brown and his band are encamped near Lawrence. The United States marshal is in my office at this moment with papers for his arrest. I shall be obliged to furnish him with orders for a detachment of soldiers from your company to act as his escort in the attempt. But I wouldn't have him captured for anything. Should he fall into the marshal's hands, I couldn't possibly save his life. If you know where he is, get him out of the way, for heaven's sake. I need not say that this note is confidential."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. Something must be done, and that quickly. A stranger, meanwhile, had quietly ridden up, and having dismounted, stood at a little distance leisurely taking observations. It struck Walker that he had seen him before.

"Did I not meet you in John Brown's camp a few weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I suppose I do."

"Then get word to him as soon as you can that a Federal marshal is coming down from Lecompton to arrest him; that he had better make tracks."

The stranger, who, by the way, proved to be one of Brown's scouts, jumped upon his horse and was off in a flash.

An hour later, Federal Marshal Faine—a tall, lank, black-mustached Southerner from Georgia or Alabama—arrived in camp. He was in fine spirits, and evidently anticipated a certain and easy success in his expedition—pictured himself as returning to Lecompton in triumph, with troublesome Old John Brown bagged. The epistolary governor had also furnished him forth with a letter quite contrary in tenor to that which the smoking courier brought: "To Captain Walker: Furnish Marshal Faine with an officer and twenty-five men to aid him in arresting John Brown. I shall hold you personally responsible for his capture."

Crumpling the order to do it into the same waistcoat pocket with the order not to do it, the Captain proceeded to detail the escort. Twenty-five bronzed veterans buckled on knapsacks, shouldered muskets, tramped out six miles to the Wakarusa River, and gallantly captured the smoldering remains of a deserted camp-fire. John Brown, warned by his faithful henchman, who was, by the way, none other than the afterwards famous Jayhawker Montgomery, scrambled out of the way in no time.

The valiant Marshal Faine failed, but his misfortunes did not dishearten other ambitious spirits. John Brown continued to lay about him in the most uncomfortable manner, and the anxiety on the other side to be rid of him did not grow a whit less. There was still opportunity for somebody to distinguish himself in this line. The lists remained open.

One chilly, dullish, depressing November day, somewhat more than a year after the marshal's exploits, two travelers, whose costumes challenged immediate and curious attention, stopped at Lawrence for dinner. One sported the loudest military style. He was decorated with the full-dress uniform—sash, sword, epaulets, and feathers—of a Federal lieutenant. The other—a territorial deputy—affected citizen's clothes, but his wardrobe was far from uninteresting and commonplace. It was lined, broidered, stitched with deadly weapons. A Sharp's rifle was slung jauntily across his shoulders; numerous pistol-stocks and bowie-knife handles protruded ominously from beneath his belt—even his long Wellington boot-legs were converted into a magazine, and filled with revolvers.

The much-clothed pair dined, and then called upon Captain Walker, who had recently been commissioned United States Marshal.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Captain, "what's in the wind now? Something to pay, I reckon. A mighty stylish rig, Lieutenant, for these diggin's. Most of us in this part of the country haven't time to keep up with the fashions. Your man here has shooting-irons enough about him to set up a small arsenal. Where are you bound? Hunting anybody?"

"We are on our way to Sugar Creek," said the gorgeous, befeathered lieutenant, "for the purpose of arresting Old Brown."

The captain, who had seen as much fighting as any other man in the Territory, and whose courage was of the most pronounced, unquestioned type, stared at the confident couple in utter astonishment.

"You'd better let that job out," he remonstrated. "You are crazy to think of any such thing. I know him: a braver man never trod on sole-leather. He's not the chap to fool with. He's on the alert—has eyes and ears everywhere. I know the

crowd, too, he has about him—Kagi, Pat Develan, Whipple, young Pickles, and preacher Steward. They've no more respect for a man's life than for a dog's. A devilishly rash enterprise this that you have undertaken. Now, take my advice: don't meddle with Old John Brown; you'll certainly get into trouble."

"We'll see," was the careless, laughing reply.

"You *will* see," retorted the Captain.

The gay pair rode away, almost dying to get a chance at the pestilent abolitionist down on Sugar Creek; chuckling at the thought of what they would do when that happy moment should come.

It might have been a week after this incident, when Walker received a communication from the Governor, ordering him to report at Lecompton immediately, as he wished to see him on pressing business. The business referred to our men of valor, whose eyes were so red with eagerness to overhaul John Brown.

"The old fellow swooped down upon them," said the governor, "and took them prisoners. I hear he threatens to string them up one of these days. I hardly think he means to do it, but he has scared the fellows badly. Now, I wish you to go down to Sugar Creek and say to Brown that he must release the prisoners at once. Say to him, further, that he is carrying things with too high a hand; that my patience is completely exhausted; that if he doesn't leave the Territory with his infernal gang, I'll put the militia into the field and drive him out."

Walker undertook the commission. A solitary horseback ride of forty or fifty miles brought him into the vicinity of Sugar Creek. It was after nightfall, and the trip had been almost accomplished, when suddenly three men, ambushed in thickets which skirted the road, leaped in front of him with drawn pistols.

"Halt!" shouted the leader, in the tone and accent of a brigand.

"Halt, yourself!" was the defiant response.

"My God, Captain," said one of the trio, "I'm glad you spoke. I was just about to *pull* on you."

Walker found himself in the clutches of Brown's scouts. It was young Pickles, whom he had once befriended, that thought of pulling on him. Next morning he was taken into the Sugar Creek camp. It was a rude, extemporized fort. A stone wall ran across the mouth of a ravine, on which a small cannon had been mounted. Sentinels paced about here and there. Half a dozen army tents could be seen within the inclosure, lending to the place a sort of semi-military air. Near the head of the ravine a log cabin had been built, in which Walker found the redoubtable commander of Fort Sugar Creek, sitting at a rough table covered with maps.

"Good morning, Captain," said he, cheerfully—the two men knew each other well, and were good friends; "come here and see what I'm doing."

Brown was busy planning an expedition into the South. The maps were dotted with lines of projected forts, reaching from Kansas to the Gulf of Mexico.

"I'm blocking out a campaign southward," he continued. "This fort will be my base of operations. I mean to cut through to the Gulf. I shall liberate and arm the negroes as I advance. They will flock to me by thousands when they fairly understand what I'm about. It will be the death of slavery—this blow I am preparing to strike. I came here to do what I could toward making Kansas a free State; but I've never lost sight of that larger, grander work—the work of rescuing our millions of bondmen and of giving them freedom. My purposes are more than local: they are national."

A brilliant, almost unearthly light shone in the eyes of the gray, thin-faced, decisive enthusiast, as visions of a redeemed, glorious future rose before him.

"I've come down," said Walker in a half-apologetic tone—"I've come down with a message from the Governor. He's very much offended by your course. He says that you must leave the Territory, and threatens, if you remain here, to arm the militia and put you out."

The message grated on the ears of the commander of Fort Sugar Creek like laughter at a funeral.

"Will the militia obey the Governor?"

"I think they will."

"Would *you* turn out?"

"I would. Captain Brown, we're friends. We both came to this country for the purpose of making a free State out of Kansas; but I must say that I'm afraid of your violent methods. They are unwise, it seems to me. I do not think that circumstances at present justify them. There is another matter, Captain, which I am obliged to mention. Aren't there a couple of young fellows shut up here in your camp as prisoners? I hear they undertook to arrest you, and made a bad mess of it. You must let them go."

Brown was silent for some moments, his mouth firmly shut, "his eye withdrawn, as if seeing things that were invisible."

"Bring out the prisoners," he finally said to an orderly.

The prisoners were produced. Good heavens, what a change! Walker scarcely recognized them as they sidled into the cabin. The mighty braves who cut so fine and impressive a figure in Lawrence had shrunk into a remarkably sheepish and crest-fallen pair. They looked like spaniels thrice whipped. Not only had Brown nabbed them and heartlessly cut short their career of glory, but also he had appropriated their clothes, and substituted for them refuse garments picked up among fugitive negroes about the camp—garments coarse and hempy in material; outlandish in cut; rent, frayed, tattered by long service; odorous with ancient and unblessed smells. Half a dozen darkies posed and strutted in spoils from the exquisite lieutenant's suit. The deputy, too, had not escaped pillage, in spite of his grim appearance. Somebody took the trouble to pull off his long-legged boots, to empty out the revolvers, and furnish him with number eleven, bob-nailed, plantation shoes, that had unmistakably come down from former generations.

"Captain," said Walker, "I wish you would return their clothes to these men. They can't go back in this shape. You should spare their feelings."

"Evidently they would hardly have spared mine," retorted Brown, glancing in a half-amused way at the warriors, who going out for wool were badly sheared themselves, "if their plans hadn't miscarried. In my opinion, the young men are fortunate in getting out of this business with a whole skin."

"Boys," said Walker, turning toward his plucked, melancholy, tag-rag-and-bobtail companions when they were fairly outside of Fort Sugar Creek—a twelve miles' tramp before them to reach the nearest town—"Boys, what do you think *now* about catching Old Brown?" Neither the lieutenant nor the deputy found it easy to converse on this point.

There was one more effort to lay hands on Brown, and put him where he could do no further mischief. It was during the last year of his Kansas life. The wretched border war had almost run its course; victory had been won—there should be no slaves in the new Commonwealth. But the bitterness against the troublesome old Puritan, who was as careful to keep his powder dry as to say his prayers, did not relent. He was still glowered at; still had a price set on his head. A man of law—one of President Buchanan's judges—undertook a final campaign to bring the long-winded foolishness to an end.

Some chance brought Brown to a farm-house near Atchison for a few days. The judge, apprised of the fact, and unpleasantly anxious for the honor of capturing him, slyly put a warrant into his pocket, together with numerous pistols; secured an escort of four soldiers, all heavily armed, and set out on the expedition with hopes as buoyant as any of his predecessors. The judge, however, prefaced his exploits neither with noise nor with bluster. He crept toward his prey with the silence and stratagem of a catamount. Not a leaf rustled, not a twig crackled under his stealthy tread. The wily man of law reached the farm-house apparently unobserved, dismounted, and knocked at the door.

"Is John Brown in?" he asked in his

blandest tones of the woman who responded to his rap.

"Yes. Walk in, gentlemen. Please be seated. I will call him."

The judge and his four men of war walked in. In a few minutes Brown appeared, unconscious seemingly of the perils that thickened about him—it was certainly he, the grim and dreaded abolitionist, who had made so much trouble on the border.

"I've got him, I've got him; he's trapped at last," chuckled the judge all to himself. With the instinct of a cat that allows the doomed mouse a little seeming freedom, he chose to amuse himself by opening a general conversation. Brown was a capital talker when he chose to come out of his shell, which happened to be the case on this occasion. It was a delightful conversation, ranging over a great variety of topics. But the judge, tiring of the sport, and anxious to finish the business with dispatch, finally broke in with a growl: "Captain Brown, you are my prisoner. You must return with me to Atchison."

Brown appeared to be completely in the power of a mortal enemy. To go to Atchison—then a hot-bed of pro-slaveryism—was certain death. But not a muscle changed, not a shadow of surprise even flitted across his face. The tones of his voice lost nothing of their sweetness and charm as he resumed the conversation interrupted by our unhappy parenthesis. The man of law was astounded. For an instant he scarcely knew which to disbelieve—his eyes or his ears. Was it possible that Brown did not understand what he had said—did not grasp the fatal import of his words? Or had his tongue played him false? Had he spoken other words than those he purposed to say? "Captain Brown," he repeated, in his gruffest tone, "you are my prisoner," and stepped forward to make a formal arrest, when he felt a heavy hand laid ungently on his own shoulder. A soldier whom he never saw before stood behind him, holding a cocked pistol uncomfortably near his head. Indeed, a troop of strange men were crowding into the house from some near ambush. The trap sprung with an ugly snap, but whose fingers were in it?

"Gentlemen," said Brown, with no appearance of triumph in voice or look, "you are *my* prisoners."

Victory—the capture of the judge and his escort—brought with it a new responsibility. What disposition should he make of the prisoners? That question shot threads of sobriety into the elation that Brown might naturally have felt. "I believe," said he quietly, "that I must find out what to do with you all." He left the room, to consult with some confidant apparently. A moment later, one of the judge's soldiers plucked him by the sleeve, and pointing toward a corner of the piazza that shambled across the house front, whispered, "See there." Something could be seen. John Brown was on his knees, earnestly, reverently, filially asking for the wisdom that cometh down from above. The man of law looked and—*laughed.* The spectacle awoke no loftier emotion in his breast than a giggle.

Brown shortly returned. "The soldiers," said he, "I shall at once liberate. I shall not ask the Lord about you, Judge, for you laughed."

The judge was detained three days, and soundly lectured on the sin of irreverence. And then he went home with spirits scarcely gayer than the soberest of his predecessors in the business of catching Old John Brown.

Leverett W. Spring.

SPANISH PLOTS IN THE OLD SOUTHWEST.

THE early history of the region south of the Ohio and west of the Alleghanies has never received the attention that its importance deserves. It is rich in choice material, but the field seems to have been occupied chiefly by annalists and partisan writers. Even literature has thus far done little to portray the characteristics of pioneer days in this vast area, which embraces a fourth part of the Mississippi Valley, and for the possession of which English, Spanish, and French agents at one time intrigued against the weak Confederation of States. Stories of the Cooper and Kennedy type profess to give more or less accurate pictures of early days in Kentucky and Tennessee; the brilliant novelist, Mr. G. W. Cable, has attracted attention everywhere by his studies of Creole life during the exciting times when the free navigation of the Mississippi was the all-important question; that realistic and powerful writer, Rev. E. E. Hale, makes one Philip Nolan a "Man without a Country," and another a brilliant and loyal American officer in the Southwest, while New Orleans was yet in Spanish hands. Many sketches, stories, poems, records of travel—all relating to this interesting region—are preserved in the pages of various magazines; but much of equal value is sinking to oblivion in decaying pamphlets and proceedings of societies. If the present article attracts the attention of even one historical student to the wealth of neglected material bearing upon an important period and region, its existence will be amply justified. And the subject is of interest to the Pacific coast, because some of the most important settlers of Oregon and California are of the stock of the pioneers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia. From this stock came the Bartons, Bentons, Blairs, Crittendens, and other equally noted citizens of early St. Louis; generals like Harney and leaders like Doniphan; trappers and explorers who outwitted and fought the Apache and Comanche; pioneers who settled by thousands in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California, and whose descendants look upon Kentucky much as a Californian whose parents were New Englanders from the Western Reserve looks upon Connecticut.

Pioneer life in the region under consideration presented characteristic local features. Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas furnished most of the settlers who located south of the Ohio; and Virginia, through Kentucky, so long a part of her domain, exercised great political influence. Descendants of the men who had, a generation before, peopled the eastern foothills and outlying mountain spurs of the Alleghanies, at last, driven by poverty or led by love of adventure, crossed the pine-clad heights and descended along the rushing streams into the beautiful valleys of the Southwest, conquering them from their savage possessors after an almost incredible series of hardships, dangers, and tragedies. The men who reared the rifle-defended log cabins of Kentucky had slept by the campfire of Daniel Boone and followed the footsteps of Hardin, Logan, Clarke, Shelby, and Daviess in their Indian campaigns, compelled as they were to rely on their unaided efforts for defense. The customs and mode of life of these backwoodsmen were primitive and interesting. They were nearly all farmers, at least nominally, but their livelihood was chiefly gained from pastoral pursuits, depending, as they did, on droves of hogs and herds of cattle, which roamed over the common pasturage, as yet unoccupied and unclaimed. They were hunters, skilled in the wisdom of the woods, acquainted with the ways and wiles of bird, beast, and savage. They betted freely, drank hard, and were noted horsemen. Their intellectual excitements were stump-speeches and the sermons of occasional circuit-riders. Hurry

and turmoil were far removed from their lives. They learned silence and patience in lonely rambles over broad grassy plains, or through the tangled luxuriance of the primeval forest; yet on social occasions they displayed strong gifts of language, and clothed their thoughts in simple, graphic, and original forms. If tradition be trusted, they could swear with an intensive complication of phrases never again known on earth until the advent of the Nevada teamster of two decades ago. It was a brave, honest, unsophisticated, and hospitable race of backwoodsmen. Their roads were chiefly bridle-paths, and their towns were villages of log-cabins. Every stream that ran by their doors slipped into rivers that fed the Father of Waters. Their faces were turned towards the setting sun; grim peaks and dreadful wildernesses, through which it was long said that no practicable road for commercial purposes could be built, separated them from the Atlantic seaboard. The only court of competent jurisdiction for capital cases was at Richmond, Virginia, five hundred miles distant, and many weary weeks were required for the journey.

Such were the social and physical aspects. The political field was a network of local and foreign intrigues. Complete records for the period just after the Revolutionary War, or from 1781 to 1803, were long unattainable, being hidden in the secret archives of Spain and other nations. For twenty years, during the period named, paid agents of European governments carried on more or less dangerous intrigues, aiming to sow jealousy and disrupt the young republic. It is the history of some of these attempts that I shall try to relate in this paper. The extent of these conspiracies and the boldness of their aims were greater than is commonly supposed. Burr's scheme of western empire was probably suggested by a multitude of lesser plots; and it is well known that he accused Wilkinson of having been the true arch-conspirator. It will be necessary to touch upon some of the French intrigues; but those which originated in the fertile brains of the Spanish governors of Louisiana were far more dangerous.

The most superficial glance at the subject shows the abundance of ungarnered, unused material, in the way of books, pamphlets, and original documents. The early political history of Kentucky and Tennessee is largely recorded in the archives of Virginia and North Carolina. It is to be hoped that some historian like Francis Parkman will take up the strangely neglected subject of "the settlement and early history of the Southwest," and enrich American literature with a series of monographs as truthful, as picturesque, as fascinating as those upon the French *régime* in Canada and the Northwest. But when, in these days of haste and surface-work, shall this broad field, so long untilled, find any hand able and willing to undertake the complex and multitudinous labors involved? This coming historian of the elder Southwest must reveal to our eyes the land of forests, prairies, and rivers, as it appeared when Nashville and Frankfort were being founded, and the first flat-boat dared the dangers of the great river; he must make living flesh and blood of the shadowy forms of suave Sebastian, impetuous Sevier, foxy McGillivray, unscrupulous Wilkinson, stately Galvez, astute Miró, and others who are but names in the land they plotted to control and make a separate principality; he must sit with foreign emissaries by the council-fires of Creek and Cherokee, in those eventful twenty years of western intrigues, and unravel the tangled web from clews in private correspondence and cipher-dispatches in the cabinets of kings. And he must show the place of his subject as a link between the earlier Southwest of the south Atlantic seaboard, and the present Southwest of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. This is a field ample enough to satisfy the most ambitious of young American historians.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the American settlers had fairly reached the Mississippi, and were discovering that the only outlet for their productions was down that river. Their mode of life was becom-

ing more strictly agricultural, and they had corn, tobacco, bacon, beef, to exchange or sell. So the essential point to be borne in mind during this entire narrative is the vital necessity to these men of free navigation rights. Geographical considerations drew them towards whatever power controlled this great water-way. Spain believed that the whole valley might easily be reunited under her sway. England's agents traversed the region, endeavoring to weaken American control and check the tide flowing over the Appalachian summits. France endeavored to use the Southwest as a base of operations for an attack on the Floridas. These varied plots extended over Indian tribes and confederacies, hardly less than to the American settlements. The dormant discontent of the Southwest, fostered in so many ways, but based solely on the Mississippi question, was practically ended by the Louisiana purchase. But if continued it would have had one of three results: it must have caused still earlier and stronger efforts to build better roads to the Atlantic settlements; it might have forced the capture of New Orleans; it might have separated the Southwest for a time from the Union. The two last were contingencies freely and frankly discussed among the pioneers before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and while the weakness of the confederation was bitterly felt.

The real state of affairs in the Southwest between 1781–1803 has been somewhat concealed. Historians have dealt lightly with the disaffection towards the General Government that was at times manifest, and with the frequent journeys of paid servants of Spain up and down the Mississippi and over the whole territory. The reasons for this course may be stated as follows: The chief actors in various plots became, after 1803, wisely reticent on the subject, and destroyed all the evidence they could; the community in its rapid and sudden development forgot its former grievances; the Spanish diplomats screened their pensioners with a skill that has seldom been equaled; the history of the West has been written, in almost every case, so as to make the northwest settlements prominent. The States south of the Ohio are worthy of a distinct, separate study and an independent historical treatment.

Spain had never looked with complacency upon the republic on her borders. Though in the previous war she had completed the capture of Florida, and made the Gulf "a Spanish lake" through her alliance with France and the United States, yet she feared the growth of the spirit of revolt in her own colonies, and shrunk in dismay from the enterprise and audacity displayed alike by New England sailors and western pioneers. Intendant Navarro, in his letters to the king, expressed the general distrust of the Americans, and the fear that all the Spanish possessions on the continent were in danger. In one characteristic phrase he speaks of the "restless, poor, ambitious, capable, enterprising nation." Major Stoddard, in his "Sketches of Louisiana," from 1780 to 1790, gives many illustrations of this feeling. Mr. Cable, in his fine sketch of "The End of Foreign Domination in Louisiana" ("Century" for March), brings out this point distinctly. That Spain had some reason to fear her pushing neighbors, is sufficiently shown by the project of revolutions in South America, urged in 1783 by General Francisco de Miranda, and sympathized with by such men as Jefferson and Hamilton.[1]

In 1776, Captain Walling, a bold and partisan leader, tried to capture Natchez, and in 1778, Baton Rouge. Georgia, at this time, claimed to the Mississippi, on the parallel of Savannah; Virginia also claimed to the river; and General George Clark built a fort on the east bank, below the mouth of the Ohio; other American advances in the Chicasaw and the Cherokee territories helped to limit Spanish ambition. But the popular and magnificent Viceroy Galvez, who governed Cuba, Mexico, and Louisiana from 1777 to 1784 with almost kingly state, and had designs, so his enemies claimed, of sep-

[1] John Adams, Life of, by C. F. Adams. Vol. I., page 523. Also Hamilton's Works, Letter to Rufus King.

arate sovereignty, was aggressive, as became so proud a grandee. He extended the bounds of West Florida, planted a fort on the St. Joseph River, and then claimed entire control of both banks of the Mississippi. By 1780, their claims had taken definite shape.[1] France, hoping some day to recover Louisiana, lent aid and comfort to the Spanish claims. Minister John Jay, at Madrid, found that the Spanish Cabinet desired: That the western limit of the United States should be that fixed by the royal proclamation of October 7th, 1763—or, in other words, the Alleghany Mountains; that, in consequence, the United States give up all claims to navigate the Mississippi; that the Floridas should be considered rightful possessions of Spain; that the lands between the Mississippi and the mountains should not be settled by the Americans, since they belonged to England and would soon be reconquered by Spain.

The proverbial slowness of the Iberian mind to "grasp a situation" was never more clearly shown. Kaskaskia was already captured, Fort Jefferson built, Illinois a county, Tennessee extending towards the river, Georgia establishing Bourbon County (afterwards the State of Mississippi). American claims were legally well founded, according to the treaties of 1763 and 1783. But France did not want the United States to extend their area. Marbois, in his History of Louisiana, gives some important facts on this point. Even many American statesmen of the period were afraid that free navigation of the Mississippi would tend to weaken the Union. In 1781, Jay was told "not to insist upon free navigation below the thirty-first parallel." The negotiations proceeded chiefly at Paris, under French influences; Spain, France, Great Britain, and the United States being concerned. The line Aranda and Vergennes fought for followed the Tombigbee River to its head-waters, thence the Cumberland to the Ohio; the territory between this boundary and the Mississippi was to be Indian ground, under Spain's protection. By May, 1784, a treaty was, however, ratified, which granted Mississippi navigation to the United States, and made the thirty-first parallel the dividing line on the south. Spain's intention to totally disregard this treaty is shown by her secret plots in the west, aiding disaffection and proposing treason.

Kentucky was full of discontent about this time. Her petitions to become a separate State had been refused. Land troubles, Indian wars, rumors of a Cherokee uprising, exactions of Spanish customs officers—all angered the people. Spain, noting this, began, in the most careful, subtle, and dexterous way, a series of machinations directed towards Indian tribes, prominent public men, and land companies, soon involving even Territories and infant States, focusing their adroit intrigues south of the Ohio. England took a hand in the game, by rousing the Indians occasionally, and by keeping paid emissaries at work; her efforts afterwards culminated in the affair which led to the expulsion of United States Senator Blount of Tennessee. But Spain was always more dangerous. Her policy was threefold: annoying restrictions to American commerce and citizens as such; generous concessions to emigrants, colonists, and secret friends; promises that she would help to maintain an independent western republic. These considerations guided all her dealings with the Americans. Monette's History of the Valley of the Mississippi gives a telling account of the Spanish exactions, duties, and confiscations of property; but for the friends of Spain there were tobacco contracts and lucrative trade monopolies.

As early as 1784, we hear of Alexander McGillivray, chief of the Tallapoosas, and one of the most remarkable characters in early Georgian history, whose letters and diplomacy elicited Washington's admiration. Scotch, French, and Indian blood flowed in McGillivray's veins. He and his sister were potentates, who swayed the Cherokee tribes with almost despotic power. His father had been chief before him, and young McGillivary had received a fair edu-

[1] U. S. State Papers, Vol. 22. Ky. Legislature Proceedings. Also, Secret Journals of Congress—Foreign Affairs.

cation in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1784, this wary and influential chief, then at the height of his influence over the allied tribes, wrote to Miró, the Spanish Governor. He said that a number of American settlers near his tribe proposed establishing "what they call Western Independence, and talk of designs against the Spanish dominions."

On this account, Governor Miró and Intendant Navarro met various Indian tribes at Pensacola, formed a treaty, and placed McGillivray and the chiefs of the other tribes on their pension list; McGillivray received two thousand dollars, and each of the others six hundred dollars, annually. A few years later the Spanish accounts showed that over three hundred thousand dollars had been spent in this way among various tribes east of the Mississippi. Miró's idea was to erect an Indian confederacy as a barrier against Georgia.

December 13th, 1773, the "Democratic Society of Kentucky" sent out its "address" from Lexington to "people west of the Alleghanies," and also memorialized Congress, not for the first time. They inveighed against the "enmity of the General Government to the West," and hinted that stronger measures might have to be taken.

Martin, in his History of Louisiana, has described at length the various classes of complainants at this time. They appear to have been as follows: Those desiring a new republic allied with Spain; those wishing to join Louisiana; those favoring the immediate capture of New Orleans; those who thought Congress should take up the matter; those who hoped France would seize Louisiana, and extend a protectorate over the West. Collins's History of Tennessee and Marshall's History of Kentucky enlarge upon these views. The members of the fourth class were decidedly in the majority, but many of the leading politicians were "agitators," desirous of change.

General Wilkinson, the florid orator and able intriguer, began his western career in February, 1784, and soon wielded immense influence. He impressed the Spanish authorities with a sense of his importance; and when, in 1787 and again 1789, he visited New Orleans, they received him as though he was prince royal. At the first Danville Convention (December 27th, 1784), Wilkinson drew up the address and resolutions looking towards separation from Virginia. Butler's History of Kentucky contains a report of the committee of this convention, offered early in 1785, George Muter chairman. It said that it was "the indispensable duty of the convention to make application to the General Assembly at the ensuing session for an act to separate this district from the present government forever, on terms honorable to both and injurious to neither." The speeches and correspondence of the period sufficiently show that this was understood to hint broadly at more than the mere creation of a new State.

Judge Sebastian, aided by Muter, Innis, John Brown, and others, in March, 1787, held another Danville meeting, which bitterly reproached Congress for delay in the Mississippi business, and indulged in "western independence" talk. The same year the first western newspaper south of the Ohio, the "Gazette," was established at Frankfort. Previous to this, proclamations and official announcements had been written out and posted in public places. The population of Kentucky which was but thirty thousand in 1784, distributed in four counties, had grown to over fifty thousand, in seven counties, and five years later was ninety thousand. The community was growing with great rapidity, and began to sympathize more and more strongly with the Northwest in its jealousy of the English at Maumee and Detroit, and with Georgia in its boundary quarrel with Spain, the warden of the gateway of western commerce.

Wilkinson, the arch-conspirator, already in the paid service of Spain, had other schemes of personal profit and leadership; and in June, 1787, he secured his famous "tobacco contracts" with the Spaniards, and permission to colonize portions of West Florida. He began his secret cipher-correspondence with Miró, and continued it under Carondelet, his successor. Power, so long

"faithful to the king's service," became a prominent agent in these transactions. Marshall, in his History of Kentucky, is very positive in his conclusion that the tobacco contracts were mere covers for pensions to the Wilkinson syndicate. Wilkinson dropped the Spanish intrigues when they proved unprofitable and dangerous, and at a later date betrayed Burr; but his elaborate defense, even then, failed to clear his reputation. The public feeling was that the best verdict he could obtain was "Not proven." Evidence obtained within the past few years has changed this to a verdict of "Guilty." One of his letters to Miró refers to Sebastian, Innis, and others, as "friendly to Spain and deserving of pensions." The de Pontalla report to Napoleon from Louisiana enumerates Wilkinson's services to Spain, and adds that he "will put the same abilities to the service of France."

The strongest proofs of Wilkinson's treasonable designs are found in his letters to Miró and other Spaniards. One of the fullest of these is dated February 12th, 1789.[1] A letter written by Miró to Valdez, the Spanish Secretary of State, under date of January 8th, 1788, says: "The delivering up of Kentucky unto his Majesty's hand, which is the main object, and to which Wilkinson has promised to devote himself entirely, would forever constitute this province a rampart for the protection of New Spain." In April of the same year a cipher-dispatch from Wilkinson was sent to the Cabinet at Madrid. He informed them, with exultation, that his predictions had been verified; that Kentucky had separated from Virginia; that the rest would immediately follow; that "all measures taken on both sides of the mountains favored the scheme."

The political events that so highly favored the conspirators at this crisis deserve notice. Virginia had, in 1787, agreed to allow the separation of Kentucky, and its formation into a new State. Difficulties of communication, Indian troubles, and the plots of those who wished to increase the popular discontent caused great delays, and it was not till February, 1791, that Congress approved the Act to admit Kentucky, nor was a State Constitution adopted till April, 1792. It was a time of rumors, tumult, and suspicion; of big talk about the great western country, abuse of Congress, sanguine reports from Wilkinson to his employers, and from Miró to King Charles.

But Gardoqui, the Spanish minister to the United States, had his own plan for checking the advance of the restless Americans, and his scheme fortunately embarrassed that of Miró. They were never able to work in harmony, and made dolorous complaints of each other to the Escurial. Gardoqui wished to found colonies under Spanish jurisdiction along the east bank of the Mississippi in "West Florida." His agent, Pierre Wower d'Arges, undertook to lead 1,532 Kentucky families into this region, or into Louisiana, whichever seemed the most advisable. Miró yielded unwilling assent to this, stipulating that these colonists were to bind themselves to take up arms against invaders from the American territory; they were not to be taxed, and the government was to buy all the tobacco they raised. Colonel Morgan, of New Jersey, was allowed to found New Madrid under a similar concession. Miró and Wilkinson wished to obstruct trade, but to show the western pioneers, at the same time, how valuable Spanish friendship might become. Yielding to urgent representation, Miró, about 1788, promised that the syndicate should have a contract for six million pounds of tobacco annually, which would bring them in six hundred thousand dollars for what cost only about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The tobacco was bought from small growers, shipped to New Orleans, and delivered to the Spanish Government. Wilkinson said in public that the only safety for Kentucky was in free navigation of the Mississippi; in his cipher-letters, he urged Miró to close the river against Americans, and seize their property, thus precipitating a crisis. About this time, a letter from Don Manuel Gayoso,

[1] It is printed in Albach's "Western Annals." Gayarre's Spanish Domination" may also be consulted with reference to other Wilkinson letters.

afterward Governor of Louisiana, and written to Daniel Clark, Wilkinson's agent at New Orleans, said: "If the Union is dissolved, Spain is absolved from all her treaty engagements."

Wilkinson spent money freely, and was indefatigable in his efforts to make proselytes. The convention of 1788 provided for the election of an assembly to serve till 1790, and gave it power to treat for admission into the Union, and "to provide for settling the navigation question." This indefinite provision was understood to mean a great deal more than was on the face of it. Oliver Pollock, a very influential American merchant at New Orleans, and intensely republican, said that it meant no less than a treaty with Spain. But in the Constitutional Convention Wilkinson's power was at its height. He declared himself in favor of separation, and led what is called the "court party." Every one knew what separation meant. The matter went to committees, and the convention took a recess. When it met again, Washington was President, and the discontented Kentuckians felt his strong and conciliatory measures. The conspirators were consequently forced into much more secret plans.

An event of 1788 will serve to show Wilkinson's ability as a schemer. William Augustus Bowles, an adventurous Maryland Tory, had been stirring up dissensions in the Southwest as agent for Lord Dunmore, and afterwards became a "gulf pirate." His letters to Dunmore on the discontent in Kentucky led the latter to send "the notorious Dr. Conolly" to persuade the people of the West to help Canadian troops conquer Louisiana for England. Wilkinson pretended friendship, got Conolly's plans, then frightened him out of the country, and told the Spanish that he had defeated a plot against Spain, and the loyal party in Kentucky that he had defeated the British plans. This double use of the fact was managed with the utmost skill, and showed the native abilities of the man, who had been a member of the Conway cabal a few years before.

But there were other schemers besides Wilkinson. Colonel John Sevier, a soldier in the Revolution, and afterwards twice Governor of Tennessee, settling near Nashville, was in the convention which organized the "State of Frankland," and at the head of the "Squatter Sovereignty" party. He was outlawed, but finally amnestied. Always friendly to Spain, he opened correspondence with Miró. In 1788 he wrote to Gardoqui that the people of Frankland were united in their desire to put themselves under Spanish protection. He also asked for arms and ammunition, so as to rebel against North Carolina. At the same time the West Tennessee people named their section "Miró District." He paid Dr. White four hundred dollars to electioneer for the "Spanish Protectorate scheme," and then to report to Governor Miró, which was done.

Miró promised them protection in case of independence, but urged stronger efforts. This interesting attempt to establish the "Independent State of Frankland," its history, and the adventurous career of its founder, may be studied in the local western histories, and in the State papers of North Carolina and Georgia. In 1787, Major Elholm was sent as a commissioner to Georgia from Frankland, and was received with honors and given moral and material support. Meanwhile, in the territory now included in Tennessee, but outside of "Frankland," General Daniel Smith, Colonel James Robertson, William Blount, and other men of influence, favored Spanish rule. The spirit of disunion was in the air. Spanish silver was better than the depreciated Continental currency. Harry Innis, of Kentucky, wrote to the Governor of Virginia: "This western country will soon set up for itself." Stevens's History of Georgia throws considerable light on this era. Still, we must not judge the malcontents with too much harshness. The national idea had not yet been diffused. Bonds of union with the older communities sat lightly on these rugged pioneers, most of them born in the wilderness. No settled territorial policy had yet been adopted, and there is too much truth in the assertion that their claims were

disregarded, their interests neglected, the resources of the region undervalued. But men like Wilkinson, who had fought in the Revolutionary army and held places of trust under the government, cannot be excused on these grounds. Their designs were selfish and disloyal, and if carried out would have wrought disasters, and perhaps caused war with Spain.

Another affair of importance about this time was the "Yazoo Land Company," and its miscellaneous operations. There were four divisions of this great scheme, and it was twice organized. For twenty years the subject was a prominent factor in national politics. It is to be studied in the state papers of the United States—Public Lands, Vol. 1; Indian Affairs, Vol. 1; also in the Georgia Digest of 1798, in Stevens's Georgia, Vol. 2, and in Gayarre's Louisiana. The various purchases of the Yazoo scheme were from Georgia, by parties in South Carolina, in 1789, and consisted in all of 52,900 square miles of rich land. It was a principality, and the private ownership of such a tract was strongly condemned by Washington. The agent of this company was Dr. James O'Fallon. He opened communication at once with Miró, saying with remarkable boldness that they wished to "*be the slaves of Spain, under the appearance of an independent state*, and would establish eternal alliance, offensive and defensive." He said they had ten thousand persons ready to colonize, and that he had been a secret agent of Spain for years. Miró mistrusted this surplus of zeal, and built a fort on Chicasaw Bluffs; but encouraged the scheme all he could.

Wilkinson also turned his versatile talents to Indian fighting, and, after the admission of Kentucky, received high honors from the Federal Government. Miró retired in 1791, displeased at Wilkinson's behavior as the chief Spanish agent, and wrote to him with contemptuous sarcasm and rebuke. Spain declared war on the French republic in 1793, and Minister Genet began his filibustering in the West through LaChaise, Delpeau, Mathurin, Gignoux, Michaux the botanist, and other agents. American officers were enlisted in the French service. General George Clark was made a major-general. Arms and cannon were bought, and two thousand volunteers called for, to reduce the Spanish forts. The President then issued his proclamation, and the Genet schemes were rendered futile. Wilkinson, seeing by 1794 how matters were going, and hearing of the treaty of peace then in progress (signed October 27th, 1795), securing free navigation of the Mississippi, concluded it was about time to hedge. So he drove Power, agent of Spain, out of the country (first securing his papers). His intrigues with Spain, however, still continued. June 27th, 1796, he was corresponding with Don Thomas Portell, commandant at New Madrid, using Power as his agent, and receiving from Portell nine thousand dollars concealed in sugar-chests. Philip Nolan was the bearer of confidential cipher-dispatches from Wilkinson to Portell about this time. And Power writing to Baron de Carondelet, the new Governor, again declares his "zeal in the king's service." The Baron, writing to officers in the Spanish forts, told them "Kentucky and Tennessee must be separated from the Union," and ordered them to secure the co-operation of the Chicasaw Indians. Power was made Spanish surveyor to settle the Florida line, and Andrew Ellicott was the United States surveyor. The latter gives interesting points concerning "western politics" in a letter, in 1797, to the Secretary of State.

Light from many sources is cast on Wilkinson's career. Daniel Clark, who was for many years employed in the office of the Secretary of the Spanish Government, and was cognizant of most of the state papers sent out, testified, in 1808, before the House of Representatives, that he had acted as Wilkinson's commercial agent for a time, but soon advised him to drop his political intrigues with the Spaniards. Clark's evidence is very complete. He was cognizant of the Owens affair of 1793 (murdered while taking six thousand dollars to Wilkinson from New Orleans). He charges La

Cassagne, postmaster at the Falls of the Ohio, with being a Spanish pensioner, receiving four thousand dollars at one time. Wilkinson's own letters implicate a number of Kentuckians, and there are doubtless letters in existence in private hands that would still further exemplify his methods. Wilkinson may fairly be characterized as a remarkably able, influential, dishonest, and unscrupulous person. "Marvelously conceited" is the way one contemporary describes him. His off-hand, bombastic, and florid oratory pleased the backwoodsmen, and helped to maintain his undoubted influence over them; and his ready pen gave him additional advantages. A few more years of the Confederation, and Wilkinson might have figured as an overt conspirator, and worn the doubtful laurels of Burr.

Between 1795 and 1797, the Spanish Governor Baron De Carondelet played his last card, and his moves throw a flood of light on the previous transactions, and prove, both in their open promises and their covert threat, the treasonable nature of former plots. Wilkinson was closing up his financial affairs with Spain, at least outwardly, and so Judge Sebastian was chosen as the agent. Owing to the unusually heavy crops, the navigation question in 1795 assumed a new importance. Baron de Carondelet, then Governor of Louisiana, sent, July 16th, 1795, a letter to the people of Kentucky, asking that agents be sent to New Madrid to negotiate with Colonel Gayoso on this subject, and that Judge Sebastian be one of these envoys. The Gayoso proposals were in all respects calculated to draw the people of the West closer to Spain; but they were rendered nugatory by the treaty of October 27th of that year. Judge Benjamin Sebastian,[1] judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, received from this time two thousand dollars per annum from the Spanish Government.

In 1797, Thomas Power, an adventurer in the service of Spain, came from Louisiana to Lexington, and gave Sebastian an important paper. The latter showed it to Colonel Nicholas and to Innis, who thought it pretty strong, but held their tongues till the explosion came. A copy of this paper was taken without Sebastian's knowledge.

De Carondelet's proposals had five heads, and much circumlocution.

1. It advised his friends in the West to separate from the Atlantic States, and form an independent government.

2. It promised that the troops of the new government should be armed and equipped by Spain, and paid one hundred thousand dollars in Spanish gold.

3. It made suggestions about the boundaries.

4. It agreed to help the new confederacy against the Indians.

5. It promised not to interfere in the framing of laws, nor to lessen its independence; but to "support, defend, and assist it."

Power, in explanation, said that "his gracious Majesty" felt pained to restrict western commerce; "as soon as they should put it in his power to treat with them, by declaring themselves independent of the Federal Government," he would grant them privileges far more extensive, and place them in a situation "infinitely more advantageous." Some loyal men who heard of these proposals afterwards explained their silence: (1) because "they were anti-administration men"; (2) they were "afraid an army would be sent to the State." It was nine years before the subject was brought up in the Legislature of Kentucky, and Judge Sebastian then resigned to escape impeachment.

The surprising part of these later transactions is the audacity of Spain, and of her obstinate servant, grim Baron Carondelet. Consider the circumstances under which this offer, made through Judge Sebastian, occurred. The treaty with Spain was then in undisturbed operation. The three years' term of commercial deposit at New Orleans, provided for in that treaty, had just commenced. The Spanish envoy at Washington

[1] For statements about Sebastian, see sworn evidence before Kentucky House of Representatives, December 6th, 1806. U. S. State Papers, Vol. XX., pages 924–934.

was courtly, mellifluous, and irreproachable —the very model of a diplomat. Yet Carondelet's agent told the Kentuckians, as additional incentive and warning, that "the king has no intention of carrying the treaty of 1795 into effect"; and he called on the hired servants of the Spanish crown to agitate in favor of the "western republic" proposition. It was but another illustration of Spain's traditional policy of delay, and of her inability to recognize facts. Nothing, it would appear, had been learned, and nothing forgotten. Her intrigues, in the days of her weakness and in the midst of internal disturbances, to control and possess the region south of the Ohio, were actuated by much the same spirit as that which, two hundred years before, had led her to lavish the treasures of the New World on the vain effort to master the sailors of Zeeland, the burghers of Leyden, the unconquerable resolve of the Princes of the House of Orange. But the message that Power carried to Frankfort in 1797 was the last effort of the Spanish party. When the term of deposit had nearly expired, Spain announced that it would not be renewed, probably hoping to begin further intrigues. But the treaty of San Ildefonso (1800) followed, and France again became owner of the rich province. The subsequent events which led to the purchase of Louisiana by the United States are in every school history.

Charles Howard Shinn.

There is a great deal of valuable material on the subject of this article easily accessible to the student, but little that can be said to be within the reach of the general reader. Gayarre's "Spanish Domination of Louisiana" is one of the most important books on the subject. Mr. G. W. Cable's admirable papers on Louisiana, and his stories of Creole life, deserve the highest praise. I have been permitted to examine the proof-sheets of several chapters of Colonel Scharf's History of St. Louis, in two volumes, now in press. This work contains much hitherto unpublished information upon the Spanish, French, English, American, and Indian dwellers in the Mississippi Valley. Among magazine articles: "The History of the Louisiana Treaty," by Jared Sparks, North American Review, April, 1829, and April, 1830; articles on Kentucky in the Western Monthly, vol. 2, pp. 486 and 528; the Western Monthly Review, vol. 1, pp. 274, 345; the Western Journal, vol. 4, pp. 101, 148; articles on Tennessee in the Western Monthly Review, vol. 1, p. 226; Household Words, vol. 8, p. 128; on Louisiana, Spanish Rule in, DeBow, vol. 13, p. 383; vol. 17, p. 545; on The West, DeBow, vol. 8, pp. 324, 407; vol. 10, p. 147; vol. 9, pp. 142, 357; Western Journal, vol. 4, pp. 99, 148.

The following are the chief local histories and western books used:

Marbois's History of Louisiana.
Monette's History of the Valley of the Mississippi.
Hart's History of the Valley of the Mississippi.
Butler's History of Kentucky.
Marshall's History of Kentucky.
Collins's History of Tennessee.
Stevens's History of Georgia.
Pickett's History of Alabama.
Stoddard's Sketches of Louisiana.
Martin's History of Louisiana.
Albach's Annals of the West.
Putnam's History of Middle Tennessee.
French's Historical Memoirs of Louisiana.
Brackenridge's, H. M., Views of Louisana.

Gayarre's "Spanish Domination," also his books on French rule in Louisiana, and on the settlement of the province.

Hall's Sketches of the West.

Wilkinson's Memoirs, 3 vols., are important. Andrew Ellicott's Journal (1803, Phila.) contains a good deal of imformation regarding the Southwest, and the Mississippi and boundary disputes.

Hildreth's, Pitkin's, and Bryant's histories contain little on the subject.

The following are sources of information for the political and diplomatic aspects of the question:

U. S. State Papers, Public Lands, vol. 1.
U. S. State Papers, Indian Affairs, vol 1.
U. S. State Papers, vol. 20.

The last contains the Clark Correspondence, the various letters read before Congress in 1808, and the proceedings of the Kentucky Legislature that impeached Sebastian.

Journals of Congress, 1774–78.
Secret Journals of Congress, Foreign Affairs.
Gibbs's History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams.

LA CUIDAD DE LA REYNA DE LOS ANGELES.—I.

A VISITOR to the semi-tropic city bearing the fanciful name of "Queen of the Angels" is at the very outset impressed with the feeling that a town lies before him which is not only interesting in the light of the present day, but has the charm of a historic past. Two distinct eras—two dissimilar nationalities—are here plainly represented as one passes from the station of the Southern Pacific railway, in the northerly part of the city, through the quaint, dilapidated Sonora town to the neat modern streets of a rapidly growing Anglo-Saxon city. One is transported from the practical, work-a-day world of the United States to the dreamy air of a foreign land in the squares of low, flat-roofed, adobe buildings in "Sonora"; their bare walls, which show traces of whitewashing, hiding the life within, and exhibiting, in greater or less degree, the ravages of a long period of time. A stranger fancies many of these still, dark buildings unoccupied, until a door opens, and a swarthy Mexican saunters forth with the air of nothing to do and no necessity for doing anything, which is a characteristic of his race, albeit his garments may be tattered and torn, and he may not have been able to obtain even a *tortilla* for his breakfast.

One feels a curiosity to know how these incongruous people, with their peculiar homes, came here. That they were once regnant where they are now superfluous, is evident from the priority of their portion of the town, and from the flowery Spanish name of that town. One is reminded of the homely but apt adage about every dog having his day, as one sees how completely these early inhabitants of the *pueblo de los Angeles* have been pushed aside by the more energetic and enterprising American, the despised *gringo* of a century ago; and one wonders about the emotions experienced by the powers that were as they beheld their position gradually usurped. What and who will reign in this favored spot of the earth one hundred years hence?

For more than two centuries after the existence of the great and wonderful country now known as California was brought to light, its interior was untrodden, save by the native savages and wild beasts, owing to the marauding cruises of Dutch privateers, which rendered the Pacific waters unsafe for peaceful voyagers. As is well known, the Jesuit Fathers, everywhere noted for their daring and endurance, were the first to penetrate the unknown land; and it was not until Father Kino, in 1700 and the four succeeding years, journeyed to the Colorado and Gila rivers, that the fallacious idea that California was an island was dispelled. As voyager after voyager returned to Mexico with his wonderful tales of an immense region to the north, the attention of the church was drawn to the conversion of a hitherto unknown race, and to the possession of lands which might add materially to the revenue of that already powerful institution. Acting upon these religious and prudential motives, a mission was established at San Diego, in 1769, by Father Junipero Serra, the first of twenty-one similar institutions that were, in ensuing years, founded at intervals along the coast; and the next year another, the San Carlos, at Monterey.

In March, 1771, the San Antonio arrived at San Diego harbor, with ten missionaries from the San Fernando College in Mexico on board, who brought with them ten thousand dollars in money, and the various sacred vessels and ornaments which were considered essential in the churches. Their first step was to found the San Antonio de Padua Mission at Monterey; then it was decided to establish that of San Gabriel. Father Pedro Cambon and Father Angel Somera started from San Diego on the 10th of August, 1771, guarded by ten soldiers, and accompanied by muleteers and beasts

of burden, to seek a suitable spot for the proposed mission. They traveled northerly a distance of forty leagues, when they reached a river called "El Rio de los Temblores," now known as the San Gabriel, where they halted and looked about them for the site of which they were in quest. Did space permit, an interesting account of the surprise and wonder of the savages at beholding these strange intruders might be given. When the first whites appeared in the interior, the natives thought them gods, and the women fled into the bushes, while the men put out the fires in their huts. After close observation of their customs, the Indians pronounced the visitors human beings "of a nasty white color, having ugly blue eyes," and gave them the name of *chichinabros*—reasonable beings. When the Padres began their work of founding the new mission, their operations were viewed with distrust and displeasure, and the natives soon appeared upon the scene, armed and yelling, determined to oppose the action of the invaders. The worthy Fathers had in their possession a banner bearing the image of Our Lady de las Dolores, which they held up to the view of the incensed savages. The effect was magical. At sight of the precious image, the natives at once ceased their hostile movements, and the two captains at their head ran and laid the beads they had worn about their necks at the feet of the image. All the people flocked to see the representation of the Holy Virgin, bringing offerings of food; and from that time they manifested great interest and delight in the movements of the priests. The first mass was celebrated under a tree, on the nativity of the Virgin, September 8th, 1771.

In a few years, the mission buildings on the bank of the river Temblores were seriously injured by the almost daily earthquakes that had given the stream its name, and a new mission was constructed four or five miles distant, near the Indian village of "Si-bag-na," in a forest of oaks and undergrowth. The soil of this spot when cleared proved very rich, and produced the first crops ever raised in Los Angeles County. It is related that the timbers used in the construction of the great church, which now forms one of the principal objects of interest in the vicinity of Los Angeles, were obtained from the heights of the San Gabriel Mountains by the neophytes, a priest blessing each stick as it was prepared for removal; after which it was not permitted to touch the ground until the destination was reached, but was received at certain distances by relays of Indians detailed for that purpose. The shrewdness of this excess of religious fervor is apparent, as it did away effectually with any tendency towards dilatoriness of action on the part of the laborers.

It became evident, as the soldiers at the mission served out their time, and expressed a desire to remain with their families in the new country, that a suitable location for a *pueblo* must be secured, and the Governor of California, Felipe de Neve, issued an order from the San Gabriel Mission, on the 26th of August, 1781, directing the establishment of a town on the site of the village of Yang-na, belonging to the Cahuilla Indians. The spot indicated was eight miles from the mission, on the north-west boundary of a large, level plain, bounded by high mountain ranges and extending to the ocean, skirted by the river Porciuncula (meaning "a small allowance"), now known as the Los Angeles. The *pueblo*, which was to be under the patronage and protection of *Nuestra Señora la Reyna de los Angeles* (Our Lady the Queen of the Angels), and to be called by that name, was located between the river and low, rolling hills to the west, and was formally founded on the 4th of September, 1781. These Spaniards of early days had different ideas of nomenclature from those possessed by our less romantic American race; and we incline to believe theirs the better. One could never feel aught but pride in residing in "The City of the Angels"; but who delights in having his letters addressed to Hangman's Flat, Tombstone, or Bloody Gulch?

The founders of Los Angeles consisted of twelve adult males, heads of families, who were retired soldiers, but continued to draw pay and rations from the Mexican Govern-

ment. Even at this date the population of the embryo city was cosmopolitan, for two out of the pioneer twelve were natives of Spain, one of China—strange as that fact may seem—and the rest were from Sonora, Sinaloa, and Lower California. Each man was provided by the government with two oxen, two mules, two mares, two cows with one calf, two goats, two sheep, one ass, and one hoe, while the community in common was supplied with the necessary implements for cart-making; all of which was charged to the settlers at a price fixed by the government, and was paid for in installments deducted from their wages. A *plaza* was laid out in the center of the town, upon which the house lots of the twelve men of family fronted. Their houses were of the rudest description, not more than eight feet in height, built of adobes, and their flat roofs covered with *brea*, or asphaltum, which was brought from springs a few miles distant from the *pueblo*.

Thirty fields were laid out for cultivation on the alluvial bottom-lands of the river, of a uniform size of forty thousand square *varas*, in which a few roots and vegetables were raised; but the main source of supplies was the parent establishment of the San Gabriel Mission. Hither the towns-people repaired on the Sabbath to witness the festivities of that day, and to get their rations for the coming week. Who could predict that but a few generations would come and go ere the order of things would be exactly reversed, and the feeble, struggling child would far outstrip its now well-nigh omnipotent progenitor, and become the supporter where it had been the dependent? In those days the missions of California were institutions of remarkable prosperity and power. The accounts of their broad possessions and arbitrary dominion read like fairy stories or Oriental legends. The Mission of San Gabriel was one of the most wealthy on the coast. Its massive church, adorned with the paintings and sacred ornaments brought from the Old World; its numerous buildings; its mill and aqueduct, of which traces yet remain; its orchards and vineyards; its immense herds of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, from which large revenues were obtained; and its numerous extensive *ranchos* —all testified to the sovereign power of the church which had been able to establish such grandeur in a wild and unknown country. Many vocations were here represented —there were not only carpenters, millwrights, blacksmiths, and other mechanics among the soldiers and the converted Indians, but soap-works, tanneries, weaving-rooms, spinning-rooms, and other industries were maintained. The strictest *régime* was followed, enforced in many cases by the use of the lash upon the natives.

It was not until Padre Jose Maria Salvadea was placed in control of the mission that any attempt was made to master the native language; while the Indians were never taught the Spanish tongue, with the exception of a few words essential in religious service. Salvadea proved himself a man of far greater energy and forethought than any of his predecessors; for he not only translated the church service into the Indian tongue, preaching every Sabbath in that language, and reduced it to grammatical rules, but he planted the large vineyards, laid out the orchards, constructed the mill and dam, brought water by a skillful system from long distances, fenced the fields with the *tumas* (a species of cactus) which abounded in the vicinity, and remodeled and perfected the methods of government in vogue at the mission. The first vineyard, known as *Vina Madre*, consisted of three thousand vines, which one authority considers identical with the *Alicarte*, and another with the *Bene Carlo* of Spain, and from which all the other vineyards of the State sprung. There were, at one time, one hundred and fifty thousand vines at the San Gabriel Mission itself.

In 1822, the independence of Mexico was recognized; and two years later a republican constitution was adopted, under which California ranked as a Territory. Official oaths were no longer registered under the king of Spain, but under the Mexican republic. The missions, however, went on as be-

fore, with none of the scenes of war and bloodshed that are usually attendant upon a change of sovereignty. The quietly growing *pueblo* of Los Angeles was under the rule of an Alcalde, who was appointed by the Governor of the Territory, who was also the military commander of the country, or by the officer in command of the military district in which the town was situated.

Before the independence of Mexico, foreigners were excluded from the country; but afterward, vessels were permitted to enter the ports and trade under certain restrictions and heavy duties. San Pedro, being the port for three influential missions, for the largest town in the Territory, and for immense stock ranches, now became the most important point on the coast. It was visited by vessels from Boston and other parts of the East, which brought out supplies of foreign and domestic goods to be exchanged for hides and tallow. Dana has given a graphic account of this prosperous era in the history of the port, in his tale of "Two Years Before the Mast." He, in common with many others whose occupation brought them to these "barren shores," returned home as speedily as possible, disgusted with the country, and with not the remotest idea that it presented inducements for permanent settlement by white men. It was some time before the unusual excellencies of the climate met with appreciation, or the fruitfulness of the soil where water could be obtained was understood. It gradually became a common event for a sailor, better pleased than his comrades with the sunny wilderness and its primitive inhabitants, to marry a young Mexican woman, and settle down to domestic life on this foreign shore. It is not certain who was the first English-speaking settler in Los Angeles County. There is an old Spanish document in the city archives, purporting to be the petition of one W. Whittle, an Englishman, for a grant of land, dated 1835, and claiming residency for a period of twenty years, in which he asserts himself the first English-speaking settler in California. It is elsewhere claimed that the title belongs to one Joseph Chapman, of Pennsylvania, who was taken prisoner from a buccaneer in 1818; he assisted in getting out timbers for the church, married a Spanish woman at Santa Barbara; afterwards he became a carpenter and millwright at San Gabriel, with fair-haired children playing about. Chapman died in 1849, leaving descendants in Ventura County. Tom Fisher, a negro, was captured at the same time, and was, in after years, seen contentedly swinging the *riata* among the *vaqueros*. In 1837 societies were organized to encourage emigration from the East to California. Los Angeles was at this time the seat of Territorial government, and was the scene of numerous insurrections. The political affairs of Mexico were then, as at the present time, characterized by chronic turbulence, and by fickleness of opinion on the part of the ruling powers. Appointments, annulments, insurrections, ratifications, and reinstatements followed each other in rapid succession; and the Territorial Governor *in officio* could scarcely have maintained the peace of mind that follows on security of possession.

José Maria de Echeandia was succeeded in 1831 by Manuel Victoria, and Echeandia was sent back to San Blas. But his successor's reign was brief. He soon became unpopular with the people on account of his severity in punishing criminals, and his acts were declared unconstitutional ere he had remained a year in office. An insurrection followed, in which Victoria was wounded. He thereupon sent in his abdication, and Pio Pico was installed in his place by the authorities in Mexico. Echeandia was at first upheld by the insurrectionists; but the residents of the northern part of the Territory refused to recognize either Pico or Echeandia, upholding Victoria as the lawful Governor, and sustaining in office, as his representative, Captain Agustin V. Zamorano.

Pico, who was succeeded by Governor Figueroa, still lives in Los Angeles, in the shadow of the fine hotel to which his name has been given—an object of interest to the tourist who has read of the conspicuous position occupied by this city in early days,

and of the sturdy old Don's part therein. But an interview with the quondam *hidalgo* is not as satisfactory as could be desired; for he has not, in all these years of sojourn with English-speaking people, acquired any language but his native Spanish, and he asserts that he cannot recall and discourse upon the events of his public career as well as other parties who were spectators thereto. He did what was best for the people at all times, in so far as he knew, he remarks to his interlocutors, though with no boastfulness of manner, and lets the matter drop.

Governor Figueroa, whose name is perpetuated by a long and wide avenue—a favorite drive—bordered with pepper and eucalyptus trees, did not remain in undisputed possession of his office. The city was entered and seized by agents of the insurrectionist, Hijar, on the 7th of March, 1835, and Hijar was proclaimed Governor. With the usual instability of the times, these agents were betrayed by their followers on the very same day, the city was retaken by Figueroa, and the leaders of one of the most ephemeral insurrections on record were carried to Mexico as prisoners. Figueroa died in September of the same year, and was sincerely mourned by the public.

He was succeeded by José Castro, who, in January, 1836, was followed by Nicolas Gutierrez. He, in turn, was displaced in a few months by Mariano Chico, who was sent up by the Mexican Government to assume control; but Chico proved so tyrannical and disagreeable that he was soon expelled from the Territory, and Gutierrez resumed his old position. A revolution was inaugurated in November, 1836—for all this overturning of governors had consumed less than a year—in favor of Juan Bautista Alvarado, a native Californian, and the first man born on this soil to hold an office.

Alvarado at once proclaimed California a free and independent State, an action that, one may well imagine, did not meet with the approval of the parent government, which hastened to appoint Alvarado's uncle, Carlos Carillo, as Governor. And now ensued a most complicated situation, when the ties of consanguinity sank into insignificance beside the excitement of ambition. Los Angeles, with marvelous patriotism, declared her adherence to Mexico, and espoused the cause of Carillo, who declared war. The undaunted Alvarado took his uncle captive, and imprisoned him at Santa Barbara; then sent to the Mexican Government a letter of explanation, which was more successful than consistent or honorable. Though Carillo was their own candidate, and had proved himself zealous in his country's cause, this most unreliable government now turned about and ratified the acts of the nephew who had placed him in captivity, and confirmed the seat of Alvarado. He proved a poor Governor, and when Micheltorena arrived from Mexico, with authority to take his place, in 1842, the new Governor's course from the port of San Diego over the country was marked by a series of ovations.

Micheltorena had served as a soldier under Santa Aña with distinction, and the people of this much-exercised Territory met him with admiration of his past and confidence in his future career. Yet his administration was not peaceful; for Commodore Jones, who commanded the United States squadron in Pacific waters, heard a report that war had been declared between the United States and Mexico, and forthwith deemed it his duty to take possession of Monterey, then the seat of government. This so frightened Micheltorena, who was on his way north, that he fled back to Los Angeles, and, one authority asserts, threw up the works of fortification on Fort Hill—of which traces may now be seen—as protection against a supposably advancing enemy. It is elsewhere affirmed that these works had no existence until 1847, when Cook's company of Mormons arrived in Los Angeles. Commodore Jones learned of his mistake in premising war between the two nations, and withdrew his forces from Monterey.

Governor Micheltorena did not keep up the valiant reputation he had acquired under Santa Aña, and the citizens of Los Angeles so disliked him in 1844, that, hearing of an

insurrection instigated by the deposed Alvarado, they declared in favor of the latter, unsatisfactory as his reign had been. In this emergency Micheltorena appealed to that influential pioneer of the north, John A. Sutter, for aid, and Sutter agreed to comply with the request if Micheltorena would give him and his friends certain coveted grants of land. Micheltorena was ready to promise anything, and a force of one hundred men, mostly Americans, was accordingly led by him toward Los Angeles. An engagement took place a few miles from the city, in the Cahuenga valley, which reminds us of certain famous battles between our soldiers and the Apaches in Arizona. The combatants were stationed one mile apart, and *one mule* comprised the list of killed and wounded! This was sufficient ground for the desertion of Micheltorena's force, and the unhappy Governor had no course but capitulation. He was shipped to Mexico, and Pio Pico, who had borne the rank of General among the revolutionists, was declared Governor instead of Alvarado, after all. Sutter, however, lost nothing by the turn of events, for Governor Pico gave the Americans the grants in question.

In 1846, Commodore Stockton prepared to take Los Angeles, which was an important point, being still the largest town in California, with a population of something more than two thousand. He arrived at San Pedro in August, taking possession of Santa Barbara on the way; and Fremont, who had been made major of a battalion, arrived at San Diego about the same time, with orders to join Stockton on a *mesa* between San Pedro and Los Angeles.

Stockton marched from San Pedro August 28th, the guns being dragged by hand in one day nearly thirty miles, and met General Castro, of the Mexican army, outside the city. The latter, although having the advantage of numbers and position, fled without further ado, and Governor Pico abandoned the city and retreated into Sonora. Fremont arrived at this juncture, and on the 15th of the same month Stockton took possession of Los Angeles, issued a proclamation declaring California a Territory of the United States, and proceeded to organize a civil and military government, retaining for himself the positions of Governor of one form of administration and Commander-in-chief of the other. The people were invited to assemble on the 15th of September and choose their officers.

This action of Stockton's in boldly "making a break" for the chief city of the Territory, which resulted in the acquisition of California by the United States without bloodshed, although occurring contemporaneously with the move of Congress in declaring war against the neighboring republic, was done in ignorance of that movement, the news not having reached Stockton at the time of his departure for Los Angeles. The political status of this city being solidly established—as imagined—Stockton soon started on a trip to the north, looking after the interests of the United States; leaving Los Angeles in charge of Lieutenant Gillespie, in command of fifty men. Gillespie, it is said, at once began a system of tyranny over the conquered people, endeavoring to reform their habits and pastimes, and rendering American rule so thoroughly obnoxious that a general revolt ensued, and General Flores took possession of the city on the 23rd of September. Gillespie, with his fifty soldiers, was encamped on Fort Hill, closely watched by the Mexicans. General Flores sent word to him that he would be permitted to march his men to San Pedro, and embark on board an American merchant vessel which was lying there; and the arbitrarily disposed lieutenant lost no time in availing himself of the proffered leniency. Thus was Southern California left in the hands of its former possessors.

Commodore Stockton, on hearing of the turn of affairs, dispatched a force of three hundred and twenty men, commanded by Captain Mervine, to San Pedro. The landing was effected October 7th, and the company, after being joined by Lieutenant Gillespie, marched toward Los Angeles. When but a short distance from the landing, they were attacked by a company of native

cavalry, numbering only seventy-five men, and carrying but one small piece of artillery, which did such brave and skilful work that Mervine was forced to retreat on board the ship, with five men killed and six wounded; and this attempt to recapture the disputed city was frustrated. In November, Stockton arrived at San Diego, and was joined by General Kearney with his escort of dragoons. They marched toward Los Angeles on the 29th of December, with a force of six hundred, and six pieces of artillery, the noted Kit Carson acting as chief of a small squad of scouts. On the 7th of January the enemy was encountered near the San Gabriel River, reported from ten hundred to twelve hundred strong, and mostly mounted. An engagement took place on the following day, which resulted in the complete rout of the natives, notwithstanding their superior numbers, and in which one American was killed and nine wounded. The loss of the Mexicans was not known. Stockton pursued the retreating soldiers, and another battle took place on the 9th, on the *mesa* a few miles outside the city, in which the natives were soon frightened away, and Stockton and Kearney entered Los Angeles the next day with flying colors. Major Fremont arrived at San Fernando on the same day, in company with a native Californian whose life Fremont is reported to have saved. This native visited the Mexican camp, and advised the generals to treat for peace—it being evident that the struggle for Mexican supremacy must be given up—with Fremont at San Fernando, rather than with Stockton at Los Angeles. This was accordingly done, and although Stockton and Kearney were indignant at Fremont's lack of respect toward his superior officers, they honored the treaty, and amicable relations between the two nationalities were instituted. Stockton, on leaving Los Angeles for San Diego, gave General Kearney the commission of Governor: but Fremont, who had taken up his quarters at San Gabriel, refused to recognize Kearney's authority, claiming that Stockton had previously conferred the distinction upon him. The matter was soon set at rest by the arrival of dispatches from Washington, confirming Kearney in his position; and he was formally installed as the first Governor of California under American rule, on March 1st, 1847.

The city was for some time kept garrisoned as a matter of precaution against surprise; but a new era had opened in the history of "The City of the Angels," wherein the turbulent scenes of Mexican dominion had no repetition. Little change was made at first in the municipal officers, as it tended to harmony to retain the same order of affairs that existed previous to the treaty.

The agreement of peace between the United States and Mexico was signed on February 2nd of the ensuing year, and ratified on the 30th of May, the former country assuming the Mexican debt to American subjects, and paying fifteen million dollars in money, for which Texas, New Mexico, Upper California, and the right of navigation on the Colorado River and Gulf of California, were received.

What of the missions all this time?

The conversion of Mexico from a province of Spain to an independent republic was, in verity, the death-blow of those once monarchical institutions. Republicanism could not long tolerate church management of secular affairs, and it soon became evident which way the tide was turning. The so-called "Pious Fund," producing an income of fifty thousand dollars per year, which had gone to support the missions, was wanted for other purposes, and was—a little here and a little there—gradually appropriated for those purposes. In August, 1834, the missions were declared secularized, and a decree was issued converting them into *pueblos*, which was signed by Governor Figueroa, in compliance with instructions from the Supreme Government. This action incensed the mission Fathers mightily. They were determined that the administrators sent out by the Government should not reap the benefits of their zeal and industry, and they accordingly destroyed a great amount of property. They killed cattle in great herds, hastily drying the hides, and secreting the tal-

low in pits dug in the ground, for market; they tore off the roofs of the buildings at the missions, and converted the timber into firewood; they cut down the orchards and tore up the vineyards: so that great havoc was effected where once had been prosperity and wealth. The reign of the Padres was over, and the missions from that period declined; while the *pueblos* steadily grew in importance, finally eclipsing the institutions which gave them birth. The San Gabriel Mission is in a better state of preservation than most of the others, although the old roof has been replaced by a more modern one. Four out of the six original bells remain, and services are held each Sunday.

There were some interesting features about the society of Los Angeles at the time of its first settlement by Americans. The line of caste was very rigidly drawn by the Mexicans. The upper class was composed of those who boasted the possession of pure Spanish blood in their veins; they were wealthy, lived in grand style (for those days), and were very exclusive, seldom marrying outside of their own rank. They had been banished from their country for state offenses, or had occupied official positions in the Territory, and acquired a large amount of property, upon which they continued to live after the expiration of their terms of service. From this aristocratic status, the classes gradated down to the common serf—for such the native Cahuillas became. Great importance was attached to an admixture of Spanish blood, however slight. If it were proved that a person possessed the least proportion of *sang bleu*, he was entitled to hold property, to call himself *Español*, and to wear the costume adopted by the Spaniards of Southern California. This costume was a decidedly picturesque one, consisting of a dark, broad-brimmed *sombrero*, lined with silk; a short jacket of silk or figured calico; shirt open at the neck; rich waistcoat, if any were worn; pantaloons of velveteen or broadcloth, opened at the side below the knee, and laced with gilt, or else short breeches and white stockings; deerskin shoes; a crimson sash in lieu of suspenders, varying in quality with the means of its wearer, and the never-failing *serapa*, which also indicated the rank of the shoulders so jauntily carried beneath it, deteriorating downward from the black or dark blue broadcloth, elaborately trimmed with velvet and other rich materials, to the coarse blankets of the Indian.

The *señoras* and *señoritas* wore gowns similar to the European style, except that the sleeves were short, exposing the arm, and the waist was loose and usually confined by a bright sash. Jewelry was much worn. The hair was worn long in the neck, either flowing loose or braided. No bonnets were used, but a mantle was thrown over the head, and drawn closely about the face when in the street—an event of far less frequent occurrence than at the present time, when the Spanish ladies appear to have patterned after their American sisters, and overcome their scruples at appearing unveiled in the light of day.

The first ball that occurred after the city passed permanently into American hands was an amusing one. None of the ladies present could speak a word of English, and none of the officers understood Spanish. The figures of the dances were called in both languages, but many blunders were made, serving only to increase the hilarity of the occasion—the celebration of a wedding in high life.

The ceremonies attendant upon the marriage of native Californians were somewhat romantic. A marriage contract was agreed upon between the parties; and on the same day the bridegroom bought or borrowed the best horse to be found in the vicinity, and obtained a silver-mounted bridle, and a saddle with embroidered housings, which must also be supplied with a bridal pillion at its stern, with broad embroidered aprons flowing down the flanks of the horse. Around the margin ran a string of little steel plates, which jingled like bells at every movement of the horse. It was obligatory for the bridegroom to present the bride with at least six entire changes of raiment. Two fine horses were led to the door of the lady. The bridegroom took the godmother

before him, and the godfather took the bride; thus they galloped to church. The priest received them at the altar; they knelt, partook of the sacrament, and were married. The order of things was now changed, the groom taking the bride before him and returning to her home, where they were received with a discharge of musketry. Two persons rushed out, seized the bridegroom by his legs, and deprived him of his spurs, which he was expected to redeem with a bottle of brandy. The relatives all awaited them in the house, in tears. The couple knelt at the feet of the bride's parents, craving a blessing, which was bestowed upon them with great solemnity. The groom then gave a signal for the guests to come in; the weeping quickly ceased, and dancing began, and was frequently continued, with slight intervals for refreshment but none for sleep, for three days. According to the rules of etiquette, the newly married pair must remain on their feet while the festivities lasted, and their situation was the subject of much sport.

As late as 1853, the only mode of conveyance aside from the saddle was an ungainly contrivance known as the *carreta*, and used by the aristocracy. It consisted of a platform five feet by twelve in dimensions, set on a rough axle, with wheels from two to three feet in diameter, sawed from solid logs, and had an awning over the top, beneath which the olive-skinned belles reclined. It was drawn by oxen, who were yoked with a straight piece of timber across their foreheads, fastened beneath the horns with rawhide thongs. When Abel Stearns imported a carriage from Boston in 1853, it was looked upon as a useless and inferior innovation.

The native plow was equally primitive. A piece of wood in the shape of a ship's knee had a piece of iron spiked to its lower point. A pole, by which the oxen drew, ran from the inner bend of the knee to the yoke, and had a mortise, made slanting, about a foot from the after end. A piece of wood, two inches by six, ran through the plow and pole, and was wedged into the mortise of the pole, to regulate the running depth of the plow. If the ground was hard, this plow would not enter an inch; and care had to be taken to lift it when roots were encountered, or it would be broken. What an impression the great gang-plows in present use must have made on the slow-moving minds of the originators of this rude implement!

The population of Los Angeles in 1853 was about three thousand, in which the Mexican element largely preponderated. It was a sleepy town, with but one small hotel, no Protestant place of worship, no school buildings (an English school was organized in 1850), mail once a month, brought by "Gregory's Great Atlantic and Pacific Express"—a daring improvement on the saddle-horse arrangement—and boasting of one half-English half-Spanish newspaper. The surrounding country was one immense stock ranch, covered with cattle and horses, where it has since been found susceptible of the highest cultivation. The gold excitement at the north attracted attention to a part of the State which had hitherto held an inferior position to that of Southern California, and thenceforth Sacramento and San Francisco were paramount to Los Angeles. Their growth was as rapid as that of the "Angel City" was slow; and it was not until the extension of the Southern Pacific Railway to this point, in 1876, that the one-time metropolis of California took a decided start for the better.

In 1869, the Los Angeles and San Pedro Railroad—transferred in 1872 to the Southern Pacific company—was completed, giving the city access by rail to its port, twenty-two miles distant; and a branch to Santa Aña was constructed a few years later; also one to Santa Monica, a seaside resort which has become very popular with the Los Angeleños. In 1873, the suburb of East Los Angeles was laid out by Governor Downey and Dr. Griffin; and Boyle Heights, on the eastern side of the river, forms another tributary settlement to the parent city.

In closing, some account should be given of the *temblores* which so disturbed and frightened the natives at the time of the

establishment of the missions. Their occurrence seems to have become less frequent, and the shocks appear to have been less violent, with the advance of time. Many shocks occurred in this region in 1812, one of which killed thirty persons in the church at San Juan Capistrano; but no very violent one is recorded after that, until, in 1855, the shocks injured houses more or less, threw the bells from the church at the San Gabriel Mission, and frightened the people considerably. In January, 1857, a shock occurred which caused the San Gabriel River to leap from its bed and form two channels, one of which is now known as New River. The Los Angeles River also leaped from its channel. Slight shocks have been felt almost every year since; the last one taking place in January of the current year, when the three vibrations of which it was composed were observed by less than half the people in the town.

NOTE.—Some historians discredit the statement, on page 581, that one of the twelve original settlers of Los Angeles was a native of China. A more plausible theory is that the man in question was a *Chino*, and the similarity of the names has led to the error.

Clara Spalding Brown.

A LEGEND OF PRUSSIA.

I.

"HERE, Carl, send me the tailor of the village instantly. Bring him in fifteen minutes, or my cane shall break your skull for your laziness."

The servant addressed, knowing the meaning of the command, and trembling for fear of his master's oft-used weapon, hastens to obey. Within less than the prescribed time the village tailor appears.

"Hier ist der schneider," are the words of Carl as he leads the trembling tailor into the presence of his terrible master. The austere and ever-angry lord looked with a scowl at the insignificant tailor, and in his gruffest tones gave him this commission:

"Here, you villain, take these papers and run to Gratzer, and deliver them to Herr von Gratzer at his castle. Stay on the road or lose them, and my cane shall crush you." And with an oath the lord of the castle swung his terrible cane over his head, to signify the fate of the tailor if he failed in his errand. Then he added, "Lose them, and I will break you on the wheel; go!"

The tailor hastened away, happy that this interview had passed so well. He was rather smaller than the usual size of men, and his legs bowed outward, from his continually sitting cross-legged like a Turk.

The man of the angry disposition and gruff voice was the dreaded Herr von Heiden, lord of vast estates in northern Prussia, who resided in his castle in the village of Heiden, on the Baltic Sea.

For ages the kingdom of Prussia has for the most part been made up of large landed estates, the mass of people being tenants, and generally contented so to be. They lived in small villages usually three and four miles apart. The sterility of the soil, added to the devastation of war, kept the people ever poor.

In the olden time, and to some extent it is true now, the motions of the villagers were ordered by an overseer, like those of so many soldiers on duty. Early in the morning the village bell strikes out a few notes of warning, to arouse the people to attend to their household duties and the preparation of their morning meal. After a reasonable time for this operation, the bell strikes again, when, if the season be such as to supply out-door work, the villagers move with one accord to the center of the village square. There the overseer separates the workers off into squads. If in the hay-making time, some

go to cutting the hay with the ancient and historic sickle; while others—usually the young women—pitch it together. In order to humor the national appetite, a boy with a keg of beer on a cart perambulates the fields to supply the wants of the laborers.

After the workers have gone to the fields, a man comes along the one wide street of the village blowing a horn, whereat the persons left in each house turn out their cow from the stable. The man of the horn, who is the cowherd, hired for the purpose by the nobleman, takes his herd and drives out to the pasture and guards them till evening. Scarcely has he passed out of the village, when there follows a second man, with another kind of horn, when each house turns out its sheep. When he reaches the end of the village street *his* herd, too, is complete, and he drives on to the pasture. Again, still another horn sounds, and the third and last herder takes all the hogs of the village, and passes on after the others. In the evening the hog-herder first returns; and as he drives along the wide street, each hog goes to his pen. Then comes the shepherd with like result; and lastly the cowherd.

The nobleman furnishes feed from the fields for their stock, and allots to each family a garden spot, which they plant in potatoes and flax. In the winter the women weave the flax into clothing for the household.

It was over a village such as this that the tyrant lord, the dreaded Herr von Heiden, held his sway. He lived in a great castle built of stone in the olden time, and around it was a moat fifty feet in width, filled with water from the lake near which the village of Heiden lay: for on the coasts of the Baltic there are many fresh-water lakes nearly on the level of the sea and connected with it; but the inflow of fresh water is strong enough to keep the salt from penetrating them. For its further protection, a drawbridge connected the castle with the mainland.

At this date the little kingdom of Prussia, which long before had stood for thirty years against the combined forces of Europe, and had proved itself indeed the bulwark of Protestantism, was now again being deluged with the blood of its simple but determined people. For seven long years it stood the combined shock of the continental armies. It is true that Prussia now had a lukewarm ally in England; but to offset this, its old companion of the thirty years' war, Sweden, the home of Gustavus Adolphus, the lion of the north, took up arms against its former friend. Yet the great Frederick led his little band of men on to victory after victory against fearful odds, and made for his country a martial fame that will go down to generations.

In executing his rapid movements, it was necessary to communicate continually with all parts of his kingdom; and, no telegraph or mail facilities being in existence, it was the rule at times to send dispatches by the hands of citizens. Every villager was under obligation to carry the dispatches to the next village in haste whenever called on by the nobleman. It was on such an errand that the lord of Heiden sent the village tailor.

In those days no compulsory education had enlightened the popular mind of Prussia, and no great universities radiated intelligence to every corner of the kingdom. Hand in hand with poverty and ignorance went the third party of the awful triumvirate—superstition. Naturally, in those times, ghosts and witches gave this simple people much trouble.

Old ruins were always carefully avoided by travelers after nightfall. Perhaps the tailor of Heiden did not forget that close to the road to Gratzer, nearly half-way distant between the villages, was a very ancient ruin of a castle which had been destroyed generations back, in some war, but of whose occupants even tradition was dumb. So much the more was it peopled by the common mind with witches and ghosts. In those days witches had a disagreeable habit of jumping upon the backs of travelers, and riding them on to death. Several instances of this dreadful character were still preserved in popular legends. What, then, with the

fear of a cruel tyrant behind him and the witch before him, the tailor shuddered at the prospect. But he must obey his master's command. So it was that he hastened along the road from Heiden, after the sun had set behind the lake in the west.

Now it happened that about the same time that the tailor of Heiden started for Gratzer with dispatches for the king, the shoemaker of Gratzer started out for Heiden with other word from the army to the nobleman on the Baltic. This shoemaker was a much larger man than the tailor, but none the less did he dread the ruined castle and its reputed inhabitant. In order, then, to strengthen his nerves, he provided himself with a flask of liquor, which he carried in his pocket. So it came about that before he reached the home of the witch his spirits had risen, and he sang all sorts of songs learned from his old Lutheran hymn-book.

As he jogged along he caught sight of a dark form coming toward him, and bethought himself of the witch. Feeling emboldened by the emptied flask in his pocket, he called out to the witch:

"Now, you have ridden people long enough; I'll ride you a while."

At which the dark object, which was nothing less than the tailor aforesaid, screamed out, "*Ach Himmel, die Hexe!*" and turned to run.

The shoemaker gave pursuit. Being a fair runner, he soon overtook the supposed witch and leaped upon his back. The tailor nearly fainted with mortal terror, but his very fear gave him strength. So, though his bow-legs bowed yet more under the heavy burden they had to carry, still the tailor hurried on toward his home.

But now the shoemaker, stimulated by the feeling that he had gained a great victory, and by the fumes of the liquor rising to his head, sang lustily till the night air rang again with his jolly voice.

Now he would sing a hymn to such a lively tune that the music, if such it might be called, could scarcely be recognized as the venerable production of the old Lutheran bard. Then again he would sing snatches of songs commemorative of some ancient victories gained by his most wonderful ancestors over denizens of the spirit world, like the one now so fully mastered by their later descendant. Music was a matter of little consequence to the victorious shoemaker, so long as he made a noise in honor of his triumph. When he could think of nothing more appropriate, he would fall back on the many songs in honor of bravery, so common in the German tongue. But of all songs of brave men, nothing seemed to the shoemaker so appropriate as that of Siegfried slaying the dragon. Whether sung before or not, the legend was sufficient for him. As for tunes, he could easily manufacture them as he went along. Nevertheless, we strongly suspect that with the shoemaker bravery was rather a scarce article till he drew it from the flask in his pocket. When he was out of breath with shouting, he would spur the witch with his heels to increase his speed.

All this time the terrified tailor plodded on, never doubting that the singing, howling, shouting being on his back was anything less than a dreadful witch, whose only pleasure it was to ride him on to death, and suck his blood like the leeches he had so often seen in his native lake. Time and again he came near fainting under his fearful burden, but he felt that to give up was death. This thought kept him going, while the idea never occurred to him that he might throw off his inebriated persecutor, as Sindbad did the Old Man of the Sea. We may laugh at the woful plight of the tailor; but *he* was very serious indeed, feeling much as a man might who should wake up and find himself going to his own funeral.

At last the poor tailor fell down exhausted at his own door, and his *Frau*, coming out to see, found her husband scarcely able to rise. When he did so, and slowly, fearfully looked around to see the witch, what was his astonishment to see the shoemaker.

But the proverb says "misfortunes never go singly." So it happened with the tailor; for soon the news of his sudden return with-

out delivering the dispatches was brought to the castle. Again the faithful Carl was hastened to bring the tailor, who resisted as far as possible, but to no use. He was dragged before the awful lord of the heavy cane. On his appearance, Herr von Heiden, whose anger was somewhat increased by wine, demanded of him if he had delivered the papers. "*Die Hexe*—the witch," humbly protested the tailor.

"The witch?—what has the witch to do with it?—*Bösewicht!*" cried the nobleman; and he brought the heavy cane down on the head of the tailor, who was prostrated by the blow and fell to the floor senseless.

II.

Many years have passed, and war, which has so long raged like a conflagration around the little kingdom of Prussia, has at last ceased. The indomitable Frederick had indeed plucked the flower safety out of the terrible nettle, but little else could his country boast from his brilliant victories. At this time, just about a hundred years ago, Prussia, having established a world-wide fame through the intrepidity of the master of warriors, lay quiet, like a convalescent from a dreadful fever. She was slowly regaining, by peaceful vocations, the loss made by the terrible seven years' struggle with all Europe. A naturally barren country requires time to make good the ravages of war. Prussia, after nearly half a century of comparative peace, was yet illy prepared for another conflict; when there arose above the dark and smoky horizon of France, then boiling like a caldron, that new master of the art of war, who was destined to lead again the armies of France over the old and gory fields where Frederick had long before shown himself to be an indomitable master of the situation. But now, no general was to arise in Prussia to take the place of the departed. The voice of destiny declared that the old bulwark of Protestantism should be trodden under foot by the armies of Napoleon.

It is at this period, between the Seven Years' War and the French Revolution, that we return to the castle of Heiden, where the now aged Herr von Heiden still holds rule. His hairs are white, and his face is wrinkled before its time. These signs, like the heavy frosts of the fall-time, already portend the terrible winter that must succeed a long summer of pride and sin. Age has not softened his tyrannical disposition, neither have fears of the hereafter made him less free with his dreaded cane.

But now he sits before the blazing fire, wrapped and doubly wrapped by his careful wife, for she sees that age and intemperance have nearly done their work, and this fiery fever burns as if no human power could stay the conflagration. The master of the house shivers and trembles for all his careful wrapping. The fever has surely reached his brain, for he stares at the shady corners of the room and mutters to himself; then shudders as if in mortal terror. Though he is a tyrant still, yet there comes a time when every tyrant meets his master. When night comes, there enters through the arched doors and vaulted halls of Heiden Castle the greatest of all tyrants—death. The dark specter comes, and the lips that cursed are dumb, and the hand that raised the dreaded cane is still. The great hall of Heiden wears its mourning garb, while the village bell, that has rung so often to labor, now slowly, sadly tolls, tolls to rest. With unfeigned sadness the villagers follow their much-feared lord and master to his last abode.

Superstition still holds her iron sway over the people, and the incident of the tailor and the shoemaker, which to some seemed to cast doubt on the stories of witches and ghosts, has long since been forgotten, or has passed into a legend, counted no more worthy of belief than the numerous stories of unexposed witcheries.

The widow of the deceased nobleman was now left sole heir of his vast estates. She continued to live in the old castle, around which hovered many traditions, good and bad, of the distant past, and its several tenants. But the legendary lore was now

destined to be still further extended, and the superstitious dread of it vastly increased. The villagers and servants of the late nobleman, who feared him while living, absolutely dreaded him dead. As in similar cases, in other places and times, it soon was given forth in mysterious whisperings, and in the most secret, confident way, that the tyrant of the castle had been seen at night, hurrying toward his former abode, clad in ghostly white. If the village gossip was to be believed, he looked yet more savage than in the days before the dreaded ferryman rowed him over the river. Still other witnesses, in no less secret and mysterious manner, conveyed the information that strange sounds had been heard, as if log-chains (those traditional weapons of the ghostly dead) were being dragged along the halls and through the unfrequented rooms of the tyrant's castle.

It is scarcely necessary to seek out explanations of the sights and sounds that to a superstitious mind may seem mysterious. To a mind on the lookout for ghosts, the body of a friend, as he passes in the dark, looks very mysterious; while the echo of his footsteps against the stone walls of a castle may, to the same mind, appear like the clanging of chains or the wail of a lost spirit, according to the flitting fancy. The villagers not being philosophers, each took in all he heard for the truth, and then, as if thinking that the truth was not sufficient for emergencies like the present, embellished it a little, and adding a few new and original facts, passed it on to the next neighbor.

At the castle itself there was great excitement among the servants; almost every one of them had heard or seen *the ghost.* They were all ready to leave in a body, so that the Lady of Heiden had to urge upon them the great danger she would be in if left alone, hoping thereby to stay the mutiny. Some listened to reason and remained, though in great terror, but many would not stay on any account.

About this time there were two old soldiers, relics of the Seven Years' War, who were traveling about the country, picking up a meal here and a drink there—but for some time the latter article had been very scarce. They had not been in the village long before they heard of the haunted castle and the restless ghost. After talking the matter over, they concluded that here might be a chance to replenish their funds and lay in a new stock of wine. After having arranged their plans, one of them represented himself as able to do away with the most refractory denizen of the dark beyond. The news was, of course, soon brought to the widow of the nobleman, who sent for Gunterbuck.

The two friends came to the castle, but Gunterbuck alone entered, while his companion awaited without, as one should who was not versed in the mysteries of exorcism.

When he was ushered into her presence, the lady of the castle questioned Gunterbuck after this fashion:

"I have heard that you can remove ghosts from houses that are troubled with them?"

"I can do that," replies Gunterbuck, in the most humble tones, at the same time bowing his head in further token of humility —for he had heard that wise men never boasted of their talents.

Again the lady inquires: "Can you conquer ghosts, no matter how strong?"

Our hero replies: "Sometimes it is hard work"; then forgetting his character of humble wise man, he adds: "I have driven out hundreds of ghosts, and never failed."

"Well," says she, "my dead husband's ghost comes back to this house and troubles the servants. What will you charge to rid the castle of him?"

"Ten thalers," says he.

"You shall have the money," returns the lady. "He will likely appear to-night. Come back then, and keep your promise."

"But," says Gunterbuck, encouraged by his good luck, "your husband is such a desperate man, that I shall need something to strengthen my nerves. If madam could let me have a bottle of wine, I will be prepared to meet the ghost."

This request was granted also, and the lady sent a servant for the wine.

"Besides," says Gunterbuck, who, after

settling the main question, found time to work out the details of his scheme, "I shall need a long sack to carry the ghost in."

This request being also answered in the affirmative, the soldier of yore, now suddenly become a master of magicians, putting his bottle of wine into his pocket, and the sack under his arm, returned to his companion to tell of his wonderful success. The two then retired to the shade of a tree not far away, where they drank till the bottle was empty. This operation over, Gunterbuck provided himself with a thorn club having two prongs, opposite the one to the other, so as to form a cross.

At nightfall he took his sack and club and repaired to the castle, and to the room which the servants had shown him as being most frequented by the ghostly visitor. There he sat down in the dark, and quietly awaited his ghostship. All the servants then posted themselves in convenient hiding places, to watch the result, but most of them far enough away to be safe from harm. Soon along comes the ghost, dragging his ponderous chain. At the first sound, the servants fled in dismay, all except one more doughty than the rest, from whom we have the report of what followed. The ghost passed along the halls until he reached the room in which Gunterbuck was posted. After hesitating a moment at the door, he entered, at the same time slinging his chain on the floor. Then he slammed it against the wall, making the echoes of the old castle come up from the deepest cellar. After these actions, performed in the most orderly and deliberate manner, he turned to Gunterbuck, and in a sepulchral tone said:

"On the third day there was a wedding in Cana."

"I was there, too," says our necromancer.

"And the water was turned into wine," quoth the ghost.

"I tasted it, and it was good," answered Gunterbuck.

Whereat he raised his cross-thorn cane, the terror of all witches and ghosts, and commenced to maul the ghost unmercifully —at least, so judged the last of the servants, who still remained within ear-shot, though the darkness prevented his seeing anything. Gunterbuck called loudly on his mysterious enemy to enter the sack. Soon the ghost, crying for mercy, fell to the floor, when Gunterbuck stuffed him into the long sack, and taking his ghostship on his back, left the castle.

He trudged along with his heavy burden a short distance till he was well out of the village; then dropping the sack, out came his companion of the Seven Years' War, in much the same condition as that of the Austrians on the plain of Lissa, when Frederick completely routed them with one-third their force. Gunterbuck and his companion, having so often fought under the great King of Prussia, had not failed to notice the ingenuity of his plans and the quickness of his movements, and they had now refought the battle of Rossbach in miniature, wherein the army of villagers and servants had been badly beaten by far inferior forces.

Returning to the castle, Gunterbuck was paid his ten thalers, and amply supplied with his favorite beverage. To all that inquired, he declared that he had taken the terrible ghost and cast him into a neighboring swamp, which was ever afterwards carefully avoided by all who might have occasion to leave their homes after the sun had set behind the lake in the west. After remaining a couple of days at the castle, in order, so he said, to restore confidence to the servants, and having consumed an unmeasured quantity of wine, the great master of the black art, with his companion, traveled on to the next village, where their few thalers were soon expended in carousing at the village tavern.

All the villagers believed, and their descendants have accepted the tradition as true, that Gunterbuck worked a powerful spell over the ghost, that put it to rest forever.

However that may be, one thing at least is certain: the lord of the heavy cane never again returned to his castle.

Franklin Rhoda.

TWO DAYS IN LIFE'S WOODS.

I.

Deep forest gloom and sleep. The mountain streams
Gurgle and hiss, or loudly thundering pour
O'er hidden precipices. Anxious dreams
And weariness dwell here, and nothing more.

Weariness, too, dwells on the heights, but there
Life dwells with him—not dream-life. I will go;
What the blue world above holds that is fair,
What the winds nightly tell of, I will know.

The sunset seas; the beach where gleams the foam;
The far-off peaks, reverend above their peers;
The forests, tossing in the winds that roam
The wide earth o'er; God's sacred heaven that nears;—

These I will see; among the dry leaves dead
I will forgotten leave my dismal dreams;
The power of sleep forevermore has fled,
E'en midst these shadows fall the white sunbeams.

II.

"*One day is as another?*—Can'st thou not,
O sluggard, climb and make thy dwelling there?
Can'st thou not wake again? Hast thou forgot
What was, *that* day, thy whole heart's full-voiced prayer?"

Nay; but to climb I have not alway strength,
I know not how it was. Some beam of clear,
True sunlight, flashing through the leaves at length,
Tempted me, waked me; I forgot my fear.

But now I fear the thirst, the paths half hid,
The thorns, the treacherous rock, the weariness;
I know no more why I should seek to rid
My soul of sleep. My anguish now is less.

That day I suffered much. To wake is pain.
Dreams, like the mountain torrents full of sound,
Mean little to us. Empty all and vain
The world of sleep is through a whole life's round.

But that one hour's clear light, that piercing air—
I was awake then, felt new joy and grief,
Trembled as, when the winter storm-winds tear
Great trees from hillsides, trembles every leaf.

Then knew I the all-moving God above,
  Around, beneath me; knew in every life
The Infinite that dwells in it; knew love
  Eternal brooding o'er all transient strife;—

All this I knew, pierced with sharp pain to know—
  This know no more; vague, empty words I speak,
Words worn and hardened like down-trodden snow,
  Thrice frozen by new blasts of north winds bleak.

Why should I wake? Millions have slept before,
  Their whole lives through. Who ever waking made
The mountains higher, that the storms wear lower,
  Or ever the old world's slow decay delayed?

Or helped its growth? Does God's own strength decline?
  Or shall I help him? Through the ages past,
Worlds, starry clusters on heaven's laden vine,
  Grew, ripened, rotted to their end at last.

And in them flitted lives; so flocks of jays
  Fly chattering through these echoing solitudes.
Nothing they meant. And God's eternal ways,
  How should we find them in our changing moods?

My mood be fixed. Upon the stream to gaze;
  To count the bubbles breaking on the stones
Below the rapids; to list in dull amaze,
  While in the trees the querulous sea-wind moans;

To find my food and eat it, by my fire
  At night to rest, beneath my own dark roof;
To quench each heavenward-flickering, mad desire;
  To be forever 'gainst idle fancy proof;—

This be my life. Let the sun shine above,
  'Tis not my work; he finds it good to shine;
E'en so, whate'er it be, Eternal Love,
  A sleeping man may leave to the Divine.

The night comes and the mist; the dripping boughs
  Have their speech, too, that nothing means; and I,
Whom never more may tedious visions rouse,
  Can see between them but a leaden sky.

"And yet, above that misty, fearful gloom,
  One Star beams—nay! fear not, thy fright were vain—
Thou never shalt see it; yet, so were thy doom,
  Once seeing it, thou never couldst sleep again."

Josiah Royce.

THIRTY MILES.

THAT is, thirty miles in length alone; in width it is as many miles as you can see on either side of the railroad and the ferry-boat, and in height as many miles as you can see upward. And moreover, it is a different thirty miles every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, and every hour of the twenty-four. So it is a good deal of country one sees, first and last, who takes his daily or even weekly cityward trip across the level farming land of Alameda County, following along the northwestward trend of the line of hills.

Take the trip in December, for instance: that will be starting at the beginning, for everybody knows December is the first month of the yearly cycle here. There is hoarfrost lingering in white patches wherever the shade of house or fence or tank falls. As you pass Haywards, where the lower hill-tops along the pass give you a sight of the upper half of Diablo, you see that the rugged mass is clearly outlined, as if it were cut out of crystal; and not less so every curve and line of the lower intervening range, except where here and there white fog-banks lie upon them. The lights and shades are strongly marked; every cañon and hollow is a blank darkness on its westward, or more exactly northwestward, face, and a bright, light brown on the opposite one. The sun is just far enough south, and the hour—eight or nine in the morning—just early enough, to measure all the light out exactly to one side and the darkness to the other. And though every brown clod of the sunny side is settling itself comfortably now to feel the warmth creeping and filtering deliciously through it, while on the other side the wet soil is numb with frost, still it is the dark side that is going to be green next May and even June, long after its *vis-a-vis* has lost every trace of color. And it is on that side that the bushes all grow: southern-wood, fragrant though bitter; poison-oak, beautiful though wicked. I am rather glad it *is* the bitter southern-wood and evil poison-oak that grow on the frost-bitten side of these cañons: it forbids the moralists to seize upon their later greenness and their more vigorous growth as an illustration of the uses of adversity; and I am glad, on the other hand, that the evil poison-oak *is* beautiful and the bitter southern-wood fragrant, and that there are a good many varieties of wildflowers to be scantily scattered among them, to offset the bare slopes' brief jubilance of poppies and buttercups and wild marigolds: it all complicates the matter for the moralists.

This is early to be talking of poppies and buttercups, however. Look closely at the wet, bare ground; it is prickled thick with innumerable green points—the least little needle-points; many as they are, they cannot give a green tinge to the ground, and you have to look directly at them to see them. Probably most of these points are mallow; it is usually the first greenery to get its head above ground after the rains.

The wagons that stand at the stations, or are left behind toiling along the roads, are splashed with mud. When you come to Oakland you will see the street black with a thin mud, and sprinkled here and there with puddles. Everything is washed clean beyond description. The white houses in the farming country, that gather back with their groves and gardens to the edge of the foothills, leaving the level fields in front empty, shine out with a curious vividness. The surface of Lake Merritt seems to have been polished like a mirror, for the East Oakland hills, the houses and trees, picture themselves in it with a peculiar distinctness. Every atom of dimness, even of dinginess, is gone from the oaks and cypresses and gums in Oakland; and it makes them look all the brighter and fresher that in this brilliant atmosphere, that seems to transmit without diffusing light—like an indefinitely intensi-

fied moonlight—every tree and every separate branch and twig is very dark on its shady side and very bright on its sunny side. The very air seems so clean and pure and so motionless that not a color can be seen through it that looks dingy, not an outline that does not give some pleasure to the eye by its perfect clearness—not railroad bridge, tank, nor squalid little house. You seem to actually see the crystal medium of air through which you look at everything as if through a great diamond. Yet, distinct as lights and shades are, the sky is all this time lightly skimmed over with feathery strata of cloud, that do not seem to interrupt the sunlight at all, only to temper it.

To-morrow, perhaps, there will be a Scotch mist all the morning. Towards noon the clouds will melt, and when you look out from your train in the afternoon you will see them resting as a white fog-bank with gray shadows on the crest of the range, from its junction with the bay to San Leandro—a fog-bank on the top as level as if it had been cut off with a sharp knife drawn along the edge of a rule, and on its lower surface tossed and broken. As you watch it, Grizzly Peak pierces it almost through, and in ten minutes it has melted around him, leaving only floating films. The upper ends of the large cañons, running up into the shadow of the fog-bank, are the only shading that breaks the uniform light brown of the hills now. Though it is the middle of December, and though yesterday frost lay on the ground, you would soon find yourself uncomfortably warm if you were walking: even in the shade it is only delightfully cool—not cold.

West of the bay a mist so thin and vague that those who are under it cannot be aware of it—say rather a gathered subtile dimness in the air—partly obliterates the blue mountains west of the bay, and partly outlines them in white, with a bluish upper edge, each ridge marked out against the paler background of the one behind it. The bay itself is lusterless white, shading to pale silver-blue, and intolerably burnished under the sun; for there is a thin cloud-film over the sky—so thin that the eye cannot tell where it melts into the clear spaces that interrupt it—and it seems to act as a burning-glass to the sun's rays. It gives a fine, atmospheric quality, softened and a little unreal, like the light during an eclipse; but with none of the sickened look of that light. Scattered across the distant film and across the clear spaces, looking as if they were as far below one as the other, an irregular trail of little solid, curdy clouds seems like a bit out of an entirely different sort of day. The typical cloud for these December days is a sort of cirro-stratus, spreading fluffy levels and lines far abroad.

The cumulus—the thorough-going, solid cumulus, that leaves no possibility of doubt as to where it ends and the sky begins, but makes you realize that it is very near to earth and entirely disconnected from those blue gulfs away beyond it—such cumulus clouds belong especially to spring, say from January to May. Perhaps, though, it is not so much the clouds as their shadows on the hills that are peculiarly the property of spring; for the quality of a cloud-shadow on the hills depends not on the cloud alone, but on a combination of sun and atmosphere as well. You may see them from your train on a bright afternoon in January, large, definite patches, resting motionless, or moving very little over the bare, round shoulders of the faintly green hills. Except for the heaps of cloud that throw the shadows, the sky is perfectly pure, down to the very edge of the hills, but pale—the shade that fashion with an unusual felicity has named "baby-blue"—and a little luminous; and where these cloud-shadows fall upon the sky-line of the hills they make the softest imaginable contrast of what your artist *vis-a-vis* tells you is purple, but you had ignorantly taken for dark gray, against the baby-blue. Or sometimes the purple shadow crowns a hilltop directly against one of the white cloud-heaps with its gray shadings. It is not merely spring that these particular shadows belong to: it is those days of spring when the air is purity itself and the upper sky Italian; when the hills and pastures are green and all the little streams are full; when there is a smell

of clover and filaria in the air, and the wild crimson portulaca is in bloom along all the roadsides and waste places; when—most characteristic of all, as perfect an epitome of the early California spring as Lowell's bobolink of New England June—the meadow-lark is singing. This January afternoon, however, is too early for the clover and filaria; they are only beginning to be distinguishable in the light fleece of baby greenery; and the portulaca (*Calandrinia Menziesii*—a portulaca only by family) will not be in bloom for a few weeks yet. But it is not too early for the meadow-lark; he is never more vocal than when the January plowing is going on. From the car window you can see him jump suddenly from a furrow to a fence post—no word but "jump" describes the short, jerky dash—stand still a second as if to collect his thoughts, then flatten down toward the post, making a more ungraceful bird than ever of himself, open his beak—and if your window is open you can catch through all the rattle of the train the few delicious notes: "Sweet, *sweet*—oh, sweet, sweet." Or if your window is shut, you can imagine them, for you must be familiar with the song; you cannot drive by a plowed field in January or February without seeing seven or eight larks on the posts, each one sending out the same little warble — like certain phrases a canary will whistle, not in his torrents of ecstasy, but when he is in a happy, quiet mood, uttering little fragments of song with meditative pauses. Don't you know how, when the sunshine is particularly pleasant, and everything has been going just right all day with your canary, and the room has been still all the long sunny afternoon, except for a little contented twittering and warbling from him, he will break a few minutes' silence with a few soft notes, so happy and so loving that you exclaim, and would have him in your arms if he were a child instead of a bird? The meadow-lark's phrase is much like that, but fuller and richer, and more liquid; it does not express sheer content, either, but a rapture that almost goes beyond gladness and touches some spring of restlessness and desire. But anything so exquisitely pure in tone I have not heard in any other bird's song. Sometimes he prolongs it a couple of notes; sometimes he repeats it once, or even twice; but generally it is just the single five-syllabled, rapturous cry.

In the morning, in January, you will not see the cumulus clouds or their purple shadows. Probably the sky will be perfectly cloudless. But instead of cloud-shadows, the cañons and hollows, straight into whose doors the afternoon sun looks, lie in darkness sharp-edged as the shadows on snow. The sun has moved far enough north to throw the shadows of the westward slopes over upon the opposite ones, so that every hollow, gully, or cañon is sunk in shade, definitely marked out on the sunshiny surfaces of the range. They plow and cultivate the most accessible patches of these hills, and strips of fresh black or chocolate-brown crossing the faint green show where plowing has begun.

Here and there along the creeks that gully their way down the ravines and across the plain toward the bay cluster thickets of willow. You might find at this date, if you knew just where to look, some precocious pussies showing their fur on willows fortunate in situation, in some sunny deep-soiled cañon; but these lowland thickets show you only their bare, orange stems. The leafless orchards that line the way so thickly from Haywards to San Leandro make another variation of color, with their acres of red twigs. It is the peach-trees that draw your eye to the orchards with the brightest purplish red; but demurer reddish tinges come out in the bare bark of all the other trees when you look at them in a mass and from a distance. The peach will be the color-bearer of the orchard again in March, when the trees are heaps of pink. Even the apple blossoms will only carry shell-like pink touches on their white petals; the almond blossoms will be yet more faintly flushed, the apricot dependent upon its brown-pink calyx for color, and the pear on its red-and-black-tipped stamens; and the cherry and plum will be ghost-white. But the color-

bearing will pass over to the cherry in time of fruit, and to the pear when the leaves turn and fall.

When you reach the ferry this January morning, sit on the rear deck and look back at Oakland, stretched far out along the shore: beginning in groups of masts to the south, past which a steamer moves, coming out of the creek; then cupolas, oaks, and thin columns of smoke rising straight into the air, distinct and yet looking far away. The houses, too, and the trees look at once clear and distant, as though the air was so full of light that it made a luminous veil between you and every object. Down the bay toward the sun the Santa Cruz hills are obliterated, not by a mist, but by a thin, smoothly uniform whiteness, as though the light shining down in front of them had become opaque. As the range runs north, it grows clearer and brighter; the Marin hills are clear-topped, pale blue, and distant-looking, with all their ridges and cañons invisible; and the blue range and green islands at the north are sharply chiseled on a pale, clear sky. The east wind (a little cutting, by the way, for there was frost last night; but the sun is warm) has been gathering smoke from steamers and blowing it up into the northwest, where it hangs over the islands. But there is not wind enough to spoil the balance of the curly clouds of soft, dark smoke—looking like broad trees on the slender stems of their smoke-stacks—that the Creek boat and the Saucelito boat, heading directly toward you from either side, send up into the air.

Or it is an afternoon in March—one of those gray days last March before the rains came. The bay as you leave San Francisco is as near a uniform color as it is possible for that ever-varying surface to be—gray-green, lightly marbled with ripples under the wind. The sky, the hills, the vessels, are all in grays, like a monochrome painting. And yet, after all, they look more like a painting in colors, overlaid with a coating of gray that is slightly transparent: the gray-green of the water looks like green visible through gray; a blue under-tinge shows in Tamalpais; and behind the film that overspreads the sky there are white clouds, touched with thunderous red. The gray itself, too, has different shades, which tell better than colors in bringing out distances and outlines. The vessels, for instance, are the clearest of graceful dark silhouettes against the smoky horizon. All the varying distances of the islands are emphasized, each island drawn in a single tint flatly against the much paler tint of the next one beyond. The peninsula of the city, too, is in perfect silhouette against the ocean fog—a wonderful sight, with the outline of every house that crowns the sky-line perfect; even Lone Mountain cross gauntly distinct for miles, and not a street nor building visible below the sky-line to break the uniform shade of the silhouette. At the south, however, the fog and smoke have drifted, and blurred the city into one obscurity with the background. Shadowed though the whole sky is, and invisible though the sun remains, somewhere to the west, through some undiscernible cleft of clouds behind the filmy curtain, a strange dim sunlight has filtered through, and makes a band of light across the water—a band about as bright as that the open fire throws across a room when the lamps are unlit; and yet it is almost startlingly vivid where it stops abruptly against the darkness of the San Francisco peninsula.

But between us and the dull film of the sky there are drifting from the northwest black, ragged masses, which, before the train reaches San Leandro, have gathered, paled, spread, till they blanket the sky with a "high fog." In the south, the edge of the blanket hangs just above the mountains without touching them, and a whiter, pillowy fog bank, rising from the bay to meet it, falls just short of the topmost crests of the mountains; so that between the two fogs a long, narrow crevice lies, filled with a vivid copper color, most vivid at the northern end—where the sun, about to set, shows a molten-copper segment of itself for a few moments—and paling away thence toward the south. Here and there the highest mountain

crests, with every individual redwood visible twenty miles away, are painted black against that curious color. It is the ocean fog beyond the mountains that transmutes the sunset light into such a color as pure sky never took. An unreal glow is reflected from it down upon the broad top of the fog bank inside the hills. Then the sun disappears; films and rags reach out from above and below, touch, cross, intermingle, till they break up the long open gap into islands and fragments of hot color at the north and pale color at the south—to be closed over entirely in half an hour. And but for these fragments the world is a green circle with a hollow gray half-sphere fitted over it. Only on one side the line where they fit together is broken by the nearest mounds of the hills. The color is broken, too, a little, by the purple-brown soil that the drought has allowed to show through the green, and by yellow streaks and stains of mustard in fallow fields.

This is no typical March day, however: a real March day is different enough, afloat and ashore—a morning when the bay is like shaking green jelly, and as your boat moves Oakland-ward, and the two cityward Oakland boats and the Alameda boat come heading toward you at different distances, all three streamers of smoke go blowing backward in the clear sea breeze. A regular salt breeze it is, with the real ocean smell, and makes you think of the beach and the breakers and the summer wind that comes sweeping the life of the whole Pacific into your face as you stand among the beach verbenas looking seaward. It strikes the Contra Costa hills sharply near Berkeley, and scatters every fragment of fog from the clusters of houses along their feet; but farther south they show green through a transparent veil. The blue fragment of Diablo, narrowing and disappearing as you move toward it, is unobscured; and the upper line of the nearer hills is visible, though all the ridges and cañons are wiped out, and the range waves against a dim yet cloudless sky like a vertical section of sea. Beyond the islands at the north lie almost imperceptible purplish fog banks.

On the left, Goat Island is a faint green, freckled with its dark bushes. On the right, a dazzling band of netted silver runs southeast toward the sun. At noon there will be no such band there, but all that half of the bay will be flashing as if it were pelted with a shower of hot silver. The steady wind will have blown this shaking green bay into streaks of brown and green, taking a bluish tinge in a circumference near the farther edges. Some streaks of scummy foam, too, and a few white-caps will fleck it, rising, melting, and shifting. Only the faintest trace of the purple-brown fog will remain to stain the lower sky in the north, below the windy blue of the upper sky; and the blue and brownish Marin hills will go southward in an unblurred line to the sudden sharp rise of Tamalpais.

Behind the boat you can look directly up the yellow bands of the San Francisco streets. Never hope to see a clear sky there; however perfectly outlined Tamalpais, however vivid and near the scar on his front, you cannot carry your eye south of the gate without meeting the blur of smoke and mist. To-day the wind drifts it southeast, so that the extreme point alone of the ridge alone projects from obscurity—clear and green, tipped with its piers and masts.

In front, as you approach the pier, you see the rings of smoke that rise from the engines drifted rapidly away. In the train, children's cardinal ribbons flutter at the open windows; outside, beside the pier, ducks go dizzily up and down with the little waves. Ashore, the oaks (that still hold their own on the sidewalks though banished from the carriageways) are at the greenest that those ever somewhat green and never very green trees achieve; the occasional poplars along the sidewalks are a light fledging green; the eucalyptus trees are visible from the car window only as tall shafts whose tops are out of sight. Cross-street after cross-street opens a straight, whitish vista closed by a piece of green hills, and doubly striped on either side with lines of green between carriage-way and sidewalk, and between sidewalk and fence. If these were northward instead of westward street vistas, Tamalpais would close the view down

every one. There are pear-trees abloom in the gardens, and clumps of callas and scarlet geraniums; and in the vacant lots the tiny pale lilac flowers of the filaria are thickly in bloom. This filaria—which might, perhaps, as well give it up and accept as its name the Americanized "filaree" that it invariably is called—is a low spreading plant of the geranium family (*Erodium cicutarium*), with a faintly musky smell. It is our most abundant low waste-land growth, and together with the yellow bur-clover (*Medicago denticulata*) makes the common carpet of roadside, pasture, orchard, and vacant lot, where the ground has been broken and trodden too much for wild oats. The two—the filaria and the bur-clover—blend together in this carpet as inextricably as warp and woof. It seems to be something of an offensive and defensive alliance; for two modest and low-growing plants could hardly bring forth a more complete armory of weapons than they do, between them, when June has hardened the burs of the clover and the arrows of the filaria. They keep pace in most things, pricking through the ground at the same time, and getting their weapons well-tempered together; but the filaria blossoms earlier, so there are no little yellow clover flowers to-day mixing with the lilac. At this season the mallows are still part of the ground carpet; they will soon stand up above it, however, in coarse, rank tufts, not even beautified according to their own hoidenish ideas of beauty, by showy flowers, like other mallows. This mallow (*Malva borealis*) hides its little pale flowers in the axils of the stems, as completely outflaunted to outside view by the big, unlovely leaves as the sober folk of a community by its underbred plutocrats.

But let us turn the globe of the year clear around to its antipodes, and look once at this thirty miles in the fall, before we leave it; in an October morning, when everything is wet and therefore—as everything was dusty before—muddy. Wet not with rain but with the autumn fog, thicker above than below. The stubble-fields are weathering out of their gold into blackish brown; but occasionally you pass a late-reaped field still sunny yellow. These weathering stubble-fields are sprinkled with dark freckles from low-spreading eschscholtzia plants and whitey-green lupines, both flowerless sometimes, sometimes thick with late yellow or purple flowers. So dull in color is the pale yellow of the October poppy, the dark purple of the lupine, that these blossoming patches do not lighten the landscape nor even catch the eye; you have to look for them to see them. On the mown fields there are broad, brown-purple stains, where the sorrel has had time to grow, but not on the reaped fields—there the lupine and poppy are alone. They were growing there all the while under the grain, where the sorrel would have perished for lack of sun; and when the reaper shaved them off close to the ground they did not need many weeks to grow up from the roots and stubs, with this low, autumnal growth. The fallow fields, too, have their especial flower; they all have a nebulous look from the tar-weed—each bush a cloud of little white stars settled thickly over a green framework of stems, with no leaves to speak of. Beside the road an occasional morning-glory straggles, full of its dead-white flowers. We need not be at pains to call it slightingly "bind-weed" out of deference to the farmer's prejudice; it is the little, spreading, pink convolvulus, the *arvensis*, that is his enemy; not this larger white one that wanders occasionally from creek-bottoms to the roadside. As you near the bay, and come among the reaches of green and brown marsh-weed, mingled together and traversed increasingly by salt-water channels and pools, though it is above the tide, you find bushes of grindelia in yellow flower, and golden-rod and purple asters. The golden-rod and purple aster of a Californian October make about as forlorn an attempt at reminding the Yankee of home as a Californian Thanksgiving. The golden-rod, growing in small, dusty groups, and only in occasional localities, is more a saffron-yellow than golden in its color, and far less graceful in its plume; and the aster is a large, scrubby variety, sparsely sprinkled with flowers. The one of our asters that rivals the New England aster best

takes life much more easily than that sturdy, frost-and-sun-abiding flower; and how much more easily than if it tried the hardships of the corresponding season here, one can only imagine by comparing it with this forlorn October aster down by the marsh-lands. You might have found it last May, flowering in two varieties, pink and purple, along moist, shaded roadsides in mountain passes, where driblets from springs trickle down, and maiden-hair could find comfortable abiding place not twelve feet away. I came across it last spring, luxuriously dipping its fingers into a sunken stone mill-race, and appropriating all that the most pampered flower could wish of rich, damp leaf-mold, fragrant cañon air, mountain shadows, and the nearer shadow of alder and maple and buckeye trees, which excluded and admitted the sunlight in exactly the most comfortable proportions—and all the while with a face so exactly like its New England cousin that *my* New England cousin exclaimed at it; feeling, perhaps, as some good Englishman might who landed in India and found his once patient, hard-working neighbor in a reclining-chair, with *hookah* and sherbet, and a native waving the fan.

The spots of color, as one's eyes wander over this October plain, are not any of the spiritless flowers, but the warm gold of hay stacks, and of straw stacks scattered here and there, wherever the steam thresher chanced to stand. Almost every field has its stack of one or the other kind, sometimes making centers for little gatherings of white and red cattle. Here and there you pass cornfields—generally beside the little compact houses of Portuguese laborers—no longer green, but not yet yellow; bunches of shriveled dead silk dangle from the tips of the ears, which are past the time of roasting-ears, and have not yet come to that of seed-ears. The rows of locust trees by the road in the villages are turning yellow; so are all the other deciduous eastern shade trees; but the orchard trees and the California walnuts hold their green. There is something at once droll and touching in the loyal habit of the eastern shade trees of refusing to be enticed into leaf before the time their ancestors taught them was safe, and of cautiously getting themselves all safely cleared for storms, and under cover of bark as soon as the theoretically proper time comes round. The elm is the stanchest Puritan of them all. Long after the cherry and peach leaves have ceased to look infantine, and the walnuts are casting a respectable shade, and the early roses are quite wild with bloom, our young elm unfolds a cautious leaf or two, to see if the air is warm enough yet for them to venture into—a few more, and a few more, on the most vigorous boughs, before at last he opens all his doors to the Californian sun, and lets his whole leafage troop out. No giving up the good old customs for him, just because he happens to have got into a country of luxurious weather and spendthrift trees. And yet, I have a misgiving that even he concedes just two or three days each year, and that the dates of his unfolding and shedding leaves are slowly diverging from those of his family at home. It may be more sensible in him to lose his prejudices, but it is not nearly so picturesque. Moreover, I notice that the continued green of the orchards does not rest the eye among the yellows and browns of plain and mountain ranges; for the yellows and browns set the tone of the landscape; the green orchards are off the key. The native sycamores, willows, or buckeyes, that here and there grow beside streams, have toned themselves down to a dullness of green that is not incongruous; but these orchards, artificially grafted into the landscape, cannot quite adapt themselves to it.

Along the roads, wagon loads of hay bales creep cityward. The fog grows grayer as you cross the creek, and the steeples of Oakland show above lines of eucalyptus; and the school boys and girls coming in from the country begin to scatter at each station to their various public and private schools. The school children are a feature of this morning train. Some of them come twenty miles daily to their high school or academy. Those who come from long distances up the

road form a little clan, which gathers up its members station by station, hailing each re-enforcement with much good-fellowship. A jolly little clan it is, very comfortably conscious of the distinction and importance of going off from home ten or twenty miles a day, with Greek grammars or algebras under the arm; while their former schoolmates relapse into bucolic habits, and look upon *timē*, *timēs*, and *x y z*, with no less remoteness of half-contempt, half-reverence than upon the profoundest achievement of scholarship in astronomical problem or cuneiform inscription—not that they appreciate Cæsar more, but Rome less. A very modest and innocent consciousness of importance it is, this of the school delegation, and will do the lads and lasses more good than harm. They have a right to take some solid satisfaction in their present lofty pinnacle of learning; for you may be sure there is not one among them who has not achieved it of his own free will and enterprise; the good folk do not urge their sons and daughters, against their will, farther than through the common schools.

This is the train, too, for young ladies with music-rolls and portfolios. Listen for a few minutes to the two that have greeted as acquaintances and settled into the seat behind you. There has been much to see and hear inside the car while you have been looking only outside; and you must catch a little of it all before your trip comes to an end. One of them is going to a piano lesson, it seems, and her companion asks, with a polite air of interest:

"Are you taking lessons still of the same teacher?"

She has evidently found that desire of the model "conversationalist," the subject her companion is interested in; for the prompt answer comes with much vivacity of voice and emphasis:

"O yes, indeed. I hope I shall never have to change until I am ready to go on with Mr. Schaltenviel. I do like Miss Allison so much! She is always just as *gentle!* and yet she is ever so *particular*. You have to hold your fingers just so. I never knew anything about technique before I went to her, and she made me go back to the beginning and do everything over just as *thoroughly*."

"How long have you been taking of her?" (Air of having to say something, as the pause seems to demand it.)

"O, a year now. I wanted to go to Mr. Schaltenviel then, and I came very near doing it; but now I'm *awfully* glad I didn't. I could *read* very well, you see; but I had no technique *at all*. And I don't know what he *would* have done to me. He's perfectly awful, anyway, you know, even with his good pupils; and with me—!"

"I've heard that he was very severe." (Pause again demands something.)

"O yes, indeed. I went with Miss Allison once to hear her take her lesson; and the *way he talked to her!* So sarcastic, you know—O, just cutting. It would have killed *me*. She says he used to make her cry at first, but now she don't mind. They're real good friends in spite of his scolding. She takes lessons of him still, you know, just for rendering; but she is so advanced that she can teach *me* just as well as he could."

"Yes?"

"And that is so nice for me, you see. I suppose I shall get my courage up by the time I do go to him; but I never could have stood it when I began taking lessons last year. I'm such an awfully sensitive temperament, anyway; and the condition my fingers were in then would have made him just *wild;* and the way he talked to Miss Allison would have been nothing to what he would have said to me every single time. I should have cried and cried right before his face—I know I should; and that just makes him all the more cutting, they say. And I should have been so *nervous* I couldn't have played a single thing right for him. I should have forgotten my notes, even. They all say they have that experience when they begin with him. And I'm such a nervous temperament, anyway, that I should have been *perfectly helpless* as soon as he looked at me. Why, even with Miss Allison it was the *long-*

est time before I was at all at ease; I could hardly practice, even."

But the whirligig of time brings about its revenges; there comes a pause that the listener does not fill. It lengthens. The speaker begins again.

"You are taking painting lessons now, I believe?" (Sudden descent from the eager and vivacious to the studiously civil.)

"Not painting lessons just yet; drawing still." (Sudden ascent from the studiously civil to the eager and vivacious; unsuspected fluency and emphasis.) "My teacher does not want me to touch color at all until I have a good, free, bold handling with the pencil. It's *awfully* hard to get that."

"Yes?"

"I always want to putter and putter, and get a good picture before I leave it; but he says it isn't any object to make a good picture—the object is to learn to draw. I think that's a real good saying, don't you?"

"Yes, very good." (Air of polite willingness to acquiesce in anything.)

"It's like something in 'Hunt's Talks on Art.' Did you ever read that book? O, it's splendid. But it makes me think, do you know, that I can't really have much gift, or I shouldn't putter and work over my pictures so; but my teacher says that only shows a careful, conscientious disposition, and that ease will come with practice."

"I should think so. Now in music"—kindling interest of tone—"I know it's just that way."

"Yes? But"—hastily—"what I'm most eager about is the sketching from nature. We're going to organize a class next spring to go sketching to Berkeley. I do look forward to it *ever so much.* We shall make up little all-day parties, and take our lunch."

But one after another the squalid, little, liver-colored stations have been passed; the stretch of marsh on one side with the creek and the Encinal beyond, and on the other side little houses, vacant lots, and abundant supply of staked-out goats—whose Irish mistresses occasionally sit flat on the ground to watch them, under the ever-deepening fog; the wilderness of side-tracks, with long trains of dump-cars (yellow with some kind of soil they have been carrying), liver-colored freight-trains to match the stations, platform trains, perhaps a group of gay circus-cars, the invariable yellow passenger car of this side the continent, derricks, cords of wood and orderly heaps of coal, the great semicircle of the round-house, and then the delta of piers; and in a few minutes more the cars are emptying at the ferry, groups breaking up and rearranging, and music pupil and drawing pupil cease from troubling or being troubled.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

GERARD JOY'S DAUGHTER.

"WHO lives in the next house—that one with the long, old-fashioned roof?"

I rested my heavy bag, which contained my specimens of books, on the wall before me, as I asked the question.

It was near the close of a bright day in late October. I had walked far, and was still two miles from Warnham Centre, where the hotel was. I must confess, at this early stage, that I was a book agent, and that I was not devotedly attached to my occupation.

Still, I was not wealthy enough to roam about the country without doing something to pay my way, and the doctor's fiat was imperative:

"Live in the open air for the next three months; you'll get well if you do, but you'll die if you don't."

Not yet thirty years old, I was by no means ready to die. It was two months ago since this decision had been pronounced; I had walked over about every hill and dale of western Massachusetts, and now was com-

ing down toward Boston. I had reached Warnham, in Norfolk County—agricultural, aristocratic, slow of ideas: that was Warnham. I had come down through the west part of the town, and had managed to take sufficient orders to pay for my board at the hotel. I generally had paid my way, and the life had a charm for me in all its phases, save the one phase of asking people to buy.

The lusty pulses of health were beating within me again. Does a buoyant convalescence render one more susceptible—more sensitive to all outward influences? Does it make thinner the envelope of stolidity and matter-of-factness that protects us alike from keenest joy and keenest sorrow? I know that in my rudest health, before my long illness, I should have enjoyed all the munificence of loveliness on which my eyes had feasted as I came slowly down from the New York State line; but I should not have known that exquisite happiness with which sky and land now filled me.

"That," said the woman of whom I had asked the question, and who had utterly refused to look at my books, saying that the "Watchman and Reflector" gave her all the reading she could manage, anyhow—"that's the old Joy place."

"Anybody living there?"

"To be sure: Gerard Joy's daughter lives there. I shouldn't wonder a bit if you could sell her a book—she's all eat up with reading."

With this lucid description of Gerard Joy's daughter, I walked on along the short distance that separated the two dwellings. The large farm-house yard was divided from the road by a white fence, with a big gate for carriages, and a turn-stile at the end of the gravel walk that led to the front door. I had just pushed through this stile when a figure came round the corner of the house—the figure of a woman. She was dressed in a dark flannel dress which reached to the top of her boots, a short sack of some light wool, a black straw hat, very shabby and queer, and big, thick leather gloves. She had a hatchet in one hand and a stick of "trash wood" in the other. A dog had barked vociferously as my feet had touched the gravel, and I suppose that had sent the woman from her wood-chopping to see who had come.

Perhaps the face now turned toward me had looked upon twenty-five years—possibly a few more; with that hideous hat on, I could not tell much regarding its beauty or lack of beauty; but I could decide instantly that it had something of more consequence than mere prettiness—that it was interesting.

She looked in excellent—nay, in robust—health; with my recent experience of invalidism, I still noticed that expression at the first when I saw any one. She was fair—not of the yellow-blonde type, however, but with that skin that must in childhood have freckled discouragingly. Her eyes were of that gray which I guessed could change to almost any color; a mouth that could very nearly be called ugly: it was large, and, to my fancy, too full. For the rest, hair of a dull brown with no lights in it; a high forehead, altogether a very imaginative-shaped head. All this I discovered when I saw her without her hat.

Was she a lady? She certainly was not dressed like one, according to my somewhat conventional notions; but I was foolishly fastidious about a woman's garments.

She waited for me to speak, looking at me with a cool, questioning gaze, and leaning slightly on her stick of wood. As I looked into her eyes now, I involuntarily lifted my hat as I said:

"I have books to sell. Will you look at my specimens? Perhaps you will find something you will like."

"You may come in," she answered, leading the way to the front door, and laying hatchet and wood on the piazza floor.

I had no more doubt on hearing her speak as to whether or not she was a lady. Her voice was refined and cultured, and had an indescribable peculiarity suggesting at that first hearing some undefined phase of hardness or cruelty. I do not mean that the voice was hard—it was particularly melodious and soft; in that moment I felt that it

contained a hint of her character that every one might not translate. Afterward I forgot what impression her tones had first given me—to remember with intensity still later.

We entered the "sitting-room." The New England farm-house sitting-room is familiar to many, but this one had a different aspect from those I had visited. Low ceiled—so low that I almost fancied I must stoop—a big beam running along the center, a fireplace on which smoldered a heap of coals. The walls were not papered, but tinted a soft gray, and there were many engravings hung there. A black-walnut desk stood between the two front windows, and on top of it was a fine bust of Apollo; in another niche an exquisite, full-length statuette of Psyche, the butterfly on her shoulder, the lovely face turned wonderingly toward it. There were books and magazines and papers everywhere, but the room was not disordered by them; it looked cozy and inhabitable.

The girl sat down at one side of the table, and waited for me to display my wares. She had taken off her hat and gloves, and it was now I saw the contour of her head, and that her hands were large and strong-looking, but shapely and white as milk, with round nails, carefully kept. Why did I notice her in this way? I am sure I cannot tell. I was not given to looking particularly at people; indeed, I was so careless about it that I could not recall half a dozen faces in all the multitude I had seen in the last few weeks.

I wished she would speak, instead of sitting there that way. As I opened my valise, I said:

"I made sure I could sell you something, Miss Joy, from the time your neighbor here told me that you were 'eat up with reading.'"

She smiled slightly, and the smile so changed her face—gave such a charm to the too full mouth—that I wondered I had called it ugly.

"She views my reading proclivities as a sort of canker, or rust, then, I suppose," she said. "Well, I must seem odd to one who thinks every quiet moment lost that is not spent in sewing or braiding straw."

While she spoke I had put my books on the table. I need not describe them save by saying they were popular histories. She looked at them coldly, and then said:

"I don't care for histories. A good novel, if you had it, I'd gladly buy. I think a really good one contains more genuine history than any collection of facts ever made."

I made some reply, to which she did not respond. She was plainly waiting for me to go, and I did not want to go, but I began putting away my goods. It was out of the question to urge her to buy; I had no inclination to use any of the flippant pleading of which I had become master. When my valise was ready, I said, impelled by one of those strange impulses which sometimes are so fateful:

"I am very tired; it's two miles to the Centre, I am told. Will you give me lodging and food until to-morrow?"

At this moment, as I look back upon that time, it still seems to me, as it seemed then, as if something outside of myself put the question—something which for the instant controlled my destiny.

She looked a little surprised, and hesitated a moment, then assented to my request.

By the time I had seated myself again, and stretched out my feet to the fire in restful position, Miss Joy had left the room. I looked at the tall old clock in the corner: it was nearly five. The room in which I sat had windows to the south and east, and was already somewhat shadowy, while I could see the flood of horizontal, golden sunshine filling the orchard which lay beyond the wide yard toward the east. The hills opposite were still radiant with the now somewhat subdued colors of maples, walnuts, and sassafras. One elm tree in the yard, which had shed its leaves days ago, had its topmost branches sawed off, and on the little platform of one of them sat a squirrel, complacently looking down at the windows. How still everything was! Was there noise anywhere in the world? It did not seem possible. After a few minutes I rose, and walked out at the front door. The squirrel darted down across my path and into a hole near

the underpinning of the house. I sauntered round to the great barn, and went in. There was a wagon and a basket carriage. The stalls were empty, save one in which stood a magnificent black horse, of small size but perfect form. He seemed scarcely more than a colt.

"Does she take care of him?" I wondered.

I went out through the cow-yard and into a lane which led down between two broad meadows, and then ascended to a rocky hill that rose picturesque and lovely in the rich fall sunshine.

I soon became aware that a man was coming down from the hill with a bush-scythe over his shoulder—a stalwart, bearded fellow, with big black eyes that were now looking curiously at me.

I turned and walked back toward the barn with him.

"A prosperous-looking farm," I said; "who carries it on?"

"Miss Joy, up yonder," was the response.

"Ah! she must be quite a character," I said, somewhat superciliously.

He made no response whatever, but kept up his long stride.

I turned and looked back at the pasture. The sunlight glorified it; the huckleberry and the sumac made it glow sumptuously. Why should not I work there for a few days? Why not take a vacation from that wearisome asking of people to buy? I was certainly belying my character for slowness to-day. I turned to the man.

"Don't you want some help?" I said. "You are cutting bushes, aren't you?"

He nodded.

"Take on a new hand?"

"I don't care; you must ask Miss Joy about it; I'm working for her."

At the supper-table I did ask Miss Joy. She had no objection to hiring me. The sooner the pasture was cut and burnt the better.

"Then I'll go to work to-morrow," I said, as I took a cup of tea from her; and again I looked at her hand—firm and strong; it seemed as if it might send the scalpel unerringly through the quivering flesh. Could it be tender, also? I wondered vaguely whether I should ever touch it. Did it have a warm grasp and true?

Grave and silent she sat behind the tea-pot; the workman from the fields was at the meal with us, and beyond the ordinary courtesies of the table, I think there was not a word spoken after I had gained permission to work.

I went up into the pasture with my scythe by seven o'clock the next morning. The scythe was heavy, hard to swing, and I was lame and sore from the unaccustomed work.

A week went on, and still the pasture was not finished; and now I began to look forward, hardly being conscious that I did so, to the evening of each day; for in the evening I sat by the open wood-fire with Miss Joy, and we talked—talked of everything—mostly of books—and I watched for that rare smile to come on my companion's face; it grew less and less rare—more and more attractive. I do not know what she saw in *my* face; I only know that I looked at her as I had never looked at woman before, and still I tried to conceal from myself and from her the feeling that was daily, hourly growing stronger.

Without seeming to put forth any exertion, this woman yet drew me to her with an inevitableness that was as strong and as mysterious as magnetism. Was she charming? Was she attractive? Would she be described by those adjectives? I cannot tell. I only know that now, every moment, she strengthened the interest I felt in her. Often I glanced curiously at the man who was my fellow-workman. What did he think of her? He never saw her in the evening; he never seemed to notice her in any way. I wondered that his black eyes could look so unconcernedly at her; that his tone kept its usual accent when he spoke to her. He was an intelligent man, as I found in conversation with him as we grubbed at bushes and savins; but apparently he was not affected as I was by our hostess.

I was curious about Miss Joy, but I was loath to ask questions of anybody. I discovered that her mother had died years ago,

and that two years since she had been left fatherless, since which time she had carried on the farm shrewdly and successfully.

"A mighty capable girl," the neighbors said she was, "though she was so given over to reading and such like."

"Do you never feel cramped in this place?" I asked one evening, after I had been reading aloud to her some story of a woman who had done glorious work in the world.

She was sitting with her hands idle; she never had any fancy work, and I never saw her sew.

That night she wore a dress of some soft stuff, deep crimson in color, and exquisite in fit. Nearly all day she wore her short dress, and nearly all day she was at work with gloves on out of doors. I never saw any one who seemed so to exult in the free air as she did.

She looked at me with a flash in her eyes.

"Cramped?" she repeated in her soft, vibrant voice—the tone of a contralto; "why should I? are you one of those who think there is no growth outside of a town? Is constant friction with human beings growth, education?"

Her eyes, turned full upon me, confused me. I was conscious the moment I looked at them now of only one wish, which was of the intensity of a passion—the wish to look long into them—the feeling that I could never look enough, and that I did not care longer to keep my emotion a secret.

As our eyes met, her gaze softened strangely, the gray irids grew purple, the light that thrilled me diffused itself over her whole face; the curve of her full lips was delicate and powerfully intoxicating; there was no smile, only a sweetness on the mouth more rare and enchanting than any smile could have been. Scarcely knowing what I did, I rose from my seat and stepped the one step that divided me from her. The movement did not interrupt the gaze that appeared to me to mingle our souls. I bent over her, my heart throbbing sweetly and heavily. I opened my lips to speak. What words of love should I have uttered? I know not; I had not thought of mere words, for I was completely in the power of a sensation.

At that moment the back door opened loudly—as loudly, it seemed to me, as a clap of thunder—and steps approached. I sat down and took up my book, gazing with blind eyes at the open page.

It was the workman. I thought that he was coming in for the first time since I had been there. He did open the sitting-room door; I am afraid something of an oath was in my mind. I glanced at Miss Joy, and was unspeakably surprised to see that her face showed not one trace of having the instant before been charged with intense emotion of some kind. She looked as she might have looked at the dinner-table.

"I thought I'd tell you that there's no scythe to be found in the village, so I guess we'll begin to burn to-morrow."

She asked him a few questions about the state of the pasture—asked in the even, musical voice which she used on all occasions, and which I had once fancied contained a hint of some kind of cruelty—how could I ever have fancied that?

I knew that I should have found it impossible to have prevented my voice from sounding constrained—the voice is so hard to manage.

Then the man shut the door. Impossible to call back the mood that had been disturbed; Miss Joy began to read, and I pretended to do so. Soon I bade her good night. Was her sleep calm and continued, I wondered. Mine was not. The face which had so moved me I could not banish; it came in all shapes, in all expressions. I had cause to remember that night. I slept by snatches of a few minutes, then lay for a long time with my eyes so wide open that it seemed as if I could never close them. The hours were interminable. The tall clock below stairs struck resonantly, and I heard it every time. It had just struck two. It was a vivid moonlight night—so vivid that every twig on the elm outside was penciled with distinctness. But suddenly there was a change in the light about me; a strange and wavering yellow had been in-

fused into it, and the quality of it had been deepened. I lay quietly looking at it, seeing it, but not taking it really into my consciousness for some time; for though my outward senses were sufficiently alert, my brain was too locked in other thoughts to be able to receive any messages. But the glare at last deepened so markedly that I began to think of it. I raised myself on my elbow and looked out, alert and conscious.

The barn stood at the rear, but so much at one side that it was wholly visible from my window at the east side of the house. It was from the barn that the light came. The roof of it was in flames; I knew by the swift and high leaping of the fire that the hay was now burning—evidently I was the only one who knew this. It seemed strange that the fire should rage so fiercely, and my eyes be the only ones to see it.

I knew as I threw on my clothes that the house was safe, for the wind was blowing from it; and I knew also that nothing could now save the barn—even an engine, which could not be had. In such country places there seems very little to do but to let a fire burn. In a moment I was at Miss Joy's door; her room was across the little upper hall from mine. I knocked imperatively, and she asked immediately what was the matter. There was no one else to call. The hired man, Matthew Royce, slept at his mother's house about a quarter of a mile distant.

Before I had reached the barn Miss Joy was by my side. I could not have her approach me without a curious thrilling of the nerves. I looked at her; her eyes seemed absolutely blazing, otherwise her face was quiet. How red her lips were!

"Will you roll out the carriages while I take out the colt?"—and as she spoke the big door swung back beneath my hand.

"Certainly," I said, as if she had asked me to hand her the sugar at the table. "But let me take the horse, he will be unmanageable."

She shook her head and we both went in. The heat was intense, but the lower part of the building was not yet burning. The cinders fell fast and dangerous, but we both rushed in. I knew that my part was not so full of peril as hers, for the carriage-room was roofed over; the rest of the barn had only its peaked roof, and there was the fire.

The black colt cried out with a terrible cry of terror and of hope: of terror at the heat and the flames, of hope at hearing his mistress.

I could not dispute with her; I should only lose time.

Miss Joy had a small shawl thrown over her shoulders. I do not know how it was; though I worked furiously all the time, yet I watched her every instant. I saw her walk swiftly into the stall and throw the shawl over the head of the animal, and back him out. As I saw that, I ran to the other door, which opened into the cow-yard and from thence into the lane which led to the pasture. As I did so, I remembered what I had once heard Matthew Royce say—that the colt would sometimes not obey unless its mistress was on its back. There were two cows in their stalls, but Miss Joy seemed to have forgotten everything but the colt. And now I saw that the horse was not going to stir from the place, that he was utterly confused and frightened. He trembled heavily, but had his feet planted in a very stubborn way. It was useless to think of saddling or bridling him; there was no time. Would she mount him? As the question went through my mind, she had stepped on a milking stool, and had sprung on the colt's back. She reached forward and slipped off the shawl from his head; even as she did so, the brute sprung out, leaped the fence that separated the yard from the lane, and then was out of sight.

I ran out. I shall never forget the picture of the black horse and its rider flying along the lurid glare.

I went back; I had just time to loose the cows and get them out, when the flames came down and licked up everything.

The cows cantered off, I cared not where. I ran up the lane at a pace that made the air cut my face. By this time I heard voices down by the house—the neighbors were

collecting; but they could do nothing but look at the flames.

Was there a step behind me? I fancied so, but I soon forgot it.

The fire lit up the rocky pasture with a strange light. In that breathless race the fancy came to me that it was a waste hill of earth, now for the last time brightened, and with a light of doom. The rocks leaped up into sight like gray monsters, the savins gloomed against the glare with a sinister darkness, and all the time the prominent figure was the colt and the burden he bore, for they seemed one figure.

At first I had thought she must be thrown, for she was without saddle or bridle. I recalled what somebody had said about her the day I had come to Warnham. A man had remarked:

"The best bit of horseflesh in town is owned by Gerard Joy's daughter."

And another had responded:

"Yes, and the Devil himself could not get the girl off the colt's back if she chose to stick."

I thought of that now, though it had been spoken before I knew Miss Joy; and I remembered distinctly the features of the men, and how a smooch of tobacco juice was on the left cheek of the elder one.

I was now going rather steeply up hill, and I was beginning to pant, though I did not relax my speed. The black horse had leaped out of sight.

There was a deserted cellar in the back of the pasture—so long deserted as to be filled with bushes and small trees.

Would the rider remember that, and if she did, could she control her steed?

I had now gained the top of the pasture and looked about me. At this distance, the firelight did not so overpower the moonbeams. Had the horse been within the range of vision, I could not have failed to see him, so full was the light.

Surely there were footsteps behind me.

Stopping only that breath of time, I dashed along without more hesitation, through the mown and re-mown bushes to the old cellar.

As I reached it, I saw that something had happened there. The stones were loosened, the earth broken in, and there, in the dark side of a pine tree, lay the horse and rider.

I leaped down; my bounding blood seemed suddenly turned icy cold. I bent over the confused group. The colt lay huddled up in a heap. For the instant I did not see Miss Joy, so thickly fell the pine boughs over her.

"Is the horse hurt?" she asked, in an eager, faint voice. Instead of replying, I demanded in a harsh tone:

"Are *you* hurt?"

"Yes; but look at *him*."

"I won't; I will take the right to look at you first," I said, and went down on my knees by her side.

I put the fragrant pine away. I raised the girl on my arm to my shoulder. What man in my place, recalling a few hours before, could have been circumspectly cold then? Had I found her seriously injured, everything but anxiety would have gone from my heart. As it was, the moment I felt her leaning against me, when I looked down at her face and met her eyes, the emotion that had been growing upon me ever since the day I had first seen her came over me now like a tropical tempest that I could no more restrain than I could calm the wild hurricane of the meridianal storm.

"It's only my arm—that is broken," she said, wincing a little. "I tell you the truth. Now will you see if my horse is hurt? I am a little weak from the pain—a trifle faint when I move."

I laid her back gently against the tree trunk, and bent forward.

"Poor fellow! his front leg is broken—both forelegs," I said, seeing the difficulty.

The horse looked at its mistress with great, soft, appealing eyes. Miss Joy did not speak for a moment, during which her gaze dwelt upon the animal, so that I half envied him.

Then she said:

"Have you your pistol with you? I notice that you often carry it."

We had both practiced shooting somewhat

of late. In one of the inner pockets of the loose coat I had thrown on was the pistol, and I silently put it into her hand.

"Shall not I do it?" I asked.

"No—no!" in a smothered voice.

She bent forward until her head rested on the glossy black neck. I saw her shoulders heave in convulsive sobs, but I knew that she shed no tear.

She passed her hand softly over the beautiful face of the colt, then, with her head still on his neck, she slowly put the pistol to his forehead. A shudder of agony went over her as she did so, and the animal still looked at her as if he could trust her to get him out of all his difficulties.

Then her finger pulled the trigger, and the shapely head fell back forever.

There was a look on Miss Joy's face that alarmed me. I snatched the pistol from her hand and threw it from me.

A pale smile came to her lips.

"My horse has solved the mystery," she said. "How easy to do it!"

I caught her hand, I raised her to her feet, looking all the while into the eyes that made my brain whirl, my pulses bound.

With quick motions I raised her broken arm into my handkerchief, and knotted it about her neck. I bent my head over her. Was I taking any unfair advantage? I thought of nothing, I felt nothing but the feeling she had inspired in me.

"Do you not know that I love you?" I whispered; and with the words, I stooped until I kissed her lips—caress to be remembered as long as any of youth's fire lingers in my veins.

Her head was on my shoulder; she had tried fiercely to stand alone, but she was weaker than she knew; she must lean on me or stagger back to the tree for support; and there was a terrible pallor on her face that frightened me—that seemed in the moonlight absolutely ghostly.

She raised her head with an effort, and looked up in my face. Her voice was pathetically sweet as she said:

"So this is love, is it? It is a cup I must not drink—with you."

Then, as the night before, footsteps came; and now also it was the same man who interrupted.

Matthew Royce came up with hurried and uneven walk. His face was horrible to see, so white was it; and a slow stream of blood trickled from his forehead down to his curling black beard. He had fallen on a stone in his headlong hurry as he came up behind me, and the stone had left a mark.

An indescribable change came over Miss Joy's face as she saw this man.

As for him, he minded me no more than if I had been a stick. His black eyes were glowing like coals, his whole aspect was of the intensest. He leaped into the cellar and took the woman from my arms, as one takes what is utterly and indisputably his own. An inarticulate murmur came once from his ashen lips. His eyes burned down upon her as if they would pour life and strength into her. He held her closely pressed to him. How long did that scene last? A breath of time, an eternity of emotion.

I saw her unhurt arm cling about his neck. I saw how his big shoulders heaved with his deep breaths of passion and of gratitude.

As soon as any will returned to me, I turned to go. Neither noticed me; they had forgotten me.

I did not intend to see her again. But when, half an hour later, in the darkness before the dawn of a November day, I came down-stairs with my satchel in my hand, a voice called me into the sitting-room. It was her voice, and I obeyed it.

The neighbors had gone, save one woman who went into the kitchen as I entered the room.

I knew, without being told, that Matthew Royce had gone for the doctor to set the broken arm.

Miss Joy was lying on the lounge, looking white and spent.

"It was wrong," she said; "but it was so interesting to watch the growth of a passion."

I did not touch her hand; I bowed in silence, and went away.

Maria Louise Pool.

CHINESE MYTHOLOGY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

About the time the Christian world is passing the last week of Lent in solemn fasting and prayer, San Francisco's Chinatown is feasting and rejoicing in commemoration of the birthday anniversary of its Goddess of Mercy, "Goon Yum," or Queenly Sound. Two or three years ago we were interested in following the ceremonies of this anniversary as celebrated at the special temple of this popular deity—the contracted upper floor of a small building on Washington Street, reveling in various strata of filth, with an upper-crust of newly applied whitewash.

At the outset, for fear Queenly Sound might not know of the various honors about to be offered her, a paper horse and rider were burned, which, phenix-like, sprung from their own ashes into spiritual life, and cantered merrily up the heavenly road to call her attention to the fact. A vast quantity of imitation money—made of gilt and silvered paper—and some solid silver was thrown into the fire and miraculously changed into spiritual cash, which Goon Yum, with true feminine instinct, eagerly clasped in her spiritual purse.

A feast of steamed rice, colored cakes, oranges, tea, and wine, urns of lighted punk and sandal-wood, and vases of artificial flowers, was laid upon the altar before the image of the goddess, and a row of paper "devils" ranged around the room. These preliminaries duly settled, the priests began their shrill invocations, which seemed not to make an unearthly enough noise alone, for they were aided by interludes of gong and bell, cymbals and trumpets. These invocations to her august majesty are a market commodity. They are not offered for mankind in general, but only for the patrons of the temple, and those who contribute especially for the festivals, and in proportion to the amount of the contributions. One cannot help admiring the business-like promptness with which prayer is dealt out by the twenty-five cents' (a very diminutive quantity), by the twenty dollars', or the hundred dollars' worth.

Although Queenly Sound is generally supposed to be a vegetarian—having become a Buddhist before her death—meats dripping in grease were offered her on the third day, a fact which seemed to astonish the outside Chinese. Saturday, at midnight, the "devils" were burned; their mission was to hasten to the goddess and relate how she had been honored with hearty worship and wholesome repasts, regardless of expense; and further, that a theatrical display would now be presented as a termination of the festival. Accordingly, after the cremation of the devils a solemn procession of priests was formed, one carrying Queenly Sound's image in a fanciful box, the others playing on instruments and beating cymbals. The theater was only across the street, but in order to enhance the prestige of the affair, the carriages were drawn through all the highways and by-ways of Chinatown, and were followed by an immense crowd of admirers by the time they reached the outer gate of the theater. After much pomp and much more din, Queenly Sound was seated in the niche prepared for her at the side of the stage, and the performance began, continuing until Monday morning. The procession then re-formed, and the goddess was returned to her temple with the same tedious, noisy ceremonies as in conducting her to the theater.

Queenly Sound by herself is not bad-looking, but upon embracing Buddhism she became identified with, or grafted upon, a Buddhist masculine "Chat Gow Pot Bay," or Seven-Hands-and-Eight-Feelings, so that frequently they appear as one; the right side showing a deformity, with extra arms and hands shooting from the shoulder, the left side the placid features and form of the Chinese goddess. Seven-Hands-and-Eight-Feelings possesses the miraculous power of

changing animals into other animals, and raising the dead to life. Queenly Sound not only bestows prosperity, but also posterity, and is worshiped by men and women alike. Three times during the year extra worship is accorded—the anniversaries of her birth, death, and conversion to Buddhism. Her image or portrait occupies a prominent corner of every private home as well as temple. As a usual thing, the home space is too limited to admit of images; colored pictures of the deities are therefore hung high in one corner of the room, and the offerings placed on a narrow shelf beneath. In this case Queenly Sound is accompanied by a bevy of divinities. Around her head circles a series of halos. At her feet are grouped, with their attendants, Buddha, the god of war, and the god of actors and thieves.

The god of actors and thieves, Wah Gwong, was formerly an humble resident of the Flowery Kingdom. From earliest childhood he was famously skillful at pilfering. But the occupation was an honest sort of one for him, as he pursued it for the benefit of his parents, who were exceedingly poor. One morning, before the stars had ceased to shine, he rose and sallied forth in search of money, or something that was worth money. He was successful in finding a rice-kettle that the owner had carelessly left in his yard. Wah Gwong's mother was an excellent woman, who would not accept anything unless stolen from the rich. She questioned her son about the kettle, and finding that its rightful owner could ill bear its loss, she commanded him to return it before its absence was discovered. Naturally Wah Gwong demurred, saying it was already daylight, and he would be seen; but his good mother insisted, promising that the gods would assist in the performance of the deed. Thus assured, he set off, and sure enough he was aided by the gods, as his mother promised. The brightness of the morning sun was suddenly dimmed; the darkness of midnight spread itself over the city while the thief returned his stolen burden. No sooner had he reached another street than the midnight darkness disappeared, and the sun shone out in all his glory once more. Wah Gwong is lucky enough to own a surplus of eyesight, a third eye standing upright in the center of his forehead. After death his aid was solicited by actors and thieves, and gradually merchants of good standing, forgetting the thief in contemplation of his devoted filial affection, joined in worshiping him.

The California Chinese incline to the Buddhist religion, and many of their temples are designated as Buddhist; but there are no Buddhist priests, and side by side with bare-headed Buddha, or "Faht," sit two Chinese deities—the god of war, "Kwang Tai," and "Tong Hoy Sing Wan," the East-Ocean-Holy-King. San Francisco possesses thirteen heathen temples and shrines. Each of the Seven Companies owns one. The "Hip Yee Tong," or United Righteousness Society, owns another. Li Po Tai, the physician who formerly reaped a harvest of golden dollars from credulous white patients, owns an extensive and exceedingly filthy one, and the rest are conducted by private clubs and individuals. The How Wang temple is noticeable as being the only one of its kind, and for having as a director and patron a Chinaman baptized in the Christian faith.

There are about one hundred divinities worshiped in California. Many are obscure, many are individual family gods; but in every temple, hong, and household, Prince Kwang, the god of war, is accorded the highest and most universal worship among men. The prince started in his career as a brave and daring brother of an emperor of China. His warlike achievements soon won him an enviable reputation, his bare appearance on the battle-field striking terror into the hearts of his foe. Withal, he was generous, forgiving, and liberal. His image is not particularly striking; his pictures are harsh and sullen-looking—the very opposite of his reputed character.

"Choy-Baa-Ling-Gwun," the god of riches, familiarly known as the Sweet or Sugar Prince, is popular with both sexes of all ages. Sugar Prince's experience was quite remarkable. His public life began as a

hard-hearted official in the tax collector's department. In the performance of his duties, he arrived at a house where the owner pleaded too great poverty to pay his tithe. "All right," responded Sugar Prince cheerfully; "I'll stay in the house and board with you until you find enough money." Far from seeming unjust, this double taxation only worried the poor man into setting his wits to work to provide proper entertainment for his unexpected guest. He gave the best room to the tax gatherer, who soon retired. But not to sleep. The ceaseless chatter of a hen under his window kept him awake. Finally he leaned his head out to discover what annoyed her, and was surprised to hear her speaking thus:

"My dear little ones, our master has an unbidden guest for whom he must provide food. To-morrow morning I shall be killed for this purpose. Dear little ones, it grieves me deeply to leave you while you are yet so inexperienced in the ways of the wide world. I have nothing to bequeath you but my parting advice. Above, be watchful lest the hawk pounce upon you; beneath, be watchful that no one treads upon you. Be moderate in your appetite, that disease may not overtake you; children of the same mother, remember never to have aught but words of love for each other."

Sugar Prince was so disturbed by this display of wisdom that he was unable to sleep. "If a short-lived, insignificant fowl exhibits so much understanding, and plans so clearly for the future, how should man plan! I will resign my official position, and seek a secluded spot where I may devote the remainder of my life's hours to study and reflection."

In pursuance of this resolution, the tax gatherer bade adieu to his friends and departed. He had not proceeded far when he was met by a roaring tiger. Without fear, he jumped upon the animal's back, seized his mane, and rode proudly away to his hermit nook, thus winning the worship of the people as the god of riches.

The image of wrinkled-forehead Confucius is occasionally seen in a temple, but has few worshipers beside school-children, who are the only *literati* of San Francisco Chinatown.

A favorite story is the legend of Choy San. Choy San was wonderfully devoted to his parents. One day, when absent from home, he heard his mother was dead. This news so grieved him that he wept tears of blood. To inspire the Chinese child with proper ideas of filial devotion this legend of the tears of blood has been handed down from generation to generation, and the boy, Choy San, deified. His image is common to all temples, usually standing inside the main entrance, and may always be known by two red streaks of paints over his cheeks.

Buddha is represented bareheaded, one foot terminating in turtle shape, the other as a lizard. Buddha would once have drowned but for a kindly disposed lizard and turtle, which upheld him by his feet until assistance came.

"Kum Tah Foo Yen"—Golden-Flower-Woman—the goddess of children, is to be found everywhere. In temples she is recognized by her portly figure, with a child in each arm. In homes she will be found under the bed—with an array of food and incense before her—where the infant is brought to tender its first worship. Golden Flower, too, grants offspring to her favorites, and exercises a mother's care over it for a number of years. As most of the Chinese deities have had exciting adventures, the experience of this goddess will not be surprising. One day, while she was standing on a bit of matting by the river-side, a demon of the water, who had long awaited an opportunity of bringing universal woe upon the world, seized the matting, and drew it with the goddess into the water. Four ducks saw the wicked act, and though powerless to punish the demon, saved Golden Flower's life by taking the corners of the matting in their bills and guiding it safely to the shore. No sooner had she landed than she vowed solemnly never to eat of duck's meat again. So in the perpetual sacrifice before her, there is a conspicuous absence of the baked-in-lard water-fowl.

"The powerful Chinese and American

god" is a California invention, but worshiped none the less sincerely. As yet, this youthful deity has not been dignified with an image; only his name, "Choy Sun," and attributes, are printed on red paper.

Near Choy Sun is the image of a tiger, worshiped by gamblers. His open mouth is always filled with chopped raw pork, and over his head lie slices of raw pork or bacon.

Though the "kitchen god" is not found in a temple, his presence in each home and place of business is so universal that a description of the principal deities would be imperfect without a passing notice of him and his work. Kitchen god is by occupation a spy. For twelve months he remains in the house, taking strict note of every transaction, public or private. At midnight of New-Year's eve he departs for heavenly realms, and there relates to his principal the history of the past year. The people would gladly do without kitchen god, but are obliged to endure the necessary infliction of his presence. This "tattle-tale" Chinese Mercury has acquired as many contemptible traits of character as a modern supervisor. A good dinner or a handful of cash hushes him from reporting many an evil deed; but woe unto the man who fails to fee and feast him! Were his heart as pure as snow, his deeds worthy of a saint, they will be blackened until he appear a demon by greedy, avaricious, revengeful kitchen god.

Let it be ever so smoked and greasy and dingy and odorous, a Chinese temple is a fanciful affair. Those owned by the wealthier companies are as clean, perhaps, as possible where there is a constant stream of worshipers coming and going. The gilded carvings are always ingenious and ornamental. The decorations of artificial flowers, draperies of Turkey red, and bright gold inscriptions on gray-green ground are exceeding picturesque. The altar curtains of solid colored silk, so heavily embroidered that but little of the original material is visible, captivate the eye of feminine visitors, who know how much labor has been employed in following and working the intricate tracings. The liberal offerings of food and incense are always arranged tastefully. The vessels that contain them are of burnished steel. A large steel urn is constantly filled with the ashes of burned punk and sandalwood. They bring in no inconsiderable revenue to the companies, from the sale to superstitious women and children, who consider the ash consecrated, and therefore powerful in driving away disease and devils. The *bona fide* money that is frequently burned in offerings at the shrine of god or goddess is carefully gathered from the ashes, and made into charms for children to wear as a protection from certain ills and misfortunes.

At the sides of the temples are ranged red or black staffs surmounted by steel ornaments. Some of them serve no other purpose than to add to the supposed beauty of temple and procession. Eight of them are symbolical of the eight angels who assist weak humanity occasionally with their magic instruments of power. Originally the band was composed of a mystic seven, all sworn to celibacy; but during a short sojourn on earth, one angel, forgetful of his vows, was rash enough to fall deeply in love with a mortal maiden, and in a very unangelic sort of way he announced his intention of marrying her. In vain did his six associates remonstrate; so they were obliged to fall back upon their only plan of preserving their magic band. They captured the maid, wafted her to heavenly spheres, and invested her with equal power with themselves. So when number seven threw off the yoke of angelhood and hastened to earth to wed his love, he roamed disconsolately through the wide world in fruitless search for her. Glad enough was he to be recalled to his home in the clouds, renew the ties of brotherhood, and accept his love with a fraternal affection. The sister was christened "Han Seen Koo," and presented with a lily which would unroll itself at her command, and form a beautiful pathway over mountain or ocean to the uttermost corner of the earth.

No one of the eight angels is higher in authority than another, but all live in a state of perpetual equality. One carries a fire

bottle, "Foo Lo," which—small and delicate—carries enough fire to fill the heavens; he is worshiped by smiths. Another owns a pair of wooden bones, which he claps for a signal to send troops. A flute is used for the same purpose by a third angel; he is worshiped by musicians. The fourth has a flying sword, which can cut off entire armies at one blow; he is worshiped by barbers. The fifth angel waves a fan, and the waters of the ocean follow its motion; he is also able to raise the dead to life, or destroy the living. The sixth bears a brush, which he uses in collecting or clearing clouds and thunder. The last of the band owns a syringe, with which he occasionally pumps the ocean dry.

This magic band and its wonderful exploits are the subject of numerous stories and theatrical plays. A scene from an oft-acted drama is so popular with the people that no family is too poor to own a colored engraving of it. At every move, one's eyes rest upon eight angels upholding a human being in waves of clouds. The unpracticed eye of the outside barbarian may detect no difference in the general appearance of human freight and the angels; but is convinced of his error when gravely assured by his guide that they are "heapee not alla same." Though this picture of the eight angels crossing the ocean is so common, no one will admit that it receives worship. Your friend will shrug his shoulders and smile incredulously when he asserts: "O, some *women*, perhaps, believe it; but you know I'm too intelligent for that. No man puts any faith in such a humbug." As proof of his skepticism, he then grows more and more enthusiastic in his praises of the eight angels, more and more indignant if his auditor happens to smile or make contradictory remark while he is relating the

LEGEND OF THE FLOWER EVERLASTING.

Once upon a time a prince of China owned a vase of flowers, which would not only live forever, but also add to the life and happiness of its possessor. The prince always carried it with him in his travels, for fear of misfortune happening either to it or to him. He was returning home from a long journey, when East-Ocean-Holy-King—the Chinese Neptune—seized it, and would never have parted with it but for the eight angels, who, in obedience to their chivalrous instinct, hastened to assist the prince to regain the precious flower.

While syringe angel and fan angel worked like a modern fire brigade to drain the water from the ocean, "Brudder Bones" and flute angels signaled for troops to vanquish the sea armies. Flying-sword drew his magic weapon with speed and precision. Fire-bottle uncorked his lightning. Brush angel gathered a mass of clouds, and in the midst of the din and confusion the prince slipped his magic flower away, and made his escape by retreating up the pathway spread out for him by lily angel. As this result was victory for the eight angels, they ceased warfare, refilled the ocean beds with their salt water, brought back the sunshine, dispersed the troops, and then joined in conducting the prince's chariot in triumph and safety to his own dominions.

Like ancient Greece, China has its deities of the heaven and of the earth and of the water under the earth. Like ancient Egypt, she disposes of her idols in groups of three, and deifies certain animals. But the train of romantic fancy that springs up at the bare mention of ancient mythology is ruthlessly wrecked by a visit to the temples of Joss. The panorama of weirdly beautiful idol-worshiping scenes which unrolls itself before the vision is abruptly ended at sight of a filthy, bleary-eyed Chinaman performing the prescribed devotions of ten thousand ages. In vain will the inquirer seek for a golden art bonanza in the depths of Chinese mythology. Instead of exquisitely carved marble, it sends forth a myriad of images, grotesque, hideous, and out of proportion. In place of rare paintings and glowing recitals of exploit in immortal verse, it gives crude, gaudy sketches without spirit or artistic touch, and a few fables and legends faded and garbled till even the priests can scarcely relate them.

There is no fascinating love story—love stories have no prominence in Chinese literature. Is it the degradation of woman to the level of the beast of the field that strips the multitude of gross and repelling superstitions of charm? What divests this ancient religion of the poetic fancies and solemn grandeur of Grecian and Egyptian and Teutonic paganism, unless the customs and education of centuries, which have taught that "when a girl is born she sleeps upon the ground, is merely wrapped up in a cloth, plays with a tile, and is incapable of acting either virtuously or viciously? She has nothing to think of but preparing food, making wine, and not vexing her parents."

L. A. Littleton.

A SONG.

Across the ocean, flying free,
A little bird comes straight to me,
With true heart beating in its breast;
It comes, wide-winged, to seek for rest.
And all its ruffled plumes are sweet
With perfumes of the Orient—
Sweet, spicy fragrances, that greet
My senses as the one who sent
This little bird unto me meant.
O little bird! what if you die
To-morrow, and no longer fly
Between two souls that love? What more
Desire can you now have to soar
And flit from utmost shore to shore,
Since you have seen my dear one's face,
And known her tenderness and grace?
Why! just to see her smile to-day
I'd be content to cross a way
Strewn thick with trouble. Ah! I long
At her white feet to sing my song,
And see the love-light in her eyes
Grow like the gleam on morning skies.
But you—you are content to be
Here quietly at rest with me;
And I must be content to wait
All uncomplainingly on Fate.

And so I fold you to my heart,
Small, white-winged messenger, and feel
All doubting restlessness depart,
And through my tired being steal
The message you were sent to bring.
And all my soul springs up to sing,
Just as that gracious sweetheart meant
Who sent you from the Orient
To where the cold winds from the sea
Are blowing fitfully on me.

James Berry Bensel.

ANNETTA

IX.

THEY had walked some distance down the open street under the open sky when Annetta said, sighing deeply:

"I was feeling everything intensely—the strangeness and awfulness of death, the double strangeness and awfulness of sudden death—when that man bustled forward with his dreadful air of being upon an errand so common as to have become a mere matter of business."

Mr. Treston, whom Annetta—her countenance wistfully expressing her need of sympathy—openly regarded, contented himself and her by smiling gently, comprehendingly.

No words could have soothed like that radiant silence.

"How strange that Tom could criticise him as he did!" she thought. She became impulsively certain that whatever trouble Mr. Treston may have had in his life—his countenance bore the impress of some sorrow—no sourness toward either sex had resulted therefrom.

They reached the house. "You do not care to be present at the inquest?" Annetta asked.

"Not I. Doubtless Bartmore will know where to look for me when it is over."

Annetta ushered him into the parlor, and tossing aside gloves and hat, tacitly begged his assistance in removing her snugly fitting out-door jacket. Her manners showed a glad and growing unconstraint in his society.

"Everything will soon be going on in the old way, I hope," she said, her face brightening into his. "I was so tired of the old way. Now I sigh for what I used to call the every-dayness."

They talked a while cheerfully and frankly, until Treston exclaimed:

"What a cordial fellow your brother is!"

His tone was not unsuited to the ascription of cordiality; yet a shadow dimmed Annetta's smiling. There was something which she could not fathom beneath that measured expression of praise. How much or how little had this man with his keen penetration been able to read of that character which she was only learning slowly and painfully to distrust? Knowing what schemes her brother had frankly talked over, she became uneasy; nor could she at all subdue her nervousness until Treston begged her to play for him.

"Choose what you please," he said, in answer to a question of hers. "I am familiar neither with the great composers nor with their compositions—a phase of ignorance I trust some day to be quit of. But music has its message for me which can reach me through no other medium."

To judge from his countenance when Bartmore, boiling over with the unmelodious haste and bustle of life, burst in upon them, the message was one of peace. Treston had then been sitting for an hour at least in an atmosphere thrilled by Mendelssohn's tenderest chords. Why had Annetta selected, scarce consciously, those plaintive *Lieder?*

Tom did by no means appreciate what he chanced to hear.

"That must be the tune the old cow died on, Netta," he cried, taking dominant possession of the room, after his wont. Then, as his sister swung softly about: "What ails you, sis? You look as if you'd lost your best friend. You mustn't get too melancholy. I can plainly see that things are preying on your mind."

Annetta answered nothing; but she wondered wistfully how Tom could endure such scenes as the one he had just left without being touched, saddened, softened. Had he stood but now over the stark clay that yesterday laughed and loved and lived with no pale forecast of the hour when he, too, must lie stark clay?

He went on gayly:

"I'm going to drive Treston around a while, but I'll be home early to supper, and if you'd like to see Clara Morris to-night, why I'll take you. It'll cheer you up. Come, what do you say?"

Annetta said "yes" with a girl's eagerness for diversion. Almost immediately Maggy announced luncheon.

"I hope to hear those lovely strains again and many times," Mr. Treston said later, when he had eaten and drank, and was bidding Annetta good day. So he thanked her for her music in no set phrase.

Evening came—six o'clock—seven. Annetta felt a burning indignation with herself for having relied upon Tom's promise.

At five minutes after seven the front door-bell rang.

"A gentleman in the parlor give me this bit iv a letther for yez," Maggy explained, returning hurriedly to the dining-room after admitting some visitor.

"From Tom," Annetta announced, glancing at the superscription; then, "Who is the gentleman, Maggy?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders, as confessing a lack of accurate information.

"His coat is brown, leastwise his top coat, an' he's afther havin' whishkers the color iv broom-shtraw."

Meanwhile, hastily scanning her note, Annetta drew thence positive knowledge of her visitor's identity.

"Detained by important buisness. Treston will present this and take my place; in other words, he will take you. I'll be on hand after the performance to escort you home. Make yourself agreeable, as you very well know how,

"And greatly oblidge, yours truly,

"TOM."

That orthography was nearly if not quite as characteristic as the handwriting. Bartmore found the *i* in *business* a troublesome thing. It did occasionally fall into its right place. As for the use of the fourth letter of the alphabet in *oblige*, that was done with scorn of Annetta's instructions and in defiance of the dictionary.

"You try to pronounce *oblige* without a *d*," Tom was fond of saying with angry conclusiveness, "and see what you'll make of it!" His favorite form of subscription too.

Annetta was glad not to be disappointed. She was grateful to Tom, grateful to Mr. Treston. She hurried into the parlor, her step light, her countenance sparkling, to welcome her escort, and to tell him that she was ready save for her wraps.

These being gayly donned, Mr. Treston and she were presently out of doors. A short walk and a long car-ride ensued before they were set down at the corner of Kearny and Bush Streets. Climbing the rise toward the theater, Treston told Annetta that Tom had sent him to secure the seats late that afternoon. There were none to be had.

"I couldn't help making your disappointment my own," murmured Treston; "and I was turning away discouraged enough, when an old gentleman rushed up to the box-office and asked to have two tickets which he held for to-night exchanged for others admitting him later in the week. I overheard, begged to see his tickets, found that they commanded good places—the very best—bought them, and went on my way rejoicing."

The curtain was rolling up, as Treston and Annetta pushed down the crowded aisle to the front row of the dress-circle, upon the play of *Alixe*, an emotional drama in which the final tragedy was unhappily like that Annetta sought to forget. Treston had seen Miss Morris's impersonation of the heroine some years before. He recalled the miserable ending of the play too late.

"This performance will do my little companion more harm than good," he thought, feeling himself quite old and fatherly as his gaze wandered often from the stage to study the slight but eloquent changes in the fair, intent countenance beside him. "Given my choice, I would not have brought her here."

She being there, he protected her as best he might from any unpreparedness. Knowing the play, his self-command was perfect. He robbed no scene of its novelty by suggesting beforehand what any would portray; but once, between acts, he told Annetta that the close would be sad.

"How sad?" she queried pathetically.

"Alixe dies."

"Oh!"—her sigh very like a sob.

"She dies—in the play."

"Yes, only in the play," she agreed, trying to answer his smile; "but we know that things quite as dreadful happen in real life."

Treston would have endeavored to persuade Annetta to leave the theater then, without waiting for a *denouement* certain to prove harassing to her feelings; but Bartmore would not be on hand until the close of the performance.

The curtain rose upon the last act. Dividing his attention about equally between the actors and Annetta, Treston was ready at a certain juncture to murmur:

"Miss Bartmore!"

Those wide, pained eyes moved with difficulty from what so enchained them to meet a countenance gently whimsical.

This was what he wished to ask, "Did you ever observe those very curious carvings—there, near each higher proscenium-box?"

Annetta turned mechanically to observe them now. Treston used the coveted opportunity hurriedly to whisper:

"There's a very bad hitch coming just here: don't you think you'd better give your entire attention—just for a moment—to that unhappy carven Alecto?"

Annetta could not if she would. Intense dramatic interest was drawing her gaze again to the footlights. But during that inappreciable absence of attention, Alixe had been borne lifeless in and laid upon a sofa. Annetta shuddered visibly, but the slight diversion had probably saved her from an outburst of the grief which Treston had seen indubitable signs of in her laboring breast and tremulous lips.

"Drowned?" she whispered nervously.

"Just off the wing," said he, holding her appealing glance with steady, smiling eyes. —"Let me help you with your cloak; you will find the outer air cold after sitting so long in this heated atmosphere."

The outer air was cold, and real life, jostling her in a hundred elbows, smiting her in a damp breeze, hovering over her in the thick darkness of the foggy night, seemed scarcely less sad and terrible to Annetta than the fictitious sorrow which had filled her heart to bursting with unshed tears. She found herself clinging to Mr. Treston in a way which he must have noticed, and her cheek flamed.

Borne on with the crowd, she glanced eagerly about for her brother. He had not yet appeared when they had reached the crossing of Kearny Street. They stood there until the crowd dispersed, and then, at Annetta's request, walked back to the door of the theater. Still no Tom.

"He has been detained longer than he anticipated," said Treston.

Annetta wondered whether he believed that courteous fiction: she did not. Her brother's neglect to keep his appointment had pierced her to the quick. She could hardly trust herself to apologize to Treston for his long, enforced journey. When they had alighted from the car at the corner nearest home, "If we hurry," she told him, "you will not miss the car upon its return trip. Otherwise—"

But Treston did not seem particularly to trouble himself concerning that unspoken alternative.

Arrived at the house, they found a single gas-jet noisily flaring in the hallway. Lowering the flame, Treston turned toward Annetta.

"You are not going to worry about your brother, Miss Bartmore?"

"I—I cannot always control my anxiety," she answered, contending against a difficulty in steadying her voice.

But all her pent-up emotions had begun to stir with troublesome vigor. She stepped back, leaned her elbow on the lowest post of the stair-rail, and found herself crying.

"You must not worry," Treston went on after a slight pause, and deliberately choosing his words. "He is so occupied that he has no knowledge of the flight of time. I have been glad of the privilege of your society. Good night."

Her head drooping so that her face was hidden partly by the substance, partly by the

shadow, of her broad, white plush hat, Annetta put forth her hand. Treston held it a moment warmly. He went toward the door. A stifled sob stayed him. He walked slowly back to stand quite close. He even dared to peep under the brim of her hat, but with a gentle gayety entirely free from presumptuous familiarity.

"You are not going to fret?"

"No"—faintly.

"That was not the right sort of a play for you to see."

"O, that doesn't bother me now. I've almost forgotten it."

"Are these tears all for real troubles? Don't answer me if you think my question too bold."

"I—I am so mortified."

"May I know at what?"

"You have had to come such a distance, and"—very eagerly—"please make haste, or you'll miss the car."

Mr. Treston laughed with no touch of scorn, but with real good humor. "If that be all, comfort yourself. Why, I walked home the other night after leaving here, and felt none the worse for it next day. Let me see you comforted before I go."

Annetta strove heroically to control herself. There were troubles she could not tell to Mr. Treston or any one—troubles which she felt were hard to bear. Dan, whom she had believed in, had behaved badly. There could be no doubt about it. He himself had confessed it. The mental suffering which Annetta had undergone while that letter was missing had been in a sort an awakening. It had shown her her true feeling for Dan as nothing else could have done: as her first fuss with Tom about him had not done. In that first difficulty she had been thinking only of refuting a low and contemptible lie which she had scarcely for a moment feared to be Dan's. That necessity had kept her thoughts within a certain narrow range. But when Dan's letter was lost, imagination set busily to work, pictured its finding by some unfriendly critic, her brother's reading it, his interpretation thereof, and his rage, which, thanks to her own folly and the unanswerable witness against her in black and white, she could have small hope to allay. These thoughts had been torturing so long as she believed that Dan had expressed his devotion in the most humble and respectful strain. How unbearable now that she had strong reason to feel that he had written what an instant's reflection had made him afraid to surrender to her eye! She told herself that she had never cared for Dan, but for some ideal being wearing his image. And yet she shed tears of real sorrow over his descent from her favor.

Treston waited a moment, his lips grave, his brows troubled, his eyes fallen upon her bowed head with the tenderest expression.

"You will think me very silly, sir," she faltered.

"Sorely tried, I should say."

Then, still pondering the situation, "Don't grieve over your brother—since it is useless."

The last clause was uttered in a tone not audible and with a slight bitterness. Again he said "good night," and was gone.

Moving somewhat dejectedly to her room, Annetta must needs pass Tom's door. It stood open, inviting her involuntary glance. Were the covers of the couch heaved in a bold, irregular heap? She hurried forward to investigate.

Tom was abed, and sweetly, soundly asleep.

Annetta could not forbear reproaching him next day.

"I fairly tingled with mortification at Mr. Treston's being forced to come so far with me; and I'm positive that he missed the last car."

Bartmore enjoyed this in his heartiest fashion.

"I left town about eleven o'clock, and never once thought of the theater or of you until I was half-way home. I knew Frank would rather like it, so I didn't turn back. Why, by Jove, Netta! I'd have forgotten all about my engagement with you if he hadn't reminded me of it."

Having thus disposed of the whole matter, Bartmore gayly dressed himself to attend Johnny Melody's funeral. An imposing

funeral it was. Thirty hacks, ten buggies, and forty light wagons, by actual count of one of the mourners, crawled after the crawling hearse over flat, dusty roads and dusty, rolling hills to the crowded burial spot of the poor on a farther slope of Calvary. Nor was the new-made mound of yellow clay left bare. More flowers were laid upon it than possibly had ever bloomed for poor Johnny in all his arid lifetime. A pillow of tuberoses, with "Peace" done in violets, rested above the head, which in its heavy, toil-worn slumbers had never before pressed aught save straw. The last rites of religion performed, the last offices of friendship fulfilled, the occupants of those many vehicles drove back to camp, enjoying life with jest and chat and loud praises of Bartmore's generosity.

Another morning, and life had gotten back to what Annetta called its "every-dayness." Twice between dawn and dark the carts went grinding away, and twice came grinding home again. All things moved on in the old way. All things? Yes, even Dan's lessons.

Annetta sent for him upon her first leisure evening. He obeyed the summons, and applied himself diligently to the tasks Annetta set him. No innovations on the wonted routine of reading-book, of arithmetic, of copy-book, were suggested or attempted. Annetta was very kind; but with a kindness of a subtly different quality from the old kindness. There was a distance quietly maintained between teacher and pupil. A distance across which played no frank, appealing glances. A distance never lessened by any involuntary exhibitions of confidence. If Dan understood—if he suffered—he gave no sign, unless such might be read in his unvarying monotony of voice, his unbroken humility of attitude.

A few words spoken about this time did not serve to soothe Annetta's alarmed pride.

Perhaps Mrs. McArdle had forgotten the lesson given Barney Flynn. At any rate, her craft suggested that Annetta would find pleasure in talk of Dan.

"He's the lad to take a womin's eye, an' that's the trewt," she exclaimed huskily, staring at Annetta with offensive boldness. "There's a plenty afther him be night an' day, but he's only afther wan. An' begorra, yez might do worse nor to have a fine shtrap iv a b'y the likes o' that. All the min says so."

Annetta had gone to the camp kitchen to look after things generally, as her brother thought she must now and then. She rose up from the wooden bench whereon she was seated, flaming with scorn.

"You are a low creature," she cried hotly. Then, stamping her foot:

"Don't dare mention Dan's name in my presence again. The very sound is hateful to me."

It was hateful to her. What had her fancy for Dan amounted to, after all? Her shy, vague dreams had been woven about some impossible hero having Dan's grand form, Dan's beautiful face. An impossible hero, she now assured herself. Those shy, vague dreams would never become realities. The very means Dan had consciously chosen whereby to get a step nearer to her — his assuming better clothing—had set him afar off. His appearance in that faded working-garb had always enlivened Annetta's imagination.

"How other men, the men I know, would sink into insignificance if he could stand beside them equally well dressed!" she thought.

Then Dan came out in coat and trousers of regulation cut, and sadly disappointed her. He was no longer picturesque: he was awkward, lumpish. She could contrast him now with other men. She found him totally deficient in ease of manner, wholly untaught in those quickened attitudes, those fine, fit gestures which marked the ones she most admired. Disenchantment having thus subtly begun to work, there came the misapprehension about the letter.

Happily for Annetta, she was less dependent upon him these late days to break the monotony of her existence. Bartmore was working as only a man of his energy could work to secure that ardently coveted senato-

rial nomination. He had joined the "Kensington Impregnables," a local political club of which a certain Mr. Clay, once before upon the scene of this story, was presiding officer. He had induced some score or more of his particular friends, a few of whom have already been presented to the reader, to join the same organization. The club had enthusiastically indorsed his candidacy. There were general meetings and committee meetings vigorously attended by himself or his followers. There were adjourned meetings held in his house at untoward hours, where, wine and wit flowing, plain Tom Bartmore became, without the anxiety and expense of a canvass, Senator Thomas Bartmore. Nay, upon one occasion, his brain heated by praise and liquor, he openly acknowledged his conviction of his future greatness, and frankly outlined the state policy he would pursue. Upon two other separate occasions Annetta overheard him rounding off flowery sentences in an orotund voice before imaginary audiences. Again she caught him boldly practicing oratorical gestures in front of his mirror. The same day, astonished to find him reading a book, she questioned its contents. The volume was a compilation of famous American speeches.

As for Annetta, she enjoyed the novelty, the excitement, the hope that things were always to be different from the old humdrum style of living. She exulted in her brother's almost uninterrupted good nature. Fortunately, her sympathies helped her to a kindly and gracious hospitality. Something that was of the heart made her well disposed toward persons whose ways were not her ways. This is saying a great deal for a girl of twenty, the youth of both sexes being prone to strong, irrational adorings and despisings.

Yet there were things Annetta did not like: to be exhibited upon every occasion—it mattered not if always with fraternal pride. "My little sister Netta!" Tom would say, with greater or less formality, according to the social status of his guests and the degree of his intimacy with them, a possessory unction in his tone. She shrunk from the calculating glances, the appraising looks, of the men by whom she was constantly surrounded; whom she was forced to entertain.

Indeed, it must be confessed that Bartmore's warmest friends were, with few exceptions, such persons as careful heads of families diligently exclude from the presence of their growing daughters.

"You be nice to everybody, Netta." This was Tom's positive instruction. "You can help my popularity, or you can hinder it: which will you do?"

One evening of many others, the girl's amiability was put to a severe test. Colonel Faunett came, and seemed surprised, but by no means displeased, not to find Bartmore at home.

"Our engagement was for eight o'clock, and upon important business," the visitor declared.

He was a tall man, carrying one leg in a wooden manner, wearing one eyeglass, and given to discussing trifling subjects with preternatural gravity. The very sight of him filled Annetta's mouth with yawns, her breast with sighs. His conversation bored her, his lingering, limpid glances awakened disgust and repulsion. Why did Tom make engagements only to break them, she asked herself. Nevertheless, she must sit demurely opposite Colonel Faunett, and after discussing the weather cast about in her mind for some other topic sufficiently threadbare to interest him.

Then there came a gleam of sunshine with Mr. Tony Shaw—of very watery sunshine. Shaw's condition was patent even to Annetta's inexperience. Poor fellow! she heartily liked him. She asked kindly after his wife.

"Mary's well's could be 'spected," he said, with a laugh and a hiccough. "There's two of 'em. 'Grat'late a proud parent."

Annetta introduced the gentlemen, and seating them at opposite ends of the sofa, devoutly hoped they would entertain each other until Tom might arrive.

The hope was speedily blasted. A brisk dialogue sprung up; but speedily withered

away to a dreary monologue; the Colonel's tongue had got to running upon certain mercantile commodities, which he referred to as "straight goods" and "mixed goods," all a mystery to Annetta. Very likely the monotony inseparable from the Colonel's treatment of his subject materially aided and abetted the somnolence visibly claiming Tony Shaw for its own.

"Your straight goods," remarked the speaker with an air of profound research, "don't suit the California market. They're too harsh." A snore caused him to glance toward his imagined listener. The unhappy inebriate had yielded his limp frame to a series of nods of unexampled vigor.

"Crooks his elbow too often," said the Colonel imperturbably, addressing himself to Annetta.

Shaw tipped forward and toppled over. Annetta gave herself to nervous apprehensions.

"He will surely fall!" she murmured, knitting her brows.

Why he did not fall, seeing how near he came to it a score of times, must forever remain one of the mysteries of that special providence popularly supposed to shield the drunken.

He had righted himself in his sofa corner for the twentieth time, perhaps, when the Colonel with a push relegated him to retiring recumbency. A *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel now became inevitable. Indeed, the gentleman left the sofa for a chair placed conveniently near. His talk rambling upon spiritualism, the latest spectacular dramas, upon the beauties of the ballet, he gradually edged up quite close—closer, in fact, than Annetta would have dreamed of allowing a younger and single man. He lent his countenance to one of its serious elongations. He murmured in a deep tone and with an air of imparting a profound moral truth:

"You're a plump little thing, now."

Annetta laughed as girls dare.

The Colonel laughed too; but in a sickly sort of way. Then, happily, to prevent an awkward silence, there was a rush of voices and of feet through the garden. So Tom came home, attended by a strong deputation of "Impregnables."

A jollification ensued, which Shaw awoke to take part in, and to dub a "reg'lar ol' timer."

At one moment of the noisy evening, Rodney Bell claimed Annetta's entire attention. His manner ludicrously self-important, he assured her that it was now past a doubt that Tom would receive the nomination.

"We're making a hard fight for him, and we're going to win," he went on in his rattling way. "Don't mind telling you; we're spending heaps of money. Seen the notice of his life in the evening paper? I wrote it; that is, Clay and I wrote it. Spoke in convention to-night."

"You or Tom?" queried Annetta, taking mischievous advantage of Bell's failure to state the subject of his sentence.

"Ahem! Why, Tom, of course."

"What did he say?"

"O, 'fellow citizens,' and all that sort of thing. I wasn't paying particular attention. But he did the thing up in good style."

"I wish I might have heard and have judged for myself?"

"Good speech—very good speech."

"Almost as good as you could have made?"

"Ye—es. O yes; certainly."

At another moment, Annetta was thinking only of her brother. He had thrown himself into a chair, and the chair back against the wall, his thick fingers drumming on his wide-spread knees, his brain and tongue busy arranging the details of the coming campaign.

"Sis," said he, addressing Annetta with an engaging smile, "you can help me by being very social in camp. Invite the boys down here and sing for 'em. Of course"—turning toward his male auditors—"I could control all them votes, but, darn it! a man feels better over what comes spontaneous like."

Still another moment—it scarcely seemed more—Annetta spent in conversation with Mr. Treston. He had not come with the crowd, but had dropped in later. Declining to take a hand at cards, he sat quite by him-

self, finding sufficient entertainment in Annetta's music. Discovering his presence, she presently joined him.

"I am so tired," she said, "I fancy a chat with you will rest me."

She felt just what she expressed so frankly.

"Rest," he repeated, dwelling softly upon the word as one who would bring out its deepest meaning. "You see I have been tired, too."

Annetta eyed him half wonderingly, half wistfully.

"I have sometimes thought that you have had a great sorrow."

He paused for a moment, and then answered:

"I call my experience a great tire. One of these days—or evenings, when you have played no end of soft sweet airs for me—I may find myself in the mood to open the book of my past at a certain blurred page."

"I shall be glad—no; not glad to hear"—quickly correcting herself—"for I am sure that the story will be sorrowful."

"As sorrowful as a great disappointment. You have never been seriously disappointed."

Annetta's trouble with Dan prepared her to answer quickly, "O, but I have!" and to feel impulsively sure that no one could possibly have suffered more than she.

Treston beamed a genial toleration of her eager assertion.

"We are supposed to learn to bear things better as we get older, Miss Bartmore; but I cannot and will not endure any disappointment I can avert. My own sensitiveness in this respect has taught me to be very tender of others. I will never allow any hope, however trifling, of any heart to be defeated when it is in my power to prevent."

"I have reason to be sure of that!" cried Annetta, brightly. "Tom told me how you remembered his promise to take me to the theater when he had forgotten it. How thoughtful it was of you!"

"Not so thoughtful as might be. In that instance, I was kind only to be cruel. What a play for you to sit through after such a day as you had passed! I shall look farther next time, and, I trust, do better."

"Next time"; Annetta was glad to hear Mr. Treston say that. It sounded as if he was minded, in what sort he might, to care for her happiness. Fortunately, her brother liked him. Yes; she was sure that Tom felt the force of some attraction there aside from self-interest. Treston had proven a far shrewder and more cautious man than Bartmore had dreamed; yet the latter cordially welcomed him whenever he came.

"He may have thought me over-complaisant, at first, of Tom's wild ways; but only at first. He now sees how helpless I am."

Not until two o'clock, or later, in the morning were the card-tables deserted, and with great laughter and confusion. Most of the players, living in the neighborhood, left immediately. Dr. Bernard and a few other particular friends remained.

"We'll have to foot it anyway, now," said the doctor, ruefully. "No cars this time of night, and no conveyances to be had in this miserable suburb for love or—what I have less of."

At this evidence of distress, Bartmore would only laugh exasperatingly. Having enjoyed his laugh, however, he remembered hospitality.

"You must all stay till morning," he robustly declared. "We'll tuck you away somehow—eh, Netta?"

Annetta had sat up against Treston's entreaties, saying that she could not close her eyes while the house was in such an uproar. She now needed no further suggestion from her brother, but ran off to arrange for sudden occupancy the chambers above stairs, so little used since Mrs. Bartmore's death.

When she returned to the dining-room, where Tom had been making another bowl of punch, she found that the conversation had gotten afresh and vigorously upon the all-absorbing question of Bartmore's election. Bartmore himself was striding about, making himself heard whenever he particularly wished to be heard, without any heed to any other talker. His hands, thrust deep into his pockets, kept some loose coins clinking there, until Dr. Bernard exclaimed:

"Don't keep jingling that money, Bart-

more. It's adding insult to injury, after winning all our spare change."

These words suggested something to Bartmore, which he immediately acted upon.

"O say, sis," he cried, very pleasantly indeed, swinging over toward Annetta, and speaking with masculine indifference to feminine details, "don't you want a lot of new trinkets and 'fixin's'? Yes; I know womenfolk always do."

Annetta looked at him wonderingly, having no idea what was coming. Standing in front of her, he drew his hands from his pockets. They were carelessly doubled over as much as either could clutch of silver and of gold.

"There, take that—and that!" pouring first one then another of the rich handfuls into her lap.

"Netta always gets all I win," he said, turning toward his friends and nodding cheerfully. "I only play for the fun of the thing."

And his face glowed with jovial and generous indifference to such gains.

"Glad to know it," murmured Dr. Bernard in his soft, indistinct way. "I'll lose cheerfully from this on."

Annetta sat still as death. But her stillness was outward merely. Her heart beat thick and fast. Her cheeks throbbed with their quick, surging heat and color. She dared not refuse the money. Tom would bitterly resent any assumption of moral superiority on her part. But oh, what must Mr. Treston think of her now!

He was thinking severely of some one or something. She was sure of that. For when she stole a glance at his face, she found its repose even paler and more severe than its wont, while two vertical lines had fixed themselves between his brows. Would this be the end of a better understanding, so pleasantly begun?

"Does he believe that I can bear to enjoy the fruits of my brother's besetting sin?" So she sadly asked herself, carrying the money away to her room.

It did not remain long in her keeping. A day or two later, having some heavy payments to meet, Bartmore suddenly recollected, and said:

"O say, Netta. You haven't spent that hundred odd dollars, have you? Let me take whatever you've got left—there's a good girl. I'll return it next week, with interest."

Annetta fetched the box wherein she had hidden her unhappy wealth. Tom gayly rifled it, stuffed the coins into his pocket, delighted to find them so many, and never again alluded to principal or to interest.

X.

It must have been about this time that Annetta made a discovery which greatly troubled her. It was, at any rate, one of those evenings when Tom had eaten his supper hurriedly and had gone away on some business connected with his political aspirations. Maggy loitered in the dining-room, partly to wait upon her young mistress, but chiefly to chat with her. *Apropos* of a harsh parting stricture of her brother's upon human nature, Annetta said, as she helped herself to a slice of boiled pudding and a generous supply of Maggy's rich sauce:

"I would lie down and die if I had no better opinion of the world than some people have."

And could death come about through a fiery, unarmed effort of the will, one would feel quite sure that she would keep her word.

"We think the worrld pretty much what we air oursels, Miss Annitta, I take it," Maggy answered, in her rough, earnest way. "Thim as dhrinks thinks it a thirsty worrld; thim as is sick thinks it a worrld o' pains; thim as is black-hairted sees the wickedness iv everybody; but the good like yoursel'—how can they be sharp-eyed afther wickedness? 'Tain't so bad a place to be intil, nohow, though there's wan iv us here an' there as don't git anny mortal thing in it but disappointment."

The gusty sigh accompanying this closing observation caused Annetta to search Maggy's face with a quick, bright glance.

"You are not disappointed, surely, Maggy?"

The girl turned away her reddening face.

"Maggy"—with an air of sudden enlightenment—"you are in love."

"In love?" echoed the other, writhing about. "What for should I be so silly, an' wid who?"

Annetta laughed joyously.

"Is it—Terry?"

"Terry!"

"You were talking to him last evening at the garden gate."

"An' so I was. Where's the differ? Talkin's another time o' day from spairkin'. Terry! A weeny chap like that, the height iv a broom-handle, his head pluckin' up to me shoulder!"

"Oh!"—with an arch air of conclusiveness—"you prefer tall people. Let me think who of the men is tall."

"Tall or short, thick or thin," said Maggy, blushing furiously, and twisting herself quite out of the chair she had taken, "there's ne'er a lad comes spairkin' poor Maggy."

These words, evolved with another gusty sigh, gave Annetta a curious kind of shock. She had been leaning half languidly toward the table. She sat upright. It was clear to her in a flash whom Maggy loved.

Was it that evening or the next that, supper over, she found some hours before her which she knew not how to occupy? She had had so much human companionship lately, she was in so restless a state of mind, that for once no fictitious character, no music which she could make, would satisfy. Books, her piano, her guitar, were tried in turn, and in turn abandoned.

She stood at one window and another; but there was nothing to be seen without, except what served to deepen her loneliness and longing. The locality was not—is not—rich by night in cheery views. Home lights are scattered thinly through the valley. Yonder hollow darkly hides gravestones, thick-clustering. A line of street-lamps labors up a distant rise, only to break off at the edge of a heaped and hilly darkness.

So early as eight o'clock, the house seemed to have always been still and deserted. Maggy had gone away, presumably to camp, when her work was over. Annetta walked the floor and wished Tom would return, that she might know how things had gone with him. She had no thought of retiring; for at any moment the house might be full of people.

She had, besides, things to think about; she had a decision to make.

"I'll do it," she said at length; "'twill bring two honest hearts nothing but happiness."

Then she shed a few silent tears, and felt lonelier than before. Dan's adoration had given her an atmosphere to breathe, an atmosphere not without a sunny and perfumed warmth. Must she choose to live in a cold, dull, unadored way?

"Yes," she murmured, "I must choose that. It is wicked to encourage a love that I can never reward. I've no right to take all and give nothing."

Now and again, while this resolve was making, she stopped to listen, expectant of loud outcries of Tom's victorious home-coming. His enthusiasm had fired so many breasts. He counted his friends, old and new, by scores.

Annetta began anew her restless shifting from window to window. The low, scattered home lights in the valley were quenched. The line of street-lamps was quenched too. Over the low houses and the low hills Potrero-ward a red, laggard moon was weirdly rising. Long, quivering rays began to feel after the gravestones hidden so thickly in the hollow; finding one and another, set one and another dimly gleaming. Other rays fell upon the dark pond and spent themselves there, meeting the wind in loose golden shudderings. The moon sailed higher, growing milder, serener. By that serener light, after a startling clash of the garden gate, Annetta saw dark forms in the garden path. But one form, she thought, at first. She then distinguished two forms. This was not the home-coming she had expected.

She ran eagerly to the front door. What

did she hear? Stumbling feet and thick curses. No more? Yes; a calm, controlling voice.

"O, sir!" she whispered falteringly, "what has happened?"

But Treston would only give her a half-stern, wholly quieting look. He would only say, in an even undertone:

"Show me to his bedroom."

Annetta led the way, trembling, silent, sick at heart.

Tom would not follow readily. He cursed and struggled. Annetta must needs listen to these broken ejaculations: "Let me go. I've got other scoundrels to settle with. Clay! I guess his own mother won't know him. Damn them all! I'll teach them to play fast and loose with me."

Treston persisted quietly, patiently. Bartmore had no sooner been gotten to the side of his bed than he fell heavily across it. Then and not till then Annetta saw blood upon his face.

"He is hurt! O poor, poor Tom!"

"It is nothing serious. Pray bring me a basin of water and a towel."

And when she had done so: "Go away; I will be with you presently."

That presently was not so soon but that the girl had time for deep experiences of shame, of grief. What was her life worth now, all sicklied o'er with Tom's thoughts of life, all darkened by his miserable behavior?

She was standing with her arms folded against the wall and her face buried in her arms, when Treston found her.

He touched her shoulder, and said gently:

"Look at me, Annetta."

After a moment's hesitation, she turned to obey, letting her limp arms fall. Her eyes were wide, frightened, tearless. She was fronting a future without hope, a future with Tom.

Treston took both her hands, holding them warmly, firmly.

"It is left for me to tell you the disappointing news?"

"I—I have guessed."

"It is so great disappointment to you, my child?"

"How can I explain!" Then in a half whisper, "I'm afraid of the effect upon—"

"I understand."

Annetta's lip began to tremble. "I wish you did understand better. I know that you have — blamed me with — with things I could not help."

She had spoken softly; her voice rose higher.

"You are very observant and critical and —and hard. Yes, I mean that."

"Annetta!"

His kind and almost fatherly enunciation of her name touched her to the quick.

"Forgive me. But is it not true?"

"That I have ever blamed you for what I see? My poor little girl!"

He made no other answer than to repeat these words with indulgent tenderness.

Annetta drew a quick breath like a sob.

"If I could help you bear this trouble!"

"You are helping me to bear it. Is Tom badly hurt?"

"Not dangerously. His face is scarred. There is an ugly bruise on his temple. I have wet the towel you gave me and have laid it upon that."

"If you could stay all night"—hesitatingly. "I dread the morning. My room is next to Tom's. Will you not sleep there?"

"Whatever will comfort you, that I'll do. Hark!"

Bartmore was groaning. Before Treston went to him, he said:

"You are worn out. Go to rest at once. I will give your brother all the attention he may need during what is left of the night."

Again Annetta obeyed. Slipping softly up-stairs, she cried herself to sleep in a chamber across the hallway from Maggy's.

Morning came too soon, beginning the future which Annetta dreaded. Bartmore rose tardily. His face was badly scarred, and he walked with a limp. Sore as his wounds were, however, they were not so sore as his temper. Annetta felt very much as children do when impending punishment is indefinitely postponed by the presence of a visitor. To be sure, Treston's presence did not hinder Tom's bitter denunciations, but

it helped Annetta to endure them. Poor Tom! he had reason to be angry, if, as he declared, he had been deceived by false promises. He made violent threats, too, particularly against Clay, whom he accused of having all along favored Jansen, who had last night received the nomination he coveted.

Annetta pitied him; but she pitied herself as well. How long would Tom harp on his wrongs? When would all danger of open violence be over?

After the late breakfast, Treston pleaded an engagement, and took Bartmore off with him.

That evening, her brother still being absent, Annetta sent for Dan. The lesson she wished to teach him could be found in no text-book. The usual humdrum routine was, however, faithfully followed. When he rose to go, Annetta broached the subject lying somewhat sadly in her mind.

"Dan," said she, forgetting any grievance she may have cherished, "I have something important to say to you."

He sat down at once in a still wonder and suspense. In that still wonder and suspense he turned such a glance of fire and dew upon Annetta that she shaded her eyes with a hand, and waited a moment before she found the needed firm serenity to continue.

"Dan, do you know that there is some one who loves you very dearly?"

These words set his strong frame trembling like a reed. Through what vulnerable point of his armor of self-abasement had struck what wild, darting hope? Literature is eloquent of love's sacrifices, and whatever is in literature has been suffered and sung first in human hearts. Dan, as well as Annetta, had had his dreams—less vague, more rash.

But if any dream seemed to him about to be realized, Annetta's next sentence destroyed the seeming. If there had come a wild, darting hope, it died out, leaving in its room and stead a dull aching.

"Somebody in your own station who loves you just as you are."

Was there not here an unconscious betrayal of her own far different feelings toward him?

"A girl every way worthy, even of you, Dan."

That was sweetly spoken. Annetta meant to be very kind. Let those who are lovers say whether any kindness save the supreme kindness will satisfy.

Annetta's information was accepted soberly.

"I'd wish anny wan better luck than to care for me, miss."

"Nonsense! now that I have called your attention to this matter, you will grow to like the person."

"Do you like her, miss?"

"I do. An honest, faithful creature."

"Then tell her, miss, the rights o' things. That Dan Meagher will never marry. 'Twould be a mercy, before the heart-sore gets too deep for healing."

"I'll not do it. For you'll be wiser by and by. You will realize the folly, the hopelessness—the utter hopelessness—of some fancies or wishes; and you will turn your thoughts toward just such a plain, loving girl as the one I mean. Your ideas will change. You will be happy."

Sitting slightly bowed over, a hand on either knee, Dan shook his head.

Annetta warmed to her view of affairs.

"You must change. You must get over this nonsense. You shall be happy in spite of your obstinacy."

"I will never change, miss. If ever I am happy, 'twill be when I've learned not to mind the prick of the thorn."

"Consider. If you cannot be entirely happy yourself, you may be able to confer happiness on another. That must be a tempting thought to such a nature as yours. Don't shake your head. Listen. I will even tell you in truest confidence the name of the girl who loves you."

"Maggy can never say that I've encouraged her," interrupted Dan, quietly. Then rising, and asserting the full dignity of his humble manhood:

"Miss Bairtmore, I expect no less nor

soon to be sent away where I'll never see you night or day. There's somewhat here" —laying a hand upon his breast—"tells me that. But nothing and nobody can force me to forget you. My thinking is my own. There's no boss over that. For joy or for sorrow, my thinking is my own."

"Dan, my poor fellow," murmured Annetta, almost contritely. "I feared this—this madness."

"Not madness," he gravely contradicted, "but a spairk of something too pure and bright for a humble lad like me. I'll bear my sorrow. Don't worry that anny wan will ever be let to know what I feel for you. Dan Meagher's life-blood may leap from this breast"—striking the spot he had before lightly touched—"but your name—your sacred name—shall never pass his lips."

These words had not been uttered without direct, if homely, vigor. They were not without their effect upon that hearer.

Annetta sighed deeply.

"I wish you had never seen me, Dan. For your sake, I wish it."

"For my sake! Why, miss, it's been heaven's joy to know you. What you've done for a poor boy no prayers of his can repay; but only the blessings o' God. I'll be after leaving now."

He turned to put the sentence into action. He opened the kitchen door, stepped out, and ran against a form stumbling up the short flight of stairs. Backing slowly into the kitchen again, he was closely, aggressively followed by none other than—nay, not Tom Bartmore, but by the demon of drink possessing Tom Bartmore.

One glimpse of her brother's face—a dreadful face—and Annetta rose tremulously to her feet. In a dead silence, through which the two strong men fronted each other, Annetta heard her heart beating thick and fast.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

REINDEER.

LITTLE though the reindeer's importance is to civilized communities, there is probably no animal in existence which has contributed so much towards the support of human life. With the reindeer many thousands of human beings are now, and have been for many centuries, able to exist and apparently to enjoy life in regions that without it would be uninhabitable; for there is no other animal known which could supply its place.

The reindeer (*Tarandus rangifer*) ranges in its wild state over the entire arctic regions of both hemispheres, even to the most desolate of the outlying islands. It is found on Cape Chelyuskin, the most northern point of the continent of Asia, and on the Seven Islands, which are the northernmost islands of the Old World. It inhabits the northern part of Nova Zembla, and has been seen on King Carl's Land, east of Spitzbergen, and on the north coast of Northeast Land, and also upon Coslon's, Parry's, Phipp's, and other islands lying still farther north.

Notwithstanding the high latitude of these places, and consequent extreme cold and almost constant snow and ice, the hardy reindeer finds food and thrives. Barentz says: "Although Spitzbergen lies under and over the eighteenth degree of latitude, there are to be found deer and abundant leaves and grasses there." Upon that island alone the annual slaughter of reindeer formerly amounted to fully three thousand. A party of Cossacks who passed six years there are said to have killed two hundred and fifty deer without the aid of guns, so plentiful were they.

Whether the vast numbers yearly killed by hunters exceed the natural increase, and

their ranks have been diminished, is not known. It is certain, however, that great herds of them still exist both in the wild and in the domesticated state. These herds vary in size according to locality: on the islands north of the American continent they are small, seldom exceeding two or three hundred, and usually not even so many; while on the continents they run up into the thousands. Among the Koraks and other wandering tribes of Kamtchatka, the herds often number from a thousand to four thousand and even eight thousand animals. But among the bands of Chuckchees inhabiting the shores of the Arctic Ocean and Behring's Strait, the herds seldom exceed five hundred, although herds owned by interior bands of the same tribe are much larger.

There are at least two varieties of reindeer on the American continent: the caribou, or woodland deer, and the barren-ground deer. The latter is the more numerous, and inhabits the barren, desolate lands within or near the Arctic Circle; while the former inhabits the wooded regions farther south. These varieties differ in size, the caribou being the larger; they also differ in the shape of the antlers, those of the caribou being more palmated. In color they differ but little, each being dark brown in summer but much lighter in winter. In the domesticated deer of northern Siberia there is not this uniformity of color; they are found in many colors —white, the different shades of brown, and occasionally though rarely black; many are beautifully spotted with pure white and a dark shade almost black, the outlines of the colors sharply defined, as though laid on with a brush. According to J. D. Caton, who made a study of the reindeer while traveling in northern lands, this is not true of the deer of Norway and Lapland. He says none were spotted, as we see our cattle spotted, with well-defined margins to the different colors; but the colors were confluent, so that portions would be gray or roan. These animals were undoubtedly, when in their wild state, of the same uniform color as the wild deer now inhabiting those regions, and the change is the result of their domestication. These facts may have a bearing upon the relative lengths of time they have been subject to the control of man in the two hemispheres.

The young of neither wild nor tame reindeer have the peculiar spots of the fawns of the red deer. They change with the seasons, as do the older ones, not only in color but in the texture of the hair, which in summer is short and fine, while in winter it is coarse and thick and very brittle. This brittleness of the hair of the reindeer has been attributed to the amount of starchy matter contained in the food upon which it subsists: The antlers are long, branching, and slightly palmated; and, contrary to the otherwise invariable rule among antlered animals, they are present in the female, and are shed and renewed every year like those of the males; they are smaller, however, and less branched. This is true of the reindeer wherever found, and is one of its distinguishing characteristics. When the antlers first appear they are covered with a short fine hair, commonly called the velvet, which remains until they attain their full growth, when the velvet is shed, and later the antlers themselves. The process of shedding the velvet, although probably painless, presents a most sanguinary appearance, as it hangs in long bleeding shreds, often covering the entire face and obstructing the sight, causing the deer to keep up a continual shaking of the head. Fighting among themselves is usually the immediate cause of the shedding of the velvet, and also of the shedding of the antlers. This occurs in early spring. The broken antlers frequently seen among them are doubtless due to the same cause. As fighting is much less frequent as well as less ferocious among the females, they do not shed their antlers until later, usually in May. The young are brought forth about the same time; then the females are found separated from the males, in herds with their young until October, when they again all herd together for mutual protection and warmth.

The domesticated reindeer is somewhat smaller than the wild deer. Its hoofs are

broad and deeply cleft; this allows the foot to spread when placed upon the ground, making a large track, which gives the impression of a much larger animal, and one is disappointed upon seeing the deer for the first time. Its legs are short, and its feet so large that they look out of proportion. The reindeer lacks entirely the graceful form of the red deer or antelope, and as it raises its feet very high when traveling, a habit acquired by wading through deep snow, and also raises its nose high in the air, its appearance is very awkward, and not at all suggestive of the great speed it can attain—from eighty to one hundred miles a day. In its wild state it is very fleet, and easily distances all its pursuers—the gaunt, long-limbed wolf alone excepted. In winter the wild herds, as they paw the snow in their search for the nutritious lichens, which instinct teaches them lie buried beneath its surface, are often surrounded by packs of these hungry, ferocious animals, giving forth the most dismal howls, and darting back and forth in their efforts to frighten and stampede the deer. While traveling from place to place in search of food they are almost constantly followed by their tormentors, and should one lag behind but a few yards he is instantly surrounded, and pays for his thoughtlessness with his life. It is only the instinctive herding together of the deer and the cowardice of the wolves, who will not attack men or beasts in large numbers, that prevents the extermination of the deer. In the summer-time the feet of the wolves become tender from traveling over the sharp, flinty rocks, and the deer enjoy a few weeks of freedom, as they can then easily distance them.

Not only is the reindeer very fleet, but its senses of seeing, hearing, and smelling are wonderfully acute. The regions which it inhabits are almost entirely free from cover, and the greatest caution is necessary on the part of the hunter in order to approach without being observed. This is particularly the case when hunting with the bow and arrow, on account of the shortness of its range. When the ground is bare the native hunters wear squirrel skin suits, whose color is nearly that of the mossy *tundra*. They approach from the leeward side by crawling on hands and knees; at the slightest indication of alarm among the deer, the hunter drops flat upon the ground and remains motionless until quiet is restored, when he again advances even more cautiously than before, until within shooting range. When the ground is covered with snow it is still more difficult to reach them, and the native hunters often resort to such stratagems as digging pits in the deep snow-drifts into which the deer are driven, or concealing themselves in the snow, where they remain for hours patiently and often fruitlessly waiting for the deer to pass within range. In very deep soft snow they are sometimes easily approached by the hunters on snow-shoes, when a general slaughter takes place.

The reindeer, both wild and domesticated, is greatly troubled by mosquitoes, which throughout the arctic regions come in great numbers as soon as the bare ground appears in the spring. There is also a fly (*Œstrus tarandi*) which deposits its egg beneath the skin, causing the deer much pain and itching. Sometimes, when tortured by these insects, it is said they rush blindly into danger, and become an easy prey to their enemies. The skins of animals affected in this way are often so perforated as to be entirely valueless, containing several dozen holes half an inch in diameter. They are also subject to various diseases, the most deadly of which is called the Siberian plague. This disease attacks all, but is more frequent as well as more fatal among the domesticated herds. When attacked by it, it is not unusual for the entire herd to die. The flesh of the animal while afflicted with this disease is poisonous, and at times even the disease itself attacks the men who tend the herds.

The food of the reindeer consists principally of varieties of lichens, *Cladonia rangiferina*, *Cladonia cornucopioides*, *Cladonia uncialis*, and *Cladonia gracilis* being the most important. It is said that upon the west shores of Davis Strait the deer come down to eat the *fuci* which are exposed at low

tide. Some writers have claimed that the Greenland deer do not subsist upon this moss. It is possible, however, that this is a mistake. There seemes no reason why this hardy plant, which flourishes in all other portions of the arctic regions, should be wanting in Greenland; and wherever found. the deer will eat it in preference to all other food. It is altogether probable that wherever reindeer are found there will be found the *Cladonia*, or some lichen closely allied to it and equally nutritious, and that without it they could not exist; and without the deer the tribes that inhabit the vast, desolate plains bordering on the arctic seas would soon become extinct. There is no doubt that the reindeer can and do eat various kinds of leaves and grasses and young sprouts of the willow, alder, and dwarf birches. When brought to lower latitudes they browse like others of their class; yet a certain amount of lichen food is necessary to them. When confined in zoölogical gardens, they are fed each day with moss brought from the north for them, and they do not continue healthy without it. Owing to the great length of time required for this food to digest after being eaten, the deer is able to abstain from food for several days together without feeling hunger; and on this account the owners, when traveling with their herds or in sledges drawn by deers, can make long distances without stopping.

In the arctic regions there are but two seasons, winter and summer; these follow each other so closely that spring and autumn may be omitted from the calendar. Scarcely is the snow off the ground when the flowers spring up, and the air is filled with their fragrance and with the songs of birds and the hum of insects. This lasts but a few weeks, when winter returns with its snow-laden gales, and spreads its mantle over all. In this short time, however, nature has done its work: plants have sprung out of the ground and put forth their blossoms, their seed has been scattered over the *tundras* by the summer breezes to perpetuate their kind, and the parent stalk has already begun to decay. Not so the hardy lichen, a fungus of the order *Ascomycetes*, reproduced by cellular union within itself, subsisting upon and nourished by the lower orders of *algæ;* it does not wither and decay, but retains its nutritious juices throughout the long, cold winter, furnishing food for the reindeer when there is absolutely nothing else to sustain life. The wonderful instinct of the deer teaches them to search beneath the snow for their food, which is often covered to a depth of several feet. This small, dull-looking plant, which modestly raises its head but a few inches above the frozen soil of the region of ice and snow, occupies a prominent position in the economy of nature.

The domesticated reindeer forms almost the only subsistence of many of the natives of Kamtchatka and Siberia. As far back as our knowledge goes, and probably for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years earlier, these animals have been subject to the control of man. Although they become very tame and apparently fond of their master, they retain their timid nature, and regard strangers with suspicion. The large herds owned by these people and the quantity of food required by them necessitates constant changes from place to place in search of fresh pastures. The owners and their families, and indeed all their earthly possessions, must be moved also.

Years of this kind of life makes roving second nature, and the term "wandering tribes" is fitly applied to them. The mossy plains of Siberia over which these people roam with their herds are often thousands of feet above the level of the sea, swept at all times by cold winds and clouds of rain and snow, and have a winter temperature many degrees below zero. It appears almost impossible for human beings to exist and endure exposure to such intense cold. Yet we are assured by George Kennan, in his "Tent-life in Siberia," that these reindeer people spend night after night watching their herds, with no other protection than a little hut built of snow or a few branches of trailing pine. There they wait and watch throughout the long, cold hours of the winter

night, sleepless and vigilant, armed only with knife and spear, listening for the sound of the wolves and bears, and watching for a gleam of their terrible eyes. Many a fierce fight they have, and many a scar they carry, bearing testimony to their courage and the ferocity of their foes. But their lives depend upon the safety of their herds, for in return for the hardships endured by the men on their account, the reindeer furnish their owners with food, clothing, and shelter, and all the necessaries of life.

The flesh, blood, and entrails are eaten. The skin makes the garments, beds, and tents. The skin of the leg, which is covered with short fine hair, makes the boots. From the antlers are made many of their implements—drill-bolts for lighting fires, knife handles, and so forth. The sinews of the deer make the native thread, and a most excellent thread it is. The bones soaked in oil are burned for fuel. In addition to all this, the deer furnishes his master with the means of transportation; and indeed, to a large extent assists in forming the character of the man. His nomadic life, constant vigilance, and exposure to hardship and danger have combined to make the wandering deer-man of Siberia, in strength, courage, and endurance, second to no human being. With his herd and a desolate plain, he knows no master and no law, and has no want unsupplied.

Their houses are also made to conform to their migratory habits, being so constructed that they can be taken down and put up again at will, and are easily transported. They are composed of a covering of skin stretched over a number of poles, forming a frame, their lower ends resting on the ground, and curved so that the upper ends unite, giving the house the appearance of a large umbrella of from twenty-five to fifty feet in diameter, by twelve or fifteen feet high; the whole is fastened together by leather thongs. Inside the houses are square sleeping-rooms, called by the Koraks *pologs*, from two to six in number, according to the number of people in the band. These sleeping-rooms are made of deerskin drawn over a frame, and suspended by thongs from the top of the house, like an inverted box. They have no door, and are entered by raising the edge and crawling under. They are almost entirely air-tight, and are warmed and lighted by a bit of moss which is burned in oil, in a vessel either of wood or stone.

The space between the sleeping-rooms and the walls of the house is used to store food, spare garments, furs, and in fact everything belonging to the family except the deer and sleds. The deer are never allowed to approach the houses near enough to smell the smoke, for which they have a great aversion. The sleds are stood upon end against the outside of the house or some convenient rock, to avoid the necessity of digging them out of the snow when required for use. When the food for the deer becomes scarce, the house is taken down, and with everything it contains is packed upon sledges and drawn by the deer to the location decided upon, where it is again put up, and the people feel as much at home as if they had never known another. The wandering reindeer tribes are probably the only people on the face of the globe who have absolutely no patriotism, no place which they regard as home, and who have never said, "This is my own, my native land."

But a small portion of the larger herds are used in sledges or as pack-animals; only a few of the males are used; these are selected when young and emasculated, to make them perfectly docile. In some of the smaller herds it is not unusual to find that nearly all of the males have been subject to this operation, a few only being kept for breeding purposes. In a herd of about two hundred and fifty seen by the writer on the Chuckchee Peninsula, but two males remained entire. The harness is a very simple affair, consisting of a stout collar to which a strap is fastened at the breast; this passes between the forelegs and under the belly, and is long enough to allow the deer to be several feet from the sledge. They are harnessed single or in pairs; when in pairs, one of the antlers is cut from each animal to pre-

vent their becoming entangled, and a rein is attached to the remaining antler, which, however, appears to be less relied upon than words in the guidance of the animal. The Siberian deer sledge is a rough, clumsy affair, and as it is tied together with thongs, it is constantly working loose and falling apart. Very different is it from the broad-backed, graceful, and comfortable-looking sled of the Laplander. The trained deer are allowed to graze with the rest of the herd; their ears are split, so that when wanted they are easily recognized; and as they are very tame and gentle, they are easily caught and harnessed.

The reindeer is not domesticated by the Greenlanders. So rough and impassable is the interior of that country that travel is confined to the sea-coast, and performed either by water or over the ice along the shore, according to the season; and as traveling over hard ice is as difficult to the deer as it would be to our domestic cattle if not shod, they are useless under such circumstances as beasts of burden. Parry, in his attempts to reach the north pole by boats and sledges over the ice from Spitzbergen, tried to utilize the deer in this way. The following interesting reference to them is found in his narrative of the cruise:

"In the afternoon (April 23rd, 1827), Lieutenant Crozier returned in the boat from Alten, and was followed the next day by Mr. Woodfall, who brought eight reindeer for our use, together with a supply of moss for their provender. As, however, the latter required a great deal of picking so as to render it fit to carry with us over the ice, and as it was also necessary that we should be instructed in the manner of managing the deer, I determined on remaining a day or two longer for these purposes. Nothing can be more beautiful than the training of the Lapland reindeer. With a simple collar of skin round his neck, a single trace of the same material attached to the 'pulk,' or sledge, and passing between his legs, and one rein fastened like a halter about his neck, this intelligent and docile animal is perfectly under command of an experienced driver, and performs astonishing journeys over the softest snow. When the rein is thrown on the off side of the animal, it immediately sets off at full trot, and stops short the instant it is thrown back to the near side. Shaking the rein over the back is the only whip that is required. In a short time after setting off they appear to be gasping for breath, as if quite exhausted; but if not driven too fast at first, they soon get over this, and then go on without difficulty." Parry further says that the amount of moss required for each deer was about four pounds, and that no water was necessary as long as the deer could get snow, which they like to eat as they go along. A snow bank or even the solid ice is to them a comfortable bed. "With such qualifications," he says, "it may well be imagined how useful these animals seemed likely to prove to us. And the more we became accustomed, and I may say attached, to them, the more painful became the idea of the necessity which was likely to exist of ultimately having recourse to them as provisions for ourselves." Upon embarking on his venturesome voyage, Parry discovered that owing to the rough nature of the ice over which he was compelled to travel his reindeer would be useless. And although he makes no further mention of them, it is presumable that they met the fate which he predicted for them.

Singularly enough, the natives of northern Alaska do not domesticate the reindeer, although they have abundant opportunities to capture the young. This appears the more remarkable when we consider that they are yearly in communication with the reindeer people of Siberia, and fully realize the superiority of the skin of the domestic animal for garments, often crossing Behring's Strait, and making long and dangerous journeys along the coast and inlands to secure them, and paying for them many times the value of the skin of the wild deer. The Innuits also make long journeys in their own land in search of game and for the purpose of trading, using sledges drawn by dogs which must be fed daily; when with deer they could make longer distance, carry larger loads, and

above all, it would not be necessary to transport food for their animals, as the deer could obtain its own.

The milk of the deer is used by the Laplanders, but the amount obtained is small, seldom exceeding one pint at a milking. Caton says the female deer dislikes greatly to be milked, and will never submit except by actual force; it is necessary to tie her while it is being done. It is probably for this reason that the reindeer people of Siberia, with possibly a few exceptions, make no use of the milk. The utmost care is observed by them to avoid alarming or annoying the deer in any way. Dogs are never allowed to approach the herds, although, as they are in reality only wolves with all their savage instincts, the greatest vigilance is necessary to keep them away.

They are also much averse to allowing strangers to approach their herds; and although they do not positively refuse, they try by every means in their power, including a vast amount of lying, to dissuade one from going near them. They have a superstitious dread of selling live deer, while dead ones are sold for a trifle. Efforts to purchase the live ones are invariably met with a shake of the head and the assurance that the loss of the rest of the herd would be sure to follow; and numerous instances are cited where the too yielding natives have been persuaded by the arguments of the whites, backed by presents of whisky, tobacco, beads, etc., to prove recreant to the traditions of their fathers, and by selling a few live deer have entailed endless bad luck upon their band, lost their herds, and had to settle upon the sea-shore and become fishermen—which, to the mind of the proud deerman, is the worst that could befall them.

The killing of deer either for their own food or for sale is conducted very quietly, and with certain ceremonies, in order to avoid giving fright to the deer or offense to the god which presides over them. The deer to be killed are selected by the owner of the herd, but the slaughtering is done by the younger men. Upon making a selection, the old man, without pointing or even looking in the direction of the doomed animal, carefully describes him and his location in the herd to the younger men, one of whom enters the herd, and approaching the deer designated (which is always a male; the females are not killed for food), seizes him gently by the antlers and leads him away from the herd a short distance; then, after facing to the four points of the compass, and making many gestures, which probably signify something, but to the uninitiated appear exceedingly ridiculous, he steps directly in front of the deer, seizes an antler in each hand, and draws his head so close that surrounding objects cannot be seen. An assistant approaches with a knife, which he also points in the direction of the four points of the compass, and flourishes in a mysterious manner, after which he plunges it into the deer's heart, holding the knife in the wound until life is extinct to prevent the escape of the blood.

The task of skinning the deer is always allotted to the women; they also tan the hides and make the clothing. The process of tanning is very simple and effective. It consists in drying the skin in the open air, then removing with a scraper, either of flint or iron, all the particles of flesh and muscular fiber that remain attached, and rubbing together with the hands until perfectly soft and pliable; after which, willow or alder bark, scraped fine and soaked in water, is rubbed on, care being taken to prevent its coming in contact with the hair. When dry it is ready for use, the flesh side presenting a rich terra-cotta color. The skins taken from the animals killed in summer are preferred for clothing, while those taken in winter are used for tents and sleeping-rooms, and also for bedding. These are not tanned, but only dried. The Chuckchees make an under-garment of the skins of the unborn young; it is exceedingly soft and pliable, and very much prized by them. Many of the garments manufactured by the women belonging to the wandering deer tribes of Siberia display a good deal of taste and marvelous patience in their arrangement. A garment in the possession of the writer has

a border around the bottom eight inches in depth, containing eighteen hundred pieces of deer skin, with an aggregate length of three hundred feet, all neatly sewed together with the sinew of the animal, the different colors so arranged as to form the whole into a very neat and original design. This is no unusual case; indeed, they are rarely seen without ornamentation of some kind upon their garments.

The antiquity of the reindeer is not one of the least interesting features in relation to it. Far back in the quatenary period, when the climate of Europe, as geologists assure us, resembled that of the polar regions of the present time, the reindeer was present as the contemporary of the hairy mammoth, the hairy rhinoceros, the horse, the aurochs, and the gigantic deer, together with the cave-animals, bear, wolf, and hyena. The true reindeer epoch, however, did not begin until after the second advance of the glaciers into the valleys of Europe—the second glacial era—when it made its appearance in great numbers and covered a large area. A few hairy mammoths and other animals were still alive, but it is probable that the reindeer was by far the most largely represented, numerically, of the fauna of that period. Indeed, geologists tell us that the horse and reindeer furnished the principal articles of food for the men of the reindeer epoch.

A fragment of a reindeer's skull, which still contained the stone arrow-head with which the animal was slain, shows that the men of that day hunted and killed the reindeer in much the same manner as the Innuit of to-day.

There are many other points of resemblance between these people so widely separated by years, showing that they were in much the same state of advancement towards civilization, and equally dependent upon the reindeer for support. Their implements of stone, ivory, bone, and horn; their rude pottery and their slight advancement in the art of delineation—as evidenced by the rude figures of men, reindeer, horses, and other animals engraved upon the tusks of the elephant and horns of the reindeer found in the south of France, England, and Wales; their custom of depositing with the dead articles used by the deceased, such as hunting implements and articles which must have been used as charms or ornaments;—in all these respects they are like the people inhabiting the reindeer regions of our day. Sir Charles Lyell says of these discoveries: "If the fossil memorials of Aurignac have been carefully interpreted; if we have here before us at the northern base of the Pyrenees a sepulchral vault with skeletons of human beings consigned by friends and relatives to their last resting place; if we have also at the portal of the tomb the relics of funeral feasts, and within it indications of viands destined for the use of the departed on their way to a land of spirits, while among the funeral gifts are weapons wherewith in other fields to chase the gigantic deer, the cave-lion, the cave-bear, and woolly rhinoceros—we have at last succeeded in tracing back the sacred rites of burial, and, more interesting still, a belief in a future state, to times long anterior to those of history and tradition." With the reindeer people of our time, however, this same custom of placing articles in tombs seems to be due to a superstitious dread of anything belonging to the dead.

The love of personal adornment and the means used for gratifying it were much the same then as now, as shown by the bracelets and necklaces composed of strings of shells and of the teeth and claws of carnivorous animals, found with their remains. Even their disregard for cleanliness, as shown by the accumulation of filth in the caves inhabited by them, bears out the resemblance. The clothing worn by the men of the reindeer epoch, we are told, was composed of deer-skin. The sinews of the deer were used for thread, and a piece of bone pointed and perforated at one end served them as a needle, just as now. Skulls and other bones of the reindeer have been found in the caves of that period still bearing the incisions made by some sharp instrument in taking the skin from the animal. The shank bones are often found incised at the point where the

tendon is cut at the present day, showing that it had been removed for some purpose; while needles and awls of bone are said to be by no means of rare occurrence.

Upon the advance of a milder climate the glaciers gradually receded to the north, closely followed by the reindeer, then as now in search of the nutritious food which flourishes only in a cold climate, until it was no longer found in middle Europe; and finally stopped in its retreat only when met by the shores of the polar ocean—and even then not until it had inhabited all the outlying islands. There it remains to the present day, furnishing all the necessaries of life to the human beings who inhabit its regions, just as it did when the reindeer-men represented the highest state of civilization extant, and by far the largest portion of the human race.

C. L. Hooper.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Why echoes all our laughter
Such sobbing underneath?
Why trails across our pleasure
That darker thing than death?"

PETER came into my study the next morning with Adam Jaquith's card, and I put aside my correspondence to welcome my caller.

"I came to see you, Frank, that I might ask a favor of you," he said, as he took a chair and crossed his feet in front of my table.

"I do not like to ask it, either; but I believe that I can do this of *you* without being questioned, and without my coming being spoken of."

There was a question implied by the tone in which he said this that I answered by a nod, for I could think of nothing to say in reply.

"Well, then, it is this: Please do not speak against Mrs. Beldon to my mother, who does not like her now, and would like her less, perhaps, if you said what, under certain circumstances, you might be led to say. You think this a strange request to make, and so it is; if you were different from what you are, I should not have made it."

I was embarrassed, and angry too, a little, and I said:

"It is not my usual custom to speak against women ever. I do not like Mrs. Beldon myself, but am not in the habit of telling others, either ladies or gentlemen, my feelings toward her, nor my reasons for them. Besides, Mrs. Beldon's brother is a friend of mine; I have regard for him, and for his relatives because of him. I do not pretend to understand why you come to me in this way, and I ask no explanation from you. I think that Neil Barras is a changed man since he met the lady of whom we are speaking, and naturally regret this change, both on his account and that of his wife. He is gone away from home, and Mrs. Barras is left alone to wonder and to conjecture, as she must and will. I think Neil would not have left his wife in this way, and against her strongly expressed wishes, if he had never met Mrs. Beldon. It may be you know that lady better than I do, and find her different from my idea of her. Be assured that she never shall suffer from what I say of her; for, though I have spoken openly to Neil, to no one else have I expressed what I dislike and fear in her."

He threw his cigarette into the grate, and picking up a tortoise-shell paper-cutter from the table, began tapping it against his knee.

"I do *not* know Mrs. Beldon better, in some ways, than you do, but I like her and respect her, and— Did it ever occur to you to notice how many men of your acquaintance coveted a neighbor's wife? This is not an admission on my part, remember, but the thought came up to my tongue."

His words went straighter home than he dreamed, but I think my face did not show that the unintentional shot had hit a mark. For a few moments there was a silence, and then he went on:

"We are not boys, you and I, yet we may easily be guilty of such folly as is natural to men just out of their teens. But never mind! I came over here to say something to you, and have said part of it, and that part not as I had intended. We do not know each other very well after all, Frank, although we have met often, and been acquaintances for all the years of our manhood, at least. I could never quite understand you, and I think that you always held yourself aloof from me, after a fashion peculiar to yourself with those you do not care to like or to know intimately. Yet I must say (you will overlook the bad taste of the remark), I found something in you that drew me to you even while your external dignity and coldness repelled the advances toward greater intimacy that I might have made. And if I had not trusted you, I should not have come to you this morning on an errand that no doubt you are laughing at in your sleeve, but which seems serious enough to me."

"God of Heaven!" I cried in my heart. "Is this another spoiled life that is here before me? Has a woman—has *this* woman—brought darkness and pain into the future of a man like Adam Jaquith?"

I got up and went to him as he sat in his chair playing still with the paper-cutter, and I put both my hands on his shoulders and looked at him. He did not move, and the fragile toy snapped in his fingers.

"See, I have broken your paper-knife as well as your morning. It is too bad."

"It is nothing, nothing; but the knowledge that you have brought to me *is* bad, Adam —or sad rather than bad. You are under a misapprehension of my manner, which is really less a fault of habit than a part of my personal identity. I have always felt that you were better than I."

"Better than you? O Heaven!" and he let his head fall into his hands.

"Yes, better than I; and so, with all my liking for you, could not seem to get closer to you as a friend than I was at the beginning. Let that pass"—and I held my hand out; "we shall understand each other now, shall we not? I thank you for trusting me. You have a trouble which it is not my place to pry into; but when you need a friend, come to me. I am a lonely, solitary man, whose heart is warm, however cold its outer covering appears. What I cannot do for myself, it may be given me to do for others. Continue, then, to trust me, and if your necessity requires, lean upon me as you will. We are alike liable to err, but you are a man whose character I have admired and respected, and whose strength to overcome error I have no doubt of. Remember, please, that you have gained a friend by coming thus to me, and, God willing, shall never have cause to regret it. You say that you have told part of what you came to tell me; if you wish to tell the rest, I am ready to hear it."

He had held my hand from the moment I extended it to him, and now his grasp tightened upon it.

"No, not now; sometime I may be able to tell you that I have conquered my worst foe, who is myself. I cannot say this now, and will go away. I know so many men—so very many men; but you are the first to whom I have ever spoken as I have during the past half-hour. That I have been taken into the heart of your friendship is indeed a flattering compliment; for you and your talent belong to the world, which is so wide and binds so many chains about those whom it has the right to claim that no man would dare step forward, and placing his hand upon you, say, 'He is mine—a part of me,' for an author belongs in a sense to everybody alike. Yet if you can thus open your heart for me to enter in, I appreciate and am gratefully reciprocal of the tenderness. Good by; I will be here to-night, and shall not forget that I come as your friend instead of as the acquaintance of yesterday."

So he took up his hat and went away.

I gathered together the letters I had writ-

ten before my caller came, and went out to mail the few hastily penned epistles.

All along the streets were men and women hurrying or sauntering, intent on their business or pleasure, and I caught myself trying to read in their faces as they went by the story of their lives. Adam's question—"Did you ever notice how many men covet a neighbor's wife?"—rang through my brain. I had fought my own self, and, to a certain extent, conquered—at any rate, put it down under my feet and kept its passion there—and there was undeniable relief in wondering how many others had battled similarly.

I met an actor whom I knew, and he turned and walked down the street with me. A light-hearted fellow, filled with pleasure at the success he had made the previous night, and wearing in the button-hole of his coat a spray of stephanotis taken from one of the bouquets thrown to him over the foot-lights. The question came to me, if this lively, pleasant-faced man could have beneath the fragrant blossom a hidden pain—a hungry, ceaseless gnawing. Did he conceal some passionate grieving from the audience before which he bowed and smiled, and from the men who found him the same changelessly jovial companion?

He turned in at a photographer's, while I kept on my way, did my petty errands, and still thought of Adam and Mrs. Beldon, and Neil and of—his wife.

Madge came early to my house that afternoon, saying, as her coachman set a pasteboard box on the table:

"I am impolitely early, am I not? but I thought you might like to have me arrange your vases for you, and give a womanish sort of look to your apartments. Mrs. Norton is kind and capable, but her touch in the matter of decoration would be rather a heavy one; while I flatter myself that mine has an air of decidedly frivolous lightness"—and she laughed.

I did not show that I knew the brisk trifling was affected, and that her spirits were flashing up for the better concealment of her trouble; and we went around the rooms, I with the open box in my hands, and she changing the ornaments from place to place, and thrusting careless knots of the flowers I held here and there, until the somewhat huddled appearance of a bachelor's rooms acquired the "womanish look" she had spoken of.

When we came to the portrait of my mother, Madge stood looking silently at the thin sweet face, and then taking up a bunch of royally rich pansies, laid it on the frame and said, simply:

"Heart's-ease! *she* knows now what that is!" and then she went out to seek Mrs. Norton.

When she came down again to the parlors, the brightness had returned to her face.

"Since I am to play hostess in my husband's best friend's house, I want to be sure that my dress is satisfactory; am I all right?"

She opened her fan, and posed theatrically for me to inspect her costume—one of those plain, pretty, peach-tinted gowns that women have a fancy for wearing, and with the mass of yellow old lace about the neck, fastened by a heart-shaped ruby, while one tiny row of the same gem was clasped with a large diamond around her throat.

Fortunately for us both, perhaps, the door-bell rang just then, and I did not have to say what I thought of the attire I had not noticed while she was attending to the pretty task that she had set for herself.

The new-comer was Harry Ascot; and shortly after him came an artist and his wife; then Mrs. Jaquith and her son, and a woman-poet who had a shy, gentle way with her that let no one into a knowledge of the precious talent she possessed.

Madge did not know how well Mrs. Jaquith was acquainted with the recent episode in Neil's life and hers, so she lost none of the easy lightness of her manner in greeting the older lady; but she cast a wistful glance at the calm of that placid face, and it was answered by an inquiring, measuring look, as if Mrs. Jaquith wanted to see how much the bright spirit was capable of suffering and of enduring.

Harry had a new composition of his own to give us on the piano—a wild, fantastic

piece of brilliant music—and his slender fingers wound themselves through the melodies in a fitful, fascinating way.

At table, Madge showed all the tact and readiness of an apt conversationalist, and acted as hostess with the charm of experience, and as much attentive interest as she could have done at her own board, with an evident desire to have nothing go wrong in the serving or in the mental entertainment of the small party of guests. Under Mrs. Norton's careful and intelligent training, the new waiting-maid had come to be as quick and noiseless in her duties as the best good housewife could wish; and so I had none of the apprehensive foreboding that a bachelor host generally feels when he is one who rarely entertains in his own house.

It pleased me to see Mrs. Jaquith talk with Harry, for she brought out a great deal from him that showed how utterly unlike in every way he and his sister were.

When Madge sang I was standing near the old lady's chair, and she leaned back to say to me, between the verses: "She is delightful; and so bright and sunny. But her eyes betray the burden underneath, and it is pathetic to realize that she has to carry such a one; is it not?"

Harry, who was to return and stay over night with me, went home with Mrs. Barras when her carriage came; and as I stood near the parlor door I heard Mrs. Jaquith, on the other side of the *portière*, say to Madge, in a voice full of deep feeling: "My dear, if anything ever happens that you should need a motherly heart and home to come to, remember that mine are always open to you, and that you will be welcome." And then Madge kissed her; but I could not hear that she replied in words.

When Harry got back, I was alone; and after he had struck a few notes on the piano, he wheeled around and said to me, "Where has Neil gone?"

"Somewhere in the West; I don't exactly know where. He told me that he wanted the variety of traveling through strange places; and very likely he did. What made you ask about it so abruptly?"

"Was I abrupt? I have been thinking of it all the evening, and so spoke out at the last rather suddenly, I suppose. I wondered where he had gone, that was all.

"I am told that there was considerable talk about him and my sister in New York while you were there; and she is in Washington for a week, so I was curious to know if he had gone South. Never mind. I am glad he is gone out West instead, though." And he turned back to the piano.

"Why did not you go to Washington with Mr. Beldon and your sister, Hal?"

"O, Hugh wrote me about going, and Beulah sent me a regular shower of notes, pathetic and generous and severe by turns; but I fancy that Hugh doesn't care much about having me with them; he thinks I'm a trifle 'soft,' I believe: but he is good and kind to me always—don't for a moment imagine that he isn't. And, too, I have some public engagements to fulfill; and to be honest, Frank, my sister and I are not in the least alike, and it distresses me to see how little she cares for anything but to be 'on the go,' and to be admired, and—you know as well as I do what does not please me in her way. And since they have taken up this migratory sort of life, and left their house here open for me, I feel that it is better for me to remain here, for the present, at any rate; for I'm not growing stronger, and it is well to be near my doctor; and Boston is home to me, as no other city ever can be. Frank, tell me, is there trouble between Neil Barras and his wife?"

He came and sat on the arm of my chair before he asked the question, and I, who would not for the world have added a care to the boy's life, said laughingly: "Trouble between them? I should hope not. Wasn't Mrs. Barras cheerful enough to-day to show you that she bore a light heart? Neil is erratic, and a bit selfish perhaps, and likes to run away occasionally and be as boyish as he knows how to be. That is all, my lad; as for anything going wrong between them, don't think it."

He slid off the arm of the chair and went to the piano again.

"I didn't know. Beulah has made trouble between man and wife before this, and I thought it might be— That is what worries me in my sister, Frank. She *is* my sister, and she is beautiful and witty, and men admire her, and she acts as though they were made for her to use as playthings; and when she is tired of the amusement, she doesn't seem to care whether she has broken them or not. But it may be that she *does*, away down deep in her soul."

And he began to sing these words of Heine's, as his hands sought out a strain of music to suit the fanciful verses:

"The Runenstein juts in the sea;
I sit here with my dreams;
The billows wander foamingly;
Winds pipe, the sea-mew screams.

"O, I have loved full many a lass,
And many a worthy fellow;
Where have they gone? the shrill winds pass,
And wandering foams the billow."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman."

I went away into the country to rest. The white stretches of snow-covered land sparkling under the rays of the sun, or lying cold and desolate beneath the pale gray skies of storm-promising days; the roads, through the middle of which the sledges and sleighs had made a soiled yellow track in dirty contrast to the unmarred whiteness on either side of it; the few infrequent foot-travelers, who plodded slowly along the center of this beaten roadway;—these things gave a new turn to thought and fancy. It was pleasant to go out among the leafless trees of the woods, and find here and there the darkness of the shapely evergreens, on the topmost broad, plume-like sprays of which the snow was spread thick, yet lightly, and when the warm noonday glare shone down upon these resinous masses of foliage, their spicy fragrance, loading the air it was a delight to breathe in, brought a vigorous impulse to body and spirit. It is like a tonic to a dweller in cities, this country odor; even to pass around the stalls where the housed cattle stood leisurely chewing the cud and turning great eyes, apparently full of pathos and meditative, philosophic thought, had its peculiar interest. And to ride in the moonlit nights over the long reaches of the lonely roads, passing here and there a low, wide farmhouse with windows close and dark, save perhaps the one or two in the kitchen, where the family gathered near the fire that sent its light shining warmly through the unshaded panes out into the night. Or the wood-cutters' huts, that would have had no brightness at all but for the logs that blazed and flickered merrily on the rough stone hearth. Ah, it was an untrammeled life, indeed! I liked to pull up my horse before one of these rude shanties, and go in for a few minutes to warm myself and to chat with the hospitable inmates, who could not talk of books and scientific research, but had ideas of their own about men and things, and took a stranger into the privacy of their not always crude opinions, and would argue strongly on the side of what they judged right and in order. They were not slow, either, to sometimes unclose that more retired door to the story of their lives, the petty histories of their boys and girls, and to spread out the plans for the future of these growing men and women, while offering the flattering compliment of asking what this unknown caller would do with John, who was always reading everything he could get hold of in the shape of books; or with Martha—they generally called it "Marthy"—who wanted to go down to the city and learn dress-making.

Afterward, warmed and rested, what exhilaration in driving briskly back to my quarters, where I would roll into bed and sleep without waking through to breakfast-time. But such a vacation could last for a few days only, and then city life had to be taken up again with all its constrained conventionalities.

When Neil came home, he gave a large party—a brilliant affair, from which I made it

convenient to be absent. I found it better to stay away a good deal from that house now; there was too much going on in the hearts that it held, and in mine because of those hearts. But I went over to call a few nights after the party, and while I was there a telegram came for Neil. With a light apology he opened the envelope and read the slip of paper. Madge watched him closely while he read, and I sat watching her; she sat very still, and left the sentence half-finished on her lips. Neil said, as he walked to the door:

"I have a telegram that calls me to New York, and must take the late train. I will run up now to change my clothes and see about having my valise packed. I shall be in Boston again day after to-morrow, wife"; and he went up-stairs.

Madge looked after him, and then turned and looked at me. We neither of us said anything for a time, and then I began speaking of some indifferent subject, and talked on, giving her a chance for thought and composure. That she was paying no attention to my pointless gossip she showed plainly enough when Neil's footsteps sounded on the oak stairs, for she got up and went out into the small reception-room from which the staircase ran up, and I could not help hearing what followed.

"Neil, is Mrs. Beldon in New York?"

"Mrs. Beldon? How should I know? I heard that she was in Washington or Philadelphia a week or two ago. Why?"

"Because I thought that the telegram was from her. Will you show it to me?"

"I cannot; I have burned it up. What made you think of that? Why should Mrs. Beldon telegraph to me?"

"That was what I wanted to know. You are my husband, and—O forgive me, Neil; but I am so unhappy! You are so changed, so unlike your old loving self; and for my sake, if for no other reason, you might—you ought to set my fears at rest and make me happier. Who sent that telegram? will you tell me?"

"It was of no importance, Madge—nothing but in regard to some foolish speculations of mine." And then his voice grew loud and angry. "You talk like a fool about Mrs. Beldon—like a fool, I say. It was bad enough to be nagged and worried about the woman by a friend: it is outrageous for my wife to keep it up so. For heaven's sake, drop the subject. That you are my wife ought to satisfy you, and I have tried always to be as good a husband as I knew how to be. Don't let me hear any more about this woman." And he came into the parlor.

"Some of the land speculations that I went into when we were in New York have gone wrong, Frank. Stay as long as you can with Madge, will you? and come over to-morrow to see her. I shall be back the next day. You see, I am not taking very heavy luggage," and he held up a small traveling-bag in front of me. His wife came back into the room, and sat down quietly, with a pale, set face. Neil went out again, and when he came in with his long traveling-coat and fur cap on, and the bag slung from his shoulder, he went up to Madge, and putting a hand on either side of her face, kissed her twice, and then held his hand out to me. I bade him good by, and he said: "Come to the outside door with me, will you?" and keeping hold of my hand drew me after him; but he turned as we reached the *portière* covering the wide parlor doorway, and kissed his gloved hand to his wife, then, dropping my hand, went back and kissed her on the lips.

In the vestibule he said to me: "Madge is doubting and suspicious; she is making herself miserable, and doing something worse for me. Talk to her—say anything; but let her have a cheerful face when I come home."

A pleasant task to set a friend, surely. I had made up my mind before to never act again as a means of mediation between man and wife, and did not intend to break my resolution. If one or the other had any confidence to bestow upon me, well and good; I would do what I could in the way of receiving and holding it, but I would bear no messages back and forth, and volunteer no further advice.

I had scarcely seated myself in the parlor

when Harry Ascot came in. Madge gave him a cordial greeting, but he turned at once to me.

"Mrs. Norton said you were here, Frank. I have just had a telegram from Beulah, saying that Hugh is dead. He died suddenly in New York."

"O God!" burst from Madge's lips, and she rose hastily, and with one hand pressed to her heart, went out of the room.

"What is the matter?" asked Harry; and I told him the truth.

"Matter enough! Neil had a telegram an hour ago that he said was about some land speculations, and he has just started for the late train to New York. Mrs. Barras did not believe what he said concerning the contents of the telegram, I think; and now she is probably sure, as I am, that he lied. That is the matter."

The boy impetuously threw himself face downward on the floor, and commenced to sob. I tried to raise him, and Madge entered the room. She went to Harry, and putting her arms about his neck turned his face toward her and kissed him. He was nothing but a boy to us all, and I think she wanted to show him that, whatever cause she might have for disliking Mrs. Beldon, there was nothing but kindness in her heart toward him.

But he cried passionately: "Don't! don't! I am so wretched. Is it not enough to be a sick, weak creature? Must I have other's cares and troubles to bear that I never brought upon myself?" He coughed, and put his handkerchief quickly to his mouth, and taking it away glanced at it and said, "Look!" as he held the delicate linen out to us. It was stained with blood, the color of which showed that it was not the first that had come from his lungs. Then Madge proved the sweetness of her disposition, for seeming to forget herself, she hung with the most anxious solicitude over the sofa to which we removed Harry, and sought by every means in her power to render him at ease and cheerful. At length he laughed at her distress, and told her that this was but a trifling sample of what had previously happened of a similar nature: that his medical advisers had pronounced the disease so deep-rooted as to be incurable; and that he had gradually grown accustomed to the idea of having Death hold him by the hand, ready to lead him away at any moment. "Indeed," he said, "I am rather pleased than troubled by the knowledge; for it is likely that a sudden emotion of any kind may bring me directly to the end; and as happy emotions rarely come to me, it will be a relief to go out of life as the climax of a stupendous shock of grief, or some other calamitous occurrence."

"But you wanted to go to New York, did you not?" asked Madge.

He shuddered a little. "No, no; my presence or absence could make no difference. Hugh will be brought to Boston, of course, and— We will not talk of it any more. There is nothing for me to do, and Death is so familiar a companion of mine that he does not now seem sorrowful to me in any aspect he chooses to put on."

Not long after this I took the boy to my own home, and lay awake half of the night looking at the face of the talented piece of humanity by my side. The dim light, that was of itself almost a darkness, showed to its fullest extent the spirituality of the expression around the mouth and the deep-set eyes. Here was a flesh-and-blood creature whose genius was so divine in its origin that the bodily frame-work acted like a fragile shade cast over a flame, and which might serve indeed to keep for a time the burning flare from being blown out by the winds that whirled around it, but whose frail substance must at last be consumed by the restless, ineffable intensity of the strange sprite it shrouded.

He slept soundly through the long night, and woke refreshed, and ready to talk of himself and his plans. He thought that it would be well for him to go to Europe early in the coming spring, and said that he should lay the project before his sister as soon as practicable: not because her consent or advice was necessary, but he hoped that she might suggest going with him. "For you

know"—and he smiled plaintively—"it might be the last good I could do Beulah; and it *would* be a good to her to take her out of this country until the present state of affairs is changed. Besides, we are neither of us strangers in Europe, and I have an egotistical desire to repeat my old successes in that foreign land once again before I leave this world forever."

What could I say to this? The generous soul placed first the help that his going might be to Mrs. Beldon and to Neil and his wife; while the love for his art and the unquenchable ambition fought fiercely with the disease that was so strong and so unconquerable.

Every punctilious point of formal etiquette was observed in the laying away of what remained of Hugh Beldon; and the beautiful widow, to whom every dollar of his hard-earned fortune was left, stayed quietly and closely in her home, the outside world kindly imagining her to be prostrated by the lightning-like blow that had struck her life.

It was one of the first days in March when a letter came to me from Harry.

"We sail for Europe on the fifteenth of this month, how long to be gone I cannot say, but for at least six months. It will be better for us both. We are each alone but for the other, and perhaps I have not been so dutiful a brother to Beulah as I ought to have been—as I should have been but for my foolish and finical distaste for mixing myself up with her social career. She listens to my advice and accepts it, and we start, as I have told you, in less than a couple of weeks. I cannot ask you to go with us, but shall be glad if you can meet me in New York, where we shall be for two days before the steamer sails. I should like to have yours the last hand that clasps mine before leaving America; for you must realize that it is doubtful if I ever return."

Neil had come back, as he said he would, in two days, but he came on the train that brought Mrs. Beldon. I did not see him until he came in upon me one day, bringing with him the cheer and breeziness of the windy summer morning.

We talked only of matters that had no direct personal bearing, and each sought to circle widely around whatever might touch upon his weakness and my pain.

Harry and his sister came to New York the afternoon of the same day that I arrived there; and as I was on my way down to dinner we met in the same corridor where Mrs. Beldon had come upon me as I stood talking with Adam Jaquith a few months previous. I did not expect the lady to address me after our last parting; but she extended her hand cordially, and said some kind words about my attachment to her brother, speaking with as much ease and warmth as she could have done if no difference of feeling had ever been acknowledged between us. Her black dress cast no shadow across her beauty, and the same subtle odor of violets, that seemed a part of her clothing, floated around her. She very graciously asked me to share their table with them, and as I hesitated, Harry's urgent voice took up the request; and my love for the boy who was going away from me overcame the momentary reluctance to be near his sister.

It was the next day that, as I sat talking to Harry, a man came into the little parlor we had congratulated ourselves on keeping strangers out of. I glanced up, and saw that it was Neil Barras. He started to cross the room, but before he had reached us Harry jumped up, and pointing his finger straight at the advancing figure, said hotly:

"What have *you* come here for? Do you mean to bring all the discredit you can upon my sister? have you *no* honor, *no* manliness, at all? *I* am her protector now—at least, the guardian of her good name; and I command you to go and leave us in peace. Go! before I say to you what my tongue is burning to say. Go back to your wife, and do not try to spoil the reputation of this foolish woman, who has not herself the courage to bid you begone."

"She is your sister!" murmured Neil, without looking up.

"She *is* my sister, but if she were not, and as she is, do you know how I should regard her? No? then I will tell you that I account such a woman worse than the thing we call a woman and shrink from in the streets. My sister is pure in a sense, but she is guilty. She saw in you, not a man with a grand soul and vast mental scope and strength,

but the sort of a creature which delights to hover on the brink of a danger, with neither the power to draw back from it nor the courage to leap boldly into the abyss beneath. She drew you on, inch by inch. O, trust me; I know well how she went to work. And when she had brought you to the limit she had set, she held you there—you, a strong and understanding man; she held you and played with you as a child plays with its toy. She made you suffer, and enjoyed seeing you shrink and quiver. She made you smile with joy, and passed hours in planning how she could best annoy you. Is it strange she forgot the wife to whom you are bound, when you yourself shut out all thought of her? And you say now that she is my sister. You are right, and I never felt the relationship so truly as at this instant; because she is my sister, I can tell you what I am telling you; for I have sworn that I will never again suffer for her sins."

"But I am more guilty than she perhaps," said Neil; "and yet I love her. How can a man love a woman as I love her and not let the flame devour him?"

"How? how?—look at me! You do not know that in a way I have sinned, even as you have done, for I love your wife. Yes, look at me with that frown of anger, and clench your hand; I like to see you do it. I love your wife. Do you feel a desire to strike me for the words? What if I do love her? Never by look or word have I insulted her by letting her know of my love; and here, for the first time, and to *you*, I tell it. Do you see that I am changed, that my cough increases, my face grows thin and pale, that I am dying of this love? Yet you, who with one blow of your fist could crush out this feeble life of mine in an instant, ask how a man can love a woman and not let the flame devour him. It is devouring me; but, thank God! I feel more as if I were being burnt at the stake a martyr than that I am enduring punishment for a crime against nature and virtue.

"You are angry; I never had this look from you before; and I tell you again that I like to see you angry. I like to stand as I do now, a weak and sick man whom you would be ashamed to strike, and know that you are wishing in your heart you could blot me out of existence as you would a caterpillar or any other thing that was offensive to you. O, man, man! how I envied you your strength and glorious manhood when I first saw you; and now I feel that in all my weakness I am a stronger man than you, for my moral strength is greater than your physical power. I enjoy, I say, seeing you writhe and grow pale; I have no pity for you, and I despise you."

He sank back on the sofa exhausted, and Neil, still with his hands clenched and a stern frown on his forehead, walked back and forth across the room; then he came again and stood before us.

"Do you know, you peevish boy, that I could find it in me to strike you to the ground? That in spite of the love I have had for you, I could kill you as you lie there?"

"Why?"—Harry was on his feet again—"why? Because I have dared to love the woman you promised at the altar to love and to protect, and whom you have so shamefully degraded by turning away from her? I, who am but a boy with a few weeks, perhaps days only, of life before him? Tell me this, for God's sake, tell me, Neil Barras, do you love your wife?"

Neil stood silent, his face relaxed, his gaze lowered, his head drooped.

"No, I do not love her," he said; "she is a sweet, true little woman, but I do not love her."

"Then ten thousand shames upon you—"

"Harry, stop!" I cried, "come away with me; this is too much for you, and can do us no good in any way. Neil, I have loved you well; well enough to forgive any pain you might have caused me personally, because I respected and believed in you. You have killed the respect and the belief, and I wish that I might never see your face again. Yet O, if I could serve you, if I could bring back to you your old true spirit, I would give all that I am or hope to be—all, all—

fame, love, life itself. But this is vain. Good by."

He crossed the room with two great strides as I turned to go out of the door, and held his hand toward me. "Frank, Frank, do not go so; do not you leave me! I am suffering, but I cannot help it; do not leave me. If you are my friend, as you have always been, stay by me now when I need you most."

"Put down your hand, I cannot touch it. You may need a friend: your wife will need one too; I could not be a friend for both to lean on; and if she needs me, I shall go to her. As for you, an insane asylum is the fittest place you can seek, for surely your intellect is weakened."

And as I closed the door I left him, his hand still outstretched, and he a cold, motionless figure in the center of the room.

He came into the office of the hotel where I sat reading a newspaper that afternoon; he was dressed for traveling, and going up to the desk asked for his bill, and having settled it, turned, passing close to me, half stopped, as if with intention of speaking, and then went out, down the steps, and along the street. I watched him sorrowfully, for he had been my friend; and one can never spare a single name from that precious list engraven on the heart. And so with tears in my eyes, and a prayer for his future good, I watched him go away from me.

After all, I was not the last one to bid Harry farewell; for as I came off the steamer, Jaquith went by me with a basket of flowers in his hand, and he stood talking with Mrs. Beldon until ordered ashore. And after he and I together had seen the great vessel sail off, we walked in silence up the street.

James Berry Bensel.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ONE EVENING.

THE bell sweet tolled the vesper hour,
The yellow turned to blue,
The night unfolded like a flower,
And dripped its starry dew;
The clouds that lately draped the west
Went down in sunset seas,
And all was peaceful as the light
That glimmered through the trees.

As gleamed the silver drops of dew
Upon the moonlit meads,
She sat and told them, as a nun
Might tell her amber beads;
While I, unmindful of the charms
Of silver air or skies,
Sat calmly 'neath a holier gleam—
The starlight of her eyes.

Why should I watch the distant stars?
They shone o'er all the earth,
O'er scenes of sadness and unrest,
O'er times of joy and mirth;

O'er cot and palace, hut and hall,
O'er distant land and sea—
Two stars shone in *my* firmament,
And shone alone for me.

But O, that stars should ever fade,
That I should sit alone,
And she lie 'neath the quiet grass
With lips as cold as stone;
Dark will my sky forever be,
And life one long regret,
For O, the stars that shone for me
Forevermore have set.

Clarence T. Urmy.

NEAR NAPA.

The day flies out on golden wing,
And fluttering in the west
The burnished feathers fill the air
And flake the mountain crest;
While far the down flies o'er the hill
And flecks the steeple vane,
And trickling through the locust trees
Goes wandering down the lane.

To south the valley downward runs
To meet the white-specked bay;
To north the meadows calmly stretch—
Helena far away;
Across the vale lie dim-lined hills,
The river at their feet,
And Tulocay, embroidered round
With fields of yellow wheat.

Behind the hills the low-down sun
Gives back one parting look;
And nature, weary of the day,
Closes the landscape book.
O, never will earth's eyelids ope
Where fairer scenes arise,
The counterpart but smiles beyond
The walls of Paradise.

Clarence T. Urmy.

CURRENT COMMENT.

One can at least dimly perceive what is the point of view of the aristocracy of England when they look upon authorship as a little beneath their dignity. They felt it to be so even as far back as Shakspere's day; when a poet might circulate his "sugared sonnets" among his "private friends," but should not condescend to publish them. Do we not already begin to share that feeling, to a certain incipient extent, in this country? Do we not some of us shrink from the thought of the average publisher, with his puffs sent round to the newspapers, and his dreadful "notices of the press"? Will not the time come, with us as with the old country, when there will be a kind of aristocratic pride that will make men shrink from authorship, or only enter it beneath a mask? For the truth is—what is the good of disguising it?—that many of the writers of the day, and of those, too, who have the ear of the public, are hopelessly vulgar. We do not mean what we do not mean, either. It is not so much any positive quality in them, as the lack of in-bred refinement, dignity, nobleness of intention. They may see things sharply enough, and recount their observations smartly, but what is the point of view from which they look? The black beetle may see the stone by the fence very well, but he sees the under side all the time. The same thing is happening to literature that has wofully happened to politics long ago: it is being vulgarized. There is a tremendous civil service reform needed in both regions—the access of gentlemen, and the removal of the cad. We are coming to need our Matthew Arnold on this side, quite as much as he is needed at home. Of course he would be misunderstood here, as he is there, to be prescribing rose-water and parmacetti; but some of us understand that the claim for culture and gentlemanliness is throughout abundantly robust and manly.

This train of thought has sprung from Longfellow's poem, *Michael Angelo*, lately published in the "Atlantic Monthly." Here from beginning to end is a noble poem. We are moving among august figures, in a serene and upper air. What grander function has a work of art than this, first of all, of throwing round us a certain mood—of ennobling our point of view, of giving us pure and austere eyes to see with, as well as a noble vision to see? You may analyze this operation as you please: you may say it is the chosen vocabulary, or the stately rhythm of the verse, or the happy hit upon a subject, or so forth. We say it is rather the man himself, the poet, who through this art—the finest art *because* it has this power—is enabled to breathe *his own spirit* upon us, first of all, and afterward to show us the vision he beholds. From beginning to end of this poet's career such has been his effect upon the world. While so many of our writers have been diligently vulgarizing human life, he has ennobled it. Could we not afford to exchange all our bragging "material progress," all the smartness of our "statesmen," all the muddy depths of our profoundest poets, and all the slimy iridescence of our shallowest ones, if somehow there might be imparted to our people through its literature this dignity and purity, this loftiness of view and of intention, which breathes from *Michael Angelo?*

The wholly satisfactory thing, it seems to us, has not yet been said about Longfellow and his work. Is there any one of our poets, ancient or modern, who could more fitly than he enter these very scenes which he portrays in this poem, and talk face to face with those mighty spirits? It is no matter, perhaps, what we say now about him—the quality of his work and its effect will not be changed by our words; but one cannot but feel that the time will come when there will be a somewhat different estimate from the newspaper one now accepted as a finality.

We shall have to agree before long upon a more precise definition of the sectional term "West." The resident on the Atlantic seaboard designates the whole region beyond the Alleghanies as "out West." The denizen of Cincinnati or Chicago moves that indefinite region to the farther side of the Missouri, with a mental reservation that it is bounded by the Rocky Mountains. When it comes to speaking of our State, it is then the "extreme West," or the "Pacific slope." There is yet a tantalizing vagueness in the matter which ought to be cleared up. How hopeless the case is, however, is painfully apparent from the confusion of mind of Mr. Henry James, Jr. In his recent story—"The Siege of London"—the heroine hails from San Diego, and the writer constantly speaks of her as from the Southwest. Moreover, the lady is residing in San Diego with her husband, whose occupation is that of editor of the "Dacotah Herald"; and a particular friend of hers, another of the characters in the story, rides over from New Mexico two or three times a week to spend the evening with her. We should not, perhaps, exact from a novelist the unities of time and space too strictly, and especially not from Mr. James, who can hardly be expected to have very clear notions of the geography of a country so remote from London and Paris as California.

It is an old story, that every great poet or original literary genius, of whatever kind, has supplied, first

and last, about as much lucrative employment as a factory. Not to speak of the paper-making and type-casting, the printing and binding and circulating of the successive editions of his own works, there are to be considered the generations of other writers inspired by him, and the artists that illustrate him, and the mechanical work of producing and distributing their work also. Literary criticism, historical essay, biography, eulogistic verse, magazine articles descriptive of the poet's birthplace and study-chair—all gather about him, far outweighing in mass the original text. Some one well informed both in the history of Shakspere criticism and in the mechanical and commercial processes of book-making and selling should get up the statistics on the subject. We should find a quantity of employment supplied to artisans and artists, literati and draymen, such as would stagger our friends who clamor for an overpoweringly industrial education, and enlarge on the superior commercial value to the state of the mechanical element compared with the literary.

THE influence of science, through its practical applications, on the occupations of mankind is, of course, enormous; but the literature of scientific or other scholarly research has not had that radiating influence, that vigor to create large auxiliary literatures, that pure literature has. It is, however, now beginning to produce one. As the group of leading scholars in each line get deeper into the particular subject they are mining at, there begins to be employment for an auxiliary corps to go back and forth between the explorer and the "general reader," carrying results. On the whole, this is a good and a needed industry. It is true that no good is done by discouraging the habit of going to original authorities, and setting everybody to swallowing weak dilutions of scholarly authors, instead of the good strong substance itself. Particularly in rehashing knowledge for children are we in danger of guarding their brains too tenderly against much exercise. But there will always be a majority, both of children and grown people, who must get their knowledge in easy books, or not at all. Some few of the greateat authorities on given subjects write popular compendia of their own researches, or even text-books; the text-books in the classical languages are notably of this sort, and it is an important cause of a certain intelligent habit of study developed from the outset by the classical training in our schools. But the classics are exceptionally (though not quite exclusively) favored in having eminent ability bestowed on the most elementary text-books; as a general thing, no man who is pushing deeper the limits of the world's knowledge on any subject is going to spend his time in explaining to children and the rest of the unlearned the knowledge already gained. Nor would it always be an advantage that he should. Especially in the text-book matter, there is much special fitness required, which might or might not be possessed by the great scientist, philologist, or historian. Moreover, there is much of a class of special research going on of which educated people desire to keep generally informed, but which it is simply impossible for them to follow in the records of the specialists, nor would it be anything but a waste of time to do so. Such readers are thankful enough for a really trustworthy summary of the main points that they wish to know.

There is, however, no such body of excellent popular rendering of modern scholarship as one vaguely supposes, knowing how largely the rank and file of the literary profession is engaged in this sort of thing. That excellent and intelligent, but not profoundly learned, person, "the general reader," goes with easy assurance to his friend, the professor, to ask for the best simple treatise on this or that, and discovers to his amazement that there is nothing for it but to let the subject alone, or go direct to the formidable "best authority." And, lest by any chance his knowledge should become increased, the small possibility of his summoning courage to attack this best authority is generally frustrated by his unfortunate encounter with some very entertaining, but, alas! very delusive, treatise on the same subject. Herein is the mischief of popular information: that it is so generally given from insufficient knowledge. Sometimes grotesque untruth is gravely put into circulation, as the venerable fallacy that the italicized words in King James' Bible represent originals of whose exact meaning the translators were doubtful; or the appalling theory of an Ohio lecturer, quoted in the "Nation," that the prehistoric monsters had left their fat in the shape of kerosene deposits. More often the book or article or lecture is merely inaccurate, misleading in minor points, showing that the author has not kept track of the best and latest scholarship on his subject, does not discriminate well between what is sound and what is unsound authority—and has, in fact, merely scraped together more or less loosely such information as came handy, without its ever occurring to him that his task was one that required much study. In greater or less degree, this lack of scholarly spirit haunts popular writing; the publishing firms, the periodicals that "have never give in to it," may be counted on few fingers. We have to read with a slight reserve of distrust the article that comes into our hands on the very subject we wanted to find something about. We do not expect there will be any glaring errors; but we cannot tell which sentences contain the two or three untrustworthinesses that will probably be in the article, and so we feel shy of the whole.

PROBABLY the very best work that is done in the way of popular information is in the best children's magazines, and in a set of children's books more or less connected therewith. Probably the worst is in school text-books. It is curious enough to go into a school-room and find the children undergoing

drill in grammar, or physiology, or history, from the point of view of twenty-five years ago, and often with statements even of facts as they were believed ten years ago. And this, not because school boards and teachers have clung to the obsolete books, but because the makers of the books (which will often be less than a year from the presses) had no idea where to look for the living and growing knowledge on their subject. There is some stirring among the dry bones of text-books within a few years, that offers better promise for the future.

THERE needs, for the work of popularizing the results of scholarship, a class of writers who are not themselves of the class they would minister to—"general readers." They should be habitual and appreciative readers of heavy books, should follow closely and comprehendingly the work of the eminent investigators. There would thus be not merely a gain in the accuracy of facts, but a far greater one in the spirit of the books and their influence. Such books, that is, would not foster the spirit of self-satisfaction and shallow forwardness of judgment that are sensibly enough deprecated as the results of a thin layer of smattering information on all topics: for they would unconsciously be permeated with a suggestion of the width and depth of the knowledge they were merely stepping-stones toward. It is the experience of the schools that a thoroughly good text-book leaves the pupil well aware of the elementary nature of its contents, and both curious and reverent toward the vast expanse of the subject beyond. It is rare, however, that any one becomes competent to write such books without becoming himself seized with the fascination of original research, and undesirous of the secondary work. No one could wish to reduce the number of scholars or the quantity of original research; but for the sake of the unprotected victims of popular science and of the ordinary text-book, it is to be hoped that there will soon rise a large enough scholarly class to do both things. And indeed, the indications are good that there will.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Sacred Scriptures of the World.[1]

FOR some little time disquieting rumors have haunted the press of a forth-coming "Expurgated Bible," as it was generally called. The impression seems to have been current that a dangerous and subtle undermining plot was on foot against the Christian religion. It is not, however, surprising—considering the magnifying effect of advance circulars—to find the book that now comes to hand neither very dangerous nor very subtle. Indeed, but for the circulars and the preface, it is probable that the interesting collection of selections would have been very well received. For that, in fact, is all that the "Sacred Scriptures of the World" turns out to be. Of the four hundred and six pages, two hundred and eighty-two are occupied by selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, the rest by selections somewhat delusively headed, "Persian Scriptures," "Egyptian Scriptures," "Hindu Scriptures," "Buddhist Scriptures," "Chinese Scriptures," "Grecian Scriptures," "Roman Scriptures," "Arabian Scriptures." Delusively, we say, for under these headings are quoted any writings whatever of a religious cast, Scriptures or not. To quote Cicero and Epictetus as Roman Scriptures, or Plato and Plutarch as Greek, is just as accurate as to quote á Kempis under the name of Christian Scriptures. Had the collection been entitled "Religious Writings of the World," had the selections from Hebrew and Christian Scriptures been confined—as are those from the writings of other religions—to purely devotional and moral portions, one could but welcome it as a great addition to the religious knowledge of many who would read it. The small group of scholarly works on comparative religion, and scholarly translations of sacred or devout writings, do not reach the general reader; and these extracts, if reduced by the omissions we have suggested, would have reached him, with very desirable influence on his Christian liberality. His impression has always been that, with the exception perhaps of Socrates, the religious conceptions of all humanity save Hebrews and Christians have always been of the crudest paganism, and the morality to correspond. But if the compiler wished to place in comparison the religions of the world, that the reader might see for himself how far all are to be respected, it would have been only fair to have included the cosmogonies and theogonies of all or of none. In fact, the great divorce between the popular religion and the religion of the wise, that characterized all faiths except the Hebrew and Christian, makes this sort of comparison exceedingly difficult.

We have left untouched the points on which probably discussion will most dwell, namely: Mr. Schermerhorn's use of his own translation instead of the authorized version of our Scriptures, and his intricate explanation of his position in his preface. It is, however, the most obvious thing in the world, that where the same word admits either of the rendering

[1] Sacred Scriptures of the World. Compiled, edited, and in part retranslated by Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn. New York. G. P. Putman's Sons.

"homage," or the rendering "worship," a Unitarian will translate it "homage," and a Trinitarian "worship"; and neither is to be accused of unfairness, nor does the translation of either constitute the least argument on the point at issue between them. In his preface, indeed, Mr. Schermerhorn gives us to understand that he is going to take the most startling liberties of translation, accommodating himself to our feeble deductive powers by translating every figurative word into what he himself conceives to be its implication. He does not, however, do anything as absurd in the way of simplifying the original by translation as his preface would lead one to expect. As for the curious preface and table of contents, we shall only say that it presents the appearance of an effort alternately to convince the orthodox that there is nothing at all here to which they can object, rightly looked at, and to catch them unawares by an innocent-looking suggestion of profound, even revolutionary, changes in their faith to be made by the ensuing pages. If we could afford the space for it, we could here quote various sentences that are simply droll. We content ourselves, however, by saying that the reader had better tear out the preface, write above the Hebrew and Christian translations, "From a Unitarian point of view," and then read the book, not over-suspiciously nor with unlimited confidence. It is no secret that the authorized versions are translated from a Trinitarian point of view, adopting without uncandor or narrowness the orthodox rendering in all cases of ambiguity, and the same privilege should certainly be accorded to other doctrinal standpoints; but to have any weight, or to deserve any, such a translation should be backed by an array of scholarship and reputation equal to that represented by our authorized versions.

A Mingled Yarn.[1]

MANY will recognize the name of the author of this volume as that of an actor who for several years held a prominent position upon the stage of the California Theater, and who, by reason of much good sense, geniality, and refinement, proved himself a pleasant companion, and gained many friends. In this new role of author, they will give him the plaudits with which they were accustomed to greet him before the footlights, and will with friendly consideration take up the book and enjoy this to some new and to others renewed communion with him. It contains a pleasant narrative of a three weeks' stay at Mazatlan, with an account of that city and its people; an address upon iron and its relation to civilization, which was delivered at the annual opening of the Mechanics' Fair in San Francisco in 1876; with what he has entitled "Bubbles from Bohemia" and "Trifles light as Air." In the former his fellows of the Bohemian Club of this city will be pleased to read a paper which they have heard from the author, upon Shakspere; memorial papers upon Edwin Adams, a favorite actor, James Hamilton, an esteemed artist, and Joseph Maguire, a warm-hearted singer; and his address at the midsummer High Jinks in the redwoods of Marin County, in 1878. The latter are made up of a narrative of two balloon voyages, a letter written in Australia in defense of the stage, and memorials of Agassiz, Harry Larkyns, and William Barry.

In a prefatory note the author would disarm hostile criticism by laying upon his friends all blame, if it should appear that he has imprudently made this publication; because it was in sole obedience to their wishes. We have it not in our hearts to do other than respect his modesty; and therefore, as we close the volume, we renew the expression of approbation which it was our wont to utter with our hands as the curtain fell and shut the actor from our sight.

Recent Fiction.

Mr. Black's last novel, *Shandon Bells*,[2] probably hits as exactly the point of neither lessening nor increasing its author's reputation as a book could do. There is indeed some disappointment in finding out that a new book from an author who has done as much excellent work as Mr. Black is not an advance, for the reader likes to believe that any good book is only an earnest of much better to come.

It would really seem as if Mr. Black is now resolved not to quit the playful tone and happy endings that the public seems to demand from him; and it is a style that gets monotonous. As if himself aware of this, he takes pains—more than perhaps any other novelist—to introduce into each novel a totally different phase of human life, distinguished by as many idiosyncracies as possible. This time it is literary life in London; and it is made as modern as may be by the scientific work among the poor, the various kinds of newspaper men and work touched upon, the artistic talk on current subjects, and so on. It might be said to deal with almost exactly the same side in London life that "A Modern Instance" deals with in Boston life. In the one point, therefore, of the occupations, acquaintances, and surroundings of the hero, there is room for interesting comparison between the two novels; but in no other respect would any comparison be pertinent. The characters are fresh, and no repetitions of any previous ones of the same author; Fitzgerald is a winning fellow, and both his ladies—the false and the true—are lovable, and abundantly justify his taste; the minor characters, especially Hilton Clark and John Ross, are even better than the major ones; the narrative does not flag, and the conversation is much of it excellent; and yet *Shandon Bells* is a little thin and a little

[1] A Mingled Yarn. Sketches on various subjects. By Henry Edwards, Comedian. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co. San Francisco.

[2] Shandon Bells. By William Black. New York: Harper Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

wearisome. The reader objects to the playfulness of manner which was rather an attraction at first; but now that it has appeared in book after book, one begins to feel that he is being addressed like a child. The excess of good fortune and happiness all around that comes showering down in the later part of the story makes it seem all the more like a story told to a child. We cannot escape an impression that if Mr. Black would write something in solid earnest, and without reference to his reader's tastes, he would write much better than this. Yet if his own work had not done so much to raise our standard of judgment, *Shandon Bells* would have to rank very high among contemporary novels.

No reviewer will be able to criticise Julian Hawthorne's *Dust*[1] without mentioning Thackeray. It is unfortunate for the author that it should be so; for the reviewer can but say that the best things in his book are the parts that sound like Thackeray. Yet this likeness is something better than a good echo: it is more like a degree of the same sort of ability. It is in mapping out his people and their surroundings, and in giving us a vivid sense of the characteristic tone of society at the date—the early part of the present century—that he is thus simple and strong; in the working out, his characters all lose life and sink into stock types; while the plot is ordinary and sensational—almost absurdly sensational in several points, such as the more than sentimental self-sacrifice of Charles Grantley, the second sight of the heroine, the unnecessary murder, the suicide of Perdita. In general, about everything in the book that is merely sketched is strong; everything that is elaborated is commonplace.

Stories of the Civil War are becoming rather old-fashioned now; but as long as participants in those campaigns are living, their stories of field and camp and hospital will be capable of a vigor and truthfulness that will make us like to read them. *The Red Acorn*[2] deals with certain members of a division whose badge was a red acorn. The author evidently writes from personal experience in describing army life, and this imparts to his story a pleasant air of reality. Moreover, the frankness with which he starts in with an admitted coward and shirk for hero is refreshing; the more, as he does not at all depart from nature in describing a good character, spoiled by ease, and redeemed by the real work and danger of a campaign. He cannot resist, however, some dime-novel touches in the bush-whacking episodes; and the heroine, whose hospital experiences sound very candid and real, has to come in for a bit of sensational action at the last, as a spy on a splendid horse.

Tim and Tip[3] is in most respects a pleasant little children's story; but it is much to be desired that writers of children's books would unanimously and forever abjure the brutal master, guardian, or so forth, keeping such dark aspects of life for the perusal of grown people, who can do something about it. When the brutal part is once fairly over, the adventures of the boy and dog are amusing and child-like.

My Trivial Life and Misfortunes[4] has attracted some little attention, and it is entitled so to do, for there is much ability in it. It is like one sort of old-fashioned novel—leisurely satirical, with a good deal of caricature, possessed of no plot but plenty of narrative, and frankly "intense." The caricature jars on our modern taste for truthfulness and justice; associations for befriending indigent dogs or encouraging black silk skirts in Turkish harems can no longer be introduced as ridicule of the evangelical party with any effect but that of flippancy; and a state of moral feeling in English society of rank, such that nobody loses caste by running away with any one else's husband or wife, does not tally with our ideas as derived from other sources. Moreover, as the plan of the story is ingeniously and aggravatedly cruel, it is not a pleasant book to have read.

No recent American novel has been more lauded than *But Yet a Woman*,[5] and by critical admirers. It certainly does excite surprise and admiration to see an author of one nationality able to catch so perfectly the literary spirit of another, that no one could dream this novel was anything but a translation from a French story of the pure and serene school. It is said to be a first novel, which makes its perfection of style the more remarkable. We do not note a crudity or mannerism in it. Nor has it any extravagancy nor lapse of taste in characters—on the contrary, they are very agreeable people—nor in story. However, a book has not necessarily all the virtues because it has none of the vices, and about this one there is certainly nothing either great or original. Even its remarkable reproduction of the virtues of a foreign literary school is not so significant an indication for American literature, since scene and characters are all French; a man who could transfer to American subjects this same handling would indeed have taken a new departure.

Miscellaneous.

An intelligent and suggestive study in literary history is T. S. Perry's *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*.[6] It is a little anomalous in character, being neither a historical manual of the period nor a purely critical survey: it is made up from a

[1] Dust. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Red Acorn. By John McElroy. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co. 1883.

[3] Tim and Tip. By James Otis. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[4] My Trivial Life and Misfortunes. By a Plain Woman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[5] But Yet a Woman. By A. S. Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

[6] English Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By Thomas Sergeant Perry. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

course of lectures, whose general intention was to expound the evolution of the characteristic literature of the period. The intelligence and value of the author's views, his good critical judgment, the tact with which he has made interesting what might so easily have been dull, are marred only by a certain rambling that makes the reading exact far more effort than it ought. Subject from subject and sentence from sentence follow clearly and pleasantly; but due sequence of paragraphs is a more difficult attainment in style, and one finds in the book in question many paragraphs whose relevance to that which immediately precedes and follows them is confusingly obscure.——Four years ago a noticeable anonymous translation appeared of the three most distinctly Socratic of Plato's writings—the Apology, Crito, and Phædo. Both by the selection of these the most simple and personal parts of Plato, and by the readable English style, the translation has been made with express reference to that class of readers who do not read Greek, and even in English are not sufficiently in the habit of heavy reading to pick out from the mass of Platonic speculation in Jowett's version these kernels of profound and universal human interest. But the expensive edition in which it first appeared made it inaccessible to many of the class it was most adapted to—a fault now happily remedied by a cheaply bound though well-printed edition.[1] The English of the version is excellent, and yet follows the Greek closely enough for the general reader; departing from it chiefly by rearrangement of sentence and clause, to make the argument clearer. This improvement in clearness upon Plato's style is the only superiority we find in the present version over Jowett's; it is equal to Jowett's in dignity, somewhat inferior in vigor, and, on the whole, just about as good a translation; while the advantage of its limited contents makes it a far better one for the general reader. Prof. Goodwin's introduction is a valuable addition. It is said that Miss Ellen Mason is the translator.——An entertaining piece of light caricature is *Our Choir.*[2] Its folio pages are filled with sketches of the music committee, the choir, the organist, etc., and with mock-dignified verse descriptive of the subjects of the sketches. Some of the drawing is excellently droll, and all of it more or less so; the verse is occasionally neat, but oftener labored.——Under the name of *Old Ocean*[3] is collected for children a great deal of very popular science and information concerning the ocean—physical geography, exploration, naval affairs, sea-plants and animals, fisheries, etc. It is the merest surface skimming of these subjects, but pleasantly written, and good reading for children of ten years old and upward: this in spite of the several incidental slips in statements of fact that seem to be inevitable to books of popular or juvenile information.——*The Battle of the Moy*[4] is a romance modeled after the well-known "Battle of Dorking," relating "How Ireland gained her Independence" in 1892, by a single gigantic battle. It is ingenious and rather entertaining, but perfectly valueless as a political tract, for its fundamental assumption is a population in Ireland of phenomenal foresight, prudence, self-control, and reticence.——With *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*[5] is begun a series of cheap pamphlet editions of the best modern French plays, under the series name of *Theatre Contemporain.* To judge by the first number, we may expect to see these plays excellently chosen and neatly issued, to the great convenience of amateur actors and French classes and reading-clubs.

EAST AND WEST.

Cultivating the Water Supply.

PEOPLE are learning that they have each a personal interest in the great processes of Nature, whom they have hitherto treated with underbred indifference in her own demesne. "What has the world to do with the weather gauge?" is not a question one hears any more from the society young man who has learned the safety of being civil on points he doesn't understand. Of more consequence to politicians than the question which begins to loom on the newspaper horizon, Who shall be nominated for President? more to the *dilettante* than the discussion between the Howells-James school of novelists and those who don't like it; more to the fashionable than the delicate point whether Newport or the Continent will be the best summer move; more than elevated railways East or cheap transportation West—is the little matter whether the rain-fall this season will register two inches or five in a given time. Three inches more or less a month means life in a semi-paradise or a desert, treasure of money and crops

[1] Socrates. A translation of the Apology, Crito, and parts of the Phædo of Plato. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.

[2] Our Choir. By C. G. Bush. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] Old Ocean. By Earnest Ingersoll. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[4] The Battle of the Moy; or, How Ireland gained her Independence. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[5] Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon. Comédie par Eugène Labiche et Edouard Martin. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1883.

pouring in from those exhaustless gold mines, just six inches under the surface, or drought, dull faces, sorry times for pleasure-seekers, and the shadow which rests over Europe and Britain creeping across the prosperous skies of our Western World. War, pestilence, drought are three bad angels linked together in evil fame, and we may be forgiven if we shudder at the parching breath of the passing pinions of the least of these.

Yet of all baleful visitants, this is one which might be exorcised in a generation of well-directed effort. Man need not wait the slow change of epochs to restore fertility and moisture to the great plains of the central Territories, or to the New England hillsides. Were the intelligence of the country for one whole year directed to the problem of preventing drought, and securing abundant water provision for the United States, the dread of drought would be left behind us, and the stories of parched pasturage and herds dying for the want of water would be as much things of the past as tales of Indian fights.

How? By simple if somewhat extensive means, which are old as the pyramids. You may read it in your Bible, if you have one—if not, you may find it on the Egyptian cliff walls—how in time of plenty the kingdom was preserved from seven years' famine by storing its surplus food in gigantic granaries which fed a great fraction of the then known world. That beldam country had the superlative blessing of one man who was wise for his race, and a ruler who knew enough to take good counsel when it was laid before him; in which respect our country compares unfavorably with Egypt. If, instead of narrowing the intellects of the age to the petty problems of electric lights and heating cities by steam, or disfiguring streets with elevated railroads to be the signal jest of history in a dozen years, part of the keenness devoted to stock-jobbing projects should turn to an interest which concerns the whole nation, it would see that what Joseph did with Nile wheat must be done in the storage of water. Taking year with year, enough rain falls, or water is conveyed in rushing mountain streams, to feed the settled parts of the country, and free them from the fear of drought; and this volume of water must be arrested on its way to the sea, stored where it will be under control, and economized for the needs of the soil.

The task is not singular in its magnitude. It is no more than the states of Holland did in building the dikes which preserved the kingdom from the encroaching sea. What these sturdy Netherlanders did to keep back the waters, we must do to preserve them—less an afrit's labor than the other. The Moquis might teach us how to build such reservoirs as supplied their cities when the wilderness of the San Juan was thick with people, as it is now with the sherds of their ruined pottery. The Southern Pacific Railroad waters its engines from great cisterns in the Colorado Desert, filled in the rainy season. Why should not the settler, at least, do the same for his own acres. The most singular thing to an eastern visitor in the Southwest is that in the universal want of water there is hardly a cistern on private property. In the adobe soil it would be comparatively small labor to make huge reservoirs to receive the fierce showers or the flow of brooks in the season of melting mountain snows; and series of dams and tanks by the side of valley streams might keep back the water which runs to the sea in a few weeks. By a system of house cisterns connected with every roof in the Territories, with artificial pools in beaten adobe, with reservoirs and dams to the mountain streams, the accumulation of water would be ample for town uses and for irrigation.

The great work would remain to reclothe the mountain slopes with fast-growing trees; for every tree is a source of freshness to the soil about it, delaying the drying of the earth and of the streams by its shade, and actually condensing from the air and diffusing a cloud of invisible moisture about its boughs. It is no child's work to do this great service to the State, but as much in its way has been done before. The great tree-planters of rank in England furnish the example. The Earl of Fyfe, the foremost planter in Scotland, thirty or forty years ago turned 14,000 acres of unproductive hillside into forest. The first Marquis of Breadalbane and the former Duke of Athol added largely to the value of their property by planting 6,000,000 trees apiece. The present duke following worthily in the traditions of his house, counts 70,000 firs in a single plantation. Mr. Jones, the Welsh landowner, could number over 60,000 Spanish chestnuts, 80,000 oaks, and as many ash, 90,000 larch and 100,000 Scotch firs, beside 30,000 wych elms, 35,000 mountain elms, and 150,000 other trees in one year's planting—a work worthy the ambition of a country gentleman. Or, if other example was needed, the commandant of more than one idle garrison might take a hint from Hannibal, who employed his army of Punic soldiery in the work of planting olive-trees. How many regiments spoiling in the empty routine of camp life would welcome the office of setting and tending government plantations on the plains!

It is with some diffidence that one refers to the last great project which was distinctly in mind in beginning to write this page—a project which would be a state and national, not to say continental, benefit—the old proposal to turn the Rio Colorado into the desert basin; a proposal which is most likely to provoke a smile from those who know least about it, like many other plans which have been valiantly wrought out to the good and honor of mankind. Since this scheme was first broached by educated men who knew the desert in many journeyings across it, and knew the river from its June floods to its April languor, other great works of which the world was incredulous have been completed or well begun. The Suez Canal shortened the way round the globe, and the Darien Canal will soon straighten the track for

ocean steamers, and this plan of turning a river into its old desert bed involves not half as much labor; and there is not an engineer on the Southern road who does not know that the plan is feasible. From the report of the survey for the Pacific Railroad, by Lieutenant Williamson, in November, 1853, to the enthusiastic support of the idea by Ross Browne and Dr. Widney in the old OVERLAND MONTHLY, the formation of this new lake has been discussed, urged, and its great advantages are now generally conceded. Briefly, the plan urged was by a cut thirty miles long from the head of the Gulf of California, to let its waters into the desert, the largest part of which lies below the sea-level, and overflow an area some thirty miles wide by eighty in length. Ross Browne favored the idea of bringing the Colorado also into the basin; and the influence of such a lake as the two waters would give would change the climate of southern California, send a great rain-fall to Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, lead to fuller streams and growth of timber, and be the model for a score of similar enterprises in this sun-distressed country. Why is it not as much of an exploit to rescue a desert as to subdue a province?

Has a Man any Rights in Himself?

THE habit of human nature to give damaging testimony against itself is rarely set forth in the remark quoted by the "London Athenæum" from one of our literary men—a graduate of Harvard, and more or less engaged in library work since his undergraduate days. It gives a curious impression of the sensibilities of a certain class of educated men who have to do with literature, when he writes "with amusement" of the hesitation felt by English librarians about divulging the names of authors who choose to be anonymous. "On this side of the water," he writes, "we have no scruples of that kind, and rather take pleasure in printing the name of a contributor who would like to have it suppressed."

There still exists a class with whom the instincts and traditions of gentlemen are not extinct, and their numbers are much larger than is generally supposed. They owe human nature the service of showing the world how thoroughly they hold such hoodlumism of sentiment as the above in contempt. Any expression so detestable to the better feelings of humanity finds its nearest approach to an excuse in that it comes of obstuseness; such as that of which a master of English writes: "The essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar."

A degree of the same indignation is felt by all clear-headed, right-minded people who have been pained by seeing Hawthorne's literary remains disturbed and hawked about. If the dead know what passes on earth, what wretchedness will not that shrinking sensitiveness and fastidious taste endure at seeing the incomplete experimental fragments of his thought thus thrown down for the curiosity of the polite mob whom he detested when alive. Worse indignity could hardly be offered the genius which the nation delighted to honor. The decency which shades an invalid's totterings and maunderings from the public gaze should surely be extended to genius in its moods of drooping and uncertain fancy. It was Hawthorne's wish that these fragments should remain in obscurity, and there was no going outside it. If a man has any rights in himself, his wish should be final in such a matter. It only remains for the ignoble generation which could tolerate such desecration of the rights of the dead to dig up the bones of Shakspere.

The misfortune which befell the poetic fame of Mr. Tennyson from the pilfering of rejected manuscripts from his waste-basket by a too-adoring wife, and their circulation by injudicious friends, was another invasion of those sacred rights a man might be supposed to have in himself. But Tennyson was alive, and from his well-known temperament it may safely be assumed that the penalty visited in private on the offenders was prompt, liberal, and not undeserved.

It may be noticed that this outrage singularly preluded the falling off of Tennyson's poetry, as if he had said to himself that, his standard of high poetic finish being violated, and his ideal as a poet once marred, it was no use trying to live up to it any more. If people were satisfied with thin sentiment, it was not worth while to try to write better for them.

The gods hide themselves and speak from cloud. Men of genius, knowing their infirmities, are solicitous of the same protection for their imperfections. The examples of heathen and childish curiosity above warn every literary man at least of the wisdom of keeping letters, rough draughts, and hasty versions in his own control, by strict censorship of waste-basket, and prompt committal to the flames of what they would not have proclaimed from the housetops. For the manners, taste, and honesty of our highly cultivated people do not withhold them from actions on a par with that of the western man of Mr. Curtis's story, who pulled down the newspaper curtain from the window of a room where a traveler was putting on his shirt, with the frank inquiry, "What are you so blamed private about?"

OUTCROPPINGS.

The Snow-fay's Gift.

A LEGEND OF THE LAPWAI, IDAHO.

A STRANGE, weird land is the far-off West—
A wonder-spot on the earth's fair breast;
Like the flow of tears on a maiden's cheeks
Is the crystal tide of its amber creeks;
And the winding course that the rivers take
Is the aimless trail of the writhing snake.
There the distant view of the treeless butte
Has the monster form of a sleeping brute;
And the giant slopes of the landscape seem
Like the phantom shapes in the wildest dream.
Now the rocky scarps of the cañon rise
As the lifting walls to the arching skies;
And the traveler shrinks to a pigmy mite
As he scans the face of the dizzy height.
Anon the mass of a stony hand
Like an index points to the better land.
Ah! the proudest heart may the warning heed
Of the silent hand on the lonely mead!
Anon the cliff by an art sublime
Is a castle grim of the feudal time,
With its ivied wall by the dismal moat
And the bastion drear where the banners float.
A spectral thing is the wintry crest
Of a lonely peak in the far-off West,
When the setting sun on its brow shines bright,
Or the mountain glows in the pale moonlight.
A strange, weird spot on the earth's fair breast
Is the wonder-land of the distant West.

The wings of Love fly fast and far;
  Where youth are met the archer tarries;
Nor land nor flood nor bolt nor bar
  Can stay the doom his quiver carries.

Where Lapwai's rippling waters glide,
And branches droop to kiss the tide,
In balm-tree grove and poplar shade
Im-na-ha lived, the Indian maid.
We may not give the damsel's birth—
Among the secret things of earth—
Enough: her life was void of stain,
Her limbs of fault, her breast of pain.
Alas, that eager Love should scale
The circling hills that rimmed the vale,
With poisoned shaft's unerring aim
To pierce a heart so free from blame!
Of all who loving tribute gave,
Was Ken-wah, proud Nez-Percé brave.
Of stalwart frame without a peer,
On pine-tree slopes he chased the deer;
From far Wallowa's charming lands
Bestowed his gifts with brimming hands;
And oft in manly sports did prove
The strength of sinews nerved by love;
Nay, borrowed every savage art
To win her smile and please her heart.

When times are true the maids are coy,
  Though blest with brown or ebon tresses;
And many a simple art employ
  To husband well their fond caresses.
And who shall say that a maiden's choice
  May never shift, or the heart revolt?
Or who proclaim with a prophet's voice
  That Cupid aims but a single bolt?

The frosts were gone from the purling rills;
  The sod was green, and the camas bloomed.
A rival came from the northern hills,
  And Ken-wah's hopes of a bride were doomed.
The god who once in an angel's guise
  Had whispered thoughts of a lover's bliss,
Now seemed, alas! to his jealous eyes
  A fiend who spoke with the serpent's hiss.

An Indian legend, strange and old,
To breathless maids by lodge-fires told,
Declares that once with passion wild
A mortal wooed the Snow-king's child.
Alas, that youth of earthly mold
Should ere have loved a maid so cold!
Ofttimes, the doting warrior hied
To keep the tryst by Lapwai's side;
And oft his longing heart would fain
Have sealed their troth, but prayers were vain.
Still, still she veiled her icy cheek;
Refused each vow his lips might speak.
One night, amid the drifting snows
He kept the tryst where Lapwai flows,
And, led by passion's will unchaste,
He rudely clasped her frozen waist.
With wailing cry of goblin fear,
That pierced afar the wintry air,
She spread her snowy pinions bright,
And left him there in grewsome plight.
Long, long before his vows were said
To northern lands the snow-fay sped,
And vanished through the moon-lit skies
With elfish laugh that mocked his cries;
Yet dropped a plume of spotless hue
O'er Colville meadows as she flew.
When zephyrs fanned the budding trees,
And chased the cold from frosty leas,
The plume that decked the snow-fay's wing
Became a flower to greet the spring—
A single spray of stainless white,
To charm the eye and mark her flight.
Since then, the youth who plucks that flower
With whispered vows at midnight hour,
And thrice invokes the injured fay,
Shall win the maiden's heart for aye.

Grim Winter held within his arms
The Spring with all her budding charms.
The wanton kissed his frowns away,
And pulled his icy locks in play.

In Ken-wah's life no sunlight glows;
A deadly hatred fills his breast;
His troubled heart with gall o'erflows,
And bitter thoughts disturb his rest.
Now baleful ardor fiercely gleams
In every look and fires his dreams.
Im-na-ha, sorely taxed in vain
To fix her choice of lovers twain,
In luckless hour had laughing said:
"Who brings the plume the snow-fay shed,
That blooms on Colville's lonely sward,
Shall have my heart as meet reward."
Ah! little dreamed the sportive maid
The deed her foolish plan might aid;
Full well she kenned affection's voice
Would make the northern brave her choice.

When moonbeams on the hilltop lie,
On errands dark the night-owls fly;
Two dusky shapes asunder glide
With noiseless feet by Lapwai's tide.
Ah! long and drear the path shall be,
Ere Colville's piny slopes they see.
The fierce Nez-Percé northward sped,
His bosom filled with vengeance dread.
By Lapwai's banks where shadows rest
He scares the curlew from her nest;
And hears the foul coyotes yell
As if to greet his purpose fell.
When dawning light is on the plain,
He skirts the fens of Coeur de Mene;
Has left the dismal Hoodoo lakes
Before the dew is off the brakes;
Across the fords of Calispelle
When twice the evening shadows fell;
Beyond Columbia's roaring floods
As third Aurora tints the woods—
On, on, as one who fears to die,
As if pursued, his footsteps fly.
A moment's pause by the foaming steep
To watch the salmon's desperate leap;
Ere prowling night-birds homeward flew
He quenched his thirst in the Sin-pail-hu—
On, on before the shadows lift
To find the injured snow-fay's gift.

Inspired by words that the maiden spake,
The other speeds by the winding Snake.
No path so rough that his limbs may fail;
Or night so drear that his heart shall quail.
His feet are swift, and his hopes are sure—
He bears the love of a maiden pure.
Beyond Palouse with its brimming flow
The lover hies in the morning glow;
When shades are long at the close of day,
Has climbed the scarp of the Grand Coulé;
And seen Columbia's banks of stone,
Ere vesper stars on the landscape shone.
Through coverts dank where the lizard creeps,
By granite rocks where the cony sleeps,
And whirring snakes in their fury hiss,
He seeks the pledge of the maiden's kiss.
Ye nimble sprites of the wood or glen,
Who haunt the place of the cougar's den,
Now light his feet by the punk-fire's glim
Through cañons lone where the path lies dim.
O guide him safe to the north by night
Where the snow-fay's plume on the sod grows white;
He'll need the help of the elfin host
Ere the pledge be won that he longs for most.

Along the banks of the Sanpuelle,
Where poplars hide its purling rills
That flow from crystal fonts that well
Among the circling pine-clad hills,
A valley rests, where blooms in spring
The plume that left the snow-fay's wing.
A giant larch-tree shades the green,
As if to guard its dazzling sheen.

All heedless yet of the coming doom,
The lover speeds in the deepening gloom.
No shapes may daunt of the glen or glade,
If the prize be won in the larch-tree shade.
Anon he scans with a look of care
The dial stars in the Northern Bear;
Then listens close for the wolf-dog's howl
When the night-steeds turn at the midway goal,
And they who seek for the true-love spell
Must win the spray or its charm will fail.

'Tis the mystic watch of the silent night;
The sky is blue and the moon shines bright;
A gliding form on the winding trail
That parts the green of the central vale.
On, on it comes with a noiseless tread,
By the shadowy trace of the pathway led,
Where the snow-flower lies on the grassy lea
Like a silver star on an emerald sea.
Rejoice, brave youth, for the race is done—
Thy journey ends where the larch-tree grows.
Rejoice, rejoice! for the bride is won,
Who waits thy steps where the Lapwai flows.

In haste he whispers timely vows
Beneath the somber tamarack boughs,
Then plucks the snowy pledge—but see!
A dusky shape that quits the tree
With stealthy foot and threatening arm,
As if to work some deadly harm.
Now send him aid, ye elfin host—
In hour like this he needs you most.
Right on the frowning specter steals—
Its glance of hate the moon reveals—
A flash—that marks the plunging knife—
The point has reached its victim's life!
Long, long, brave youth, the Indian maid
Shall watch by Lapwai's banks for thee;
And long the hungry wolf-dogs raid
Thy bones beneath the tamarack-tree.
With yell of wild and savage pride
The murderer views the gasping clay;
Then spurns the lifeless form aside,
And quickly clasps the glittering spray.
As one pursued by demon bands,
He quits the place with blood-stained hands;
And bears the injured snow-fay's gift
Far south before the night-shades lift.
Ah! little reck his blood-shot eyes
The tell-tale drop that stains the prize.

By Lapwai's banks the curlew slept;
Through balm-tree boughs the starlight shone;
The maid her nightly vigil kept,
And trod the shadowy path alone.
Within her breast a stranger dread
Gives omen true of coming woe;
The wind that moves the branch o'erhead
In wails of sorrow seems to blow.
She fain by song would ease the pain
Of boding thoughts, and chase the gloom,
The night-winds add their sad refrain—
No peace within her heart finds room.
Alas! too late, she rues the day
That sent her chosen brave away.
But hark!—a hurrying step; and see—
A stalwart form bounds o'er the lea—
"He comes, my love is here," she cried.
"He brings the pledge and claims his bride."
Right on, across the star-lit vale,
The guilty warrior keeps the trail
To where the trembling watcher stands
With pallid cheeks and clasping hands;
Now waves the fatal offering nigh,
With fiendish laugh and glaring eye.
"Behold," he shouts, "the gift I bring,
That once adorned the snow-fay's wing."
And lo! beneath the pale moonbeams
The tell-tale spot of crimson gleams.
A deathly whiteness veils her brow.
Her love is dead—she learns it now.
With horror mute a while she stood;
Then lifts a cry that chills his blood—
A cry of deep and blank dismay,
That frights the wolf-dogs from their prey,
And wakes the slumbering night-hawk's young,
As clear and far its echoes rung.

At noontide hour the shades grew less
Where Lapwai's amber waters flow.
The summer bloomed; each raven tress
Lay white above the maniac's brow.
No more she scans with anxious eye
The trail for him who tarries long.
His bones beneath the tamarack lie—
And this, the burden of her song:

Just now they said my love was dead—
I know not why—this hour.
It may not be—and yet I see
His blood-stain on the flower.

In wood or dell, they'll surely tell
How long my love's been sleeping—
Not dead—nay, nay, I cannot say
Just why these tears I'm weeping.

The lizard creeps—ah! sound he sleeps—
Hush, hush, he'll soon be waking;
Ah! much I fear—the night is drear;
My heart—my heart is breaking.

The autumn night is gray and cold—
By swift Columbia's banks of stone.
O'er pine-tree glade and barren wold
The soughing winds unceasing moan.
The full moon lifts her beaming face
To light the weird, uncanny place.
Where, rising sheer, the cañon wall
O'erlooks the waters, grim and tall,
The maniac stands with streaming hair
Against the sky in outline clear;
Her hands outstretched beyond the cliff,
To hail, I ween, a phantom skiff
That lightly floats the sparkling wave,
And bears as freight her murdered brave.
And now, methinks, the ghostly bark
Has gained the cañon shadows dark,
For with a cry of strange delight
The watcher quits the frowning height.
A plunging sound—the river hides
A broken heart beneath the tides.

Henry Hubbard Pierce.

Plantation Lore: Aunt Kizzy Pauses to Explain.

ENTERING by the rear door the wide hall which runs through the house from north to south, I was there greeted by a scene as unexpected as laughable. In the north doorway stood old Kizzy, the housekeeper, shading her spectacled eyes with her hand while she peered down the road at a rapidly approaching rider, who, as he neared the gate, called out: "Hallo, there! Is your master at home?"

Imagine my surprise when, by way of reply, she furiously shook her fist at him, and then, frisking about, flourished her heels in his face, slammed the door shut, and beat a hasty retreat, muttering to herself:

"Fo' de Lawd! Ef hyar don' come dat bery same low-lived ol' heafen ez use fo' to tickle de backs of Marse's cornfiel' niggahs wif de big rawhide five year ago. Kin't be Marse Jeems am gwine fo' to fotch him back hyar 'gin—but wha's I t'inkin' 'bout?—hain't 'nuff dem or'nary niggahs lef' roun' hyar sence de wah begun fo' to— Good Lor'! Miss Kate—didn't count on yo' bein' dar," she exclaimed, as she caught sight of me in the corner where I stood, the speechless witness of her audacity. "Spec', chile, by de big eyes you'se makin' dat yo' t'ink we Bond niggahs ain't bery much mannerly; but de fac am, Miss Kate, Marse hese'f 'spises dat ar man like pikery, an' long time ago he done let him know what he t'ought 'bout him; but I neber had no chance, 'fore now, fo' to show him how much store I sot by he 'portantcy."

"But this is a professional call, Kizzy," I said; "and I know that under such circumstances the Doctor would never allow his prejudices to show themselves in act or word."

"Lor' bress yo', no, honey! But Marse am a gen'l'm, an' I'se he crazy ol' niggah Kizzy. Heaps dif'rence, don' yo' see? O, Marse 'll forgib me, I know, ef it comes to he ears—though mos' likely he may haze me a leetle, jus' at fus'.

"Yo' see, honey, dat ar man come hyar a spell back, afore de wah, fo' to obersee de fiel' hands.

He was hyar 'bout four or five months in all, an' t'ings 'peared to jus' hum 'long ez smoove ez could be. But dat ar order wor all on de outside, chile; inside dem brack skins dar wor disorder 'nuff gwine on fo' to get up an ins'rection on dis bery place. Marse wor mighty busy all dat summer, ridin' day an' night, an' hadn't no time fo' to look a'ter any-t'ing on de place hese'f. But one day I heerd him say to ol' Missty dat he couldn't see how Vaughn got so much work outen de han's ez he showed for. Den I know'd—and good Lor'! ef I hadn't been de fool Kizzy dat I ar', I might a know'd it all de time—dat Marse Jeems warn't no 'complish in de new system ez wor bein' 'plied; an' I made up my mind fo' to tell him 'bout de leetle game ob whip-top ez wor bein' played out dar 'mong dem cotton rows. But dat bery day, while Marse was at dinner, up come de new oberseer, in gre't hurrah, fo' to see Marse 'bout suffin'.

"He come from de fiel', an' he hev 'long wif him de big brack rawhide—mos' s' long ez I am, Miss Kate—wha' he allus carried 'bout. I'se sittin' on de steps by de doah, an' he sez to me, berry 'portant like, 'Stir yo'se'f, ol' Egypt, an' make tracks to tell yo' Marse dat I wants fo' to see him ef he kin spar' me a few minutes'; an' he frow'd he whip onto de flo' ob de po'ch, an' sot hese'f down on a cheer. Marse come out, arter a spell, an' de fus' t'ing he seed wor dat ar mons'ous whip, lookin' fo' all de worl' like a gre't pizen snake curled up dar. O, Lor', Miss Kate! yo' could a lit my ol' pipe by de fire ez flashed outen Marse's eyes, an' de red ob shame ez flashed ober he face. Den he looked dat ar man all ober from head to fut, an' afore he could tell de fus' word ob he errant, Marse sed:

"'Mis'er Vaughn, come to my offus dis eben an' I'll pay yo' de balance ob de sum we 'greed 'pon fo' de year, arter which you may 'sider yo'se'f 'leased frum any furder 'bligement to me.'

"'But, sir, you will at least tell me in what way I've shown myse'f incapable,' said Mis'er Vaughn.

"'Dar am de pruf ob yo' impercacity! Take dat outen my sight, an' neber let it be seen again by any human soul on my place!' sed Marse, p'intin' to de ugly, gr'et brack whip; an' he stamp he foot, an' tremble all ober, while de ol' debbil tuk hese'f off 'dout nudder word mo'.

"Den Marse ax me: 'Kizzy, did dat ar man eber use dat whip on my boys an' men?'

"Why, bress yo', Marse, honey; wha' yo' t'ink he got it fur else? Yo' jus' ax ol' Bob, an' I reckon he tell yo' wha' he done tol' me.

"'Wha' am dat, Kizzy?'

"Why dat de ol' sarpint gwine down de lane dar use fo' to make de men—an' de women, too, Marse Jeems—work in de fiel' wif deir backs bare to de waist, no matter ef the sun was hot 'nuff to blister; an' ebery now an' den he walk up an' down 'mongst 'em, an' gib one an' nudder a right smart cut—jus' to 'membrance 'em, he sed, dat dar warn't nuffin' 'tween deir flesh an de lash ef dey warn't nimble 'nuff. Reckon, Marse, dar warn't no time yet much hurt done 'cept to deir feelin's; fo' we Bond niggahs hain't been fotched up long wif such doin's, an' de men don' take kindly to it, an' de women am skeer'd mighty nigh to de'f. An' furdermo', dar am Jim, dis bressed minute, locked up in de warehouse wif de promise ob a whippin' to-night, kase, when Mis'er Vaughn gib he wife a leetle sharper 'minder 'n common dis mornin', he tol' him if eber he struck 'Riah 'gin wif dat whip he knock him down if he die fo't de nex' minnit'; an' he sed he meant fo' to ax Marse couldn't 'Riah hab her back covered up from de sco'chin' sun.'

"''Ternal veng'uns,' sed Marse, an' he walked away wif he brow ez brack ez ol' Kizzy's; an' we neber had no oberseer on dis place sence, 'cept ol' Bob. Wha' passed 'tween Marse an' dat man in de offus dat eben, I don' know, ob co'se; but I jus' ez lief a been in my old slippers ez in Mis'er Vaughn's boots, 'thout I had nigh on a bale ob cotton in my ears.

"But I mus' be off now, honey, I'se done lef' Miss Alice all alone by herse'f, whiles I come to de doah fo' to obserwate mo' perfekly on de pussson I seed ridin' so like mad up the road—kin't stay fo' no queshuns, honey; dar comes ol' Missty, she'll tell yo' all an' mo' too."

Sara D. Halsted.

